Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/centuryillustrat42newyuoft

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL, FROM AN OLD RUSSIAN LITHOGRAPH.

EMPEROR NICHOLAS I.

THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

May 1891, to October 1891.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Vol. XLII. *New Series Vol. XX.*

LIBRARY
DEC
13
1985
UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO

Copyright, 1891, by The Century Co.

AP
2
C4
V. 42

640805
21. 8. 56

The De Vinne Press.

INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. NEW SERIES: VOL. XX.

PAGE

ABILITY, THE DISTRIBUTION OF, IN THE UNITED STATES ..... *Henry Cabot Lodge* 687

AIR, LOCOMOTION THROUGH THE.

The Possibility of Mechanical Flight ..... *S. P. Langley* 783

Aërial Navigation ..... *Hiram S. Maxim* 829

Pictures by the Author and E. J. Meeker.

ALASKA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA BOUNDARY ..... *Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore* ... 473

ALBERTINELLI. See "Italian Old Masters."

ALCOTT, LOUISA MAY ..... *Josephine Lazarus* 59

With three portraits.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, THE POEMS OF ..... *Frank Dempster Sherman* ... 659

Portrait (facing page 643).

ALPS, PLAY AND WORK IN THE ..... *Joseph and E. R. Pennell* ... 194

Pictures by Joseph Pennell.

"AMERICAN TAR IN 1812, LAURELS OF THE" 955

ARMY, THE OLD ..... *William Tecumseh Sherman* . 189

ARTISTS, AMERICAN, THE CENTURY SERIES OF PICTURES BY.

Springtime ..... *Ernest L. Major* 229

Open Letter by ..... *William Lewis Fraser* 318

Twilight ..... *Alexander Harrison* 577

Open Letter by ..... *William A. Coffin* 637

David and Goliath ..... *William L. Dodge* 665

Open Letter by ..... *William Lewis Fraser* 797

ARTISTS' SCRAPS AND SKETCHES ..... *William Lewis Fraser* 96

With thirty pictures.

ASTRONOMY. See "Lunar."

AT THE HARBOR'S MOUTH ..... *Walter Learned* 427

BALLOT REFORM, PROGRESS OF ..... *Topics of the Time* 789

BARTOLOMMEO. See "Italian Old Masters."

BRITISH CONSUL'S CONFIDENCE IN THE UNION CAUSE, A ..... *E. M. Archibald* 795

BULGARIAN OPERA BOUFFE, A ..... *F. Hopkinson Smith* 68

Pictures by the Author.

BULL-FIGHTS, PROVENÇAL ..... *Joseph Pennell* 330

Pictures by the Author.

PAGE

BYRD, WILLIAM, COLONEL, OF WESTOVER, VIRGINIA ..... *Mrs. Burton Harrison* ..163, 638, 798
Pictures by Harry Fenn, J. D. Woodward, and from portraits.

CALIFORNIA, GOLD HUNTERS OF. (Continued from the previous volume.)
Pioneer Mining in California ..... *E. G. Waite* 127
A Miner's Sunday in Coloma ..... *Charles B. Gillespie* 259
Anecdotes of the Mines ..... *Hubert Burgess* 269
Across the Plains in the Donner Party ..... *Virginia Reed Murphy* 409
Arrival of Overland Trains in California ..... *A. C. Ferris* 477
A Fourth Survivor of the Gold Discovery Party 478
Cape Horn and Coöperative Mining in '49 ..... *Willard B. Farwell* 579
To California Through Mexico ..... *A. C. Ferris* 666
Tarrying in Nicaragua ..... *Roger S. Baldwin, Jr* 911
Pictures by Harry Fenn, E. W. Kemble, A. C. Redwood, W. L. Dodge, A. Castaigne, Frederic Remington, M. Burns, E. R. Butler, W. Taber, W. J. Baer, Gilbert Gaul, A. B. Davies, A. Brennan, J. A. Fraser, George Wharton, Edward Malcolm Fraser, and from "Punch," and with suggestions from paintings by Charles Nahl.

CENTURY, THE, A NATIONAL MAGAZINE ..... *Topics of the Time* 950
CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS, THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF ..... *Topics of the Time* 150
CHRISTIAN UNITY, A BROTHERHOOD OF ..... *Theodore F. Seward* 797
CITIES, THE GOVERNMENT OF, IN THE UNITED STATES ..... *Seth Low* 730
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM GAINS, NOTABLE ..... *Topics of the Time* 787
CLOWN AND THE MISSIONARY, THE ..... *Viola Roseboro'* 623
COMMON STORY, A ..... *Wolcott Balestier* 497
CONFEDERATE DIPLOMATISTS, THE, AND THEIR SHIRT OF NESSUS ..... *John Bigelow* 113
A Denial from ..... *Edwin De Leon* 638
COPYRIGHT, INTERNATIONAL, ACCOMPLISHED ..... *Topics of the Time* 148
CORDOVA, AN ESCAPADE IN ..... *F. Hopkinson Smith* 863
CZAR, THE, AT THE COURT OF ..... *George Mifflin Dallas* ...83, 272
With portraits and frontispieces (facing pages 3 and 163).

DALLAS, GEORGE MIFFLIN, THE DIARY OF. See "Czar."
DODGE, W. L. ..... *William Lewis Fraser* 797
Picture on page 665.

EDITOR, NIGHT, THE, MR. CUTTING ..... *Ervin Wardman* 337
EDUCATION, FEMALE, IN GERMANY ..... *Countess v. Krockow* 314
ELDER MARSTON'S REVIVAL ..... *Le Roy Armstrong* 679
Picture by Alfred Kappes.
ELDORADO, WHO WAS ..... *H. R. Lemly* 881
Pictures by W. H. Drake and W. Taber.
ELECTION CASES, CONTESTED, JUDICIAL CONTROL OF ..... *Topics of the Time* 311
ENGLISH UNIVERSITY. See "Women."

FAITH DOCTOR, THE. (Conclusion) ..... *Edward Eggleston* ..45, 246, 396, 609, 708, 939
FELLOWCRAFT CLUB EXHIBITION. See "Artists'."
FINANCE, EDITORIALS ON. (Continued from the previous Volume.)
An American Cheap Money Experiment 151
Modern Cheap Money Panaceas 310
A Nation for a Mortgage 467
The Argentine Cheap Money Paradise 628
The Sub-Treasury Cheap Money Plan 786
A Cheap Money Retrospect 950
FISHES, GAME, OF THE FLORIDA REEF ..... *C. F. Holder* 3
Pictures by Victor Perard.
FORCE OF EXAMPLE, THE ..... *Viola Roseboro'* 430
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.
FRENCH SALONS OF THE EMPIRE AND THE RESTORATION ..... *Amelia Gere Mason* 121
With nine portraits. Decorations by A. Brennan.

GERMAN EMPEROR, THE ..... *Poultney Bigelow* 485
With portraits and pictures by W. Taber, H. D. Nichols, O. H. Bacher, Harry Fenn, after photographs.
GERMANY, FEMALE EDUCATION IN ..... *Countess v. Krockow* 314

		Page
Gettysburg and Waterloo	*Theodore Roosevelt*	317
Girl without Sentiment, A	*Eugene Bradford Ripley*	212
Greeley's Estimate of Lincoln. An Address by	*Horace Greeley*	371, 798
With portrait of Horace Greeley (facing page 323).		
Haroun the Caliph, and Others	*Ferid el din Attar*	220
Harrison, Alexander	*William A. Coffin*	637
Picture on page 577.		
Homeopathy. See "Vivisection."		
House with the Cross, The	*Florence Watters Snedeker*	221
Pictures by J. W. Alexander.		
In Beaver Cove	*Matt Crim*	142
Indian Campaigns. (Continued from previous Volume.)		
Pictures by Frederic Remington.		
General Miles's Indian Campaigns	*G. W. Baird*	351, 477
Besieged by the Utes. The Massacre of 1879	*E. V. Sumner*	837
Inebriates, The Treatment of	*L. Edwin Dudley*	638
Italian Old Masters. (Continued from previous Volumes.)	*W. J. Stillman.*	
With engravings and notes by	*T. Cole.*	
Fra Bartolommeo		346
Albertinelli		346
Francia		747
Ghirlandaio		751
Lorenzo di Credi		893
Perugino		897
Japan, An Artist's Letters from. (Continued from previous Volume.)	*John La Farge.*	
Tao: the Way		442
Journalism, Conscience in	*Eugene M. Camp*	471
"Journalists and Newsmongers" Again	*Topics of the Time*	470
Kipling, Rudyard	*Edmund Gosse*	901
Portrait facing page 803.		
Laguerre's, A Day at	*F. Hopkinson Smith*	323
Pictures by the Author.		
Law or Lynching?	*Topics of the Time*	313
Lightship, The South Shoal, Life on	*Gustav Kobbé*	537
Pictures by W. Taber.		
Lincoln, Greeley's Estimate of. An Address by	*Horace Greeley*	371, 798
Lincoln, The Personal Appearance of	*John G. Nicolay*	932
Lobby Evils and Remedies	*Topics of the Time*	148
Lottery's Last Ditch, The	*Topics of the Time*	631
Lowell, James Russell, Poet and Citizen	*Topics of the Time*	954
Lunar Landscape, A	*Edward S. Holden*	436
Pictures from negatives taken at Lick Observatory.		
Lynching Law [See.]	*Topics of the Time*	313
Magazine, A National, The Century	*Topics of the Time*	950
Major, Ernest L	*William Lewis Fraser*	318
Picture by Ernest L. Major, page 229.		
Mr. Cutting, the Night Editor	*Ervin Wardman*	337
Municipal Reform, The Key to	*Topics of the Time*	953
Musical Phrases, Similar, in Great Composers	*Richard Hoffman*	475
Nantucket. See "Lightship."		
Nashville, The Negro in	*Charles Forster Smith*	154
Negro, The, in Nashville	*Charles Forster Smith*	154
News-Gatherer, The Press as a	*William Henry Smith*	524
Newspapers, Country. See also "Press."	*E. W. Howe*	776
New York of the Future, The	*Topics of the Time*	468

PAGE

OBSERVATIONS 158, 320
OBSERVATIONS FROM THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS ..... *Chloe* 640
OLD GUS LAWSON ..... *Richard Malcolm Johnston* .. 104
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.
"ORTHODOXY AND LIBERTY" ..... *Topics of the Time* 632

PARIS, THE TYPICAL MODERN CITY ..... *Albert Shaw* 449
PENSIONS AND SOCIALISM ..... *William M. Sloane* 179
Comment by ..... *Frank Bell* 790
Rejoinder by ..... *William M. Sloane* 792
PRESENT DAY PAPERS.
Pensions and Socialism ..... *William M. Sloane* 179, 790, 792
The Government of Cities in the United States ..... *Seth Low* 730
PRESS AND PUBLIC MEN, THE. See also "Newspapers" ..... *Henry V. Boynton* 853
PRESS AS A NEWS-GATHERER, THE ..... *William Henry Smith* 524
PRISONERS AT CAMP MORTON, TREATMENT OF.
I. A Reply to "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton" ..... *W. R. Holloway* 757
II. A Rejoinder ..... *John A. Wyeth* 771
Pictures by W. Taber after War-time photographs. Plan by Charles Manney, Jr.
PROVENCE, PLAY IN ..... *Joseph and E. R. Pennell.*
Pictures by Joseph Pennell.
Provençal Bull-Fights 330
The Grand Arrival of the Bulls 548
The Ferrade 552
A Painter's Paradise 737
A Water Tournament 848

REFLECTIONS ..... *J. A. Macon* 639
RENAULT, THE LITTLE ..... *Mary Hartwell Catherwood* . 557
Pictures by Kenyon Cox.
RUSSIA. See "Czar" and "Siberia."

SHERMAN'S (GENERAL) LAST SPEECH ..... *William Tecumseh Sherman* . 189
Portrait after Bust by Augustus St. Gaudens.
SIBERIA AND THE EXILE SYSTEM. (See preceding Volumes.) ..... *George Kennan.*
Pictures by George A. Frost, Henry Sandham, and from a sketch by an Exile.
A Winter Journey through Siberia 643
My Last Days in Siberia 803
Reply to Criticisms 958
"SISTER DOLOROSA," CONCERNING CRITICISMS OF ..... *James Lane Allen* 153
SOCIALISM AND PENSIONS ..... *William M. Sloane* 179
SOUND, VISIBLE.
I. Voice Figures ..... *Margaret Watts Hughes* 37
Pictures from photographs taken by the Author.
II. Comment ..... *Sophie Bledsoe Herrick* 40
Four diagrams.
SPRING ROMANCE, A ..... *Hamlin Garland* 296
SQUIRREL INN, THE. (Complete) ..... *Frank R. Stockton* .. 23, 231, 383, 511, 695
Pictures by A. B. Frost.
STORY OF A STORY, THE ..... *Brander Matthews* 870
Decorations by George Wharton Edwards.
SUMMER MIGRATION, OUR ..... *Edward Hungerford* 569

TALLEYRAND REPLIES TO HIS ACCUSERS ..... *Talleyrand* 302, 477
Introduction by ..... *Whitelaw Reid* 302
TAX, SINGLE, WEAKNESS AND DANGER OF THE ..... *William W. Folwell* 792
TENNYSON, ON THE STUDY OF ..... *Henry Van Dyke* 502
THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES ..... *George Wharton Edwards.*
Pictures by the Author.
Moglashen 493

UNIVERSITY, ENGLISH. See "Women."

VIRGINIA HOME, A. See "Byrd."

		Page
Vivisection, Does it Help?	*Thomas W. Kay*	156
	Mary Putnam Jacobi	157
	C. H. Oakes	158
	Edward Berdoe	636
Voice Figures. Pictures from photographs taken by the Author.	*Margaret Watts Hughes*	37
Voting Methods, Presidential	*Topics of the Time*	952
"War, Civil, Valor and Skill in the"	*J. T. Derry, T. A. Dodge*	634
Was it an Exceptional Case?	*Matt Crim*	821
White Crown, The	*Herbert D. Ward*	595
Women at an English University. Pictures by Harry Fenn, and from photographs.	*Eleanor Field*	287
Notes on the Health of Women	*Catherine Baldwin*	294
'Zeki'l. Pictures by E. W. Kemble.	*Matt Crim*	720

POETRY.

Ab Astris	*Anne C. L. Botta*	228
Ad Astra. (A. C. L. B.)	*Edith M. Thomas*	219
"Alone We Come into the World."	*Stuart Sterne*	556
Ashes	*J. C. Miller*	158
Ballad of an Old Pine	*John H. Boner*	58
Ballad of Paper Fans, A	*Annie Steger Winston*	478
Bouillabaisse	*Henry Tyrrell*	799
Building	*John Albee*	707
Chatterton in Holborn	*Ernest Rhys*	350
Cour d'Amour.—Cupid, J	*Charles Francis Coburn*	639
Cupid Rearmed	*John Jerome Rooney*	480
Day in June, A	*Charles H. Truax*	320
De Bugle on de Hill	*Bow Hackley*	319
De Morte Beata	*Theodore C. Williams*	729
"Deserving Poor".	*George Horton*	959
Drummer, The. Pictures by Gilbert Gaul	*Henry Ames Blood*	439
Eleventh Hour Laborer, The	*L. Gray Noble*	536
Exit	*Margaret Vandegrift*	800
Fame	*C. H. Crandall*	160
Friend and Lover	*Mary Ainge De Vere*	158
Gray Rocks and Grayer Sea	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	594
Heady Maid, A	*Louise Morgan Sill*	95
Helen, For	*Grace H. Duffield*	435
Ill-Omened Crow, The	*Virginia Frazer Boyle*	799
Illusions	*Robert Underwood Johnson*	11
In Answer to a Question	*Lilla Cabot Perry*	852
In Disguise	*Frances Louise Bushnell*	82
In Shadow	*L. Frank Tooker*	211
Jessie's Dancing Feet, To	*W. D. Elkwanger*	798
July	*Henry Tyrrell*	370
Love	*William Wilfred Campbell*	910
Love and the Witches	*Mary E. Wilkins*	286
Love Letters	*C. P. Cranch*	395
Love's Young Dream	*Grace Denio Litchfield*	160
Lowell (August 14th, 1891)	*R. W. Gilder*	960
"Marble Faun, The," On a Blank Leaf in	*Elia W. Peattie*	847
March of Company A, The	*Kate Putnam Osgood*	320
Masks	*Richard E. Burton*	867
My Sweetheart	*Mary E. Wardwell*	800
"Not Suited to the Purpose"	*Margaret Vandegrift*	480
Of One We Love or Hate	*Maurice Francis Egan*	44
On Elkhorn	*Robert Burns Wilson*	567

		Page
Parnassus by Rail	*M. M. Miller*	319
Patience Ceased to be a Virtue	*Edith M. Thomas*	639
Poet Paradox, The	*John Kendrick Bangs*	959
Poetry	*O. C. Auringer*	36
Positively Pretty	*Eugene Bradford Ripley*	640
Pro Patria	*R. W. Gilder*	868
Restraint	*Margaret Crosby*	336
Robber, The	*James B. Kenyon*	892
Russia, The Cry of	*Laura E. Richards*	271
St. Lawrence River, To the, in Autumn	*Douglas Sladen*	959
Sherman	*R. W. Gilder*	192
Spanish Songs	*Jennie E. T. Dowe*	479
Starry Host, The	*J. L. Spalding*	309
Summer Pool, The	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	938
Summer Song, A	*Clinton Scollard*	245
Survival of the Fittest, The	*Virginia Frazer Boyle*	160
Sweet Mistress Nance of Milburn Town	*William Page Carter*	640
Terry McHayd'n's Wooing	*Daniel Spillane*	480
That Note in Bank	*William B. Chisholm*	800
Thermometer, To a	*W. D. Ellwanger*	158
Thoughtless Thinker, The	*John Kendrick Bangs*	639
Thou Reignest Still	*Louise Chandler Moulton*	492
'T is Ever Thus	*R. K. Munkittrick*	800
To an English Sparrow	*George Horton*	640
To my Only Child	*Douglas Sladen*	320
Two Kings	*William H. Hayne*	501
Two Seasons	*Eva Wilder McGlasson*	639
Vigilance	*Charlotte Fiske Bates*	686
What my Clock Says	*Nelly Marshall McAfee*	959
When Youth Mounts and Folly Guides	*Esther Singleton*	160
Wood-Maid, The	*Helen Thayer Hutcheson*	880
Wood-nymph's Mirror, The. (Adirondacks)	*Charles Henry Lüders*	658
Ye Guilelesse Barde		479

PICTURES IN BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Latest Indian Outrage. Drawn by	*E. W. Kemble*	159
The Point of View. Drawn by	*E. W. Kemble*	319
An Indian Uprising. Drawn by	*P. Newell*	639

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. MAY, 1891. NO. 1.

GAME-FISHES OF THE FLORIDA REEF.

NETS FOR MULLET.

IN northern waters, where streams are whipped with fantastic and artificial flies, the bait-catcher is comparatively an unimportant personage. The possession of certain grim secrets regarding the haunts of live bait is his sole claim upon the angler, and the most fervent votary of the rod and line would scarcely clothe him with professional dignity, or view him in the light of a picturesque feature of the general surroundings.

Such, however, are the attributes of our bait-catcher of the outer reef. Tall, blithe, prolific of speech, wit, and humor, Paublo strides along — the ideal fisherman of the Keys. He nods recognition to the passing pelican; the laughing gulls utter their shrill ha-ha at his call; and all the secrets of the reef are his. The feeding-grounds of the mullet and the hardhead, the lurking-places of the tarpon, the great coral heads about which the gray snapper loves to hide, the deep lairs of the barracuda and the kingfish — all are familiar to this dark confidant of nature.

Over one arm is slung a cast-net, while in the other hand he bears a long two-pronged pair of grains. As he moves along the white coral sands, which send out a metallic ring, his keen eye scans the reef in search of the rippling mullet, while from his ample lips rise melodious strains, the music of intuition.

Following the jovial bait-catcher are two patrons of the rod and line, one a disciple of the rod and reel in all contingencies, the other a claimant for the recognition of the experts of the hand-line and grains — at least as exemplified among the Florida Keys. Each is provided with the tackle of his choice — hand-lines with long copper wire leaders, and a heavy bass rod with massive reel. Evidently a test of merit is to be the outcome of the day's sport.

The fishermen were wending their way along the shores of Long Key, a narrow strip of coralline sand about a mile in length and one hundred feet in width, which formed with Garden Key the center of the Dry Tortugas group, the key of the Gulf, one hundred and twenty miles from the mainland of Florida. The sun was well up, and as far as the eye could reach the blue waters of the Gulf stretched away like a sea of glass. The divide between water and sky was lost in the perfect stillness, and even the Physaliæ were becalmed, and floated listlessly, their fairy sails raised to their utmost tension. Far to the north Sand, Middle, and East keys rested on the glassy surface like white gulls, their tops capped with green vestures of live oak and mangrove. To the right Bush Key, with its ragged trees and pelican nests, seemed to hang in mid-air, and here began the great sea-wall, or half-submerged reef, that swept away for miles to the south, surrounding coral groves and deeply cut channels of vivid blue — the paradise of the fisherman.

A motion of the bait-catcher caused a halt, and in the direction of his pointed finger, about thirty feet from shore, were seen a few ripples and a dark shadow-like spot on the white reef.

"Dey 's too sizable fo' castin'," he said. Dropping the net, he seized the spear and cautiously waded towards the school until waist deep; then placing the butt of the long grains in his palm, he hurled it not at the fish but high into the air. The pole rose like an arrow until it reached an altitude of thirty feet, then, hovering for a second over the spot, it turned

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

and fell prongs downward into the school, the waving handle telling of the execution done.

"Disher 's de only way to cotch ole fool mullets," said Paublo, as he waded inshore with one of the large fish impaled on the grains. "Ef yo' throw de grains at 'em, dey kinder casts dere eyes up and scoots off; but dey can't see nuthin' comin' down."

More bait having thus been secured, the fishing-ground was soon reached — a spot where the channel approached so closely that a diver could dash headlong from the beach into blue water, and so clear that for fifty feet the smallest objects were discernible. Here a school of sardines hugged the shore, and in the greater depths a large black sting-ray was seen moving gracefully along with the birdlike motion of its kind.

"Yo' ain't gwine to fish fo' tarpon wif disher machine, is yo'?" asked Paublo, picking up

FISHING FOR TARPON.

the colonel's heavy bass rod and looking at it with an expression of disgust.

"I 'm going to try," replied the latter.

"Yo' 'd better shake hands, sah, wif dat pole den; it 's good-by, shore 's yo' born, ef dat ole tarpon dat I see yere las' evenin' makes up his mind to take hol'," said Paublo.

"The rod has already been tested," rejoined the colonel with a laugh. "At Indian River, up the coast, I killed a six-foot tarpon with it, though it took me over two hours, and during most of the time the fish was towing the boat about."

"Dat ain't from de shore," argued Paublo, who looked upon the rod and reel as mere impediments to a display of skill, which to him was in capturing large fish with small lines, in making a barracuda take a bait against its will, in urging it on by a dexterous manipulation of the line that aroused its ire and cupidity, and in making a dead mullet simulate a living one, though on the end of a leader a hundred feet away.

"Tarpon set dat wheel afire," he continued, as the colonel reeled up the line. "Dere ain't no slackin' off; it 's jes let go, haul when yo' git de chance, let go, an' haul. No, sah! Yo' can't wind eight-foot tarpon on no wheel; 'deed yo' can't."

Notwithstanding this discouragement the colonel prepared his line, which was of extra length, a heavy copper wire twenty inches long connecting the hook with it; and having baited with a mullet by passing the hook through the mouth, out at the gills, and then into the tail, made his cast of eighty feet or more into the channel.

Meanwhile Paublo had unwound a grayish blue line, with a long, slender wire attached, and, whirling it about his head, dropped his bait one hundred feet out; then making the end of the line fast to an oar driven into the sand, he complacently fell upon his back, raised one bare foot over his knee, took a single turn with the line about his big toe, as a tell-tale, and apparently fell asleep. For a time the fates seemed unpropitious, and the soldier-crabs, whose domain had been invaded, had recovered from their alarm and were crawling over the prostrate fisherman, when he suddenly ejaculated, "Tarpon 's nosin' round yo' bait, sah," and forthwith the colonel's line was seen trembling violently; then a yard or more was unreeled with a jerk, followed by a lull. Again it started into activity, rushing out with incredible speed. The rod was raised firmly; the line came taut with a singing sound, hurling the crystal drops into the air; and the fish was hooked.

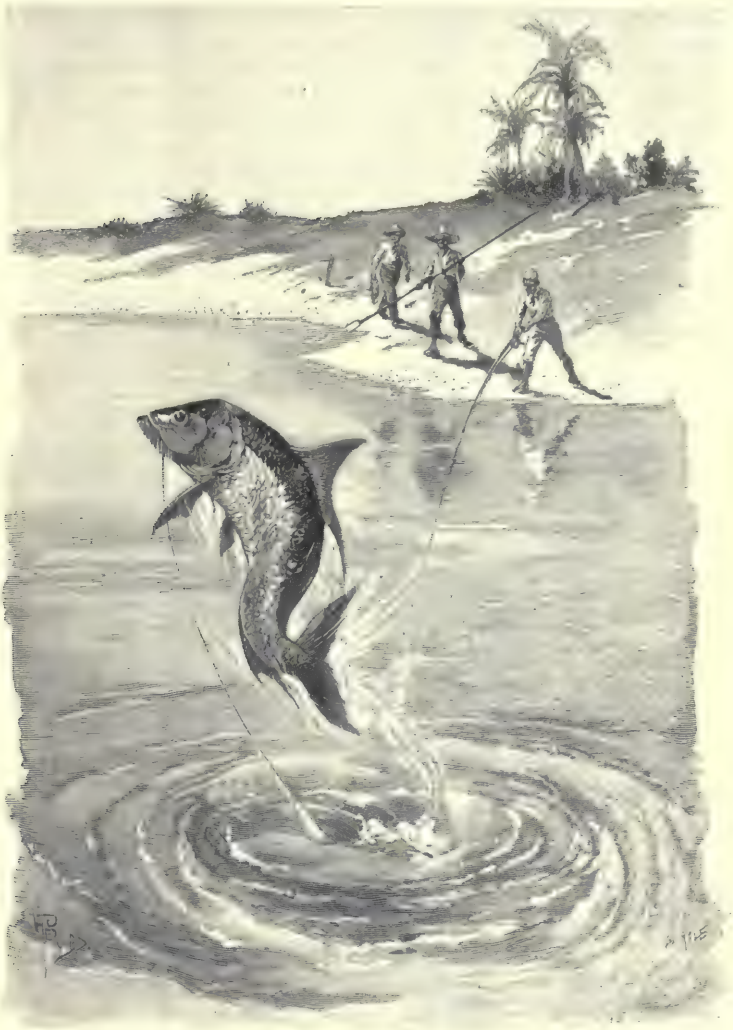
Then came a response that would be a revelation to the uninitiated. The rod was almost wrenched from the colonel's hands, and seventy feet from the key rose the king of fishes, a magnificent tarpon fully six feet in length. For a second it blazed in the sun, a dazzling flash of silvery light, then fell with a thundering crash.

Imagine a fish of this size, resembling a gigantic shad, with the life and activity of a bluefish, its enormous scales below the median line a solid mass of silver, as if the molten metal had been poured upon them — this was the game the bass rod had to deal with. "He 's makin' dat wheel buzz," said Paublo. Both he and the judge had hauled in their lines, and stood by to watch the trial of skill and strength.

The line was rapidly being exhausted, the fish making a straight dash of two hundred feet, carrying the fisherman down to the water's edge and almost into the channel. The colonel now firmly passed the point of the rod to the right, a move that resulted in turning the direction of the fish upshore.

"Dat 's good, sah; dat 's it," shouted Paublo, quick to acknowledge the skill and coolness of the fisherman. "Ef yo' kin keep him up an' down de beach, yo' kin do it."

The two were now running up the key, the



TARPON-ANGLING.

colonel gaining on the line, reeling it in slowly, and anon slacking out to save the rod. In theory the fish was to be brought gradually inshore, perhaps half a mile above, where it could be reached with the grains, and in pursuance of this plan a running fight was kept up for a quarter of a mile along the key, the strain becoming momentarily greater, until suddenly the great fish rose again high above the surface. For a second the line slackened as the fish turned inshore, but before it could be reeled in the gamy tarpon again turned, and with a great burst of speed rushed directly from the beach. No rod could withstand this manœuver. The rod was lowered until it was in effect a mere hand-line; the reel was singing an ominous strain; and a moment later the line ran out, taking the fisherman deep into the water, where a stand had to be made that snapped the line, the great fish dashing away towards the distant channel.

To guard against a repetition of this the dinghy was brought to the fishing-ground, and while the colonel renewed his tackle the others cast their lines again, Paublo reclining as before upon the sand with the line between his toes. A slight twitching soon brought him to his feet. Glancing to see that everything was clear behind, he checked the running line. It quickly became taut, and with a steady strain he sounded the fish. For a single second there was a lull; then a rush of line, a flurry of sand about the coil, and one hundred feet away rose a flashing tarpon at least six feet long.

Now followed a display of hand-line fishing worthy of the name. The line was fairly hissing through the bait-catcher's hands. Dexter-

ously coiling the slack, he stepped from side to side, now taking advantage of a lull and hauling in with marvelous rapidity, slacking again, running up the beach or in the water, adding his weight cautiously to tire the fish, all the motions being conducted with a swiftness and skill that fully matched the efforts of the great game.

The method of working up the key was tried, but so furious were the rushes of the fish that it was found impracticable. The dinghy was launched, and the fishermen leaped in, and a moment later were speeding up the channel behind the gamy steed. The line was now placed in a notch in the bow and gradually taken in, until finally, after a long struggle, during which the boat was towed over near a neighboring key, the great fish was brought within reach of the grains and despatched. Beaching the dinghy, a wisp of rope was passed through the tarpon's gills, and, raising it as far as its great length would allow, the herculean bait-catcher moved away up through the line of palm-trees, fairly covered by the noble fish.

The tarpon is the *Megalops atlanticus* of naturalists, a member of the family *Elopidæ*, and may be considered a gigantic herring. They have a wide geographical range from the extremity of the Florida reef to Cape Cod, two specimens having been captured in the latter locality in 1874. From May to September they are extremely common in the northern streams of Florida, seeking the warmer waters of the reef and the more southern inlets during the winter. Large ones are the rule, averaging one hundred and fifty pounds in weight and from five to seven and a half feet in length, while their maximum length is said to be *over* eight feet, and their weight three hundred pounds. The smallest specimen observed in the St. John's River, according to a careful observer, weighed sixty-eight pounds, and its capture was effected in a manner that illustrates the agility of the species. It leaped aboard the steamer *Water Lily*, clearing the guards, and landing fairly in the captain's lap, who was sitting in a chair in the middle of the forward deck.

TAKING HOME THE TARPON.

"You anglers," said the judge that evening, "who can cast a fly delicately upon the surface eighty or ninety feet with a five-ounce rod, or one hundred feet with a two-pound salmon rod, are apt to think that in this you have all attainable skill, and are not inclined to listen to the hand-liner. In point of fact, the fishes of the reef possess game qualities that are not surpassed in any waters, and I will match a thirty-pound barracuda against a salmon of equal weight on any point. While your salmon is sulking in a hole, the barracuda will fight until you have him in the boat; and to present a rod to such a fish is an insult to its intelligence," added the hand-line advocate, warming up to his subject.

The colonel was in the minority. He had been discovered by Paublo endeavoring vainly to lure a gray-snapper with a silver doctor that he considered very killing, and was disposed to admit that rod-fishing, with either fly or bait, was not exactly adapted for the fishes of the reef.

"It 's my impression," he said, "that the gray-snapper will not take bait on any tackle."

"Big gray-snappers offshore take craw-fish," said Paublo, who had brought up the measurement of the tarpon's large scales, which was three and a fourth by three and a half inches. "But disher quality snapper roun' de Keys dey 's got heap o' sense."

"But," said the colonel, "I saw one rise to a live fly this morning that fell on the surface."

"Dat 's only play, sah," replied Paublo. "Dey ain't gwine to eat fedders, dat 's shore. Disher inshore quality snappers knows jes as much as folks — long as dey see de line dey ain't gwine to git cotched; but dey 's kinder out-o'-sight out-o'-mind fish, an' ef yo' kin hide de line dere yo' is."

To illustrate this theory the next day Paublo took a saber made out of an iron barrel-hoop, and during a few moments' execution along shore secured forty or fifty small fishes that he termed hardheads, resembling sardines. He then brought out a line of a faded blue tint, about the size of a mackerel-line, to which he attached the hook by a delicate copper wire three feet in length, no sinker being used. The hardheads were then strung upon the hook through their eyes,— as many as could go on,— and tossed over, sinking in water perhaps eight fathoms deep, and distinctly visible when on the bottom.

The snappers were passing and repassing in great numbers from an old wreck a short distance away, and if the term dignity may be applied to a fish it was applicable to them. Every motion was one of grace, and as they swept along in groups, many ranging in length from two to three and a half feet, they presented an imposing spectacle. For some time the bait remained unnoticed, but the fisherman

gave a tremulous movement to the line that in turn was imparted to the bait, and a passing snapper stopped, turned its tail gracefully, and moved half around the shining bait.

"He 's lookin' fo' de line," whispered Paublo; "but dere ain't no line dere," he added, as if talking to the fish.

"But he 's gone," said the colonel, as the fish turned away.

"Jes gwine to see ef anybody 's lookin'," was the reply.

A moment later the fish was back again. It hovered over the tempting bait, bending its body in graceful curves, now nosing it as it quivered under the skilful hands of the fisherman, and finally, after another brief disappearance, it returned, quickly seized the bait, and moved away. A moment later the shining hardheads had vanished; a side jerk, and the line was flying through the negro's hands, cutting the water with the sound so intoxicating to the enthusiast. Careful treatment was now necessary to prevent a broken line, the great fish seeking cover, rushing from side to side, coming in on the line and then darting swiftly out, trying manœuver and trick in rapid succession, only to be met by the bait-catcher at every move, and finally drawn exhausted upon the sands.

SPEARING A BARRACUDA.

"I have caught the red-snapper with rod, trolling," said the colonel, as the judge pronounced the fish the *Lutjanus caxis*, the finest table-fish on the reef.

"Dat 's up de coast," interrupted Paublo, with a grin. "Dey ain't got no call to come yere. I cotch red-snapper wif pork an' lead sinker ten miles off de banks at Fernandiny. Come up like a heap o' coral. Dey ain't game, sah; dey ain't got no sense, jes like grouper an' jew-fish. But de gray-snapper," he continued, laying the graceful creature with its mild, beautiful eyes before the fishermen, "dey 's got sense jes like folks, dey is."

"If you wish to see some of our native talent with the grains," said the judge one morning, "go out with Chief and watch him take a barracuda."

Chief was the only professional fisherman,

TOWED BY A BARRACUDA.

with the exception of Paublo, on the Keys—a full-blooded Indian, a Seminole, one of the last of his tribe. A man of few words, his simple invitation to the judge to tumble in was accepted without comment. The craft was a small, light twelve-foot boat of wide beam, known as a dinghy, the Indian propelling her with a single oar, sculling with great dexterity.

Across her beam lay a pole thirteen feet in length, upon which was fitted a two-pronged iron spear, or grains, with automatic barbs, a stout line being attached, and coiled at the sculler's feet.

Reaching the head of a channel that extended east and west of the key, the dinghy was put about and headed against the sun, the tall figure of the fisherman standing upright, slowly managing the oar with his left hand, anon glancing astern and on each side. When half-way up the channel the long right arm picked up the grains, and, silently turning the pole parallel with the boat, the fisherman looked around and nodded significantly to his passenger, who rose and observed a large black eye, a sharp muzzle, and then the entire form of a narrow, shapely fish about five feet long following them some thirty feet astern. Now swerving to one side, then to the other, the gliding oar seemed to offer an irresistible attraction to the fish. A quickened motion on the part of the Indian, and the barracuda shot ahead, apparently oblivious of the presence of the boat; then as if alarmed, it turned upon its side in the glare of the sunlight full upon the surface. Releasing the oar, the sculler quickly grasped the grains with both hands, and, leaning far back, with a swaying motion hurled it with unerring accuracy at the victim. The shock released the pole from the iron; a sounding splash, and the line was rushing out with the welcome hiss, the imperturbable fisherman standing erect, motionless, and silent as before. One hundred feet of line out, the pole was picked up, and the running line that was attached to the bow tossed over.

In a moment the light craft was dashing away after the gamy barracuda, with bow under, and hurling the water from her sides. Up the channel the fish rushed, and only after a quarter of a mile of frantic endeavor did it show signs of exhaustion. Then the line was taken in hand and slowly brought in. Great bursts of speed, rushes from side to side, and frantic leaps from the water, displayed the gamy characteristics of the noble fish; but by slacking when too taut, taking the slack in quickly, and closely watching every advantage, the barracuda was soon rendered helpless. Once alongside, the tall fisherman stooped and, seizing it deftly by the gills, drew it struggling into the boat. Again headed for the sun, the dinghy was sculled along, to repeat the tragedy twice again. In one of these strikes the grains was hurled thirty feet.

"The shadow," said the judge, as his friend

was relating his experience upon his return, "that you would keep behind you in trout-fishing is no obstacle here, the secret being to arouse the curiosity of the fish by a dexterous handling of the oar while keeping the sun in its eyes. This method, which you see is successful, is peculiar to the Florida reef. The barracuda, though not strictly a surface fish, lies generally three or four feet from it, in wait for the schools of small fry that frequent a similar depth, and to the expert hand-line fisherman it affords rare sport."

From the upper end of Long Key this was demonstrated on another occasion. The reef extended off with clear white sandy bottom in water about four feet deep, and, in walking along, barracudas two or three feet in length were often seen darting seaward.

The judge carried his line, which was similar in color and size to the one used for snapper-fishing, in a large coil over his arm, explaining that it could not tangle, as it had been stretched forty-eight hours at severe tension, and was always stretched moderately after using. The hook was fastened to a slender copper wire two feet in length, and a mullet five inches long being impaled, it was thrown out ahead of the first barracuda sighted.

The splash attracted the notice of the fish, which moved forward; but seeing that the bait was dead, it instantly regained its former motionless position between surface and bottom. Now a quivering motion was imparted to the bait, which seemed struggling to escape, waving to and fro under the adroit manipulation of the fisherman, movements that were not lost upon the watchful barracuda. Dropping its muzzle, it sank slowly and gently to the bottom, and moved imperceptibly upon the bait, creeping upon it as a cat would upon a bird, then backing off as if suspicious. The slightest overdoing of the motion aroused its incredulity, and the clever simulation of life urged it on, until finally it seized the mullet, rose quickly from the bottom, and with quick gulps swallowed it. It was then that the hook struck home, and like a shot the blue-hued fish was high in air, bending and shaking its savage jaws in agony and surprise, and for some moments giving the fisherman ample scope for an exposition of dexterity and skill.

As he brought the fish in the judge remarked, "I myself see no sport in the heavy-sinker, deep-water hand-line fishing, but thus outwitting a gamy fish, where you can watch his every move in the clear water and feel every thrill through the medium of the line, is to me pleasure that I do not obtain from the rod."

"But," urged the colonel, "I could use a rod in a similar way after short practice."

"You forget," replied the judge, laughing at his friend's persistence, "that the rod that would land an eighty-pound striped bass would not, unless I am greatly mistaken, be a match for a barracuda of equal weight; the action and activity of the fish are entirely different."

It must be admitted, however, in defense of the champion of the rod, that he succeeded later in killing a thirty-pound barracuda, although his season of triumph was of short duration. An early riser, he was often on the reef at sunrise, taking advantage of the dead calms that are so characteristic of the locality, frequently for days not a ripple save that occasioned by the breakers on the barrier reef disturbing the glassy surface. One morning he returned and aroused the judge and Paublo with a magnificent jack nearly two feet long that he had taken with his favorite silver doctor.

"It rose like a salmon," he said exultantly, "and I was thirty minutes in landing it."

"Did you see any others?" asked the judge, with a twinkle of merriment in his gray eye.

"No," replied the jubilant angler; "I was satisfied with this, and it fully demonstrates that the rod has no restrictions."

"'Scuse me, sah," said Paublo, who was ganging hooks hard by, "but w'en de jacks come, sah, yo' better leave disher pole in de bag."

But the colonel was not to be deterred, and later in the day was standing at the place of his morning's exploit, gracefully whipping the warm waters for a companion jack, his book of flies on the sand. At the stand he had taken the channel was forty feet away, so that the fly was dropped delicately upon its borders at every cast.

The judge and Paublo were a thousand yards up the narrow key endeavoring to secure some live bait with a cast-net, the crash of which, as it fell when hurled by the bait-catcher, being the only sound that broke the stillness of the calm. The fly-fisherman had been casting half an hour with creditable patience, when the others heard a hail, and, turning and hurrying towards him, became laughing witnesses to a most extraordinary spectacle. The colonel was waist-deep in the water, wielding his rod in a manner that would have attracted the attention of the ghost of Walton himself. He held it over his head, now pushing it backward, now down and up, the tip undergoing a tremendous strain, and the rod and caster seemingly involved in indescribable confusion. The water about him appeared to be boiling, as if under the influence of some sudden irruption, while fish from a foot to two and a half feet in length were leaping into the air by thousands, striking his body, dashing over his head and between his legs, and one, which had originally seized the killing fly, had completely

entangled the fisherman in his own line. The confusion grew momentarily greater, the patter of fins and falling fish forming a babel of sounds that could have been heard a mile distant. Millions of small fry packed the water so closely that it was with difficulty the colonel forced his way through them as he struggled towards the shore; the great jacks dashing into the school with increasing fury, wild with excitement and seemingly unconscious of their human enemies.

A JACK-BEAT.

Near the beach for several feet there was a solid mass of small fish, and as the demoralized fisherman neared the shore the jacks had preceded him, and were leaping upon the sands, the pattering of their silvery bodies and the laughter of his companions adding to his amazement and discomfiture.

The turmoil, which at first had been confined to his immediate vicinity, spread rapidly up the beach, until for a quarter of a mile the shore was lined with a jumping mass of frenzied fishes that seemed possessed with an uncontrollable desire to hurl themselves upon the sands. The noise from the strange performance soon attracted other observers: gulls came flying from all quarters of the key, dashing into the throng with wild cries; lumbering pelicans fell heavily, and filled their capacious pouches with the smaller fry, and in turn were nipped and then jerked below by the larger fish. As the gulls rose, the watchful man-of-war birds gave chase; and so this curious phase of life continued, finally ceasing as suddenly as it began.

"That," said the judge to the astonished colonel, "is a 'jack-beat.' I knew this morning when you brought one in that they had come. They appear by thousands, I might say millions, rushing out of the channel without warning, chasing large schools of sardines inshore, hemming them in against the beach, and devouring them by the score, and, as you have seen, completely oblivious of danger. From now," continued the judge, "for a month or more, these beats will be of daily occurrence. You can hear a heavy one two miles away."

The minor fishes of the reef that afford fine sport and are excellent food for the table are legion. In the deep waters off the great fringing reef, among the waving lilac, the yellow-tail is found, attaining the size of the weak-fish of the North; for them crawfish bait is used, and in deeper waters the white meat of the great *Strombus gigas*. The lines for all these fishes of deep water are rigged with the hook a foot or more above the sinker, according to the bottom — a method necessary to prevent fouling with the great heads of coral and other forms that cover the areas of this ocean garden.

Various species of the genus *Hæmulon*, or grunts, afford fair sport in shallow water, while the cod of northern waters is here replaced by the wide-mouthed grouper, which forms an important article with the Havana trade. The angel and parrot-fishes, with many-hued garb, the somber-colored porgy, the grotesque hogfish, and many more, lend variety and excitement to even the generally doubtful pleasures of deep-water fishing.

The hogfish, usually found in comparatively deep water, was caught by the sportsmen off the great reef at low tide. The dead coral heads, which had been beaten into a wall and formed the hiding-places of innumerable living forms, were partly bare, the water deepening suddenly to the blue depths of the Gulf. Standing on this vantage-ground, bearing the crawfish bait and extra tackle, with the dinghy hauled up in smooth water on the inner side, the fishermen easily threw beyond the gentle breakers into deep water, tenanted with a score of eager fishes whose savage attacks upon the luscious bait only served to draw the greater game. The bite of the hogfish was a steady strain; but the moment the hook was felt it

CATCHING A HOGFISH.

became a game-fish worthy of the best efforts of the fisherman. Often were our sportsmen forced amid the breakers in their attempts to drag the highly colored and harlequin-like creature from its home into the still waters of the inner reef. With its enormous mouth the fish has a peculiarly swine-like appearance, fully redeemed, however, by its rich coloring and the long and richly cut dorsal fins and tail. It ranks next to the snapper as a table-fish.

Besides these legitimate features of the reef, there are others whose appearance is not always a cause of congratulation. An enormous fish, locally called the Jew, resembling the *lophius*, is often brought up, threatening to engulf the boat in its capacious maw. A gamy fish seizes the line, and the expectant fisherman finally jerks aboard a veritable porcupine, which rapidly increases in size, assuming gigantic proportions in its inflation. This hedgehog of the sea is the *Paradiodon hystrix*, and when a specimen two feet in length has assumed rotund and aldermanic proportions, rolling about the deck like a ball, the victim is often at a loss as to the proper method of removing the encumbrance. Again, the great spotted moray essays the line, fights gamily, is taken for a snapper, and, finally, when hauled into the boat, with open jaws rushes at its captor, who, in one instance, demoralized by the suddenness of the attack, took to the mast, leaving the boat in the possession of the belligerent sea-serpent, which ultimately wriggled its way back to its native element.

Withal, the keys of southern Florida offer many inducements and a comparatively new field to the fishermen who care to match their skill with the hand-liners and grainsmen of the outer reef.

C. F. Holder.

ILLUSIONS.

GO stand at night upon an ocean craft
And watch the folds of its imperial train
Catching in fleecy foam a thousand glows —
A miracle of fire unquenched by sea.
There in bewildering turbulence of change
Whirls the whole firmament, till as you gaze,
All else unseen, it is as heaven itself
Had lost its poise, and each unanchored star
In phantom haste flees to the horizon line.

What dupes we are of the deceiving eye!
How many a light men wonderingly acclaim
Is but the phosphor of the path Life makes
With its own motion, while above, forgot,
Sweep on serene the old unenvious stars!

Robert Underwood Johnson.

SALONS OF THE EMPIRE AND RESTORATION.

IN its best sense, society is born, not made. A crowd of well-dressed people is not necessarily a society. They may meet and disperse with no other bond of union than a fine house and lavish hospitality can give. It may be an assembly without unity, flavor, or influence. In the social chaos that followed the Revolution, this truth found a practical illustration. The old circles were scattered. The old distinctions were virtually destroyed, so far as edicts can destroy that which lies in the essence of things. A few who held honored names were left, or had returned from a long exile, to find themselves bereft of rank, fortune, and friends, but these had small disposition to form new associations, and few points of contact with the *parvenus* who had mounted upon the ruins of their order. The new society was composed largely of these *parvenus*, who were ambitious for a position and a life of which they had neither the spirit, the taste, the habits, nor the mellowing traditions. Naturally they mistook the gilded frame for the picture. Unfamiliar with the gentle manners, the delicate sense of honor, and the chivalrous instincts, which underlie the best social life, though not always illustrated by its individual members, they were absorbed in matters of etiquette of which they were uncertain, and exacting of non-essentials. They regarded society upon its commercial side, contended over questions of precedence, and, as one of the most observing of their contemporaries has expressed it, "bargained for a courtesy and counted visits." "I have seen quarrels in the imperial court," she adds, "over a visit more or less long, more or less deferred." Perhaps it is to be considered that in a new order which has many aggressive elements, this balancing of courtesies is not without a certain *raison d'être* as a protection against serious inroads upon time and hospitality; but the fault lies behind all this, in the lack of that subtle social sense which makes the discussion of these things superfluous, not to say impossible.

It was the wish of Napoleon to reconstruct a society that should rival in brilliancy the old courts. With this view he called to his aid a few women whose name, position, education, and reputation for *esprit* and fine manners he thought a sufficient guarantee of success. But he soon learned that it could not be commanded at will. The reply of the Duchesse d'Abrantes, who has left us so many pleasant reminiscences of this period, in which she was an actor as well as an observer, was very apt.

"You can do all that I wish," he said to her; "you are all young and almost all pretty; ah, well! a young and pretty woman can do anything she likes."

"Sire, what your Majesty says may be true," she replied, "but only to a certain point. . . . If the Emperor, instead of his guard and his good soldiers, had only conscripts who would recoil under fire, he could not win great battles like that of Austerlitz. Nevertheless, he is the first general in the world."

But this social life had a personal end. It was to furnish an added instrument of power to the autocrat who ruled. It was to reflect always and everywhere the glory of Napoleon. The period which saw its cleverest woman in hopeless exile, and its most beautiful one under a similar ban for the crime of being her friend, was not one which favored intellectual supremacy. The empire did not encourage literature, it silenced philosophy, and oppressed the talent that did not glorify itself. Its blighting touch rested upon the whole social fabric. The finer elements which, to some extent, entered into it, were lost in the glare of display and pretension. The true spirit of conversation was limited to private coteries that

kept themselves in the shade and were too small to be noted.

The salon which represented the best side of the new régime was that of Madame de Montesson, wife of the Duc d'Orleans, a

MARQUISE DE MONTESSON. (FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY BELLIARD.)

woman of brilliant talents, finished manners, great knowledge of the world, fine gifts of conversation, and, what was equally essential, great discrimination and perfect tact. Napoleon was quick to see the value of such a woman in reorganizing a court, and treated her with the greatest consideration, even asking her to instruct Josephine in the old customs and usages. Her salon, however, united many elements which it was impossible to fuse. There were people of all parties and all conditions, a few of the nobles and returned *émigrés*, the numerous members of the Bonaparte family, the new military circle, together with many people of influence "not to the manner born." Madame de Montesson revived the old amusements, wrote plays for the entertainment of her guests, gave grand dinners and brilliant fêtes. But the accustomed links were wanting. Her salon simply illustrates a social life in a state of transition.

Madame de Genlis, who was a niece of Madame de Montesson, had lived much in the world before the Revolution, and her position in the family of the Duc d'Orleans, to-

gether with her great versatility of talent, had given her a certain vogue. After ten years of exile she returned to Paris, and her salon at the Arsenal was a center for a few celebrities. Many of these names have small significance to-day. A few men like Talleyrand, La Harpe, Fontanes, and Cardinal Maury were among her friends, and she was neutral enough, or diplomatic enough, not to give offense to the new government. But she was a woman of many affectations, and, in spite of her numerous accomplishments, her cleverness, and her literary fame, her social influence was never great. As a historic figure, she is more remarkable for the variety of her voluminous work and her educational theories than personally interesting.

MME. DE GENLIS. (FROM A PRINT AFTER A DRAWING BY DEVERIA.)

There is little to attract in the ruling social life of this period. It had neither the dignity of past traditions, nor freedom of intellectual expression. Its finer shades were drowned in loud and glaring colors. The luxury that could be commanded counted for more than the wit and intelligence that could not.

As the social elements readjusted themselves on a more natural basis, there were a few salons out of the main drift of the time in which the literary spirit flourished once more, blended with the refined tastes, the elegant manners, and the amiable courtesy that had distinguished the old régime. But the interval in which history was made so rapidly, and the startling events of a century were condensed into a decade, had wrought many vital changes. It was no longer the spirit of the eighteenth century that reappeared under its revived and attractive forms. We note a tone of seriousness that had no permanent place in that world of *esprit* and skepticism, of fine manners and lax morals, which divided its allegiance between fashion and philosophy. The survivors of so many heart-breaking tragedies, with their weary weight of dead hopes and sad memories, found no healing balm in the cold speculation and scathing wit of Diderot or Voltaire. Even the devotees of philosophy gave it but a half-hearted reverence. It was at this moment that Chateaubriand, saturated with the sorrows of

his age, and penetrated with the hopelessness of its philosophy, offered anew the truths that had sustained the suffering and broken-hearted for eighteen centuries, in a form so sympathetic, so fascinating, that it thrilled the sensitive spirits of his time, and passed like an inspiration into the literature of the next fifty years. The melancholy of "René" found its divine consolation in the "Genius of Christianity." It was this spirit that lent a new and softer coloring to the intimate social life that blended in some degree the tastes and manners of the old *noblesse* with a refined and tempered form of modern thought. It recalls, in many points, the best spirit of the seventeenth century. There is a flavor of the same seriousness, the same sentiment. It is the sentiment that sent so many beautiful women to the solitude of the cloister, when youth had faded, and the air of approaching age began to grow chilly. But it is not to the cloister that these women turn. They weave romantic tales out of the texture of their own lives, they repeat their experiences, their illusions, their triumphs, and their disenchantments. As the days grow more somber and the evening shadows begin to fall, they meditate, they moralize, they substitute prayers for dreams. But they think also. The drama of the late years had left no thoughtful soul without earnest convictions. There were numerous shades of opinion, many finely drawn issues. In a few salons these elements were delicately blended, and if they did not repeat the brilliant triumphs of the past, if they focused with less power the intellectual light which was dispersed in many new channels, they have left behind them many fragrant memories. One is tempted to linger in these temples of a goddess half-dethroned. One would like to study these women who added to the social gifts of their race a character that had risen superior to many storms, hearts that were mellowed and purified by premature sorrow, and intellects that had taken a deeper and more serious tone from long brooding over the great problems of their time. But only a glance is permitted us here. Most of them have been drawn in living colors by Sainte-Beuve, from whom I gather here and there a salient trait.

Who that is familiar with the fine and exquisite thought of Joubert can fail to be interested in the delicate and fragile woman whom he met in her supreme hour of suffering, to find in her a rare and permanent friend, a literary *confidante*, and an inspiration. Madame de Beaumont — the daughter of Montmorin, who had been a colleague of Necker in the Ministry — had been forsaken by a worthless husband, had seen father, mother, brother, perish by the guillotine, and her sister escape it only by losing her reason, and then her life, before the fatal day. She, too, had been arrested with the others, but was so ill and weak that she was left to die by the roadside *en route* to Paris — a fate from which she was saved by the kindness of a peasant. It was at this moment that Joubert befriended her. These numerous and crushing sorrows had shattered her health, which was never strong, but during the few brief years that remained to her she was the center of a coterie more distinguished for quality than numbers. Joubert and Chateaubriand were its leading

MME. DE BEAUMONT.
(FROM A PRINT AFTER THE PAINTING BY DE LA TOUR.)

spirits, but it included also Fontanes, Pasquier, Madame de Vintimille, Madame de Pastoret, and other friends who had survived the days in which she presided with such youthful dignity over her father's salon. The fascination of her fine and elevated intellect, her gentle sympathy, her keen appreciation of talent, and her graces of manner, lent a singular charm to her presence. Her character was aptly expressed by this device which Rulhière had suggested for her seal: "Un souffle m'agite et rien ne m'ébranle." Chateaubriand was enchanted with a nature so pure, so poetic, and so ardent. He visited her daily, read to her "Atala" and "René," and finished the "Genius of Christianity" under her influence. He was young then, and that she loved him is hardly doubtful, though the friendship of Joubert was far truer and more loyal than the passing devotion of this capricious man of genius, who seems to have cared only for his own reflection in another soul. But this sheltered nook of thoughtful repose, this conversational oasis in a chaotic period, had a short duration. Madame de Beaumont died at Rome, where she had gone in the faint hope of reviving her drooping

MME. DE RÉMUSAT. (FROM A PRINT.)

health in 1803. Chateaubriand was there, watched over her last hours with Bertin, and wrote eloquently of her death. Joubert mourned deeply and silently over the light that had gone out of his life.

We have pleasant reminiscences of the amiable, thoughtful, and spirituelle Madame de Rémusat, who has left us such vivid records of the social and intimate life of the imperial court. A studious and secluded childhood, prematurely saddened by the untimely fate of her father in the terrible days of 1794, an early and congenial marriage, together with her own wise penetration and clear intellect, enabled her to traverse this period without losing her delicate tone or her serious tastes. She had her quiet retreat into which the noise and glare did not intrude, where a few men of letters and thoughtful men of the world revived the old conversational spirit. She amused her idle hours by writing graceful tales, and after the close of her court life and the weakening of her health she turned her thoughts towards the education and improvement of her sex. Blended with her wide knowledge of the world, there is always a note of earnestness, a tender coloring of sentiment, which culminates towards the end in a lofty Christian resignation.

We meet again, at this time, Madame de Flahaut, who had shone as one of the lesser lights of an earlier generation, had seen her husband fall by the guillotine, and after wandering over Europe for years as an exile, returned to Paris as Madame de Souza and took her place in a quiet corner of the unfamiliar world, writing softly colored romances after the manner of Madame de La Fayette, wearing with grace the honors her literary fame brought her, and preserving the tastes, the fine courtesies, the gentle manners, the social charms, and the delicate vivacity of the old *régime*.

One recalls, too, Madame de Duras, whose father, the noble and fearless Kersaint, was the companion of Madame Roland at the scaffold; who drifted to our own shores until the storms had passed, and, after saving her large fortune in Martinique, returned matured and saddened to France. As the wife of the Duc de Duras, she gathered around her a circle of rank, talent, and distinction. In her salon one finds nobles, diplomats, statesmen, and *littérateurs*. Chateaubriand, Humboldt, Cuvier, de Montmorency were among her friends. What treasures of thought and conversation do these names suggest! What memories of the past, what prophecies for the future! Madame de Duras, too, wore gracefully the mantle of authorship with which she united pleasant household cares. She, too, put something of the sad experiences of her own life into romances which are vividly and tenderly colored. She, too, like many of the women of her time whose youth had been blighted by suffering, passed into an exalted Christian strain. The friend of Madame de Staël, the literary *confidante* of Chateaubriand, the woman of many talents, many virtues, and many sorrows, died with words of faith and hope and divine consolation on her lips.

The devotion of Madame de Chantal, the mysticism of Madame Guyon, find a nineteenth century counterpart in the spiritual illumination of Madame de Krüdener. Passing from a life of luxury and pleasure to a life of penitence and asceticism, singularly blending

MME. DE SOUZA. (FROM A PRINT DRAWN BY CHRÉTIEN.)

worldliness and piety, opening her salon with prayer, and adding a new sensation to the gay life of Paris, this adviser of Alexander I. and friend of Benjamin Constant, who put her best life into the charming romances which ranked next to "Corinne" and "Delphine" in their time; this beautiful woman, novelist, prophetess, mystic, *illuminée*, fanatic, with the passion of the South and the superstitious vein of the far north, disappeared from the world she had graced, and gave up her life in an ecstasy of sacrifice in the wilderness of the Crimea.

It is only to indicate the altered drift of the social life that flowed in quiet undercurrents during the Empire and came to the surface again after the Restoration; to trace lightly the slow reaction towards the finer shades of modern thought and modern morality, that I touch so briefly and so inadequately upon these women who represent the best side of their age, leaving altogether untouched many of equal gifts and equal note.

There is one, however, whose salon gathered into itself the last rays of the old glory, and whose fame as a social leader has eclipsed that of all her contemporaries. Madame Récamier, "the last flower of the salons," is the woman of the century who has been, perhaps, most admired, most loved, and most written about. It has been so much the fashion to dwell upon her marvelous beauty, her kindness, and her irresistible fascination that she has become, to some extent, an ideal figure, invested with a subtle and poetic grace that folds itself about her like the invisible mantle of an enchantress. Her actual relations to the world in which she lived extended over a long period, terminating only on the threshold of our own generation. Without strong opinions or pronounced color, loyal to her friends rather than to her convictions, of a calm and happy temperament, gentle in character, keenly appreciative of all that was intellectually fine and rare but without exceptional gifts herself, fascinating in manner, perfect in tact, with the beauty of an angel and the heart of a woman — she presents a fitting close to the long reign of her salon.

We hear of her first in the bizarre circles of the Consulate, as the wife of a man who was rather father than husband, young, fresh, lovely, accomplished, surrounded by the luxuries of wealth, and captivating all hearts by that indefinable charm of manner which she carried with her to the end of her life. Both at Paris and at her country house at Clichy she was the center of a company in which the old was discreetly mingled with the new, in which enmities were tempered, antagonisms softened, and the most discordant elements brought into harmonious *rapport*, for the moment, at least, by her gracious word or her winning smile. Here we find Adrien and Mathieu de Montmorency, who already testified the rare friendship that was to outlive years and misfortunes; Madame de Staël before her exile; Narbonne, Barère, Bernadotte, Moreau, and many distinguished foreigners. Lucien Bonaparte was at her feet; La Harpe was her devoted friend; Napoleon was trying in vain to draw her into his court, and treasuring up his failure for another day. The salon of Madame Récamier was not, in any sense, philosophical or political, but after the cruel persecution of La Harpe, the banishment of Madame de Staël, and the similar misfortunes of other friends, her sympathies were too strong for her diplomacy, and it gradually fell into the ranks of the opposition. It was well known that the emperor regarded all who went there as his enemies, and this young and innocent woman was destined to feel the full bitterness of his petty displeasure. We cannot trace here the incidents of her varied career, the misfortunes of the father to whom she was a ministering angel, the loss of her husband's fortune and her own, the years of wandering and exile, the second period of brief and illusive prosperity, and the swift reverses which led to her final retreat. She was at the height of her beauty and her fame in the early days of the Restoration, when her salon revived its old brilliancy, and was a center in which all parties met on neutral ground. Her intimate relations with those in power gave it a strong political influence, but this was never a marked feature, as it was mainly personal.

MME. DE DURAS.
(FROM A PRINT AFTER THE PAINTING BY MME. ROUCHIER.)

But the position in which one is most inclined to recall Madame Récamier is in the

MME. DE KRÜDENER. (FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE LOUVRE.)

convent of Abbaye-aux-Bois, where, divested of fortune and living in the simplest manner, she preserved for nearly thirty years the fading traditions of the old salons. Through all the changes which tried her fortitude and revealed the latent heroism of her character, she seems to have kept her sweet serenity unbroken, bending to the passing storms with the grace of a facile nature, but never murmuring at the inevitable. One may find in this flexible strength and gentleness of temper a clue to the subtle fascination which held the devoted friendship of so many gifted men and women, long after the fresh charm of youth was gone.

The intellectual gifts of Madame Récamier, as has been said before, were not of a high or brilliant order. She was neither profound nor original, nor given to definite thought. Her

letters were few, and she has left no written records by which she can be measured. She read much, and was familiar with current literature, also with religious works. But the world is slow to accord a twofold superiority, and it is quite possible that the fame of her beauty has prevented full justice to her mental abilities. It is certain that no woman could have held her place as the center of a distinguished literary circle and the confidante and adviser of the first literary men of her time without a fine intellectual appreciation. "To love what is great," said Madame Necker, "is almost to be great one's self.' Ballanche advised her to translate "Petrarch," and she even began the work, but it was never finished. "Believe me," he writes, "you have at your command the genius of music, flowers, imagination, and elegance. . . . Do not fear to try your hand on the golden lyre of the poets." He may have been too much blinded by a friendship that verged closely upon a more passionate sentiment to be an altogether impartial critic, but it was a high tribute to her gifts that a man of such conspicuous talents thought her capable of work so exacting. Her qualities were those of taste and a delicate imagination rather than of reason. Her musical accomplishments were always a resource. She sang, played the harp and piano, and we hear of her during a summer at Albano playing the organ at vespers and high mass. She danced exquisitely, and it was her ravishing grace that suggested the shawl dance of "Corinne" to Madame de Staël and of "Valérie" to Madame de Krüdener. One can fancy her, too, at Coppet, playing the rôle of the angel to Madame de Staël's Hagar — a spirit of love and consolation to the stormy and despairing soul of her friend.

But her real power lay in the wonderful harmony of her nature, in the subtle penetration that divined the chagrins and weaknesses of others only to administer a healing balm, in the delicate tact that put people always on the best terms with themselves, and gave the finest play to whatever talents they possessed. Add to this a quality of beauty which cannot be caught by pen or pencil, and one can understand the singular sway she held over men and women alike. Madame de Krüdener, whose salon so curiously united fashion and piety, worldliness and mysticism, was troubled by the distraction which her entrance was sure to cause, and begged Benjamin Constant to write and entreat her to make herself as little charming as possible. His note is certainly unique, though it loses much of its piquancy in translation:

I acquit myself with a little embarrassment of a commission which Madame de Krüdener has just given me. She begs you to come as little beautiful as you can. She says that you dazzle all the world, and that consequently every soul is troubled and attention is impossible. You cannot lay aside your charms, but do not add to them.

In her youth she dressed with great simplicity and was fond of wearing white with pearls, which accorded well with the dazzling purity of her complexion.

Madame Récamier was not without vanity, and this is the reverse side of her peculiar gifts. She would have been more than mortal if she had been quite unconscious of attractions so rare that even the children in the street paid tribute to them. But one finds small trace of the petty jealousies and exactions that are so apt to accompany them. She liked to please, she wished to be loved, and this inevitably implies a shade of coquetry in a young and beautiful woman. There was an element of fascination in this very coquetry, with its delicate subtleties and its shifting tints of sentiment. That she carried it too far was no doubt true; that she did so wittingly is not so certain. Her victims were many, and if they quietly subsided into friends, as they usually did, it was after many struggles and heartburnings. But if she did not exercise her power with invariable discretion, it seems to have been less the result of vanity than a lack of decision, and an amiable unwillingness to give immediate pain, or to lose the friend in the lover. With all her fine qualities of heart and soul, she had a temperament that saved her from much of the suffering she thoughtlessly inflicted upon others. She roused many violent passions without at all disturbing her own serenity. The delicate and chivalrous nature of Mathieu de Montmorency, added to his years, gave his relations to her a half-paternal character, but that he loved her always with the profound tenderness of a loyal and steadfast soul is apparent through all the singularly disinterested phases of a friendship that ended only with his life.

Prince Augustus, whom she met at Coppet, called up a passing ripple on the surface of her heart, sufficiently strong to lead her to suggest a divorce to her husband, whose relations to her, though always friendly, were only nominal. But he appealed to her generosity, and she thought of it no more. Why she permitted her princely suitor to cherish so long the illusions that time and distance do not readily destroy, is one of the mysteries that are not easy to solve. Perhaps she thought it more kind to let absence wear out a passion than to break it too rudely. At all events, he cherished no permanent bitterness and never forgot her. At his death, nearly forty years later, he or-

MME. RÉCAMIER. (FROM THE PAINTING BY DAVID.)

dered her portrait by Gérard to be returned, but her ring was buried with him.

The various phases of the well-known infatuation of Benjamin Constant, which led him to violate his political principles and belie his own words rather than take a course that must result in separation from her, suggests a page of highly colored romance. The letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse scarcely furnish us with a more ardent episode in the literature of hopeless passion. The worshipful devotion of Ampère and Ballanche would form a chapter no less interesting, though less intense and stormy.

But the name most inseparably connected with Madame Récamier is that of Chateaubriand. This friendship, of an unquestioned sort that seems to have gone quite out of the world, had all the phases of a more tender sentiment, and goes far towards disproving the charge of coldness that has often been brought against her. It was begun by the deathbed of Madame de Staël after she had reached the dreaded forties, and lasted more than thirty years. It seems to have been the single sentiment that mastered her. One can trace the restless undercurrents of this life that was outwardly so serene in the letters of Chateaubriand. He writes to her from Berlin, from England, from Rome. He confides to her his ambitions, tells her his anxieties, asks her counsel as to his plans, chides her little jealousies, and commends his wife to her care and attention. This recalls a remarkable side of her relations with the world. Women are not apt to love formidable rivals, but the wives of her friends apparently shared the admiration with which their husbands regarded her. If they did not love her, they exchanged friendly notes, and courtesies that were often more than cordial. She consoles Madame de Montmorency in her sorrow, and Madame de Chateaubriand asks her to cheer her husband's gloomy moods. Indeed, she roused little of that bitter jealousy which is usually the penalty of exceptional beauty or exceptional gifts of any sort. The sharp tongue of Madame de Genlis lost its sting in writing of her. She idealized her as Athénaïs, in the novel of that name which has for its background the beauties of Coppet, and vaguely reproduces much of its life. The pious and austere Madame Swetchine, whose prejudices against her were so strong that for a long time she did not wish to meet her, confessed herself at once a captive to her "penetrating and indefinable charm." Though she did not always escape the shafts of malice, no better tribute could be offered to the graces of her character than the indulgence with which she was regarded by the most severely judging of her own sex.

But she has her days of depression. Chateaubriand is absorbed in his ambitions and

sometimes indifferent; his antagonistic attitude towards Montmorency, who is far the nobler character of the two, is a source of grief to her. She tries in vain to reconcile her rival friends. Once she feels compelled to tear herself from an influence which is destroying her happiness, and goes to Italy. But she carries within her own heart the seeds of unrest. She still follows the movements of the man who occupies so large a space in her horizon, sympathizes from afar with his disappointments, and cares for his literary interest, ordering from Tenerani a bas-relief of a scene from "The Martyrs."

MME. SWETCHINE. (FROM A PRINT.)

After her return her life settles into more quiet channels. Chateaubriand, embittered by the chagrins of political life, welcomed her with the old enthusiasm. From this time he devoted himself exclusively to letters, and sought his diversion in the convent-salon which has left so wide a fame, and of which he was always the central figure. The petted man of genius was moody and capricious. His colossal egotism found its best solace in the gentle presence of the woman who flattered his restless vanity, anticipated his wishes, studied his tastes, and watched every shadow that flitted across his face. He was in the habit of writing her a few lines in the morning; at three o'clock he visited her, and they chatted over their tea until four, when favored visitors began to arrive. In the evening it was a little world that met there. The names of Ampère, Tocqueville, Montalembert, Merimée, Thierry, and Sainte-Beuve suggest the literary quality of this circle, in which were seen from time to time such foreign celebrities as Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, Maria Edgeworth, Humboldt, the Duke of Hamilton, the gifted Duchess of Devonshire, and Miss Berry. Lamartine read his "Méditations" and Delphine Gay her first poems there. Rachel recited, and Pauline Viardot, Garcia, Rubini, and Lablache sang there. Delacroix, David, and Gérard represented the world of art, and the visitors from the *grand monde* were too numerous to mention. In this brilliant and cosmopolitan company, what re-

sources of wit and knowledge, what charms of beauty and elegance, what splendors of rank and distinction were laid upon the altar of this lovely and adored woman, who recognized all values, and never forgot the kindly word or the delicate courtesy that put the most modest guests at ease and brought out the best there was in them!

One day in 1847 there was a vacant place, and the faithful Ballanche came no more from his rooms across the street. A year later Chateaubriand died. After the death of his wife he had wished to marry Madame Récamier, but she thought it best to change nothing, believing that age and blindness had given her the right to devote herself to his last days. To her friends she said that if she married him, he would miss the pleasure and variety of his daily visits.

Old, blind, broken in health and spirit, but retaining always the charm which had given her the empire over so many hearts, she followed him in a few months.

Madame Récamier represented better than any woman of her time the peculiar talents that distinguished the leaders of some of the most famous salons. She had tact, grace, intelligence, appreciation, and the gift of inspiring others. The cleverest men and women of the age were to be met in her drawing-room. One found there genius, beauty, *esprit*, elegance, courtesy, and the brilliant conversation which is the Gallic heritage. But not even her surpassing fascination added to all these attractions could revive the old power of the salon. Her coterie was charming as a choice circle gathered about a beautiful, refined, accomplished woman, and illuminated by the wit and intelligence of thoughtful men, will always be, but its influence was limited and largely personal, and it has left no perceptible traces. Nor has it had any noted successor. It is no longer coteries presided over by clever women that guide the age and mold its tastes or its political destinies. The old conditions have ceased to exist and the prestige of the salon is gone.

The causes that led to its decline have been already more or less indicated. Among them, the decay of aristocratic institutions played only a small part. The salons were *au fond* democratic in the sense that all forms of distinction were recognized so far as they were amenable to the laws of taste, which form the ultimate tribunal of social fitness in France. But it cannot be denied that the code of etiquette which ruled them had its foundation in the traditions of the *noblesse*. The gentle manners, the absence of egotism and self-assertion, as of disturbing passions, the fine and uniform courtesy which is the poetry of life, are the product of ease and assured conditions. It is struggle that destroys harmony and repose, whatever stronger qualities it may develop, and the greater mingling of classes which inevitably resulted in this took something from the exquisite flavor of the old society. The increase of wealth, too, created new standards which were fatal to a life in which the resources of wit, learning, and education in its highest sense were the chief attractions. The greater perfection of all forms of public amusement was not without its influence. Men drifted, also, more and more into the one-sided life of the club. Considered as a social phase, no single thing has been more disastrous to the unity of modern society than this. But the most formidable enemy of the salon was the press. Intelligence has become too universal to be focused in a few drawing-rooms. Genius and ambition have found a broader arena. When interest no longer led men to seek the stimulus and approval of a powerful coterie, it ceased to be more than an elegant form of recreation, a theater of small talents, the diversion of an idle hour. When the press assumed the sovereignty, the salon was dethroned.

Amelia Gere Mason.

NOTE.— The frontispiece portrait, in the September CENTURY, of the Princesse de Conti, was offered in illustration of Mrs. Mason's article on the "Women of the French Salons"; but we have since learned that the portrait represents the sister, not the wife, of the Prince de Conti, and that consequently it was out of place with the allusion to the social gatherings at the Temple.— EDITOR.

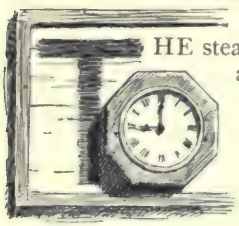
THE SQUIRREL INN.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE SQUIRREL INN.

I.

THE STEAMBOAT PIER.



THE steamboat *Manasquan* was advertised to leave her pier on the east side of the city at half-past nine on a July morning. At nine o'clock Walter Lodloe was on the forward upper deck, watching the early passengers come on board, and occasionally smiling as his glance fell upon a tall man in a blue flannel shirt, who, with a number of other deck-hands, was hard at work transferring from the pier to the steamer the boxes, barrels, and bales of merchandise the discouraging mass of which was on the point of being increased by the unloading of a newly arrived two-horse truck.

Lodloe had good reason to allow himself his smiles of satisfaction, for he had just achieved a victory over the man in the blue shirt, and a victory over a busy deck-hand on a hot day is rare enough to be valuable. As soon as he had stepped on board, he had deposited his hand-baggage in a place of safety, and walked forward to see the men run on the freight. It was a lively scene, and being a student of incident, character, and all that sort of thing, it greatly interested him. Standing by a strangely marked cask which had excited his curiosity, he found himself in the way of the deck-hand in the blue shirt, who, with red face and sparkling forehead, had just wheeled two heavy boxes up the incline of the gang-plank, and was about to roll them with easy rapidity to the other side of the deck; but Lodloe, with his back turned and directly in front of him, made it necessary for him to make a violent swerve to the right or to break the legs of a passenger. He made the swerve, missed Lodloe, and then, dumping his load, turned and swore at the young man with the promptness and accuracy of a cow-boy's revolver.

It was quite natural that a high-spirited young fellow should object to being sworn at, no matter what provocation he had given, and Lodloe not only objected but grew very angry. The thing which instantly suggested itself to him, and which to most people would seem

the proper thing to do, was to knock down the man. But this knocking-down business is a matter which should be approached with great caution. Walter was a strong young fellow and had had some practice in boxing, but it was not impossible that, even with the backing of justifiable indignation, the conventional blow straight from the shoulder might have failed to fell the tall deck-hand.

But even had Lodloe succeeded in stretching the insulting man upon the dirty deck, it is not at all probable that he would have staid there. In five seconds there would have been a great fight, and it would not have been long before the young gentleman would have found himself in a police station.

Lodloe's common sense was capable of considerable tension without giving way, even under a strain like this, and, although pale with anger, he would not engage in a personal contest with a deck-hand on a crowded steamboat; but to bear the insult was almost impossible. Never before had he been subjected to such violent abuse.

But in a flash he remembered something, and the man had scarcely turned his empty truck to go back to the pier, when Lodloe stepped in front of him, and with a wave of the hand stopped him.

Two nights before Lodloe had been sitting up late reading some papers on modern Italian history, and in the course of said reading had met with the text of the *anathema maranatha* pronounced by Pius IX. against disbelievers in his infallibility. The directness, force, and comprehensiveness of the expressions used in this composition made a deep impression upon Lodloe, and as it was not very long he had committed it to memory, thinking that he might some time care to use it in quotation. Now it flashed upon him that the time had come to quote this *anathema maranatha*, and without hesitation he delivered the whole of it, fair and square, straight into the face of the petrified deck-hand.

Petrified immediately he was not. At first he flushed furiously, but after a few phrases he began to pale, and to turn to living stone; enough mobility, however, remained to allow him presently to raise his hand imploringly, but Lodloe had now nearly finished his discourse, and with a few words more he turned and walked away. The deck-hand wiped his brow, took in a long breath, and went to work. If another passenger had got in his way, he would not have sworn at him.

ON DECK.

Therefore it was that, gently pleased by the sensations of victory, Walter Lodloe sat on the upper deck and watched the busy scene. He soon noted that passengers were beginning to come down the pier in considerable numbers, and among these his eye was caught by a young woman wheeling a baby-carriage.

When this little equipage had been pushed down nearly to the end of that side of the pier from which the passengers were going on board, it stopped, and its motive power looked behind her. Presently she turned her head towards the

steamer and eagerly scanned every part of it on which she could see human beings. In doing this she exhibited to Lodloe a very attractive face. It was young enough, it was round enough, and the brown eyes were large enough, to suit almost any one whose taste was not restricted to the lines of the old sculptors.

When she completed her survey of the steamboat, the young woman turned the carriage around and wheeled it up the pier. Very soon, however, she returned, walking rapidly, and ran the little vehicle over the broad gang-plank on to the steamboat. Now Lodloe lost sight of her, but in about five minutes she appeared on the forward upper deck without the baby-carriage, and looking eagerly here and there. Not finding what she sought, she hastily descended.

The next act in this performance was the appearance of the baby-carriage, borne by the blue-shirted deck-hand, and followed by the young woman carrying the baby. The carriage was humbly set down by its bearer, who departed without looking to the right or the left, and the baby was quickly deposited in it. Then the young woman stepped to the rail and looked anxiously upon the pier. As Lodloe gazed upon her it was easy to see that she was greatly troubled. She was expecting some one who did not come. Now she went to the head of the stairway and went down a few steps, then she came up again and stood undecided. Her eyes now fell upon Lodloe, who was looking at her, and she immediately approached him.

"Can you tell me, sir," she said, "exactly how long it will be before this boat starts?"

Lodloe drew out his watch.

"In eight minutes," he answered.

If Lodloe had allowed himself to suppose that because the young woman who addressed him was in sole charge of a baby-carriage she was a nurse or superior maid-servant, that notion would have instantly vanished when he heard her speak.

The lady turned a quick glance towards the pier, and then moved to the head of the stairway, but stopped before reaching it. It was plain that she was in much perplexity. Lodloe stepped quickly towards her.

"Madam," said he, "you are looking for some one. Can I help you?"

"I am," she said; "I am looking for my nurse-maid. She promised to meet me on the pier. I cannot imagine what has become of her."

"Let me go and find her," said Lodloe. "What sort of person is she?"

"She is n't any sort of person in particular," answered the lady. "I could n't describe her. I will run down and look for her myself, and if you will kindly see that nobody knocks over my baby I shall be much obliged to you."

Lodloe instantly undertook the charge, and the lady disappeared below.

II.

THE BABY, THE MAN, AND THE MASTERY.

THE young man drew the baby-carriage to the bench by the rail and, seating himself, gazed with interest upon its youthful occupant. This individual appeared to be about two years of age, with its mother's eyes and a combative disposition. The latter was indicated by the manner in which it banged its own legs and the sides of its carriage with a wicker bludgeon that had once been a rattle. It looked earnestly at the young man, and gave the edges of its carriage a whack which knocked the bludgeon out of its hand. Lodloe picked up the weapon, and, restoring it to its owner, began to commune with himself.

"It is the same old story," he thought. "The mother desires to be rid of the infant; she leaves it for a moment in the charge of a stranger; she is never seen again. However, I accept the situation. If she does n't come back this baby is mine. It seems like a good sort of baby, and I think I shall like it. Yes, youngster, if your mother does n't come back you are mine. I shall not pass you over to the police or to any one else; I shall run you myself."

It was now half-past nine. Lodloe arose and looked out over the pier. He could see nothing of the young mother. The freight was all on board, and they were hauling up the forward gang-plank. One or two belated passengers were hurrying along the pier; the bell was ringing; now the passengers were on board, the aft gang-plank was hauled in, the hawsers were cast off from the posts, the pilot's bell jingled, the wheels began to revolve, and the great steamboat slowly moved from its pier.

"I knew it," said Lodloe, unconsciously speaking aloud; "she had n't the slightest idea of coming back. Now, then," said he, "I own a baby, and I must consider what I am to do with it. One thing is certain, I intend to keep it. I believe I can get more solid comfort and fun out of a baby than I could possibly get out of a dog or even a horse."

Walter Lodloe was a young man who had adopted literature as a profession. Earlier in life he had worked at journalism, but for the last two years he had devoted himself almost entirely to literature pure and simple. His rewards, so far, had been slight, but he was not in the least discouraged, and hoped bravely for better things. He was now on his way to spend some months at a quiet country place of which

he had heard, not for a summer holiday, but to work where he could live cheaply and enjoy outdoor life. His profession made him more independent than an artist — all he needed were writing materials, and a post-office within a reasonable distance.

Lodloe gazed with much satisfaction at his new acquisition. He was no stickler for conventionalities, and did not in the least object to appear at his destination — where he knew no one — with a baby and a carriage.

"I 'll get some country girl to take care of it when I am busy," he said, "and the rest of the time I 'll attend to it myself. I 'll teach it a lot of things, and from what I have seen of youngster-culture I should n't wonder if I should beat the record."

At this moment the baby gave a great wave with its empty rattle, and, losing its hold upon it, the wicker weapon went overboard. Then after feeling about in its lap, and peering over the side of the carriage, the baby began to whimper.

"Now then," thought the young man, "here 's my chance. I must begin instantly to teach it that I am its master."

Leaning forward, he looked sternly into the child's face, and in a sharp, quick tone said:

"Whoa!"

The baby stopped instantly, and stared at its new guardian.

"There," thought Lodloe, "it is just the same with a baby as with a horse. Be firm, be decided; it knows what you want, and it will do it."

At this instant the baby opened its mouth, uttered a wild wail, and continued wailing.

Lodloe laughed. "That did n't seem to work," said he; and to quiet the little creature he agitated the vehicle, shook before the child his keys, and showed it his watch, but the wails went on with persistent violence. The baby's face became red, its eyes dropped tears.

The young man looked around him for assistance. The forward upper deck was without an awning, and was occupied only by a few men, the majority of the passengers preferring the spacious and shaded after deck. Two of the men were laughing at Lodloe.

"That 's a new way," one of them called out to him, "to shut up a young one. Did it ever work?"

"It did n't this time," answered Lodloe. "Have you any young ones?"

"Five," answered the man.

"And how do you stop them when they howl like that?"

"I leave that to the old woman," was the answer, "and when she 's heard enough of it she spanks 'em."

Lodloe shook his head. That method did not suit him.

"If you 'd run its wagon round the deck," said another man, "perhaps that would stop it. I guess you was never left alone with it before."

Lodloe made no reply to this supposition, but began to wheel the carriage around the deck. Still the baby yelled and kicked. An elderly gentleman who had been reading a book went below.

"If you could feed it," said one of the men who had spoken before, "that might stop it, but the best thing you can do is to take it down to its mother."

Lodloe was annoyed. He had not yet arranged in his mind how he should account for his possession of the baby, and he did not want an explanation forced upon him before he was ready to make it. These men had come on board after the departure of the young woman, and could know nothing of the facts, and therefore Lodloe, speaking from a high, figurative standpoint, settled the matter by shaking his head and saying:

"That can't be done. The little thing has lost its mother."

The man who had last spoken looked compassionately at Lodloe.

"That 's a hard case," he said; "I know all about it, for I 've been in that boat myself. My wife died just as I was going to sail for this country, and I had to bring over the two babies. I was as seasick as blazes, and had to take care of 'em night and day. I tell you, sir, you 've got a hard time ahead of you; but feedin' 's the only thing. I 'll get you something. Is it on milk yet, or can it eat biscuit?"

Lodloe looked at the open mouth of the vociferous infant and saw teeth.

"Biscuit will do," he said, "or perhaps a banana. If you can get me something of the sort I shall be much obliged"; and he gave the man some money.

The messenger soon returned with an assortment of refreshments, among which, happily, was not a banana, and the baby soon stopped wailing to suck an enormous stick of striped candy. Quiet having been restored to this part of the vessel, Lodloe sat down to reconsider the situation.

"It may be," he said to himself, "that I shall have to take it to an asylum, but I shall let it stay there only during the period of unintelligent howling. When it is old enough to understand that I am its master, then I shall take it in hand again. It is ridiculous to suppose that a human being cannot be as easily trained as a horse."

The more he considered the situation the better he liked it. The possession of a healthy

and vigorous youngster without encumbrances was to him a novel and delightful sensation.

"I hope," he said to himself, "that when the country girl dresses it she will find no label on its clothes, nor any sign which might enable one to discover the original owners. I don't want anybody coming up to claim it after we 've got to be regular chums."

When the boat made its first landing the two men who had given advice and assistance to Lodloe got off, and as the sun rose higher the forward deck became so unpleasantly warm that nearly everybody left it; but Lodloe concluded to remain. The little carriage had a top, which sufficiently shaded the baby, and as for himself he was used to the sun. If he went among the other passengers they might ask him questions, and he was not prepared for these. What he wanted was to be let alone until he reached his landing-place, and then he would run his baby-carriage ashore, and when the steamboat had passed on he would be master of the situation, and could assume what position he chose towards his new possession.

"When I get the little bouncer to Squirrel Inn I shall be all right, but I must have the relationship defined before I arrive there." And to the planning and determination of that he now gave his mind.

He had not decided whether he should create an imaginary mother who had died young, consider himself the uncle of the child, whose parents had been lost at sea, or adopt the little creature as a brother or a sister, as the case might be, when the subject of his reflections laid down its stick of candy and began a violent outcry against circumstances in general.

Lodloe's first impulse was to throw it overboard. Repressing this natural instinct, he endeavored to quiet the infantile turbulence with offers of biscuit, fresh candy, gingercakes, and apples, but without effect. The young bewailer would have nothing to do with any of these enticements.

Lodloe was puzzled. "I have got to keep the thing quiet until we land," he thought; "then I will immediately hire some one to go with me and take charge of it, but I can't stand this uproar for two hours longer." The crying attracted the attention of other people, and presently a country woman appeared from below.

"What is the matter with it?" she asked. "I thought it was some child left here all by itself."

"What would you do with it?" asked Lodloe, helplessly.

"You ought to take it up and walk it about until its mother comes," said the woman; and having given this advice she returned below to quiet one of her own offspring who had been started off by the sounds of woe.

Lodloe smiled at the idea of carrying the baby about until its mother came; but he was willing to do the thing in moderation, and taking up the child resolutely, if not skillfully, he began to stride up and down the deck with it.

This suited the youngster perfectly, and it ceased crying and began to look about with great interest. It actually smiled into the young man's face, and taking hold of his mustache began to use it as a door-bell.

"This is capital," said Lodloe; "we are chums already." And as he strode he whistled, talked baby-talk, and snapped his fingers in the face of the admiring youngster, who slapped at him, and laughed, and did its best to kick off the bosom of his shirt.

III.

MATTHEW VASSAR.

In the course of this sociable promenade the steamboat stopped at a small town, and it had scarcely started again when the baby gave a squirm which nearly threw it out of its bearer's arms. At the same instant he heard quick steps behind him, and, turning, he beheld the mother of the child. At the sight his heart fell. Gone were his plans, his hopes, his little chum.

The young woman was flushed and panting. "Upon my word!" was all she could say as she clasped the child, whose little arms stretched out towards her. She seated herself upon the nearest bench. In a few moments she looked from her baby to Lodloe; she had not quite recovered her breath, and her face was flushed, but in her eyes and on her mouth and dimpled cheeks there was an expression of intense delight mingled with amusement.

"Will you tell me, sir," she said, "how long you have been carrying this baby about? And did you have to take care of it?"

Lodloe did not feel in a very good humor. By not imposing upon him, as he thought she had done, she had deceived and disappointed him.

"Of course I took care of it," he said, "as you left it in my charge; and it gave me a lot of trouble, I assure you. For a time it kicked up a dreadful row. I had the advice of professionals, but I did all the work myself."

"I am very sorry," she said, "but it does seem extremely funny that it should have happened so. What did you think had become of me?"

"I supposed you had gone off to whatever place you wanted to go to," said Lodloe.

She looked at him in amazement.

"Do you mean to say," she exclaimed, "that

you thought I wanted to get rid of my baby, and to palm him off on you — an utter stranger?"

"That is exactly what I thought," he answered. "Of course, people who want to get rid of babies don't palm them off on friends and acquaintances. I am very sorry if I misjudged you, but I think you will admit that, under the circumstances, my supposition was a very natural one."

"Tell me one more thing," she said; "what did you intend to do with this child?"

"I intended to bring it up as my own," said Lodloe; "I had already formed plans for its education."

The lady looked at him in speechless amazement. If she had known him she would have burst out laughing.

"The way of it was this," she said presently. "I ran off the steamboat to look for my nursemaid, and if I had n't thought of first searching through the other parts of the boat to see if she was on board I should have had plenty of time. I found her waiting for me at the entrance of the pier, and when I ran towards her all she had to say was that she had made up her mind not to go into the country. I was so excited, and so angry at her for playing such a trick on me at the last moment, that I forgot how time was passing, and that is the way I was left. But it never entered my mind that any one would think that I intended to desert my baby, and I did n't feel afraid either that he would n't be taken care of. I had seen ever so many women on board, and some with babies of their own, and I did not doubt that some of these would take charge of him.

"As soon as I saw that the steamboat had gone, I jumped into a cab, and went to the West Bank Railroad, and took the first train for Scurry, where I knew the steamboat stopped. The ticket agent told me he thought the train would get there about forty minutes before the boat; but it did n't, and I had to run every inch of the way from the station to the wharf, and then barely got there in time."

"You managed matters very well," said Lodloe.

"I should have managed better," said she, "if I had taken my baby ashore with me. In that case, I should have remained in the city until I secured another maid. But why did you trouble yourself with the child, especially when he cried?"

"Madam," said Lodloe, "you left that little creature in my charge, and it never entered my mind to hand it over to anybody else. I took advice, as I told you, but that was all I wanted of any one until I went ashore, and then I intended to hire a country girl to act as its nurse."

"And you really and positively intended to keep it for your own?" she asked.

At this the lady could not help laughing. "In all my life," she said, "I never heard of anything like that. But I am just as much obliged to you, sir, as if I were acquainted with you; in fact, more so."

Lodloe took out his card and handed it to her. She read it, and then said:

"I am Mrs. Robert Cristie of Philadelphia. And now I will take my baby to the other end of the boat, where it is more sheltered, but not without thanking you most earnestly and heartily for your very great kindness."

"If you are going aft," said Lodloe, "let me help you. If you will take the baby, I will bring its carriage."

In a few minutes the mother and child were ensconced in a shady spot on the lower deck, and then Lodloe, lifting his hat, remarked:

"As I suppose two people cannot become conventionally acquainted without the intervention of a third person, no matter how little each may know of said third party, I must take my leave; but allow me to say, that if you require any further assistance, I shall be most happy to give it. I shall be on the boat until we reach Romney."

"That is where I get off," she said.

"Indeed," said he; "then perhaps you will engage the country girl whom I intended to hire."

"Do you know any one living there," she asked, "who would come to me as nursemaid?"

"I don't know a soul in Romney," said Lodloe; "I never was in the place in my life. I merely supposed that in a little town like that there were girls to be hired. I don't intend to remain in Romney, to be sure, but I thought it would be much safer to engage a girl there than to trust to getting one in the country place to which I am going."

"And you thought out all that, and about my baby?" said Mrs. Cristie.

"Yes, I did," said Lodloe, laughing.

"Very well," said she; "I shall avail myself of your forethought, and shall try to get a girl in Romney. Where do you go when you leave there?"

"Oh, I am going some five or six miles from the town, to a place called the 'Squirrel Inn.'"

"The Squirrel Inn!" exclaimed Mrs. Cristie, dropping her hands into her lap and leaning forward.

"Yes," said Lodloe; "are you going there?"

"I am," she answered.

Now in his heart Walter Lodloe blessed his guardian angel that she had prompted him to make the announcement of his destination before he knew where this lady was going.

"I am very glad to hear that," he said. "It seems odd that we should happen to be going

to the same place, and yet it is not so very odd, after all, for people going to the Squirrel Inn must take this boat and land at Romney, which is not on the railroad."

"The odd part of it is that so few people go to the Squirrel Inn," said the lady.

"I did not know that," remarked Lodloe; "in fact I know very little about the place. I have heard it spoken of, and it seems to be just the quiet, restful place in which I can work. I am a literary man, and like to work in the country."

"Do you know the Rockmores of Germantown?" asked Mrs. Cristie.

"I never heard of them," he answered.

"Well, then, you may as well stay on board this steamboat and go back home in her," said Mrs. Cristie; "if you do not know the Rockmores of Germantown Stephen Petter will not take you into his inn. I know all about the place. I was there with my husband three years ago. Mr. Petter is very particular about the guests he entertains. Several years ago, when he opened the inn, the Rockmores of Germantown spent the summer with him, and he was so impressed with them that he will not take anybody unless they know the Rockmores of Germantown."

"He must be a ridiculous old crank," said Lodloe, drawing a camp-chair near to the lady, and seating himself thereon.

"In one way he is not a crank," said Mrs. Cristie; "you can't turn him. When he has made up his mind about anything, that matter is settled and fixed just as if it were screwed down to the floor."

"From what I had been told," said the young man, "I supposed the Squirrel Inn to be a free and easy place."

"It is, after you get there," said Mrs. Cristie, "and the situation and the surroundings are beautiful, and the air is very healthful. My husband was Captain Cristie of the navy. He was in bad health when he went to the Squirrel Inn, but the air did him good, and if we had staid all winter, as Stephen Petter wanted us to, it would have been a great advantage to him. But when the weather grew cool we went to New York, where my husband died early in the following December."

"I will take my chances with Stephen Petter," said Lodloe, after a suitable pause. "I am going to the Squirrel Inn, and I am bound to stay there. There must be some road not through Germantown by which a fellow can get into the favor of Mr. Petter. Perhaps you will say a good word for me, madam?"

"I don't know any good word to say," she answered, "except that you take excellent care of babies, and I am not at all sure that that would have any weight with Stephen Petter. Since you are going to the inn, and since we have already talked together so much, I wish I did properly know you. Did you ever have a sister at Vassar?"

"I am sorry to say," said Lodloe, "that I never had a sister at that college, though I have one who wanted very much to go there; but instead of that she went with an aunt to Europe, where she married."

"An American?" asked Mrs. Cristie.

"Yes," said Lodloe.

"What was his name?"

"Tredwell."

"I never heard of him," said the lady. "There don't seem to be any threads to take hold of."

"Perhaps you had a brother at Princeton," remarked Lodloe.

"I have no brother," said she.

There was now a pause in the dialogue. The young man was well pleased that this very interesting young woman wished to know him properly, as she put it, and if there could be found the least bit of foundation on which might be built a conventional acquaintance he was determined to find it.

"Were you a Vassar girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Cristie; "I was there four years."

"Perhaps you know something of old Matthew Vassar, the founder?"

Mrs. Cristie laughed. "I 've heard enough about him, you may be sure; but what has he to do with anything?"

"I once slept in his room," said Lodloe; "in the Founder's Room, with all his stiff old furniture, and his books, and his portrait."

"You!" cried Mrs. Cristie. "When did you do that?"

"It was two years ago this spring," said Lodloe. "I was up there getting material for an article on the college which I wrote for the 'Bayside Magazine.'"

"Did you write that?" said Mrs. Cristie. "I read it, and it was just as full of mistakes as it could be."

"That may be, and I don't wonder at it," said the young man. "I kept on taking in material until I had a good deal more than I could properly stow away in my mind, and it got to be too late for me to go back to the town, and they had to put me into the Founder's Room, because the house was a good deal crowded. Before I went to bed I examined all the things in the room. I did n't sleep well at all, for during the night the old gentleman got down out of his frame, and sat on the side of my bed, and told me a lot of things about that college which nobody else ever knew, I am sure."

"And I suppose you mixed up all that in-

formation with what the college people gave you," she said.

"That may be the case," answered Lodloe, laughing, "for some of the old gentleman's points were very interesting and made a deep impression upon me."

"Well," said Mrs. Cristie, speaking very emphatically, "when I had finished reading that article I very much wished to meet the person who had written it, so that I might tell him what I thought of it; but of course I had no idea that the founder had anything to do with its inaccuracies."

"Madam," said Lodloe, "if it had not been for the mistakes in it you never would have thought of the man who wrote the paper, but you did think of him, and wanted to meet him. Now it seems to me that we have been quite properly introduced to each other, and it was old Matthew Vassar who did it. I am sure I am very much obliged to him."

Mrs. Cristie laughed. "I don't know what the social authorities would say to such an introduction," she answered, "but as baby is asleep I shall take him into the saloon."

IV.

LODLOE UNDERTAKES TO NOMINATE HIS SUCCESSOR.

It was late in the afternoon when the Romney passengers were landed, and Mrs. Cristie and Lodloe, with a few other persons, repaired to the village hotel.

"There is a sort of stage-wagon," said the lady, "which takes people from this house to the Squirrel Inn, and it starts when the driver is ready; but before I leave Romney I must try to find some one who will go with me as nurse-maid."

"Madam," said Lodloe, "don't think of it. I have made inquiries of the landlord, and he says the roads are rough, and that it will take more than an hour to reach the Squirrel Inn, so that if you do not start now I fear you and the baby will not get there before dark. I prefer to stay here to-night, and it will be no trouble at all for me to look up a suitable person for you, and to take her with me to-morrow. It will be a good plan to take four or five of them, and when you have selected the one you like best the others can come back here in the wagon. It will be a lark for them."

Mrs. Cristie drew a long breath. "Truly," she said, "your proposition is phenomenal. Half a dozen nurse-maids in a wagon, from whom I am to pick and choose! The thing is so startling and novel that I am inclined to accept. I should very much dislike to be on the road after dark, and if you have planned to stay here to-night, and if it will not be much trouble—"

"Say not another word," cried Lodloe; "project your mind into to-morrow morning, and behold a wagon-load of willing maidens at the door of the inn."

When Mrs. Cristie and the baby and an elderly woman who lived in Lethbury, a village two miles beyond the Squirrel Inn, had started on their journey, Walter Lodloe set about the task he had undertaken. It was still hot, and the Romney streets were dusty, and after an hour or two of inquiry, walking, and waiting for people who had been sent for, Lodloe found that in the whole village there was not a female from thirteen to seventy-three who would think of such a thing as leaving her home to become nurse-maid to a city lady. He went to bed that night a good deal chagrined, and not in the least knowing what he was going to do about it.

In the morning, however, the thing to do rose clear and plain before him.

"I can't go to her and tell her I 've failed," he said to himself. "A maid must be got, and I have undertaken to get one. As there is nobody to be had here, I must go back to the city for one. There are plenty of them there."

So when the early morning boat came along he took passage for the nearest railroad station on the river, for he wished to lose no time on that trip.

The elderly lady who was going to Lethbury took a great interest in Mrs. Cristie, who was to be her only fellow-passenger. She was at the hotel with her carpet-bag and her paper bundle some time before the big spring-wagon was ready to start, and she gave earnest attention to the loading thereon of Mrs. Cristie's trunk and the baby-carriage. When they were on their way the elderly woman promptly began the conversation:

"I think," said she to Mrs. Cristie, "that I 've seed you before."

"Perhaps so," said the other; "I was in this region three years ago."

"Yes, yes," said the elder woman; "I thought I was right. Then you had a husband and no child. It now looks as if you had a child and no husband."

Mrs. Cristie informed her that her surmise was correct.

"Well, well," said the elderly woman; "I 've had 'em both, and it 's hard to say which can be spared best, but as we 've got nothin' to do with the sparin' of 'em, we 've got ter rest satisfied. After all, they 're a good deal like lilock bushes, both of 'em. They may be cut down, and grubbed up, and a parsley bed made on the spot, but some day they sprout up ag'in, and before you know it you 've got just as big a bush

as ever. Does Stephen Petter know you 're comin' ?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Cristie, quite willing to change the subject; "all that is arranged. I was so pleased with the place when I was here before, and Mrs. Petter was so good to me, that I quite long to spend a summer there with my child."

"Well, I 'm glad he knows you are comin', but if he did n't, I was goin' ter say to you that you 'd better go on to Lethbury, and then see what you could do with Stephen to-morrow. It 's no use stoppin' at his house without givin' notice, and like as not it ain't no use then."

"Is Mr. Petter's house filled ?" asked Mrs. Cristie.

"Filled!" said the elderly woman. "There 's nobody on the place but his own family and the Greek."

"Greek!" exclaimed Mrs. Cristie.

"Yes," said the other; "he keeps a Greek in an outhouse, but what for nobody knows. I think Stephen Petter is gettin' more oncommon than he was. If he wants to get custom for his house the best thing he can do is to die. There ain't no other way, for Stephen 's not goin' to do no changin' of himself. My niece, Calthea Rose, the daughter of Daniel Rose, who used to keep the store,—she keeps it now herself,—goes over there a good deal, for she 's wonderful partial to Susan Petter, and there 's a good reason for it too, for a better woman never lived, and the walk over there is mostly shady, or through the fields, to both of which Calthea is partial, and so knows most things that 's goin' on at the Squirrel Inn, which latterly has not been much, except the comin' of the Greek; an' as nobody has been able to get at the bottom of that business, that is n't much, neither."

"I think I remember Miss Calthea Rose," said Mrs. Cristie. "She was tall, was n't she, with a very fair complexion ?"

"Yes," said the elderly woman; "and it 's just as fair now as it was then. Some of it 's owin' to sun-bonnet, and some of it to cold cream. Calthea is n't as young as she was, but she 's wonderful lively on her feet yit, and there ain't many that could get ahead of her walkin' or bargainin'."

"And she keeps the store ?" asked Mrs. Cristie.

"Yes," said the other; "she keeps it, and in more ways than one. You see when Dan'el died, —and that was two years ago last March,— he left everything to Calthea, and the store with the rest. Before he died he told her what he had done, and advised her to sell out the stock and put the money into somethin' that would pay good interest, and this she agreed to do, and this she is doing now. She would n't consent to no auction, for she knew well enough the things would n't bring more 'n half they cost, so she undertook herself to sell 'em all out at retail, just as her father intended they should be sold when he bought 'em. Well, it 's took her a long while, and, in the opinion of most folks, it 'll take her a long while yit. You see she don't lay in no new goods, but just keeps on sellin' or tryin' to sell what she 's got on hand.

"It was purty easy to get rid of the groceries, and the iron and wooden things got themselves sold some way or other; but old dry-goods, with never any new ones to lighten 'em up, is about as humdrum as old people without youngsters in the family. Now it stands to reason that when a person goes into a store and sees nothin' but old calicoes, and some other odds and ends, gettin' mustier and dustier and a little more fly-specked every time, and never a new thing, even so much as a spool of cotton thread, then persons is n't likely to go often into that store, specially when there 's a new one in the village that keeps up to the times.

"Now that 's Calthea Rose's way of doin' business. She undertook to sell out them goods, and she 's goin' to keep on till she does it. She is willin' to sell some of the worst-lookin' things at cost, but not a cent below that, for if she does, she loses money, and that is n't Calthea Rose. I guess, all put together, she has n't sold more 'n ten dollars' worth of goods this year, and most of them was took by the Greek, though what he wants with 'em is more 'n I know."

"I am sorry to hear that there are no guests at the Squirrel Inn," was Mrs. Cristie's only reply to this information.

"Oh, you need n't give yourself no trouble about loneliness and that sort of thing," said the elderly woman; "before to-morrow night the whole house may be crowded from cockloft to potato-cellar. It never has been yit, but there 's no tellin' what Stephen Petter has a-brewin' in his mind."

V.

THE LANDLORD AND HIS INN.

STEPHEN PETTER was a man of middle age, who had been born on a farm, and who, apparently, had been destined to farm a farm. But at the age of thirty, having come into a moderate inheritance, he devoted himself more to the business of cultivating himself and less to that of cultivating his fields.

He was a man who had built himself up out of books. His regular education had been limited, but he was an industrious reader, and from the characters of this and that author he had conceived an idea of a sort of man which

pleased his fancy, and to make himself this sort of man he had given a great deal of study and a great deal of hard labor. The result was that he had shaped himself into something like an old-fashioned country clergyman, without his education, his manners, his religion, or his clothes. Imperfect similitudes of these Stephen Petter had acquired, but this was as far as he had gone. A well-read man who happened also to be a good judge of human nature could have traced back every obvious point of Stephen Petter's character to some English author of the last century or the first half of this one.

It was rather odd that a man like this should be the landlord of an inn. But everything about Stephen Petter was odd, so ten years before he had conceived the notion that such a man as he would like to be would be entirely unwilling to live in the little village of Lethbury, where he had no opportunity of exercising an influence upon his fellow-beings. Such an influence he thought it fit to exercise, and as he was not qualified to be a clergyman, or a physician, or a lawyer, he resolved to keep a tavern. This vocation would bring him into contact with fellow-beings; it would give him opportunities to control, impel, and retard.

Stephen Petter did not for a moment think of buying the Lethbury "Hotel," nor of establishing such a house as was demanded by the village. What he had read about houses of entertainment gave him no such motives as these. Fortunately he had an opportunity of carrying out his plan according to the notions he had imbibed from his books.

Some years before Stephen Petter had decided upon his vocation a rich gentleman had built himself a country-seat about two miles out of Lethbury. This house and its handsome grounds were the talk and the admiration of the neighborhood. But the owner had not occupied his country-home a whole summer before he determined to make a still more attractive home of it by lighting it with a new-fashioned gas of domestic manufacture. He succeeded in lighting not only his house but the whole country-side, for one moonless night his mansion was burned to the ground. Nothing was left of the house but the foundations, and on these the owner felt no desire to build again. He departed from the Lethbury neighborhood, and never came back.

When Mr. Petter became impressed with the belief that it would be a good thing for him to be an innkeeper, he also became impressed with the belief that the situation which the rich man had chosen for his country-home would be an admirable one for his purposes. He accordingly bought the property at a very reasonable price, and on the stone foundations of the house which had been burned he built his inn.

This edifice was constructed very much as he had endeavored to construct himself. His plans for one part of it were made up from the descriptions in one of his books, and those of another part from the descriptions or pictures in some other book. Portions of the structure were colonial, others were old English, and others again suggested the Swiss chalet or a château in Normandy. There were a tall tower and some little towers. There were peaks here and there, and different kinds of slopes to the various roofs, some of which were thatched, some shingled in fanciful ways, and some covered with long strips or slabs. There were a good many doors and a good many windows, and these were of different forms, sizes, and periods, some of them jutting boldly outward, and some appearing anxious to shrink out of sight.

It took a great deal of thought and a good deal of labor to build this house; which was also true of Mr. Petter's character. But the first-named work was the more difficult of the two, for in building up himself he consulted with no one, while in planning his inn he met with all sorts of opposition from the village workmen and builders.

But at the cost of all the time that was needed and all the money he could spare, he had his house built as he wanted it; and when it was finished it seemed to exhibit a trace of nearly everything a house should possess excepting chronology and paint. Mr. Petter had selected with a great deal of care the various woods of which his house was built, and he decidedly objected to conceal their hues and texture by monotonous paint. The descriptions that he had read of houses seldom mentioned paint.

The interior was not in the least monotonous. The floors of the rooms, even in the same story, were seldom upon the same level; sometimes one entered a room from a hallway by an ascent of two or three steps, while access to others was obtained by going down some steps. The inside was subordinated in a great degree to the outside: if there happened to be a pretty window like something Mr. Petter had seen in an engraving, a room of suitable shape and size was constructed behind the window. Stairways were placed where they were needed, but they were not allowed to interfere with the shapes of rooms or hallways; if there happened to be no other good place for them they were put on the outside of the house. Some of these stairways were wide, some narrow, and some winding; and as those on the outside were generally covered, they increased the opportunities for queer windows and perplexing projections. The upper room

STEPHEN PETTER.

of the tower was reached by a staircase from the outside, which opened into a little garden fenced off from the rest of the grounds, so that a person might occupy this room without having any communication with the other people in the house.

In one of the back wings of the building there was a room which was more peculiar than any other, from the fact that there was no entrance to it whatever, unless one climbed into it by means of a ladder placed at one of its windows. This room, which was of fair size and well lighted, was in the second story, but it appeared to be of greater height on account of the descent of the ground at the back of the inn. It had been constructed because the shape of that part of the building called for a room, and a stairway to it had been omitted for the reason that if one had been built in the inside of the house it would have spoiled the shape of the room below, and there seemed no good way of putting one on the outside. So when the room was finished and floored the workmen came out of it through one of the windows, and Stephen Petter reserved his decision in regard to a door and stairway until the apartment should be needed. The grounds around the Squirrel Inn were interesting and attractive, and with them Stephen Petter had interfered very little. The rich man had planned beautiful surroundings for his country-home, and during many years nature had labored steadily to carry out his plans. There were grassy stretches and slopes, great trees, and terraces covered with tangled masses of vines and flowers. The house stood on a bluff, and on one side could be seen a wide view of a lovely valley, with the two steeples of Lethbury showing above the treetops.

Back of the house, and sweeping around between it and the public road, was a far-reaching extent of woodland; and through this, for the distance of half a mile, wound the shaded lane which led from the highway to the Squirrel Inn.

At the point at which this lane was entered from the highroad was the sign of the inn. This was a tall post with a small square frame hanging from a transverse beam, and seated on the lower strip of the frame was a large stuffed gray squirrel. Every spring Stephen Petter took down this squirrel and put up a new one. The old squirrels were fastened up side by side on a ledge in the taproom, and by counting them one could find out how many years the inn had been kept.

Directly below the bluff on which the house stood were Stephen Petter's grassy meadows and his fields of grain and corn, and in the rich pastures, or in the shade of the trees standing by the bank of the rapid little stream that ran down from the woodlands, might be seen his flocks and his herds. By nature he was a very good farmer, and his agricultural method he had not derived from his books. There were people who said — and among these Calthea Rose expressed herself rather better than the others — that Mr. Petter's farm kept him, while he kept the Squirrel Inn.

When it had become known that the Squirrel Inn was ready to receive guests, people came from here and there; not very many of them, but among them were the Rockmores

THE SIGN.

of Germantown. This large family, so it appeared to Stephen Petter, was composed of the kind of fellow-beings with whom he wished to associate. Their manners and ways seemed to him the manners and ways of the people he liked to read about, and he regarded them with admiration and respect. He soon discovered from their conversation that they were connected or acquainted with leading families in our principal Eastern cities, and it became his hope that he and his Squirrel Inn might become connected with these leading families by means of the Rockmores of Germantown.

As this high-classed family liked variety in their summer outings, they did not come again to the Squirrel Inn, but the effect of their influence remained strong upon its landlord. He made up his mind that those persons who did not know the Rockmores of Germantown did not move in those circles of society from which he wished to obtain his guests, and therefore he drew a line which excluded all persons who did not possess this acquaintanceship.

This rule was very effectual in preventing the crowding of his house, and, indeed, there were summers when he had no guests at all; but this did not move Stephen Petter. Better an empty house than people outside the pale of good society.

A WAGON-LOAD OF NURSE-MAIDS.

VI.

THE GREEK SCHOLAR.

Mrs. Cristie and her baby were warmly welcomed by Stephen Petter and his wife. They had learned during her former visit to like this lady for herself, and now that she came to them a widow their sentiments towards her were warmer than ever.

Mrs. Petter wondered very much why she had come without a maid, but fearing that perhaps the poor lady's circumstances were not what they had been she forbore to ask any immediate questions. But in her heart she resolved that, if she kept her health and strength, Mrs. Cristie should not be worn out by that child.

The young widow was charmed to find herself once more at the Squirrel Inn, for it had been more like a home to her than any place in which she had lived since her marriage, but when she went to her room that night there was a certain depression on her spirits. This was caused by the expected advent on the next day of Mr. Lodloe and a wagon-load of candidates for the nurse-maidship.

The whole affair annoyed her. In the first place it was very awkward to have this young man engaged in this service for her; and now that he was engaged in it, it would be, in a manner, under her auspices that he would arrive at the Squirrel Inn. The more she thought of the matter the more it annoyed her. She now saw that she must announce the coming of this gentleman. It would not do for him to make a totally unexpected appearance as her agent in the nurse-maid business.

But no worry of this sort could keep her awake very long, and after a night of sound and healthful sleep she told her host and hostess, the next morning at breakfast, of the Mr. Lodloe who had kindly undertaken to bring her a nurse-maid.

"Lodloe," repeated Mr. Petter. "It strikes me that I have heard the Rockmores mention that name. Is it a Germantown family?"

"I really do not know," answered Mrs. Cristie; "he is from New York."

Here she stopped. She was of a frank and truthful nature, and very much wished to say that she knew nothing whatever of Mr. Lodloe, but she was also of a kindly and grateful disposition, and she very well knew that such a remark would be an extremely detrimental one to the young man; so, being in doubt, she resolved to play trumps, and in cases like this silence is generally trumps.

Mrs. Petter had a mind which could project itself with the rapidity of light into the regions of possibilities, and if the possibilities appeared to her desirable her mind moved at even greater velocity. It was plain to her that there must be something between this young widow and the young man who was going to bring her a nurse-maid; and if this were the case, nothing must be allowed to interfere with the admission of said young man as a guest at the Squirrel Inn.

A GREEK IN AN OUTHOUSE.

Mrs. Cristie did not want to talk any more on this subject. Nothing would have pleased her better at that moment than to hear that Mr. Lodloe had been unable to find her a suitable girl and that business had called him to New York.

"Mr. Petter," she exclaimed, "I was told yesterday that you kept a Greek in an outhouse. What on earth does that mean?"

Here Mrs. Petter laughed abruptly, and Mr. Petter slightly lifted his brow.

"Who could have told you such nonsense?" he said. "There is no Greek here. It is true that a Greek scholar lives in my summer-house, but that is very different from keeping a Greek in an outhouse."

"And he 's always late to breakfast," said Mrs. Petter; "I believe if we sat down at the table at nine o'clock he would come in just as we were finishing."

"How does it happen," said Mrs. Cristie, "that he lives in the summer-house?"

"He does not know the Rockmores of Germantown," said Mrs. Petter.

"He is a man of learning," remarked Stephen Petter, "with a fine mind; and although I have made a rule which is intended to keep up the reputation of this house to a desirable level, I do not intend, if I can help it, that my rules shall press pinchingly, oppressively, or irritatively upon estimable persons. Such a person is Mr. Tippengray, our Greek scholar; and although his social relations are not exactly up to the mark, he is not a man who should be denied the privileges of this house, so far as they can be conscientiously given him. So you see, Mrs. Cristie, that, although I could not take him into the inn, there was no reason why I should not fit up the summer-house for him, which I did, and I believe he likes it better than living in the house with us."

"Like it!" exclaimed Mrs. Petter; "I should say he did like it. I believe it would drive him crazy if he had to keep regular hours like other people; but here he is now. Hester, bring in some hot cakes. Mrs. Cristie, allow me to introduce Mr. Tippengray."

The appearance of the Greek scholar surprised Mrs. Cristie. She had expected to see a man in threadbare black, with a reserved and bowed demeanor. Instead of this, she saw a

bright little gentleman in neat summer clothes, with a large blue cravat tied sailor fashion. He was not a young man, although his hair being light the few portions of it which had turned gray were not conspicuous. He was a man who was inclined to listen and to observe rather than to talk, but when he had anything to say he popped it out very briskly.

MR. TIPPENGRAY.

Mr. Petter, having finished his breakfast, excused himself and retired, and Mrs. Petter remarked to Mr. Tippengray that she was sorry he had not taken his evening meal with them the day before.

"I took such a long walk," said the Greek scholar, "that I concluded to sup in Lethbury."

"Those Lethbury people usually take tea at five," said his hostess.

"But I 'm not a Lethbury person," said he, "and I took my tea at seven."

Mrs. Petter looked at him with twinkles in her eyes.

"Of course you went to the hotel," she said.

Mr. Tippengray looked at her with twinkles in his eyes.

"Madam," said he, "have you noticed that those large blue-jays that were here in the spring have almost entirely disappeared. I remember you used to object to their shrill pipes."

"Which is as much as to say," said Mrs. Petter, "you don't care to mention where you took tea yesterday."

"Madam," said Mr. Tippengray, "the pleasure of taking breakfast here to-day effaces the memory of all former meals."

"The truth of it is," said Mrs. Petter to Mrs. Cristie, when they had left the table, "Calthea Rose gave him his tea, and he don't want to say so. She 's mightily taken with him, for he is a fine-minded man, and it is n't often she gets a chance of keeping company with that kind of a man. I don't know whether he likes her liking or not, but he don't care to talk about it."

Her first day at the Squirrel Inn was not altogether a pleasant one for Bertha Cristie. In spite of the much-proffered service of Mrs. Petter the care of her baby hampered her a good deal; and notwithstanding the delights of her surroundings her mind was entirely too much occupied with wondering when Mr. Lodloe would arrive with his wagon-load of girls, and what she would have to say to him and about him when he did arrive.

Frank R. Stockton.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

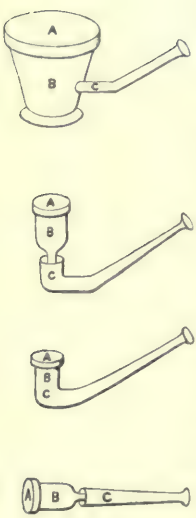
A TENDER sky of summer, warmly dashed
With idle fire, breathing serenity;
And then tumultuous darkness, scored and gashed
With wild bright lightning — this is poetry!

O. C. Auringer.

SEAWEED OR LANDSCAPE FORM.

VISIBLE SOUND.

I. VOICE-FIGURES.



THE EIDOPHONE.

THE peculiar forms shown in the illustrations of this article, and which I call Voice-Figures, have excited much interest since their recent discovery, when exhibited in London, England, at the rooms of the Musical Association, the Royal Institution, The Royal Society, and elsewhere.

In 1885, while seeking means to indicate readily the intensities of vocal sounds, I first met with these figures, and, owing to their variety both in form and production, they have since absorbed much of my attention. The apparatus I have employed I call the eidophone. This is very simple. It consists merely of an elastic membrane, such as thoroughly flexible soft sheet-rubber, tightly stretched over the mouth of a receiver of any form, into which receiver the voice is introduced by a wide-mouthed tube of convenient shape. In some cases the receiver may be dispensed with, and the membrane be stretched across the open end of the tube itself.

The accompanying sketch shows different forms of this instrument that I have found convenient for various classes of voice-figures. In all forms of the eidophone here shown the disks are circular, but of course other forms may be used.

My first experiments were made with sand, lycopodium powder, or the two substances mixed. I then tried for the production of voice-figures, flooding the disk of the eidophone with a thin layer of liquid; *e. g.* water or milk. Upon singing notes of suitable pitch through the tube, not too forcibly, beautiful crispations appear upon the surface of the liquid, which vary with every change of tone. A note sung too forcibly causes the liquid to rise in a shower of spray, the movements of which are too rapid to be readily followed by the eye. To facilitate observation denser liquids may be used. By using such liquids as colored glycerin particularly beautiful effects may be obtained. Subsequently I found that by employing moistened powder of different consistencies yet another description of figures appears. The earliest result of my experiments in this material shows centers of motion from which radiations diverge. But while en-

DAISY FORM.

gaged one day in producing this class of figures I observed that exactly in the middle of each of the motion-centers there was a tiny shape like a forget-me-not flower.

In the course of various attempts to isolate these diminutive forms I discovered that by placing upon the disk only a very small quantity of the wet color-paste, and then singing different sustained notes, a number of little figures made their appearance in turn.

My next efforts were to see how the voice would deal with such moist color-paste in larger quantity, and these resulted in the production of the larger-sized floral forms shown in the [daisy form] illustration.

At this stage I was first able to observe clearly the remarkable behavior of these voice-flowers at the instant when they spring into shape, and it seems to me quite as worthy of notice as the forms themselves. Let me endeavor to describe it briefly. With the wet mass lying in the center of the disk, a sustained note must be sung very steadily, having been begun with a moderated intensity. The first effect is that the color-paste gathers itself more and more closely into a heap in the very center of the disk. Singing on, and carefully maintaining an unvaried pitch, I find the next effect to be that the little heap begins to agitate itself about its edges. Now is the moment to increase the intensity of the note, still steady in pitch; suddenly all around the heap petals shoot out like those of a daisy from the raised center, also very like that of the real flower.

PANSY FORM.

Perhaps it may happen—possibly from the condition of the color-paste—that the first display of petals comes out imperfect. If so, then all that is needed is just to sing the same note again, but diminuendo, and straightway all the petals will retreat into the central heap, as at first. Then the singer may try once more, and another crescendo will probably achieve the production of a perfect floral form.

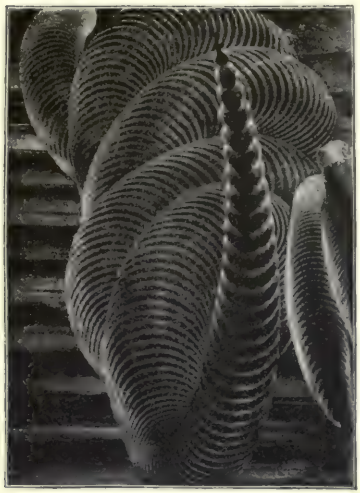
This description of voice-figure I have called

FERN FORM.

the daisy class, but it includes varieties that resemble rather the marigold, the chrysanthemum, and the sunflower.

The special feature of this daisy class is a ring or rings of petals, generally pretty even in size, surrounding a raised center. The number of petals may be from six to thirty or more, for the number increases with every rise in the pitch of the note sung. They usually appear as a single layer around the center, but I have at times noticed two, three, or four layers of petals partly overlapping each other, showing the same difference we see between our double and treble garden-flowers and their simple wild progenitors.

The centers of these daisy forms will also be found worth examination. I have often observed them rising in two, three, or more tiers either of circular or starlike shape, with sometimes the topmost tier crowned with a cross. Round the base of the center I have frequently noticed, too, a complete ring of raised dots, equidistant from one another, and each of which is itself probably a tiny center of motion.



SERPENT FORM.

I regret particularly that I have not found it possible to preserve perfectly the most delicate of these floral forms, as they in part collapse when the moist paste dries.

Further, I may mention that I have also obtained another description of voice-flowers, distinct from the above-mentioned daisy class both in form and in the manner of its production, which may be called a pansy class, with varieties more like the violet, primrose, or geranium.

To obtain these pansy forms about the same quantity of color-paste as for daisy forms must be placed upon the disk, but with considerably more water, sufficient water being required to allow the paste to move freely on it when disturbed by the vibrations of the elastic disk, the petals seeming to shoot out from the centers of motion and then to spread themselves in the water. This class of flower forms usually has its petals in threes, whether one, two, or more sets.

In leaving the floral forms I may mention that great care and delicacy in singing are demanded for their production, which will afford ample training for any vocalist in regard to the steady sustaining of notes in intensities from the softest pianissimo to a very loud forte, as every grade of intensity is required in its turn in order to evoke these forms in their various sizes, ranging from that of a pinhead to that of a large-sized daisy.

Here, too, I may say that when notes have been sung with special force, I have sometimes observed, along with the figures usually appertaining to those notes, certain additional curves and forms presenting themselves, and I am convinced that these latter belong to *overtones* actually produced at the same time, but inaudible even to a well-trained ear. If correct, this illustrates the extreme sensitiveness of the eidophone as a test for musical sounds, detecting and revealing to the eye, as in these cases, what the ear fails to perceive.

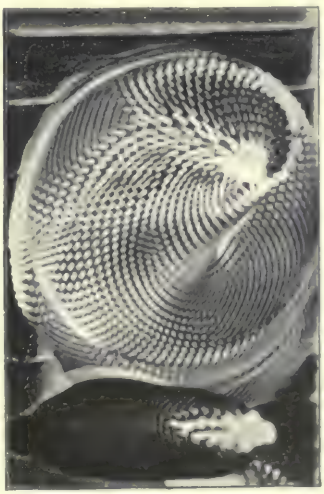
We now pass to a large class of voice-figures quite distinct from all that we have so far noticed; viz. figures obtained upon plates of glass or other smooth surfaces brought into contact with the vibrating disk, both plate and disk having been coated with liquid color.

In this class of figures I have been much gratified by obtaining very delicate yet perfectly clear wave-line impressions that constitute an actual and permanent record of every individual vibration caused by the voice, each tiny undulation of the surface of the disk standing registered with strict accuracy and with a beautiful minuteness that rivals the lines of a well-executed engraving.

The figures would be circular if they were taken directly from the disk. The spiral or serpent form in which most of these impressions have been taken is chosen mainly for the purpose of bringing within the boundaries of the plate a greater length of figure than an impression taken in any straight direction would have included. The remarkable perspective effects shown in most of these spiral figures are, however, deserving of notice.

It may perhaps be worth pointing out, too, that in the case of these spiral forms the rule that the higher the pitch the greater the number of vibrations indicated is modified by the direction in which the plate, or disk, or both, may be moving during their contact, and the rapidity of the motion.

These mere wave-line impressions are, I think, the simplest of all voice-figures, and next in simplicity come what I may call cross-vibration figures, which speak for themselves in the illustration.



CROSS-VIBRATION FIGURE.

TREE FORM.

Both the comparatively simple kinds of figures just mentioned are obtained by using only a very slight coating of color, and that so wet as to occasion little or no adhesion between the plate, the color, and the disk. We may, however, alter the conditions by employing a larger quantity of color-paste. This at once complicates the matter by introducing adhesion of considerable force between the coated disk and the coated plate, which, when laid upon it, adheres firmly, and, accordingly, adhesive attraction combines with the vocal impulses in forming such figures. Shall we call this a fern form? To produce this it is essential to sing a peculiar and powerful note at the precise moment that the plate and the disk, which had adhered together, are separated.

The last class of voice-figures to be mentioned here are also plate-impressions, and some of them are shown in all the specimens of this class, along with a somewhat curious resemblance to miniature landscape pictures. I think an observer cannot fail to notice one or more figures that will justify their designation as tree forms.

Closing now my brief sketch of these voice-figures as I have observed them, I would add that my experiments have been made as a vocalist, using my own voice as the instrument of investigation, and I must leave it for others more acquainted with natural science to adjust the accordance of these appearances with facts and laws already known. Yet, passing from one stage to another of these inquiries, question after question has presented itself to me, until I have continually felt myself standing before mystery, in great part hidden, although some glimpses seem revealed. And I must say, besides, that as day by day I have gone on singing into shape these peculiar forms, and, stepping out of doors, have seen their parallels living in the flowers, ferns, and trees around me; and, again, as I have watched the little heaps in the formation of the floral figures gather themselves up and then shoot out their petals, just as a flower springs from the swollen bud — the hope has come to me that these humble experiments may afford some suggestions in regard to nature's production of her own beautiful forms, and may thereby aid, in some slight degree, the revelation of yet another link in the great chain of the organized universe that, we are told in Holy Writ, took *its* shape at the voice of God.

Margaret Watts Hughes.

II. COMMENT.

THE article on "Voice-Figures" by Mrs. Watts Hughes gives some very remarkable experiments made by singing into a resonator over which an elastic membrane is stretched. On this membrane some substance (sand, paste, or glycerin) is spread; and when the membrane is set into vibration by the musical note sounding beneath it, the substance above gathers itself together into many wonderful forms. Some slight explanation of the nature of sound, and of certain of its phenomena, may be necessary to make clear to the general reader these experiments of Mrs. Hughes.

A simple conception of a sound-wave may be gained by the use of a device of Professor Tyndall. A small collodion balloon filled with explosive gases is ignited. The report seems to reach the ear as the flash is seen, but there is a fraction of a second between them. The sound has been traveling from the point of explosion to the ear of the observer. It has not been conveyed bodily, as matter shot out from that center, nor borne to it by the movement of the air. If such had been the case, the listener would have been struck by a hurricane progressing at the rate of about seventy-five miles an hour. The wave-motion constituting sound advances, while the medium in which the wave is formed — the air — only oscillates. This is true of wave-motion generally. A cord fastened at one end, and held taut by the hand at the other, may be jerked, and a wave will run along it to the fixed end: the wave progressed, while each particle of the cord only made a short excursion, and returned to its

old position. A puff of wind, striking a field of standing grain, causes a wave to sweep across the field. Each stalk bends forward, delivers up the impulse it has received to the stalks before it, and returns to its own place.

second. An ordinary seven-octave piano ranges from 33 vibrations per second, three octaves below the middle C, to 4224, four octaves above the middle C.

The simplest form of musical vibration is that

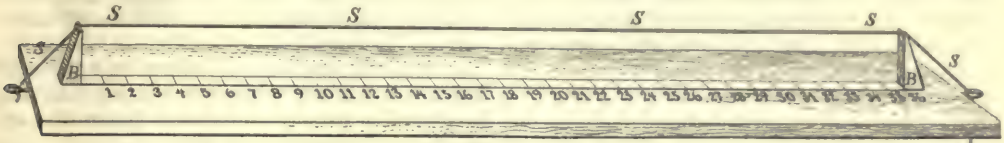


FIG. 1.

In the old days when messages were carried by relays of couriers, each courier took his message to a certain point, delivered it up to another messenger, and then returned to his former post; the second courier, carrying forward the message, in turn delivered it to a third; and so on. The message went on, but each messenger made only a comparatively short excursion. This is a homely, almost a puerile, illustration, but it serves to show how wave-motion is propagated.

When our little collodion balloon was ignited the gases inside suddenly needed more room, and this they got by bursting the inclosing membrane of the balloon and pressing back the surrounding air in every direction. By this pressure the particles of air were violently crowded together in a spherical shell surrounding the center of explosion. The rebound of the crowded particles threw them farther apart than they were normally, thus crowding back another shell of air-particles outside the first shell, and leaving the first rarefied; and so the wave-motion advanced. Sound-waves are really only alternate condensations and rarefactions of the air, as water-waves, owing to the slight compressibility and elasticity of the water, show themselves as alternate heaps and hollows.

When a single sonorous impulse or a succession of irregular impulses is imparted to the air, noise is the result. The puff of wind across the wheatfield or the jerk at the taut cord corresponds with what we call noise. When, however, a succession of regular impulses sets the air into sonorous vibration, and these impulses succeed each other with sufficient rapidity to link themselves together in the ear, we have a musical note. Noise is disorder; music is order. Noise jolts the nerves and the brain; music lulls them by its rhythmic swing.

The pitch of a musical note is determined by the rapidity with which these impulses follow each other. The lowest musical note which the ear can hear, as music, is caused by 16 vibrations per second; the highest, by 38,000 vibrations per second. The middle C of the piano gives, when struck, 264 vibrations a

generated by a stretched string. It swings to and fro rhythmically when plucked or set in motion by a violin bow, and sets the air into corresponding rhythmic vibrations. It sets such a narrow slice of air in motion, however, that to produce any effect the string has to be reinforced by a body of air in a resonator, as in the violin and the guitar, or by a sounding-board, as in the harp and the piano.

A stretched string like a pendulum makes only a given number of vibrations in a fixed time. It may seem to move more and more slowly, but it is only because the excursions to and fro become shorter and shorter; the number of vibrations for the same string or other sonorous body are always the same. It must be borne in mind that the length of a string is the distance between its points of support or "rest," musically speaking. Touching the frets of a guitar, for instance, is virtually shortening the string, and the frets are there not merely to serve as points of support, but also to secure that the string may be shortened by exactly the correct amount by means of the pressure of the player's fingers. In the piano — which is for that reason called a fixed

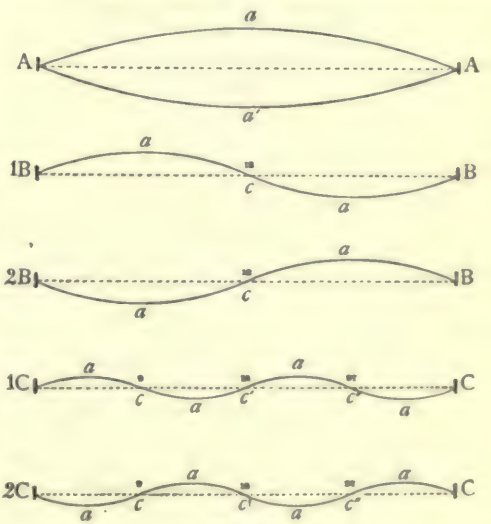


FIG. 2.

instrument — a string of definite length, density, and tension is made to correspond to each note, and to give out the right number of vibrations when its key is struck.

It is possible to bring about a visual expression of musical vibrations, under certain conditions. Take a common piece of board about forty-two inches long, a piece of fine brass wire, or, better still, a violin or guitar string about sixty inches long, a tape-measure, and two triangular bits of wood an inch and a half long on the vertical side and with an inch base. Tack the tape-measure on the board, beginning the yard three inches from the end of the board, or mark off thirty-six inches on it. Place a screw-eye at each end of the board at its middle point, and you are ready for a very simple experiment which will illustrate the point better than many words and elaborate figures. Set up the two bridges, the vertical sides towards each other (Fig. 1), at the ends of the measured yard. Fasten the wire to one screw-eye, and, letting it pass over the two bridges and through the second screw-eye, weight it by fastening a flat-iron on the overhanging end. Having put some bits of paper cut in a Y shape astride the string, set the string into musical vibration by gently plucking it at its middle point. It will swing back and forth past the dotted line which indicates its position when at rest, taking positions A *a* A and A *a'* A (Fig. 2) in rapid succession. The paper riders are thrown by the vibration. Now touch lightly with the finger the point over the number 18 and pluck the string at 27. The light touch of your finger, or even of a feather, will serve as the fret does on the guitar — there are now two strings practically half the former length. Instead of vibrating as a whole, like A, it first takes the position 1B, and then 2B, and back and forth, going from one to the other with lightning-like rapidity. It is easy to see that the middle point of the string is comparatively motionless; such a point of rest in musical vibration is called a node. The riders remain on the node, but are thrown from the vibrating segments. A gave out a certain note; B, being half as long, gives out a note an octave above A. Again put the riders on the wire, touch with a feather the point 27, and pluck the string half-way between 27 and 36 (Fig. 1); the touch at 27 makes of that point a node, but besides that it makes a node at 18 and at 9. The string C (Fig. 2) is practically one-fourth as long as it was at first; it has four vibrating or ventral segments and three nodes, and is equal to four nine-inch strings vibrating together. Putting the riders along the string you will see that they settle at the nodes *c c'c''* and are thrown violently off from the vibrating segments. The apparatus is so rough that the nodes are not really points of rest, and the riders may not stay on, but the agitation is manifestly very much less at the nodes than on the ventral segments of the string. With the apparatus described I have succeeded a number of times in agitating the string so that the riders on the nodal points remained while those on the ventral segments were all dismounted.

A string is a very simple vibrating body and moves only in one vertical plane, but it serves, for that very reason, as the best illustration of vibrating segments and nodes.

In the movement of B and C from position 1 to 2 there is not the violent reversal that there appears to be — the wave generated by the pull at *a* (1 B and 1 C) runs along the string to the end, and from that point it is reflected back in the direction 2 B and 2 C. If the attempt is made to touch the string, or *dampen* it, as it is technically called, at any point not an exact divisor of 36, the result would have been a joggle, not a vibration; the wave would not have reached the far end of the wire in the right phase to be reflected back regularly.

So far we have only been considering the simplest vibrations, a single wave running back and forth on a string; but in sound-waves, as in water-waves, motion is superposed upon motion, ripples upon waves, in an inconceivable complexity. If we could produce by the sonorous body only such simple vibrations as these we have been examining, all musical instruments, including the human voice, would sound exactly alike, so far as quality is concerned. The only possible difference would be in range and intensity. We could not distinguish the notes of a French horn from those of a guitar. Simple vibrations constitute only the fundamental tone, which is the same for the identical note on all musical instruments.

Tyndall in his book on sound says: "It has been shown by the most varied experiments that a stretched string can either vibrate as a whole, or divide itself into a number of equal parts, each of which vibrates as an independent string. Now it is not possible to sound the string as a whole without at the same time causing, to a greater or less extent, its subdivision; that is to say, superposed upon the vibrations of the whole string we have always, in a greater or less degree, the vibrations of its aliquot parts. The higher notes produced by these latter vibrations are called the harmonics of the string. And so it is with other sounding bodies; we have in all cases a coexistence of vibrations. Higher tones mingle with the fundamental one, and it is their intermixture which determines what, for want of a better term, we call the quality of the sound." And again, later on, he says: "Pure sounds without overtones would be like pure water, flat and

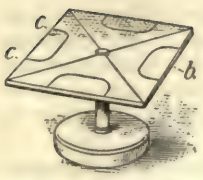


FIG. 3. CHLADNI PLATE.

dull. The tones, for example, of wide-stopped organ-pipes are almost perfectly pure. . . . .But the tones of such pipes, though mellow, would soon weary us; they are without force or character, and would not satisfy the demand of the ear for brightness and energy. In fact, a good musical clang requires the presence of several of the first overtones. So much are these felt to be a necessity that it is usual to associate with the deeper pipes of the organ shorter pipes which yield the harmonic tones of the deeper one. In this way, where the vibrating body itself is incapable of furnishing the overtones, they are supplied from external sources." In fact, the ear demands that each note shall be a harmonic chord, powerfully dominated by the fundamental tone though it may be.

The determining value in the overtones of an instrument was felt, practically, long before their existence was known in theory. Makers of musical instruments learned long ago how to quench certain objectionable overtones, even before they knew just what they were doing.

Imagine what the air would look like if it could be made visible when an orchestra is setting it into vibration, with thousands of tones and their attendant overtones crossing and recrossing with infinite complexities of form. The different notes are not each making its separate mark, but all have combined, helping or hindering one another, and coming as a single full harmony to the ear, where there is a resolution of the composite movement; and this marvelous "lute of three thousand strings" takes up the tangled skein of sound, separates it into its constituent tones, and conveys them separately to the brain.

The idea of getting a visual expression for musical vibrations occurred to Chladni, a physicist of the last century. He fastened a plate of glass by its center, and then, having scattered some sand over the surface, threw it into sonorous vibrations by means of a violin bow. Imagine the delight with which he saw the sand stir and form into line on the plate, forming a star of twelve rays. Square plates of glass or metal screwed or even glued to a central support can be made by the merest tyro with tools, and give wonderful results (Fig. 3). A plate, like a string, has one rate of vibration which belongs to it, but again, like a string, by "dampening" it with a touch of the finger or fingers in different points along the edge the note changes and with it the figure made by the sand. The lines on the plate where the sand settles are the nodes, the lines of comparative rest. The violent agitation in the parts left bare can be shown by mixing a little lycopodium powder with the sand; this is excessively light, and is caught in the little whirlwinds of air generated about the vibrating segments.

The marvelous intricacy of the vibrations of these plates may be seen from a few figures given below, which indicate the lines taken by the sand when certain notes were sounded on the plate (Fig. 4).

A little instrument invented by Professor Sedley Taylor, and called the phoneidoscope, gives a most exquisite illustration of music made visible. It consists of a tube which terminates in a hollow cup or funnel-shaped enlargement; over the mouth of this funnel a thin sheet of metal or pasteboard with a smooth-edged and symmetrical opening is made. Across the opening a film of soap-suds is drawn and left to stand till colors begin to form. These soap-bubble colors, as is very well known, are due to the thickness of the film. In an ordinary soap-bubble they flit over the surface irregularly. This is because from the exposed outer surface of the bubble, and the irregular force which is expanding it from within, the film is always varying in thickness. The colors tell inexorably just how much this variation is at every point of the surface. A special fluid, made very carefully, is necessary for experiments with the phoneidoscope, because the soap-film must thin sufficiently to show bright colors and yet be strong enough to stand the vibrations into which it is thrown by the voice.

When the colors are well established in the film a sustained musical note should be sung

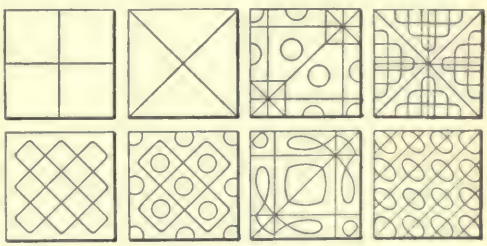


FIG. 4.

into the open end or mouthpiece of the tube, using care not to breathe or blow into it. The colors begin to move, and, if the note is sustained, whirl into the most beautiful gyrating figures. Mr. Behnke, in a discussion before the Musical Association of England, says: "I have for many years tried to get what help I could from science in the treatment of the human voice, and when Professor Sedley Taylor some years ago brought this phoneidoscope under my notice I was very highly delighted. He told me it would be possible by means of a soap-film to get different figures for different pitches, for different

intensities, and for different qualities of tone. . . . I did not find the phoneidoscope answer in practice. In the first place there was great difficulty about these films, which would continually burst. In the second place there was no doubt I did get a variety of figures, and not only that, but a variety of exceedingly beautiful colors. The experiments were most fascinating; but I did not get the same figures regularly for the same changes in either pitch or intensity or quality, and therefore, so far as practical results were concerned, the instrument was of no use. . . . Of course it does not follow because we have not yet succeeded in these matters we never shall."

We are now upon the very threshold of Mrs. Hughes's voice-figures, and have reached it by the same path which brought her to them in the first instance. Her eidophone is constructed on the same principle as the phoneidoscope: instead of the frail lamina of soap-suds she has a stretched membrane of india-rubber to receive the vibrations, and on this is spread a thin layer of some pasty substance which will retain the record made by the vibrations of the membrane. These voice-flowers are not the simple visual forms corresponding with the vibrations of the air set in motion by the voice. The waves generated in the closed bowl of the eidophone are reflected again and again from the sides of the vessel. The volume of air inclosed has its own rate of vibration; the stretched membrane has also its own rate, which in turn is modified by the character and thickness of the paste spread upon it. Added to these are molecular forces of cohesion and adhesion between the particles of paste, and again between the paste and the membrane. The form which grows into shape is the resultant of all these complicated forces, and, in some instances, new elements of change have been added. A glass plate is placed on top of the vibrating membrane and moved over it. We have a new body introduced with its proper rate of vibration, besides a mechanical motion further to complicate the problem.

The results are very wonderful and beautiful, and open up a field for investigation which is most interesting, but so far we have the resultant of many forces, not one of which has been weighed and measured. In a letter from Mrs. Hughes, replying to some questions asked in the hope of greater accuracy, she says: "The notes producing the figures vary necessarily with the weight of material used and the tension of the membrane, so that any one note may, under different circumstances, produce different figures, and, conversely, different notes may, under different circumstances, produce similar figures."

The daisy forms were sung into shape, she says, by extremely low notes very softly sounded, some of them by A in the first space of the bass clef — a wonderful note to be reached by a woman's voice, whose highest note is the B-flat above the treble clef, a compass of over three octaves. Sometimes geometrical forms not given in the illustrations were produced by the highest notes of her voice, while the serpent, fern, and tree forms were made by singing her middle notes with great intensity.

Mrs. Hughes is first of all a singer, and to further her voice culture she entered upon the series of experiments in which she has shown infinite patience and skill. That her experiments are amateurish rather than scientific is no discredit, for she has opened up a new field into which the scientist may enter and reach results of great interest and value.

Sophie B. Herrick.

OF ONE WE LOVE OR HATE.

IN old Assisi, Francis loved so well
His Lady Poverty, that to his heart
He pressed her heart, nor felt the deadly smart
From lips of frost, nor saw the fire of hell
From lurid eyes that fevered Dante's cell,
And parches souls who, hating, feel her dart.
He chose her, and he dwelt with her apart.
The two were one, illumined through Love's spell:
He loved her, and she glowed, a lambent star;
He loved her, and the birds came at his call —
Her frosts were pearls, her face was fair to see.
He sang his lady's praises near and far;
He saw our world as Adam ere the Fall —
So Love transfigures even Poverty.

Maurice Francis Egan.

[BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.]

THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

XII.

PHILIP.

HILIP GOUVERNEUR, passing the Graydon on his return from a dinner-party, thought to make a farewell call on Millard. He encountered Charley in the elevator, just coming home from an evening with Phillida, his face aglow with pleasure.

"Fancied I should find you packing," Philip said. "I thought as you would cross the Alps for the first time I 'd come and give you a few points. If I were not so lazy and inefficient I believe I should go with you and 'personally conduct' you."

"That would be jolly. Come over in three or four weeks and I 'll be quits with London. We 'll engage a traveled English valet together, and journey in comfort. I will follow your lead and go anywhere."

"No; I shall not get over this year."

They entered Millard's rooms, where things were in a state of upheaval, but orderly even in their upheaval. Seating themselves by the open windows they talked of things to be seen in Europe, for half an hour. Then Philip, remembering that his friend had much to do, rose to go, and Millard said with an effort:

"Well, Phil, I 'm going to be kin to you. Congratulate me."

The color fled from Philip's face as he said:

"How 's that?"

"Phillida Callender and I are engaged."

"You and Phillida?" said Philip, struggling to collect his wits. "I expected it." He spoke low and as though some calamity had befallen him. A moment he stood trying to muster his forces to utter some phrase proper to the occasion, and then he abruptly said:

"Good-night; don't come out"; and walked away toward the elevator like a somnambulist doing what he is compelled to by preconception without making note of his environment. And Millard wondered as he looked after him.

The next morning Philip came to breakfast so late that even his indulgent mother had forsaken the table after leaving directions to "have things kept hot for Mr. Philip, and some fresh coffee made for him."

When Philip had eaten a rather slender meal he sought his mother's sitting-room.

"Aunt Callender called last night, I hear. She must have had something to say, or she would hardly have persuaded herself to leave her sewing so long."

"She came to tell me of Phillida's engagement," said Mrs. Gouverneur, looking at Philip furtively as she spoke.

"I supposed that was it."

"Did you know of it, then?"

"Oh, Charley Millard told me last night. These lucky fellows always take it for granted that you 'll rejoice in all their good fortune; they air their luck before you as though it were your own." He was looking out of the window at the limited landscape of Washington Square.

"I 'm sorry you feel bad about it," said his mother.

Philip was silent.

"I never dreamed that you had any special attachment to Phillida," said Mrs. Gouverneur.

"What did you think I was made of?" said Philip, turning toward his mother. "Since she came from Siam I have seen her about every week. Now consider what a woman she is, and do you wonder that I like her?"

"Why did n't you tell her so?"

"I might if I 'd Charley's brass. But what is there about a critical, inefficient young man like me, chiefly celebrated for piquant talk and sarcasm — what is there to recommend me to such a woman as Phillida? If I 'd had Charley's physique — I suppose even Phillida is n't insensible to his appearance — but look at me. It might have recommended me to her, though, that in one respect I do resemble St. Paul — my bodily presence is weak." And he smiled at his joke. "No, mother, I am jealous of Charley, but I am not disappointed. I never had any hopes. I 'd about as soon have thought of making love to any beatified saint in glory as to Phillida. But Charley's refined audacity is equal to anything."

The mother said nothing. She felt her son's bitterness too deeply to try to comfort him.

[1] Copyright, 1891, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. All rights reserved.

"I hate it most of all for Phillida's sake," Philip went on. "It cannot be a happy marriage. Here they 've gone and engaged themselves without reflection, and a catastrophe is sure to follow."

"Oh, maybe not," said Mrs. Gouverneur, who could not help feeling that Philip partly blamed her for the engagement.

"Why, just look at it. They have n't really kept company. He has been going to dinner and dancing parties this spring, and she to Mackerelville Mission and Mrs. Frankland's Bible Readings. If they should discover their incompatibility before marriage it would n't be so bad; but he 's off to Europe for the summer, and then they 'll be married in the autumn, probably, and then what? Phillida will never spend her time dancing germans with Charley; and he would make a pretty fist running a class of urchins in Mackerelville. I tell you it only means misery for both of them." And with this prediction Philip mounted to his own room.

Millard was too busy with the packing of trunks, the arrangement of business, and good-by visits to Phillida, to give much thought to Philip's curious behavior; but it troubled him nevertheless. And when, on the deck of the steamer *Arcadia*, he bade good-by to a large circle of friends, including Mr. Hilbrough, who brought a farewell bouquet from his wife, and Mrs. Callender and her daughters, he looked about in vain for Philip. He could no longer doubt that for some reason Philip disliked his engagement. But when the last adieus had been waved to diminishing and no longer distinguishable friends on the pier, and the great city had shrunk into the background and passed from view as the vessel glided steadily forward into the Narrows, Millard entered his cabin and found a package of guide-books and a note from Philip excusing his absence on the ground of a headache, but hoping that his friend would have a pleasant voyage and expressing hearty good wishes for his future with Phillida. It was all very curious and unlike Philip. But the truth below dawned upon Charley, and it gave him sorrow that his great joy might be Philip's disappointment.

When September had come Philip sat one day in a wide wicker chair on the piazza of the old-fashioned cottage of the Gouverneurs at Newport. This plain but ample cottage had once held up its head stoutly as one of the best. But now that the age of the Newport cliff-dwellers had come, in which great architects are employed to expend unsparingly all the ideas they have ever borrowed, on cottages costlier than kings' palaces, the Gouverneur house had been overshadowed, and, after the manner of age outstripped by youth, had taken refuge in the inexpugnable advantage of priority. Like the family that dwelt within, it maintained a certain dignity of repose that could well afford to despise decoration and garniture, and look with contempt on newness. The very althæas, and lilacs, and clambering jasmines in the dooryard and the large trees that lent shade to a lawn alongside, bespoke the chronological superiority of the place. There was no spruceness of biweekly mowing about the lawn, no ambitious spick-and-spanness about the old, white, wooden, green-blinded cottage itself, but rather a restful mossiness of ancient respectability.

Here Philip watched out the lazy September days, as he had watched them since he was a lad. This was a Newport afternoon, not cloudy, but touched by a certain marine mistiness which took the edge off the hard outlines of things and put the world into tone with sweet do-nothingness. Half-sitting, half-lying, in the wide piazza chair, clearly not made to measure for him, Philip had remained for two hours, reading a little at intervals, sometimes smoking, but mostly with head drawn down between his shoulders while he gazed off at the familiar trees and houses, noted the white-capped maids with their infant convoys, and the infrequent carriages that rolled by. His mother, with her fingers busy at something of no consequence, sat near him. Each was fond of the other's presence, neither cared much for conversation. Gouverneur, the father, was enjoying a fine day in his fashion, asleep on a lounge in the library.

"It 's just as I expected, mother," said Philip, coming out of a prolonged reverie. "Charley and Phillida will marry without ever getting acquainted, and then will come the blow-out."

"What do you mean by the blow-out?" said Mrs. Gouverneur. "They are neither of them quarrelsome."

"No; but they are both sensitive. Aunt Callender's sickness took Phillida to the Catskills before he got home, and she 's been there ever since. I suppose he has gone up once or twice on a Saturday. But what chance has either of them to know the other's tastes? What do you suppose they talk about? Does Phillida explain her high ideals, or tell him the shabby epics of lame beggars and blind old German women in Mackerelville? Or does he explain to her how to adjust a cravat, or tell her the amusing incidents of a private ball. They can't go on always billing and cooing, and what will they talk about on rainy Sundays after they are married? I 'd like to see him persuade Phillida to wear an ultra-fashionable evening dress and spend six evenings a week at entertainments and the opera. Maybe it 'll be the other way; she may coax him to teach a work-

ingmen's class in the Mission. By George! It would be a comedy to see Charley try it once." And Philip indulged in a gentle laugh.

"You don't know how much they have seen of each other, Philip. Phillida is a friend of the Hilbroughs, and Mr. Millard once brought her to our house on Sunday afternoon from the Mission or somewhere over there."

"That 's so?" said Philip. "They may be better acquainted than I think. But they 'll never get on."

Perceiving that this line of talk was making his mother uncomfortable, he said:

"Nature has got the soft pedal down to-day. Come, mother, it 's a good day for a drive. Will you go?"

And he went himself to call the coachman.

XIII.

MRS. FRANKLAND.

MRS. FRANKLAND, the Bible reader, was a natural orator — a person with plenty of blood for her brain, ample breathing space in her chest, a rich-toned voice responsive to her feelings, and a mind not exactly intellectual, but felicitous in vocabulation and ingenious in the construction of sentences. Her emotions were mettlesome horses well-bitted — quick and powerful, but firmly held. Though her exegesis was second-hand and commonplace, yet upon the familiar chords of traditional and superficial interpretation of the Bible she knew how to play many emotional variations, and her hearers, who were all women, were caught up into a state of religious exaltation under her instruction. A buoyant and joyous spirit and a genial good-fellowship of manner added greatly to her personal charms.

She was the wife of a lawyer of moderate abilities and great trustworthiness, whose modesty, rather than his mediocrity, had confined him to a small practice in the quieter walks of the profession. Mrs. Frankland had been bred a Friend, but there was a taste for magnificence in her that argued an un-Quaker strain in her pedigree. On her marriage she had with alacrity transferred her allegiance from no-ceremony Quakerism to liturgical Episcopalianism, the religion of her husband. She gave herself credit for having in this made some sacrifice to wifely duty, though her husband would have been willing to join the orthodox Friends with her, for the simplicity and stillness of the Quakers consorted well with his constitution. Mrs. Frankland did not relinquish certain notions derived from the Friends concerning the liberty of women to speak when moved thereto. No doubt her tenacity in this particular was due to her own consciousness of possessing a gift for swaying human sympathies. Such a gift the Anglican communion, from time immemorial, has delighted to bury in a napkin — in a tablecloth, if a napkin should prove insufficient. But Mrs. Frankland was not a person to allow her talent to be buried even in the most richly dight altar-cloth. In her, as in most of the world's shining lights, zeal for a cause was indistinguishably blended with personal aspirations — honest desire to be serviceable with an unconscious desire to be known. It is only healthy and normal that any human being possessed of native power should wish to show his credentials by turning possibility into fact accomplished.

Mrs. Frankland's temperament inclined her to live like a city set on a hill, but the earlier years of her married life had been too constantly engrossed by domestic cares for her to undertake public duties. It had often been out of the question for the Franklands to keep a servant, and they had never kept more than one in a family of four children. At first this ambitious wife sought to spur her timid and precise husband to achievements that were quite impossible to him. But when the children grew larger, so that the elder ones could be of assistance in the care of the house, Mrs. Frankland's opportunity came. The fame of such women as Mrs. Livermore, Miss Willard, and Mrs. Bottome had long been a spur to her aspiration. She did not set up as a reformer. Denunciation and contention were not proper to her temperament. She was, above all, pathetic and sympathetic. She took charge of a Bible class of young ladies in the Sunday-school, and these were soon deeply moved by her talks to them as a class, and profoundly attracted to her by a way she had of gathering each one of them under the hen-mother wings of her sympathies. That she and they exaggerated the degree of her personal feeling for her individual listeners is probable; the oratorical temperament enlarges the image of a sentiment as naturally as a magic lantern magnifies a picture. In later years beloved Maggies and Matildas of the class, who had believed themselves special favorites of Mrs. Frankland,— their images graven on her heart of hearts,— were amazed to find that they had been quite forgotten when they had been out of sight a year or two.

The Bible-class room in the Church of St. James the Less soon became uncomfortably crowded. This was what Mrs. Frankland had long desired. She thereupon availed herself of the hospitality of a disciple of hers who had a rather large parlor, and in this she opened a Bible reading on Friday afternoons. Eloquent talk, and especially pathetic talk and vivid illustrations by means of incidents and similes,

were as natural to her as melodious whistling is to a brown thrush, and the parlors were easily filled, though out of deference to church authorities men were excluded.

The success of this first course of so-called Bible readings was marked, and it determined Mrs. Frankland's career. She was enough of a woman to be particularly pleased that some of the wealthiest parishioners of St. James the Less were among her hearers, and that, having neglected her in all her years of baby-tending and dish-washing obscurity, these people now invited her to their houses and made her the confidante of their sorrows. This sort of success was as agreeable to her as merely social climbing was to Mrs. Hilbrough. For even in people of a higher type than Mrs. Frankland the unmixed heroic is not to be looked for: if one finds zeal or heroism in the crude ore it ought to be enough; the refined articles have hardly been offered in the market since the lives of the saints were written and the old romances went out of fashion.

Two results of Mrs. Frankland's first winter's readings, or preachings, had not entered into her calculations, but they were potent in deciding her to continue her career. One was that her husband's law practice was somewhat increased by her conspicuousness and popularity. He was not intrusted with great cases, but there was a very decided increase in his collection business. At the close of the season Mrs. Frankland, in making her farewell to her class, had, like a true orator, coined even her private life into effect. She touched feelingly on the sacrifice she and her family had had to make in order that she might maintain the readings, and alluded to her confidence that if Providence intended her to go forward, provision would be made for her and her children, whom she solemnly committed by an act of faith, like that of the mother of Moses, to the care of the Almighty. She said this with deep solemnity, holding up her hands towards heaven as though to lay an infant in the arms of the Good Shepherd. The vision of a housemother trusting the Lord even for the darning of stockings was an example of faith that touched the hearers. Under the lead of a few active women in the company a purse of two hundred dollars was collected and presented to her. It was done delicately; the givers stated that their purpose was simply to enable her to relieve herself of care that the good work might not suffer. The money was thus handed not to her but to the Lord, and Mrs. Frankland could not refuse it. Do you blame her? She had earned it as fairly as the rector of St. James the Less earned his. Perhaps even more fairly, for her service was spontaneous and enthusiastic; he had grown old and weary, and his service had long since come to be mainly professional and perfunctory.

There are cynics who imagine a woman with a mission saying, "Well, I 've increased my husband's business, and I have made two hundred very necessary dollars this winter; and I will try it again." If the matter had presented itself to her mind in that way Mrs. Frankland probably would have felt a repulsion from the work she was doing. It is a very bungling mind, or a more than usually clear and candid mind, that would view a delicate personal concern in so blunt a fashion. Mrs. Frankland's mind was too clever to be bungling, and too emotional and imaginative to be critical. What she saw, with a rush of grateful emotion, was that the Divine approval of her sacrifices was manifested by this sustaining increase of temporal prosperity. The ravens of Elijah had replenished her purse because she trusted. Thus commended from above and lifted into the circle of those who like the prophets and apostles have a special vocation, she felt herself ready, as she put it, "to go forward through fire and flood if need be." It would not have been like her to remember that the fire and flood to be encountered in her career could be only rhetorical at best — painted fire and a stage flood.

Among those who chanced to be drawn to Mrs. Frankland's first course of Bible readings, and who had listened with zest, was Phillida Callender. Phillida's was a temperament different from Mrs. Frankland's. The common point at which they touched was religious enthusiasm. Mrs. Frankland's enthusiasms translated themselves instantly into eloquent expression; she was an instrument richly toned that gave forth melody of joy or sorrow when smitten by emotion. Phillida was very susceptible to her congenial eloquence, but hers was essentially the higher nature, and Mrs. Frankland's religious passion, when once it reached Phillida, was transformed into practical endeavor. Mrs. Frankland was quite content to embody her ideals in felicitous speech, and cease; Phillida Callender labored day and night to make her ideals actual. Mrs. Frankland had no inclination or qualification for grappling with such thorny problems as the Mackerelville Mission afforded. It was enough for her to play the martial music which nerved others for the strife.

It often happens that the superior nature is dominated by one not its equal. Phillida did not question the superlative excellence of Mrs. Frankland, from whom she drew so many inspirations. That eloquent lady in turn admired and loved Phillida as a model disciple. Phillida drew Mrs. Hilbrough to the readings, and Mrs. Frankland bestowed on that lady all the affec-

tionate attention her immortal soul and worldly position entitled her to, and under Mrs. Frankland's influence Mrs. Hilbrough became more religious without becoming less worldly. For nothing could have seemed more proper and laudable to Mrs. Hilbrough than the steady pursuit of great connections appropriate to her husband's wealth.

Mrs. Frankland's imagination had been moved by her success. It was not only a religious but a social triumph. Some of the rich had come, and it was in the nature of an orator of Mrs. Frankland's type to love any association with magnificence. Her figures of speech were richly draped; her imagination delighted in the grandiose. The same impulse which carried her easily from drab Quakerism to stained-glass Episcopalianism now moved her to desire that her ministry might lead her to the great, for such an association seemed to glorify the cause she had at heart. She did not think of her purpose nakedly; she was an artist in drapery, and her ideas never presented themselves in the nude; she was indeed quite incapable of seeing the bare truth; truth itself became visible to her only when it had on a wedding garment. As she stated her aspiration to herself, she longed to carry the everlasting gospel to the weary rich. "The weary rich" was the phrase she outfitted them with when considered as objects of pity and missionary zeal. To her mind they seemed, in advance, shining trophies which she hoped to win, and in her reveries she saw herself presenting them before the Almighty, somewhat as a Roman general might lead captive barbarian princes to the throne of his imperial master.

Mrs. Frankland could not be oblivious to the fact that a Bible reading among the rich would be likely to bring her better pecuniary returns than one among the poor. But she did not let this consideration appear on the surface of her thoughts, nor was it at all a primary or essential one.

She knew but little of the intricacies of social complications, and her mind now turned to Mrs. Hilbrough as the wealthiest of all her occasional hearers, and one having an ample parlor in a fashionable quarter of the town.

Her first thought had been to get Phillida to accompany her when she should go to suggest the matter to Mrs. Hilbrough. But on second thought she gave up this intermediation, for reasons which it would have been impossible for her to define. If she exerted a powerful influence over Phillida in the direction of emotion, she could not escape in turn the influence of Phillida's view of life when in her presence. Although personal ambitions mixed themselves to a certain extent with Mrs. Frankland's religious zeal, disguising themselves in rhetorical costumes of a semi-ecclesiastical sort, they did not venture to masquerade too freely before Phillida. Mrs. Frankland, though less skillful in affairs than in speech, felt that it would be better in the present instance to go to Mrs. Hilbrough alone.

It was with a glow of pleasure not wholly unworldly that she found herself one afternoon in Mrs. Hilbrough's reception-room, and noted all about her marks of taste and unstinted expenditure. To a critical spectator the encounter between the two ladies would have afforded material for a curious comparison. The ample figure of Mrs. Frankland, her mellifluous voice, her large, sweeping, cheerily affectionate, influential mode of address, brought her into striking contrast with the rather slender, quietly self-reliant Mrs. Hilbrough, whose genial cordiality covered, while it hardly concealed, the thoroughly business-like carriage of her mind.

Mrs. Frankland opened her plan with the greatest fullness of explanation as to what her motives were, but she did not feel obliged to wholly conceal the element of personal aspiration, as she would have done in talking to Phillida. Her intuitions made her feel that Mrs. Hilbrough would accept religious zeal all the more readily for its being a little diluted. Mrs. Hilbrough responded with genial cordiality and even with some show of enthusiasm. But if she had less address in speech than the other she had more in affairs. While theoretically supporting this plan she did not commit herself to it. She knew how slender as yet was her hold upon the society she courted, and she would not risk an eccentric move. Her boat was still in shallow water, with hardly buoyancy enough to float a solitary occupant; if she should undertake to carry Mrs. Frankland, it would probably go fast aground. What she said to Mrs. Frankland with superficial fervor was:

"You ought to have a person that has been longer in New York, and is better acquainted than I am, to carry out your plan, Mrs. Frankland. It would be a pity to have so excellent a scheme fail; that would probably prevent your ever succeeding — would shut you out as long as you lived. It would be a great honor to me to have your readings, but you must begin under better auspices. I regret to say this. Your readings, rightly started, will be a great success, and I should like to have them here."

This last was in a sense sincere. Mrs. Hilbrough was sure of Mrs. Frankland's success if once the thing were patronized by the right people. Here Mrs. Frankland looked disappointed, but in a moment broke forth again in adroit and fervid statement of the good that

might be done, mingled with a flattering protest against Mrs. Hilbrough's too humble estimate of her influence in society. While she proceeded, Mrs. Hilbrough was revolving a plan for giving Mrs. Frankland more than she asked, while avoiding personal responsibility.

"I think I can do something," she said, with a manner less cordial but more sincere than that she had previously assumed. "Leave the matter with me, and I may be able to open to you a grand house, not a plain, middling place like mine"—and she waved her hand deprecatingly towards the furnishings which seemed to Mrs. Frankland inconceivably rich —"a grand house with all the prestige of a great family. I don't know that I shall succeed with my friend, but for the sake of the cause I am willing to try. I won't tell you anything about it till I try. If I fail, I fail, but for the present leave all to me."

Mrs. Frankland was not the sort of person to relish being guided by another, but in Mrs. Hilbrough she had met her superior in leadership. Reluctantly she felt herself obliged to hand over the helm of her own craft, holding herself ready to disembark at length wherever Mrs. Hilbrough might reach the land.

Of all that Mrs. Hilbrough had won in her first winter's social campaign, the achievement that gave her most pleasure was the making acquaintance and entering into fast ripening friendship with Mrs. Van Horne. Little Mrs. Van Horne was not in herself a "great catch" in the way of a friend, but she was one of those whose fortune it is to have the toil of thousands at their disposal. Her magnificence was fed by an army: innumerable laborers with spades and shovels, picks and blasting-drills, working in smoke and dripping darkness to bore railway paths through mountain chains; grimy stokers and clear-sighted engineers; brakemen dripping in the chilly rain; switchmen watching out the weary night by dim lanterns or flickering torches; desk-worn clerks and methodical ticket-sellers; civil engineers using brains and long training over their profiles and cross-sectionings; and scores of able "captains of industry," such as superintendents, passenger agents, and traffic managers—all these, and others, by their steady toil kept an unfailing cataract of wealth pouring into the Van Horne coffers. In herself Mrs. Van Horne had not half the force of Mrs. Hilbrough, but as the queen bee of this widespread toil and traffic, fed and clad and decked as she was by the fruits of the labor of a hundred thousand men, Mrs. Van Horne had an enormous factitious value in the world. How to bear her dignity as the wife of a man who used the million as a unit she did not know, for though she affected a reserved stateliness of manner, it did not set well on such a round-faced, impressionable little woman quite incapable of charting a course for herself. No show of leadership had been hers, but she had taken her cue from this and that stronger nature, until by chance she came in hailing distance of Mrs. Hilbrough. The two were perfect counterparts. Mrs. Hilbrough was clairvoyant and of prompt decision, but she lacked the commanding position for personal leadership. She was superficially deferential to Mrs. Van Horne's older standing and vastly greater wealth, but she swiftly gained the real ascendancy. Her apparent submission of everything to Mrs. Van Horne's wisdom, while adroitly making up a judgment for the undecided little lady, was just what Mrs. Van Horne liked, and in three months' acquaintance that lady had come to lean more and more on Mrs. Hilbrough. The intimacy with so close a friend rendered life much more comfortable for Mrs. Van Horne, in that it relieved her from taking advice of her sisters-in-law, who always gave counsel with a consciousness of superiority. Now she could appear in her family with opinions and purposes apparently home-made. To a woman of Mrs. Hilbrough's cleverness the friendship with one whose brooks ran gold rendered social success certain.

Mrs. Hilbrough was a natural promoter. Her energy inclined her to take hold of a new enterprise for the mere pleasure of pushing it. She felt a real delight in the religious passions awakened by Mrs. Frankland's addresses; she foresaw an interesting career opening up before that gifted woman, and to help her would give Mrs. Hilbrough a complex pleasure. That Mrs. Frankland's addresses given in Mrs. Van Horne's parlors would excite attention and make a great stir she foresaw, and for many reasons she would like to bring this about. Mrs. Hilbrough did not analyze her motives; that would have been tiresome. She entered them all up in a sort of lump sum to the credit of her religious zeal, and was just a little pleased to find so much of her early devotion to religion left over. Let the entry stand as she made it. Let us not be of the class unbearable who are ever trying to dissipate those lovely illusions that keep alive human complacency and make life endurable.

Mrs. Hilbrough contrived to bring Mrs. Frankland with her abounding enthusiasm and her wide-sweeping curves of inflection and gesture into acquaintance with the great but rather pulpy Mrs. Van Horne. The natural inequality of forces in the two did the rest. Mrs. Van Horne, weary of the inevitable limitations of abnormal wealth, and fatigued in the vain endeavor to procure any satisfaction which bore the slightest proportion to the vast family accretion, found a repose she had longed for when

she was caught up in the fiery chariot of Mrs. Frankland's eloquent talk. All that vast mass of things that had confronted and bullied her so long was swept into a rhetorical dustpan, and she could feel herself at length as a human soul without having to remember her possessions. Mrs. Frankland's phrase of "the weary rich" exactly fitted her, and to her Mrs. Frankland's eloquent pulverizing of the glory of this world brought a sort of emancipation.

Mrs. Frankland unfolded to her a desire to reach those who would not attend her readings at any but a very fashionable house. Mrs. Van Horne, encouraged thereto by Mrs. Hilbrough, was delighted at finding a novel and congenial use for some of the luxurious and pompous upholstery of her life of which she was so tired. Her parlors were opened, and "persons of the highest fashion" were pleased to find a private and suitably decorated wicker-gate leading into a straight and narrow vestibule train, limited, fitted up with all the consolations and relieved of most of the discomforts of an old-fashioned religious pilgrimage.

XIV.

MRS. FRANKLAND AND PHILLIDA.

MRS. CALLENDER would have told you that mountain air had quite restored her, but enforced rest from scissors and sewing-machine, the two demons that beset the dear industrious, had more to do with it than mountain air. The first of October brought her and Phillida again to their house, where Agatha had preceded them by two days, to help Sarah in putting things to rights for their advent. Millard met the mother and daughter at the station with a carriage and left them at their own door.

"Did Mr. Millard say that he would come again this evening?" Agatha asked of Phillida when she rose from the dinner-table.

"No."

"Well, I should think he would. I would n't have a young man that would take things so coolly. He 's hardly seen you at all since his return, and — that 's the expressman with the trunks. I 'll go and see about them"; and she bounded away, not "like an antelope," but like a young girl bubbling to the brim with youth and animal spirits.

An hour later, when Phillida and Agatha had just got to a stage in unpacking in which all that one owns is lying in twenty heaps about the room, each several heap seeming larger than the trunk in which it came, there was a ring at the door, and Mr. Millard was announced.

"Oh, dear! I think he might have waited until to-morrow," grumbled Agatha to her mother, after Phillida had gone to the parlor. "He 'll stay for hours, I suppose, and I never can get these things put away alone, and we won't get you to bed before midnight. He ought to remember that you 're not strong. But it 's just like a man in love to come when you 're in a mess, and never to go away."

Millard was more thoughtful than another might have been, and in half an hour Phillida returned to the back room, with a softly radiant expression of countenance, bearing a bouquet of flowers which Millard had brought for Mrs. Callender. Phillida at once helped Agatha attack chaos. The floor, the chairs, the table, the bed, and the top of the dressing-case were at length cleared, and preparations were making for getting the tired mother to her rest before ten o'clock.

"Seems to me," said Agatha, "that if I were in Philly's place I' d want something more than a brief call on the first evening, after so long a separation."

"Seems to me," said the mother, mimicking Agatha's tone and turning upon the girl with an amused smile, "if you ever have a lover and are as hard to please with him as you are with Mr. Millard, he might as well give it up before he begins."

In the morning early came Mrs. Frankland. She kissed Phillida on this cheek and on that, embraced her and called her "Dear, dear child," held her off with both hands and looked with admiration at her well-modeled face, freshened with wind and sun. She declared that the mountain air had done Phillida a great deal of good, and inquired how her dear, good mother was.

"Mother is wonderfully better," said Phillida; "I may say, well again."

"What a mercy that is! Now you 'll be able to go on with the blessed work you are doing. You have a gift for mission work; that 's your vocation. I should make a poor one in your place. It 's a talent. As for me, I have a new call."

"A new call — what is that?" said Phillida, rolling up an easy chair for Mrs. Frankland to sit on.

"It 's all through you, I suppose. You brought Mrs. Hilbrough to hear me, and Mrs. Hilbrough made me acquainted with Mrs. Van Horne, and she has invited me to give readings in her parlor. I gave the first last Thursday, with great success. The great parlor was full, and many wept like little children."

The words here written are poor beside what Mrs. Frankland said. Her inflection, the outward sweep of her hand when she said "great parlor," brought the rich scene vaguely to Phillida's imagination, and the mellow falling cadence with which she spoke of those who had wept like little children, letting her hands drop limp the while upon her lap, made it all

very picturesque and touching. But Phillida twisted the fingers of her left hand with her right, feeling a little wrench in trying to put herself into sympathy with this movement. It was the philanthropic side of religion rather than the propagandist that appealed to her, and she could hardly feel pity for people whose most imaginary wants were supplied.

The quick instinct for detecting and following the sympathy of an audience is half the outfit for an orator; and Mrs. Frankland felt the need of additional statement to carry the matter rightly to Phillida. She was ever feeling about for the electrical button that would reach a hearer's sympathies, and never content until she had touched it.

"I find the burdens of these wealthy women are as great — even greater than those of others. Many of them are tired of the worldliness, and weary of the utter frivolity, of their pursuits." She put a long, rich, vibrant emphasis on the words "utter frivolity." "Don't you think it a good plan to bring them to the rest of the gospel?"

"Certainly," said Phillida, who could not logically gainsay such a statement; but she was convinced rather than touched by any living sympathy with Mrs. Frankland's impulse, and she still twisted the tips of the fingers of her left hand with her right.

"I hope, dear child," Mrs. Frankland went on, in a meditative tone, looking out of the window and steering now upon a home tack — "I hope that I can serve in some way the cause of the poor you have so much at heart. Missions like yours languish for funds. If I could be the means of bringing people of great fortune to consecrate their wealth, it might fill many a thirsty channel of benevolence with refreshing streams." Ah, that one could produce here the tone of her voice as of a brook brimming over barriers, and running melodious to the meadows below!

"That is true," said Phillida, remembering how many betterments might be made in the coffee-room and the reading-room if only one had the money, and remembering how her own beloved Charley had helped the Mission and made the lot of the unhappy Wilhelmina Schulenberg less grievous. "I do think it may prove to be a great work," she added thoughtfully, folding her hands upon her lap in unconscious sign that she had reached a conclusion — a logical equilibrium.

"And I want you to go with me to the readings on Thursday. Mrs. Van Horne knows your aunt, Mrs. Gouverneur, and she will be glad to see you."

Phillida looked down and began to pinch the tips of her fingers again. She shrunk a little from Mrs. Van Horne's set; she thought her dress probably beneath their standard, but with an effort she put away such fears as frivolous, and promised to go.

Thursday afternoon found Phillida sitting by Mrs. Hilbrough in the Van Horne parlor, which was draped with the costly products of distant looms, wrought by the dusky fingers of Orientals inheriting the slowly perfected special skill of generations, and with the fabrics produced by medieval workmen whose artistic products had gathered value as all their fellows had perished; for other races and other ages have contributed their toil to the magnificence of a New York palace. The room was spanned by a ceiling on which the creative imaginations of great artists had lavished rare fancies in gold and ivory, while the costliest, if not the noblest, paintings and sculptures of our modern time were all about a room whose very chairs and ottomans had been designed by men of genius.

Once the words of Mrs. Frankland were heard with these surroundings, one felt that it would be wrong to attribute to ambitious motives her desire for such an environment. She might rather be said to have been drawn here by an aspiration for artistic harmony. The resonant periods of Bossuet would hardly have echoed through the modern centuries if he had not had the magnificent court of Louis the Great for a sounding-board. When Mrs. Frankland spoke in the Van Horne parlor her auditors felt that the mellifluous voice and stately sentences could not have had a more appropriate setting, and that the splendid parlor could not have been put to a more fitting use. Even the simple religious songs used at the beginning and close of the meetings were accompanied upon a grand piano of finest tone, whose richly inlaid case represented the expenditure of a moderate fortune. Mrs. Van Horne could command the best amateur musical talent, so that the little emotional Moody-and-Sankeys that Mrs. Frankland selected were so overlaid and glorified in the performance as to be almost transformed into works of art.

Phillida looked upon these evidences of lavish expenditure with less bedazzlement than one might have expected in a person of her age. For she had grown up under shelter from the world. While she remained in the antipodes her contact with life outside her own family had been small. In Brooklyn her mother's ill health had kept her much at home, and the dominant influence of her father had therefore every chance to make itself felt upon her character, and that influence was all in favor of a self-denying philanthropy. To the last her father was altruistic, finding nothing worth living for but the doing for others. Abiding secluded as Phillida had, the father's stamp remained un-

effaced. She saw in all this magnificence a wanton waste of resources. She put it side by side with her sense of a thousand needs of others, and she felt for it more condemnation than admiration. Mrs. Frankland's vocation to the rich was justified in her mind; it was, after all, a sort of mission to the heathen.

And who shall say that Mrs. Frankland's missionary impulse was not a true one? Phillida's people were exteriorly more miserable; but who knows whether the woes of a Mulberry street tenement are greater than those of a Fifth Avenue palace? Certainly Mrs. Frankland found wounded hearts enough. The woman with an unfaithful husband, the mother of a reckless son who has been obliged to flee the country, the wife of a runaway cashier, disgraced and dependent upon rich relatives — these and a score besides poured into her ear their sorrows, and were comforted by her sympathy cordially expressed, and by her confidence in a consoling divine love and her visions of a future of everlasting rest. Mrs. Frankland had found her proper field — a true mission field indeed, for in this world-out-of-joint there is little danger of going astray in looking for misery of one sort or another. If the sorrows of the poor are greater, they have, if not consolation, at least a fortunate numbness produced by the never-ending battle for bread; but the canker has time to gnaw the very heart out of the rich woman.

Even on the mind of Phillida, as she now listened to Mrs. Frankland, the accessories made a difference. How many dogmas have lived for centuries, not by their reasonableness but by the impressiveness of trappings! Creeds recited under lofty arches, liturgies chanted by generation following generation, traditions of law, however absurd, uttered by one big-wigged judge following a reverend line of ghostly bigwigs gone before that have said the same foolish things for ages — these all take considerable advantage from the power of accessories to impose upon the human imagination. The divinity that hedges kings is the result of a set of stage-fixings which make the little great, and half the horror inspired by the priest's curse is derived from bell and book and candle. The mystery of print gives weight to small men by the same witchcraft; you would not take the personal advice of so stupid a man as Criticus about the crossing of a *t*, but when he prints a tirade anonymously in the Philadelphia "Tempus" the condemnation becomes serious.

Just in this way the imagination of Phillida was affected by the new surroundings in the midst of which Mrs. Frankland spoke. The old addresses in a Bible-class room with four plastered walls, or a modest parlor, did not seem to have half so much force as these. The weight of a brilliant success was now thrown into the scale, and Mrs. Frankland could speak with an apostolic authority hitherto unknown. The speaker's own imagination felt the influence of her new-found altitude, and she expressed herself with assurance and deliberation, and with more dignity and pathos than ever before.

With all this background, Mrs. Frankland spoke to-day from the twelfth chapter of Romans on personal consecration. But she did not treat the theme as a person of reformatory temperament might have done, by denouncing the frivolity of rich and fashionable lives. It was not in her nature to antagonize an audience. She drew a charming picture of the beauty of a consecrated life, and she embellished it with wonderful instances of devotion, interspersed with touching anecdotes of heroism and self-sacrifice. The impression upon her audience was as remarkable as it was certain to be transient. Women wept at the ravishing vision of a life wholly given to noble ends, and then went their ways to live as before, after the predispositions of their natures, the habits of their lives and the conventional standards of their class.

But in the heart of Phillida the words of the speaker fell upon fertile soil, and germinated, where there was never a stone or a thorn. The insularity of her life had left her very susceptible to Mrs. Frankland's discourses. Old stagers who have been impressed now by this, now by that, speech, writing, or personal persuasion, have suffered a certain wholesome induration. Phillida was a virginal enthusiast.

XV.

TWO WAYS.

It seemed to Millard that Phillida would be the better for seeing more of life. He would not have admitted to himself that he could wish her any whit different from what she was. But he was nevertheless disposed to mold her tastes into some likeness to his own — it is the impulse of all advanced lovers and new husbands. It was unlucky that he should have chosen for the time of beginning his experiment the very evening of the day on which she had heard Mrs. Frankland. Phillida's mind was all aglow with the feelings excited by the address when Millard called with the intention of inviting her to attend the theater with him.

He found a far-awayness in her mood which made him keep back his proposal for a while. He did not admire her the less in her periods of exaltation, but he felt less secure of her when she soared into a region whither he could not follow. He hesitated, and discussed the weather of the whole week past, smiting his knee gently

with his gloves in the endeavor to obtain cheerfulness by affecting it. She, on her part, was equally eager to draw Millard into the paths of feeling and action she loved so well, and while he was yet trifling with his gloves and the weather topic she began:

"Charley, I do wish you could have heard Mrs. Frankland's talk to-day." Phillida's hands were turned palms downward on her lap as she spoke; Millard fancied that their lines expressed the refinement of her organization.

"Why does n't she admit men?" he said, smiling. "Here you, who don't need any betterment, will become so good by and by that you 'll leave me entirely behind. We men need evangelizing more than women do. Why does Mrs. Frankland shut us out from her good influences?"

"Oh! you know she 's an Episcopalian, and Episcopalians don't think it right for women to set up to teach men."

"I 'm Episcopalian enough, but if a woman sets up as a preacher at all, I don't see why she should n't preach to those who need it most. It 's only called a 'Bible reading'"—here Charley carefully spread his gloves across his right knee—"there 's no law against reading the Bible to men?" he added, looking up with a quick winning smile. "Now you see she turns the scripture topsy-turvy. Instead of women having to inquire of their husbands at home, men are obliged to inquire of their wives and sweethearts. I don't mind that, though. I 'd rather hear it from you than from Mrs. Frankland any day." And he gathered up his gloves, and leaned back in his chair.

Phillida smiled, and took this for an invitation to repeat to him part of what Mrs. Frankland had said. She related the story of Elizabeth Fry's work in Newgate, as Mrs. Frankland had told it, she retold Mrs. Frankland's version of Florence Nightingale in the hospital, and then she paused.

"There, Charley," she said deprecatingly, "I can't tell these things with half the splendid effect that Mrs. Frankland did. But it made a great impression on me. I mean to try to be more useful."

"You? I don't see how you can be any better than you are, my dear. That kind of talk is good for other people, but it is n't meant for you."

"Don't say that; please don't. But Mrs. Frankland made a deep impression on all the people at Mrs. Van Horne's."

"At Mrs. Van Horne's?" he asked, with curiosity mingled with surprise.

"Yes; I went with Mrs. Hilbrough."

"Whew! Has Mrs. Frankland got in there?" he said, twirling his cane reflectively. "I had n't heard it."

"It is n't quite fair for you to say 'got in there,' is it, Charley? Mrs. Frankland was invited by Mrs. Van Horne to give her readings at her house, and she thought it might do good," said Phillida, unwilling to believe that anybody she liked could be more worldly than she was herself.

"I did not mean to speak slightingly of Mrs. Frankland," he said; "I suppose she is a very good woman. But I know she asked Mrs. Hilbrough to let her read in her house. I only guessed that she must have managed Mrs. Van Horne in some way. It is no disgrace for her to seek to give her readings where she thinks they will do good."

"Did she ask Mrs. Hilbrough?" said Phillida.

"Mrs. Hilbrough told me so, and the Van Horne opening may have been one of Mrs. Hilbrough's clever contrivances. *That* woman is a perfect general. This reading at Mrs. Van Horne's must be a piece of her fine work."

Just why this view of the case should have pained Phillida she could hardly have told. She liked to dwell in a region of high ideals, and she hated the practical necessities that oblige high ideals to humble themselves before they can be incarnated into facts. There could be no harm in Mrs. Frankland's seeking to reach the people she wished to address, but the notion of contrivance and management for the promotion of a mission so lofty made that mission seem a little shop-worn and offended Phillida's love of congruity. Then, too, she felt that to Millard Mrs. Frankland was not so worshipful a figure as to herself, and a painful lack of concord in thought and purpose between her lover and herself was disclosed. The topic was changed, but the two did not get into the same groove of thought during the evening.

Even though a lover, Millard did not lose his characteristic thoughtfulness. Knowing that early rest was important for the mother, and conjecturing that she slept just behind the sliding-doors, Charley did not allow himself to outstay his time. It was only when he had taken his hat to leave that he got courage to ask Phillida if she were engaged for the next afternoon. When she said no, he proposed the theater. Phillida would have refused the invitation an hour before, but in the tenderness of parting she had a remorseful sense of pain regarding the whole interview. With a scrupulousness quite characteristic she had begun to blame herself. To refuse the invitation to the Irving matinée would be to add to an undefined estrangement which both felt but refused to admit, and so, with her mind all in a jumble, she said: "Yes; certainly. I 'll go if you would like me to, Charley."

But she lay awake long that night in dissatisfaction with herself. She had gained noth-

ing with Charley, her ideals had been bruised and broken, her visions of future personal excellence were now confused, and she was committed to give valuable time to what seemed to her a sort of dissipation. Should she never be able to emulate Mrs. Fry? Would the lofty aspiration she had cherished prove beyond her reach? And then, once, just once, there intruded the unwelcome thought that her engagement with Millard was possibly a mistake, and that it might defeat the great ends she had in view. The thought was too painful for her; she banished it instantly, upbraiding herself for her disloyalty, and replacing the image of her lover on its pedestal again. Was not Charley the best of men? Had he not been liberal to the Mission and generous to Mina Schulenberg? Then she planned again the work they would be able to accomplish together, she diligent, and he liberal, until thoughts of this sort mingled with her dreams.

She went to see Irving's *Shylock*. The spectacular street scenes interested her; the boat that sailed so gracefully on the dry land of the stage excited her curiosity; and she felt the beauty and artistic delicacy of the *Portia*. But she was ill at ease through it all. She was too much in the mood of a moralist to see the play merely as a work of art. The players were to her human beings leading rather frivolous lives. And she could not but feel that in so far as the play diverted her, it did so at the expense of that strenuousness of endeavor for extraordinary usefulness which her mind had taken under the spell of Mrs. Frankland's speech.

"Did n't you like it?" said Millard, when they had reached the fresh air of the street and disentangled themselves from the debouching crowd — a noble pair to look upon as they walked thus in the late afternoon.

"Yes," said Phillida, spreading her parasol against the slant beams of the setting sun, which illuminated the red brick walls and touched the lofty cornices and the worn stones of the driveway with high lights, while now this and now that distant window seemed to burn with ruddy fire — "yes; I could n't help enjoying Miss Terry's *Portia*. I am no judge, but as a play I think it must have been good."

"Why do you say 'as a play'?" he asked. "What could it be but a play?" He punctuated his question by tapping the pavement with his cane.

Phillida laughed a little at herself, but added with great seriousness: "Would you think worse of me, Charley, if I should tell you that I don't quite like plays?" And she looked up at him in a manner at once affectionate and protesting.

Millard could not help giving her credit for the delicacy she showed in her manner of differing from him.

"No," he said; "I could n't but think the best of you in any case, Phillida, but you might make me think worse of myself, you know, for I do like plays. And more than that," he said, turning full upon her, "you might succeed in making me think that you thought the worse of me, and that would be the very worst of all."

This was said in a half-playful tone, but to Phillida it opened again the painful vision of a possible drawing apart through a contrariety of tastes. She therefore said no more in that direction, but contented herself with some general criticisms on Irving's *Shylock*, the incongruities in which she pointed out, and her criticisms, which were tolerably acute, excited Millard's admiration; and it is not to be expected that a lover's admiration should maintain any just proportion to that which calls it forth.

Again the Thursday sermon at Mrs. Van Horne's came around, and again Phillida was restored to a white heat of zeal mingled with a rueful distrust of her own power to hold herself to the continuous pursuit of her ideal. Millard, perceiving that she dreaded to be invited again, refrained from offering to take her to the theater. He waited several weeks, and then ventured, with some hesitation, to ask her to go with him to see one of the Wagner operas. He was frightened at his own boldness in asking, and he kept his eyes upon the ferule of his cane with which he was tapping the toe of his boot, afraid to look up while she answered. She saw how timidly he asked, and her heart was cruelly wounded by the necessity she felt to refuse; but she had fortified herself to resist just such a temptation.

"I 'd rather not go, Charley," she said slowly, in accents so pleading and so full of pain that Millard felt remorse that he should have suggested such a thing.

But this traveling on divergent lines could not but have its effect upon them. He was too well-mannered, she was too good, both were too affectionate, for them to quarrel easily. But there took place something that could hardly be called estrangement; it was rather what a Frenchman might, with a refinement not possible in our idiom, call an *éloignement*. In spite of their exertions to come together, they drew apart. This process was interrupted by seasons of renewed tenderness. But Phillida's zeal, favored by Mrs. Frankland's meetings, held her back from those pursuits into which Millard would have drawn her, and only a general interest in her altruistic aims was possible to him. Again and again he made some exertion to enter into her pursuits, but he could never get any farther than he could go by the

aid of his check-book. Once or twice she went with him to some public entertainment, but those social pursuits to which he was habituated she avoided as dissipations. Thus they loved each other, but it is pitiful to love as they did, while unable to conceal from themselves that a gulf lay between the main tastes and pursuits of the one and the other.

XVI.

A SÉANCE AT MRS. VAN HORNE'S.

THE Bible reader was no polemic. People of every sect were gathered under the wings of her sympathies. In vain dogmatic advisers warned her against Unitarians who believe too little, and Swedenborgians who believe too much. Mrs. Frankland's organ of judgment lay in her affections and emotions, and those who felt as she felt were accepted without contradiction, or, as she put it, mostly in Scripture phrase, which she delivered in a rich orotund voice: "Let us receive him that is weak in the faith, but not to doubtful disputation."

A certain sort of combativeness she had, but it was combativeness with the edge taken off. It served to direct her choice of topics, but not to give asperity or polemical form to her discourses. Suddenly introduced to the very heart of Vanity Fair, she had caught her first inspiration by opposition, and this led her to hold forth on such themes as consecration. But as her acquaintance with people of wealth extended she found that even they, conservative by very force of abundance, were affected by the unbelieving spirit of a critical age. The very prosperous are partly under shelter from the prevailing intellectual currents of their time. Those whose attention is engrossed by things are in so far shut out from the appeal of ideas. But thought is very penetrating; it will reach by conduction what it cannot attain by radiation. An intellectual movement touches the highest and the lowest with difficulty, but it does at length affect in a measure even those whose minds are narcotized by abundance as well as those whose brains are fagged by too much toil and care. When Mrs. Frankland became aware that there was unbelief, latent and developed, among her hearers, the prow of her oratory veered around, and faith became now, as consecration had been before, the pole-star toward which this earnest and clever woman aimed. With such a mind as hers the topic under consideration becomes for the time supreme. Solemnly insisting on a renunciation of all possibility of merit as a condition precedent to faith, she proceeded to exalt belief itself into the most meritorious of acts. This sort of paradox is common to all popular religious teachers.

Mrs. Frankland's new line of talk about the glories of faith had a disadvantage for Phillida in that it also fell in with a tendency of her nature and with the habits nourished in her by her father. Millard thought he had reached the depths of her life in coming to know about her work among the poor, but a woman's motives are apt to be more involved than a man imagines or than she can herself quite understand. Below the philanthropic Phillida lay the devout Phillida, who believed profoundly that in her devotions she was able to touch hands with the ever-living God himself. Under the stimulus of Mrs. Frankland's words this belief became so absorbing that the common interests of life became to her remote and almost unreal. Her work in the Mission was more and more her life, and perhaps the necessity for accommodating herself a little to the habits and tastes of a lover was her main preservative from a tendency to degenerate into a devotee.

While Mrs. Frankland aroused others, her eloquence also influenced the orator herself. Advocacy increased the force of conviction, and the growing intensity of conviction in turn reinforced the earnestness of advocacy. Irreverent people applied an old joke and called her "the apostle to the genteels," and in the region to which she seemed commissioned the warmth of her zeal was not likely to work harm. What effect it had was in the main good. But the material in her hands was only combustible in a slow way; the plutocratic conscience is rarely inflammable — for the most part it smolders like punk. Nor was Mrs. Frankland herself in any danger of being carried by her enthusiasms into fanaticism of action. However her utterances might savor of ultraism, she was conservative enough in practical matters to keep a sort of "Truce of God" with the world as she found it.

But to Phillida, susceptible as a saint on the road to beatification, the gradually augmented fervor of Mrs. Frankland's declamation worked evil. It was especially painful to Agatha that her sister was propelled by this influence farther and farther out of the safe lines of commonplace feeling and action, and that every wind from Mrs. Frankland's quarter of the heavens tended to drift her farther and farther away from her lover. Agatha's indignation broke out into all sorts of talk against Mrs. Frankland, whom she did not scruple to denounce for a Pharisee, binding heavy burdens on the back of poor Phillida, but never touching them with her own little finger.

Mrs. Frankland's discourses on faith reached their zenith on a January day, when the carriage wheels that rolled in front of Mrs. Van Horne's made a ringing almost like the break-

ing of glass in the hard frozen snow of the streets, and when the luxurious comfort within the house was the more deliciously appreciable from the deadly frostiness of the bone-piercing wind without. Only Phillida of all the throng found her comfort disturbed by remembering the coachmen who returned for their mistresses before the end of the discourse. It cost those poor fellows a pang to do despite to their wonted dignity of demeanor by smiting their arms against their bodies to keep from perishing. But even a coachman accustomed to regard himself as the main representative of the unbending perpendicularity of a ten-million family must give way a little before a January north wind in the middle of a cold wave, when his little fur cape becomes a mockery and his hard high hat a misery. However admirable Mrs. Frankland's prolonged sessions may have seemed to the ladies with tear-stained cheeks within the house, it appeared far from laudable as seen from the angle of a coachman's box.

The address on this day followed a reading of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, which is itself the rhapsody of an eloquent man upon faith. If this were written, as some suppose, by Apollos, the orator of the early Church, one may almost fancy that he reads here a bit of one of those addresses wherein speaker and hearer are lifted up together above the meanness and exigencies of mere realism. Mrs. Frankland accompanied the reading of this summary of faith's victory by a comment consisting largely of modern instances carefully selected and told with the tact of a *raconteur*, so as to leave the maximum impression of each incident unimpaired by needless details. Some of these stories were little short of miraculous; but they were dignified by the manner of telling, which never for an instant degenerated into the babble of a mere wonder-monger.

As usual, Mrs. Frankland, or the oratorical part of her, which was quite the majority of her mind, was carried away by the force of her own speech, and in lauding the success of faith it seemed to her most praiseworthy to push her eulogies unfalteringly to the extreme. You are not to understand that by doing this she vociferated or indulged in vehement gesture. He is only a bastard orator who fancies that loudness and shrillness of tone can enforce conviction. When Mrs. Frankland felt herself about to say extravagant things she intuitively set off her transcendent utterances by assuming a calm demeanor and the air of one who expresses with deliberation the most assured and long-meditated conclusions. So to-day she closed her little Oxford Bible and laid it on the richly inlaid table before her, deliberately depositing her handkerchief upon it and looking about before she made her peroration, which was in something like the following words, delivered with impressive solemnity in a deep, rich voice:

"Why should we always praise faith for what it *has* done? Has God changed? Faith is as powerful to-day as ever it was since this old world began. If the sick are not healed, if the dead are not raised to-day, be sure it is not God's fault. I am asked if I believe in faith-cure. There is the Bible. It abounds in the divine healing. Nowhere are we told that faith shall some day cease to work wonders. The arm of the Lord is not shortened. O ye of little faith! the victory is within your reach, if you will but rise and seize upon it. I see a vision of a new Church yet to come that shall believe, and, believing as those of old believed, shall see wonders such as the faithful of old saw. The sick shall be healed; women shall receive their dead raised to life again. Why not now? Rise up, O believing heart, and take the Lord at his word!"

Perhaps Mrs. Frankland did not intend that declamation should be taken at its face value; certainly she did not expect it. After a hymn, beautifully and touchingly sung, and a brief prayer, ladies put on their sealskin sacques, thrust their jeweled hands into their muffs, and went out to beckon their impatient coachmen, and to carry home with them the solemn impressions made by the discourse, which were in most cases too vague to produce other than a sentimental result. Yet one may not scatter fire with safety unless he can be sure there are no dangerous combustibles within reach. The harm of credulity is that it is liable to set a great flame a-going whenever it reaches that which will burn. A belief in witches is comparatively innocuous until it finds favorable conditions, as at Salem a couple of centuries ago, but, in favorable conditions, the idle speculations of a pedant, or the chimney-corner chatter of old women, may suddenly become as destructive as a pestilence.

It was in the sincere and susceptible soul of Phillida that Mrs. Frankland's words had their full effect. The lust after perfection — the realest peril of great souls — was hers, and she was stung and humiliated by Mrs. Frankland's rebuke to her lack of faith, for the words so impressively spoken seemed to her like a divine message. The whole catalogue of worthies in the eleventh of Hebrews rose up to reprove her.

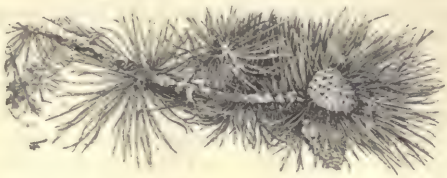
"I suppose Mrs. Frankland 's been talking some more of her stuff," said Agatha at the dinner that evening. "I declare, Phillida, you 're a victim of that woman. She is n't so bad. She does n't mean what she says to be taken as she says it. People always make allowances

for mere preaching, you know. But you just swallow it all, and then you get to be so poky a body has no comfort in life. There, now, I did n't mean to hurt your feelings," she added, as she saw the effort her sister was making at self-control.

Phillida lay awake that night long after the normal Agatha, with never an aspiration of the lofty sort, slept the blessed sleep of the heedless. And while the feeble glow of the banked-down fire in the grate draped the objects in the room with grotesque shadows, she went over again the bead-roll of faith in the eleventh of Hebrews and heard again the response of her conscience to the solemn appeal of Mrs. Frankland, and prayed for an increase of faith, and went to sleep at last reflecting on the faith like a germinant mustard grain that should upheave the very mountains and cast them into the midst of the sea.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.



BALLAD OF AN OLD PINE.

OH for the old days, when along
My boughs a lively color sped,
While spring-time birds returned with song—
Blue birds and red.

Bright are the blossom-tinted hills
In violet and cerulean lights;
Into the vale a luster spills
From fervent heights.

Marvels of crystal from the sky
Have plashed on greening fields and broke
To daisies, and from out them fly
A fairy folk—

Pale butterflies of gold that seem
At revel on the lilting wing
To music fancied in the dream
Of waking spring.

Ho, stripling, tasseled out in green
And bending in your gallant pride
To budding beauties all in sheen
On yonder side,

You yet shall stand gray and alone,
Hushed all your rapturous vernal lays.
O nature, nature, heart of stone,
Give back my days—

Give back my glory and life's charms;
Give back the majesty of form;
Give back the strength of lusty arms
To play with storm.

Vain, vain my cry. Then be it so.
I yield—(but oh, the sweet spring's breath!)
Come quickly—strike and lay me low,
Triumphant Death.

John H. Boner.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

OUR age has grown almost *blasé* of fiction; biographies interest us more than romance, and the record of the unseen inner life more than the most ingenious network of invention. In proportion as the individuality that reveals itself is marked and potent and the hidden springs of action are decisive and direct, the study is a fruitful one; and judged by these standards, the biography of Miss Alcott is a notable book, well worthy of careful and sympathetic consideration. Louisa Alcott's figure stands out clear-cut in the keen New England air, and firmly set upon the soil—native and typical in every line. "Her fame," says her biographer, "rests upon her works; her American publishers compute the sale of a million copies, from which she realized more than $200,000." And how charming a fame! The happy, guileless world of children claims her as its own. She comes freely among them—a child herself in her simplicity and *camaraderie*, with that undefinable "something" which means sympathy, comprehension, and, above all, appreciation. We have all been under the spell, whether we can fairly conjure it up anew or not. But now that the story of her life has been told, with its unswerving purpose and will, its gentle and absolutely disinterested affections, her works seem to fade into insignificance, while her fame lifts itself upon a broader basis, and takes ampler scope and proportions. It is the woman who rises before us,—single-minded and single-hearted, with no distractions, no bewilderment, no vagaries, and always a master-voice in her life to be obeyed,—and who comes freely among us, children no more, but struggling men and women less well trained and equipped than she, but all the more grateful to be helped, to be sustained, and even to be rebuked by so valiant an example as hers.

It is difficult to realize that Louisa Alcott, the capable, practical bread-winner who resolutely set aside every idea that could not become an active working principle, should have been the daughter of Bronson Alcott, the visionary and mystic philosopher, the transcendentalist *par excellence*, whose whole life was spent in the clouds. Her journal begins, September 1, 1843, at Fruitlands, the little settlement near Concord established by Mr. Alcott and his friends to carry out their views of social reform. Louisa is ten years old. The child rises at five o'clock and takes her cold bath. After breakfast she washes the dishes and does housework and ironing. Then a run on the hills, when she has "some thoughts—it was so beautiful up there." Lessons and problems such as these: "Father asked us what was God's noblest work. Anna said, 'Men,' but I said 'Babies.' Men are often bad; babies never are." And again: "What is man? A human being; an animal with a mind; a creature; a body; a soul and a mind." Bread and fruit for dinner, for no meat is allowed. A run in the wind again, playing horse, "and had a lovely time in the woods with Anna and Lizzie [her sisters]. We were fairies, and made gowns and paper wings. I 'flied' the highest of all." Songs in the evening, and to bed, where she cries because she has been naughty; makes good resolutions and puts herself to sleep reciting poetry—Mrs. Sigourney's lines, "I must not tease my mother!" At eleven she writes: "Life is pleasanter than it used to be, and I don't care about dying any more. Had a splendid run, and got a box of cones to burn. Sat and heard the pines sing a long time. Read Miss Bremer's 'Home' in the eve. Had good dreams, and woke now and then to think, and watch the moon. I had a pleasant time with my mind, for it was happy." She reads "dear" "Pilgrim's Progress," Martin Luther, Plutarch, Scott, Bettine's "Correspondence" with Goethe, and much poetry, which she also takes to writing. She begins now to realize the family cares and straits. Mr. Alcott's schemes do not prosper; the children are taken into the counsels, and go crying to bed. "More people coming to live with us," says Louisa; "I wish we could be together, and no one else. I don't see who is to clothe and feed us all when we are so poor now." She is very dismal and writes a poem, "Despondency." But her courage revives, and the light bursts upon her path again. "I had an early run in the woods before the dew was off the grass," she writes. "The moss was like velvet, and as I ran under the arches of yellow and red leaves I sang for joy, my heart was so bright and the world so beautiful. I stopped at the end of the walk and saw the sun shine out over the wide 'Virginia meadows.' It seemed like going through a dark life or grave into heaven beyond. A very strange and solemn feeling came over me as I stood there, with no sound but the rustle of the pines, no one near me, and the sun so glorious, as for

me alone. It seemed as if I *felt* God as I never did before, and I prayed in my heart that I might keep that happy sense of nearness all my life." The pages of the journal are thus saturated with the child's moral experience. She gives samples of her father's teaching—Socratic dialogues on the elements of hope and faith, the virtues and vices. Among the vices to be eradicated she names "love of cats." But of greatest influence in her life were the confidential little notes exchanged between mother and daughter—tender words of sympathy and love, but of wise and gentle guidance as well; the constant presentation of life as a task, a discipline, and a conquest, and, on the child's part, no less a sense of conscience and of duty; of struggle and temptation in her own little world, and of heights to be attained. The mother's code was, Rule yourself, love your neighbor, do the duty which lies nearest you. At thirteen she sums up her plan of life. She is going *to work really to be good.* No use making good resolutions, or writing sad notes and crying over her sins, if it has no result. But now she feels a "true desire to improve, and be a help and comfort, not a care and sorrow, to my dear mother." To offset all these rather austere conditions and practice, we have just at the same time a delightful glimpse of merry, romping children—Louisa as the ringleader bursting in unexpectedly upon Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller, who were gravely discoursing upon education, and had asked to see Mr. Alcott's "model children."

Fruitlands collapsed, and with it Mr. Alcott's "resources of mind, body, and estate." In "Transcendental Wild Oats" Miss Alcott has given a humorous and yet touching account of the catastrophe, showing up with gentle irony the extravagances and aberrations of an idealism not mated with common sense. Mr. Alcott roused himself after a time and sought manual labor, which naturally proved inadequate for their support, and they found themselves obliged to accept shelter and assistance from friends in Concord. Later on it was decided that they should remove to Boston, where Mrs. Alcott found employment in benevolent societies as a visitor among the poor, and afterward opened an intelligence office. Mr. Alcott began his "Conversations," which furnished mental if not pecuniary resource, and were a means of escape from the sordid cares of life into the intellectual and speculative regions which he loved.

For the children the free, happy life of childhood had come to an end. Pent up in their small city quarters, they missed the range of the fields and woods, and, moreover, found themselves called upon to take part in the actual struggle for existence. Louisa resumed her diary in Boston, May, 1850. "Seventeen years have I lived, and yet so little do I know, and so much remains to be done before I begin to be what I desire—a truly good and useful woman." She bewails her shortcomings and temptations. "If I look in my glass, I try to keep down vanity about my long hair, my well-shaped head, and my good nose. In the street I try not to covet fine things. My quick tongue is always getting me into trouble, and my moodiness makes it hard to be cheerful when I think how poor we are, how much worry it is to live, and how many things I long to do I never can. So every day is a battle, and I 'm so tired I don't want to live; only it 's cowardly to die till you have done something." Strangely enough she heads this, "The Sentimental Period," and confides to us her romance, which dated from the reading of a book she found in Mr. Emerson's library,—none other than "The Correspondence of Goethe with a Child,"—which fired her with the desire to be a Bettine to her father's friend. "So I wrote letters to him, but never sent them; sat in a tall cherry tree at midnight, singing to the moon till the owls scared me to bed; left wild flowers on the doorstep of my 'Master,' and sung Mignon's song under his window in very bad German. Not till many years later," she says, "did I tell *my* Goethe of this early romance and the part he played in it. He was much amused, and begged for his letters, kindly saying he felt honored to be so worshiped. The letters were burnt long ago, but Emerson remained my 'Master' while he lived, doing more for me—as for many another—than he knew, by the simple beauty of his life, the truth and wisdom of his books, the example of a great, good man, untempted and unspoiled by the world which he made better while in it, and left richer and nobler when he went." But a still wilder vein of romance was her passion for the stage. From her childhood she had composed and acted plays; apparently she was not without dramatic talent, and she was seized now with the fever to become an actress—a great tragic actress. I "shall be a Siddons, if I can," writes the demure Puritan maiden, shrewdly saying, "I could make plenty of money perhaps, and it is a very gay life." But it is her prudent and sensible mother who dissuades her from it, knowing the other side of this "gay life," and realizing that her daughter's gifts were not sufficient to make her a really great actress. One of her plays, however, "The Rival Prima Donnas," was accepted by a leading manager. Owing to some difficulty, it was not brought out, but it procured for her a free pass to the theater, which was a source of never-failing delight.

In the mean while the hard realities of life,

the hand-to-hand struggle with poverty, had every day to be faced. The girls each did their part. "Anna and I taught," says Louisa; "Lizzie was our little housekeeper — our angel in a cellar-kitchen; May went to school; father wrote and talked when he could get classes and conversations." Poor as they were, their home was rich in love and happiness and in a practical charity which made it a refuge for those poorer than themselves — the friendless and the lost, whom Mr. and Mrs. Alcott took into their home without fear, satisfied that the children could not better learn the misery of sin and the habit of sympathy and help. Many a meal was shared — the comforts, and even the necessaries of life, sacrificed for those whose need was greater than their own. In a foot-note to the journal, at this time, Louisa says: "We had smallpox in the family this summer, caught from some poor immigrants whom mother took into our garden and fed one day. We girls had it lightly, but father and mother were very ill, and we had a curious time of exile, danger, and trouble. No doctors, and all got well." After the smallpox, Louisa started a little school, which kept her busy through the winter. In the evening, when her day's work was over, she sewed in order to add to her earnings. The school closed in the spring, and she engaged herself to go out to service with a relative "as second girl. I needed the change," she says; "could do the wash, and was glad to earn my $2 a week. Home in October with $34 for my wages." Then school again, month after month. Mrs. Alcott was occupied with boarders and sewing. Mr. Alcott went "West to try his luck — so poor, so hopeful, so serene," says Louisa. "In February father came home. . . . A dramatic scene when he arrived in the night. We were waked by hearing the bell. Mother flew down, crying 'My husband!' We rushed after, and five white figures embraced the half-frozen wanderer who came in hungry, tired, cold, and disappointed, but smiling bravely and as serene as ever. We fed and warmed and brooded over him, longing to ask if he had made any money, but not one did till little May said, after he had told all the pleasant things, 'Well, did people pay you?' Then with a queer look he opened his pocket-book and showed one dollar, saying with a smile that made our eyes fill, 'Only that! My overcoat was stolen, and I had to buy a shawl. Many promises were not kept, and traveling is costly; but I have opened the way, and another year shall do better.' I shall never forget how beautifully mother answered him, though the dear, hopeful soul had built much on his success; but with a beaming face she kissed him, saying, 'I call that doing *very well*. Since you are safely home, dear, we don't ask anything more.' Anna and I choked down our tears and took a little lesson in real love which we never forgot, nor the look that the tired man and the tender woman gave one another. It was half tragic and comic, for father was very dirty and sleepy, and mother in a big nightcap and funny old jacket." So the brave girl looks on and learns the best that life can teach, plucking up spirit and hope where many another would despond, and shouldering the burden more courageously than ever. "I am grubbing away as usual," she says, "trying to get money enough to buy mother a nice warm shawl." She counts up her earnings — eleven dollars in all, five for a story, and four for a pile of sewing which she sat up all night to finish. She buys a crimson ribbon to trim a bonnet for May, the youngest sister, for whom the finery seems always reserved, a new gown for "good little Betty, who is wearing all the old gowns"; and for her father new neckties and some paper, so that "he can keep on with the beloved diaries though the heavens fall."

Thus passed the years of first youth — no gilded years for her, but full of "hard facts, irksome duties, many temptations, and the daily sacrifice of self," accepted at the time without bitterness or complaint, and, later on, as the schooling of the spirit which had taught her "the sweet uses of adversity, the value of honest work, the beautiful law of compensation, which gives more than it takes, and the real significance of life." Disdaining no service however humble which fell to her lot, she was gradually drifting towards her true vocation. She was now twenty-two, but from childhood she had written poems, stories, and plays of a melodramatic type, among them a "Bandit's Bride," and "The Captive of Castile; or, the Moorish Maiden's Vow." One of her stories had already been published, and now, under the title of "Flower Fables," she published a little collection of tales written by her at sixteen for Mr. Emerson's daughter Ellen. The book had quite a little success. The edition of sixteen hundred sold well, and she received $32. From this time she was seldom without literary work of some kind. She wrote book-notices and poems for the papers, and planned stories, which she worked at when she could, in the intervals of school, sewing, and housework. Her winter's earnings are, school $50, sewing $50, stories $20 — "if I am ever paid," she adds. But evidently her spirits do not flag with all these exertions. She is again negotiating to have her play brought out, goes all over the great new theater, she says, and dances a jig on the immense stage. "In the eve I saw La Grange as *Norma*. . . . Quite stage-struck, and imagined myself in her place, with white robes and oak-leaf crown." Besides the excite-

ment of the theater, she enjoyed all the best lectures and readings that Boston then afforded — heard Emerson and Lowell, Thackeray, Dickens, and Mrs. Kemble. Theodore Parker befriended and encouraged her. She went to his Sunday evening receptions, where she had a glimpse of the celebrities of the day — Phillips, Garrison, Sumner, and the rest. She shyly sits in a corner and listens, but Mr. Parker comes up to her, and with a word and a warm hand-shake leaves her both proud and happy, "though I have my trials," she says. "He is like a great fire where all can come and be warmed and comforted." January, 1857, at the age of twenty-four, she chronicles her first new silk dress — a New Year's gift, in which she felt very fine, going to two parties in it on New Year's eve. In October of the same year Mr. Alcott decides to go back to Concord, in order to be near Mr. Emerson, "the one true friend," says his daughter, "who loves and understands and helps him." Throughout the volume nothing is more touching than the relation between Mr. Emerson and the Alcotts. On one occasion Louisa relates how her father had four talks at Mr. Emerson's house, where he made $30. "R. W. E. probably put in $20," she adds. "He has a sweet way of bestowing gifts on the table under a book, or behind a candlestick, when he thinks father wants a little money and no one will help him earn." With some money of Mrs. Alcott's a picturesque old house near the Emersons' was bought, known as Orchard House, which became the permanent home of the Alcotts. While making it ready to occupy they hired part of a house in the village, and here in the following spring occurred the first break in the family, the death of the younger sister, Elizabeth, from the effects of scarlet fever caught two years before from some poor children whom her mother had nursed. Very pathetic is the record of that illness and passing away. The family all seem to draw together. Mr. Alcott returns from the West, where he has gone on another venture. Louisa gives up everything to devote herself to the sufferer. "Sad, quiet days in her room," she says, "and strange nights keeping up the fire and watching the dear little shadow try to wile away the long, sleepless hours without troubling me. She sews, reads, sings softly, and lies looking at the fire — so sweet, and patient, and so worn, my heart is broken to see the change. . . . Dear little saint! I shall be better all my life for these sad hours with you. . . . March 14. My dear Beth died at three this morning after two years of patient pain. Last week she put her work away, saying the needle was 'too heavy,' and, having given us her few possessions, made ready for the parting in her own simple, quiet way. For two days she suffered much, begging for ether, though its effect was gone. Tuesday she lay in father's arms, and called us round her, smiling contentedly as she said, 'All here!' I think she bid us good-by then, as she held our hands and kissed us tenderly. Saturday she slept, and at midnight became unconscious, quietly breathing her life away till three; then with one last look of the beautiful eyes, she was gone. . . . On Monday Dr. Huntington read the chapel service, and we sang her favorite hymn. Mr. Emerson, Henry Thoreau, Sanborn, and John Pratt carried her out of the old home to the new one at Sleepy Hollow chosen by herself. So the first break comes, and I know what death means — a liberator for her, a teacher for us. . . . Death never seemed terrible to me, and now is beautiful; so I cannot fear it, but find it friendly and wonderful."

Back to life again, however, with a greater rush than before. The elder sister Anna becomes engaged to Mr. Pratt. Louisa goes for a visit to Boston, where she "saw Charlotte Cushman, and had a stage-struck fit." She had serious thoughts again of going on the stage, and even agreed to appear as "The Widow Pottle." "The dress was a good disguise," she says, "and I knew the part well. It was all a secret, and I had hopes of trying a new life; the old one being so changed now, I felt as if I must find interest in something absorbing." But the manager broke his leg, and she had to give it up; "and when it was known," she adds, not without a touch of mischief, "the dear, respectable relations were horrified at the idea. I 'll try again by-and-by, and see if I have the gift. Perhaps it is acting, not writing, I 'm meant for. Nature must have a vent somehow." But there is no mention of it again, and probably from this time all hopes of such a career were definitely abandoned. She returned to Concord and worked off her stage fever in writing a story called, "Only an Actress." "I have plans simmering," she says, "but must sweep, and dust, and wash my dishpans a while longer, till I see my way."

In July the family took possession of Orchard House, and, after seeing them comfortably installed, Louisa went off to Boston again in search of employment. And now we have hint of a dark hour — so dark, according to her biographer, that "as she walked over the mill-dam the running stream brought the thought of the River of Death, which would end all troubles." But she conquered herself with the thought that there must be work for her somewhere, and that it was "cowardly to run away before the battle was over." Mr. Parker's words on Sunday again cheered and helped her. "Trust your fellow-beings," he said, "and let

them help you. Don't be too proud to ask and accept the humblest work till you can find the task you want." So she took up life again, "teaching, writing, sewing, getting what I can from lectures, books, and good people. Life is my college," she says. "May I graduate well and earn some honors!"

A happy event in the spring is the marriage of her sister Anna, at Concord, of which she gives a bright account. "A lovely day; the house full of sunshine, flowers, friends, and happiness. . . . the old folks danced round the bridal pair on the lawn in the German fashion, making a pretty picture to remember, under our Revolutionary elm. . . . Mr. Emerson kissed her [the bride]; and I thought that honor would make even matrimony endurable, for he is the god of my idolatry and has been for years."

It would require no great penetration, even if she did not confess it herself, to discover that Miss Alcott was not disturbed by any sentimental proclivities or longings. Her heart was like a clear crystal well, reflecting the calm family affections, the free, active, and yet contained existence that is equal to its own needs and the needs of others. The supreme event of most women's lives, either as an ideal or a reality — marriage — had no hold upon her, and gave no color to her life or her imaginings. As she says herself, it is a boy's spirit that beats within her breast, and that leaps high now at a new and stirring call. Heroic times have come. The year 1861 brings the war; Miss Alcott says: "I like the stir in the air, and long for battle like a war-horse when he smells powder." "I 've often longed to see a war," she says again, "and now I have my wish." As she can't fight she offers her services as a nurse, and starts off for the Union Hospital, Georgetown, in the December twilight, feeling as if she were the son of the house going to war. "A most interesting journey into a new world, full of stirring sights and sounds, new adventures, and an ever-growing sense of the great task I had undertaken. I said my prayers as I went rushing through the country white with tents, all alive with patriotism, and already red with blood. A solemn time, but I 'm glad to live in it, and am sure it will do me good, whether I come out alive or dead." In January she writes: "I never began the year in a stranger place than this — five hundred miles from home, alone, among strangers, doing painful duties all day long, and leading a life of constant excitement in this great house, surrounded by three or four hundred men in all stages of suffering, disease, and death." She had evidently a talent for nursing, and loved it. Though often homesick and worn out, she found real pleasure in tending and cheering the poor souls who seemed so docile and grateful, and many of them truly lovable and manly. She speaks especially of one,—"the prince of patients," she calls him,— a Virginia blacksmith, "about thirty, I think, tall and handsome, mortally wounded, and dying royally without reproach, repining, or remorse." After a while she took night-work, which she liked, as it gave her time for a morning run on the hills. "I trot up and down the streets in all directions," she says, "sometimes to the Heights, then half-way to Washington, again to the hill, over which the long trains of army wagons are constantly vanishing and ambulances appearing. That way the fighting lies, and I long to follow." But before the end of six weeks she was attacked with symptoms of typhoid pneumonia. She refused to give up at first, but finally, without her knowledge, her father was telegraphed for, and she was taken home, already in the delirium of fever. For three weeks she lay unconscious and at the point of death. When she recovered her senses she found herself quite another person. She did not know herself when she looked in the glass. Her beautiful hair, a yard and a half long, had to be cut off. When she tried to walk she cried because she found that her legs would n't go. She slowly convalesced in the spring, but never fully recovered her former health and strength. But the old life had to be taken up. Money was wanted, and she wrote hospital sketches, which, to her surprise, made a great hit, and showed her the vein in which she should excel. She also worked over her novel of "Moods," which, after careful revision and correction, was finally published, and attracted much notice. She was steadily growing into popularity, and her dreams seemed about to be fulfilled. But she was doomed to longer trials and struggles. The stories which were most in demand and paid best were sensational stories which she looked upon as "rubbish," but which were easily despatched, and kept the family comfortable. She could not always rise out of her depression, and writes with discouragement: "A dull, heavy month, grubbing in the kitchen, sewing, cleaning house, and trying to like my duty." Greatly feeling the need of change and relaxation, she took advantage of an opportunity which offered to go abroad, where she remained for a little over a year. On her return, she plunged into literary work more violently than ever, for the family were in arrears again. She agreed to write a fifty-dollar tale once a month, to do editorial work on a magazine, and furnish other stories, long and short, one of which, in twenty-four chapters, one hundred and eighty-five pages, she wrote in a fortnight, "besides work, sewing, nursing, and company."

Among other offers, the firm of Roberts Brothers made the request for a girls' book.

She meekly said she would try to write one, although she did not enjoy the task. "Never liked girls," she says, "or knew many, except my sisters; but our queer plays and experiences may prove interesting, though I doubt it." This was the origin of "Little Women," which was published in October, 1868. Before the month was over the first edition was gone, and one called for in London. Says her biographer: "Already twenty-one years have passed, and another generation has come up since she published this book, yet it still commands a steady sale." Nor is its success confined to this country. It has been "translated into French, German, and Dutch, and has become familiarly known in England and on the Continent." Inspired by her success, Miss Alcott began at once the sequel to "Little Women," which she finished in two months — so full of her work, she says, that she could not stop to eat or sleep. "Girls write to ask who the little women marry, as if that was the only end and aim of a woman's life!" she indignantly exclaims. She receives notes asking for pictures, autograph, family history, and more books at once, for Louisa Alcott was now a celebrity. People came to stare at her. "Reporters haunt the place to look at the authoress, who dodges into the woods *à la* Hawthorne" to escape. But the stress has been too much for her, and her health gives way completely. "Headaches, cough, and weariness" keep her from working, as she once could, fourteen hours a day. She writes the conclusion to "The Old-Fashioned Girl," "with left hand in a sling, one foot up, head aching, and no voice." Such conditions as these could not endure, and another visit abroad was planned with her sister May, who was studying to be an artist. While in Rome they had news of the death of their brother-in-law, Mr. Pratt, which was a great shock to them both. Taking upon herself, as usual, the cares and responsibilities of the family, Miss Alcott began at once to write "Little Men," in order to provide support for her sister and the boys, "to whom I must be a father now," she says. The book was published the very day she arrived home some months later. A great red placard announcing it was pinned up in the carriage, and fifty thousand copies already sold. She proudly writes in her diary: "Twenty years ago I resolved to make the family independent if I could. At forty that is done. Debts all paid, even the outlawed ones, and we have enough to be comfortable. It has cost me my health, perhaps; but as I still live, there is more for me to do, I suppose." And so she sets new tasks for herself, furnishing book after book in order to meet the eager demands of her publishers. Each of her volumes provides some added comfort or ease for her family. With $1000 she sends May off to London again to complete her art education. Another sum of $4500 goes to buy a new home for her widowed sister and the boys. "So she has *her* wish," writes Louisa, "and is happy. When shall I have mine? Ought to be contented with knowing I help both sisters by my brains. But I 'm selfish, and want to go away and rest in Europe. Never shall." On the contrary, more trials await her, and the shadow of a great sorrow had already fallen. Her mother's health, which had long been failing, began rapidly to decline. Louisa took charge of the nursing, fell desperately ill herself, and feared to go before her mother, "but pulled through, and got up slowly to help her die." November 25, 1877, Mrs. Alcott fell quietly asleep in her daughter's arms, looking up at her with a smile and calling her "mother." "I was so glad," says Louisa, "when the last weary breath was drawn, and silence came, with its rest and peace. . . . Quiet days afterward, resting in her rest. My duty is done, and now I shall be glad to follow her. . . . I never wish her back, but a great warmth seems gone out of my life, and there is no motive to go on now. . . . I think I shall soon follow her, and am quite ready to go now she no longer needs me." Very beautiful is her poem in memory of her mother.

TRANSFIGURATION.

MYSTERIOUS Death! who in a single hour
Life's gold can so refine,
And by thy art divine
Change mortal weakness to immortal power!

. . . . . .

Age, pain, and sorrow dropped the veils they wore,
And showed the tender eyes
Of angels in disguise,
Whose discipline so patiently she bore.

. . . . . .

Faith that withstood the shocks of toil and time;
Hope that defied despair;
Patience that conquered care;
And loyalty, whose courage was sublime;

. . . . . .

The Spartan spirit that made life so grand,
Mating poor daily needs
With high, heroic deeds,
That wrested happiness from Fate's hard hand.

We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,
Full of the grateful peace
That follows her release;
For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

O noble woman! never more a queen
Than in the laying down
Of scepter and of crown
To win a greater kingdom, yet unseen;

Teaching us how to seek the highest goal,
To earn the true success,—
To live, to love, to bless,—
And make Death proud to take a royal soul.

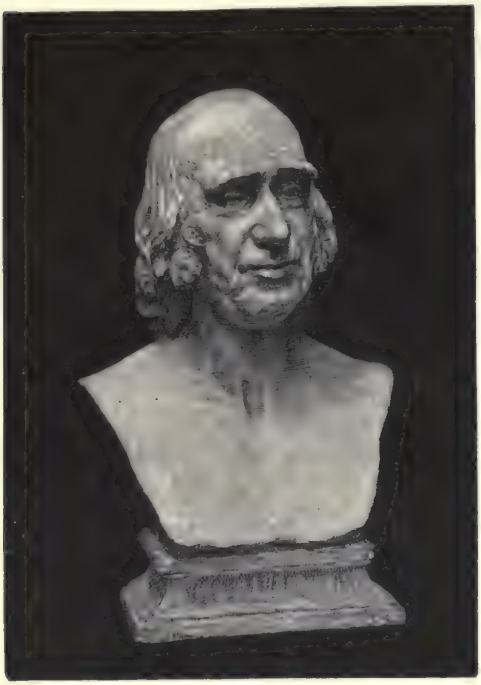
LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, BOSTON.)

Close upon the death of the mother came the marriage of May in London to Ernest Nieriker, a young Swiss, cultivated and artistic. They settled in Paris, and May's happy letters give a glimpse of a charming home and "an ideal life with painting, music, love, and the world shut out." For the first time Louisa's own heart utters a cry: "How different our lives are just now! I so lonely, sad, and sick; she so happy, well, and blest." The year passes. "I dawdle about," she says, "and wait to see if I am to live or die. If I live, it is for some new work. I wonder what? . . . So ends 1878, a great contrast to last December. Then I thought I was done with life; now I can enjoy a good deal, and wait to see what I am spared to do. Thank God for both the sorrow and the joy." But a crushing blow was in store for her now. In November a little girl was born to May. All went well at first. Then came forebodings. "May not doing well. The weight on my heart is not all imagination. She was too happy to have it last, and I fear the end is coming. . . . Wednesday, December 31. A dark day for us. A telegram from Ernest to Mr. Emerson tells us May is dead. . . . I was alone when Mr. Emerson came. Ernest sent to him, knowing I was feeble, and hoping Mr. Emerson would soften the blow. I found him looking at May's portrait, pale and tearful, with the paper in his hand. 'My child, I wish I could prepare you; but alas, alas!' Then his voice failed, and he gave me the telegram. I was not surprised, and read the hard words as if I knew it all before. 'I am prepared,' I said, and thanked him. He was much moved and very tender. I shall remember gratefully the look, the grasp, the tears he gave me; and I am sure that hard moment was made bearable by the presence of this our best and tenderest friend."

Of all the trials of her life, Miss Alcott says she found this the hardest to bear, perhaps on account of her feeble health; nor could she understand why May should be taken when life was richest, and she be left, who had done her task and could well be spared. Letters came, telling the whole sad story. May had prepared for death. "If I die when baby comes," she wrote, "remember I have been so unspeakably happy for a year that I ought to be content." Louisa was to have her baby and her pictures. "A very precious legacy! Rich payment for the little I could do for her!" The box arrived with pictures, clothes, vases, ornaments, a little work-basket, and a lock of May's pretty hair tied with blue ribbon—"all that is now left us of this bright soul but the baby, soon to come." In the autumn the baby arrived, and Miss Alcott took it to her heart as her very own, for through her whole life this was the relation that appealed to her most strongly. She was always the caretaker, the protector. To her own mother she had been the mother, to each of her sisters in turn, and even to her nephews, and now more than ever to this motherless child, who from the first nestled in her arms and looked up to her for a mother's love. Miss Alcott threw herself into her new charge with all the passionate devotion of which she was capable. "My life is absorbed in my baby," she writes. And again: "I often go at night to

see if she is really *here*, and the sight of the little head is like sunshine to me. . . . When I hold my Lulu I feel as if even death had its compensations. A new world for me."

April 27, 1882, occurred the death of Mr. Emerson. Louisa pays him her last tribute. "Our best and greatest American gone. The nearest and dearest friend father has ever had,



A. BRONSON ALCOTT. (AFTER A BUST BY D. C. FRENCH.)

and the man who has helped me most by his life, his books, his society. I can never tell all he has been to me — from the time I sang Mignon's song under his window (a little girl) and wrote letters *à la* Bettine to him, my Goethe at fifteen, up through my hard years, when his essays on Self-Reliance, Character, Compensation, Love, and Friendship, helped me to understand myself and life and God and Nature. Illustrious and beloved friend, good-by!"

In the autumn of the same year Mr. Alcott was stricken with paralysis, from which he only partly recovered to be tended and lovingly provided for by the ever-watchful Louisa. Enfeebled, indeed completely broken down, by overwork and exertion, she yet feels the need to write and respond to the calls made upon her. She has attacks of vertigo and sleepless nights, her head working like a steam-engine, planning "Jo's Boys" to the end. The doctor wisely agrees to let her write half an hour a day. "Rebellious brains want to be attended to," she says, "or trouble comes." The records in the Journal are more and more scant. She chronicles the birthdays, her father's and her own, which fall on the same day: "Nov. 29. Father eighty-five. L. M. A. fifty-two."

July, 1886, closes the Journal. Unable to write or even to read, she busied herself for the most part with fancy work, making flowers and pen-wipers for her friends. Her father was also rapidly failing. She could not now be with him, but visited him when she was able. In March she drove to see him for the last time. Entering the carriage, she forgot to put on her fur wrap, and the following day was seized with violent pain in the head, which the doctor at once pronounced serious. The trouble increased, and "at 3.30 P. M., March 6, 1888, she passed quietly on to the rest which she so much needed," not knowing that her father had already preceded her. She had made all her preparations, meeting death as she had met life, with composure and self-possession — ready at any call, and "not wanting to live if she could not be of use." "The friends of the family," says Mrs. Cheney, "who gathered to pay their last tribute of respect and love to the aged father were met at the threshold by the startling intelligence, 'Louisa Alcott is dead,' and a deeper sadness fell upon every heart. The old patriarch had gone to his rest in the fullness of time, 'corn ripe for the sickle,' but few realized how entirely his daughter had worn out her earthly frame. . . . Her body was carried to Concord and placed in the beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, where her dearest ones were already laid to rest. 'Her boys' went beside her as a guard of honor, and stood around, as she was placed across the feet of father, mother, and sister, "that she might take care of them as she had done all her life."

"Faithful unto death" may be written of this devoted soul to whom the thought of self seems never to have occurred. In the presence of so admirable a life we must pause in silence and respect, and weigh well our words if we would even give a hint of what might seem like disparagement or criticism. But we can only do justice to so genuine and direct a character as Miss Alcott by directness and sincerity on our part as well. We can only truly measure the full worth and meaning of such a life by an earnest effort to understand and to explain its underlying principles, which may at the same time lay bare its limitations. So sturdy and practical a will, so firm a grasp on reality, so determined and even conscious a reaction against the exaggerations of idealism, made her the excellent, helpful woman that she was, but also, perhaps, prevented the higher flight, the "*élan*" which might have borne her still more aloft, within sight of illumined and infinite horizons. A greater power of imagination might have made her more restless, more sensitive

to the ruggedness of her lot, but at the same time it might have given wings to her feet and kindled that ardor and glow which make of self-sacrifice a beacon-light. Doubtless the fault lies greatly in ourselves, who are more slack of fiber, less drilled and less sustained than she was, that we are not more fired by her example, more stimulated by the story of her struggles and reward. But while we are necessarily aware of the deep spiritual life which was the source of so much energy and self-surrender, we are too persistently reminded of the material results — the money earned from her "brains," the comfort and freedom purchased for her family, rather than of the clearer insight gained, the indwelling satisfaction and repose, the vistas and heights whereto we also may aspire. Strangely enough, in her works, which are the counterpart of her life, her defect becomes a merit, and accounts for their phenomenal success. What was it in Miss Alcott's books that surprised and delighted the children of a score of years ago, and that still holds its charm for the childhood of to-day? Was it a new world that she discovered — a fairy-land of imagination and romance, peopled by heroes and enchanted beings? Far from it. It was the literal, homespun, child's world of to-day; the common air and skies, the common life of every New England boy and girl, such as she knew it; the daily joys and cares, the games and romps and jolly companions — all the actuality and detail of familiar and accustomed things which children love. For children are born realists, who delight in the marvelous simply because for them the marvelous is no less real than the commonplace, and is accepted just as unconditionally. Miss Alcott met the children on their own plane, gravely discussed their problems, and adopted their point of view, drawing in no wise upon her invention or imagination, but upon the facts of her own memory and experience. Whether or not the picture, so true to the life, as she had lived it, will remain true and vital for all times cannot now be determined. For the literature of children, no less than for our own, a higher gift may be needed; more finish, and less of the "rough-and-ready" of every-day habit and existence; above all, perhaps, a larger generalization and suggestion, and the touch of things unseen as well as things familiar.

But whatever the fate of her books, Miss Alcott deserves the niche she has won, and the monument built for her in the record of a life which is a protest against the doubts of the age — the fear that duty may have lost its sway and character its foundation, and that happiness is the sole measure and rule of living.

Josephine Lazarus.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. (AFTER A BUST BY W. RICKERSON.)

ALONG THE BOULEVARD IN SOFIA.

A BULGARIAN OPERA BOUFFE.

I.

HE was a small waiter with a slightly bald head, and of no very pronounced nationality, and he spoke the fag-ends of five or six languages, one of which, I was delighted to find, was my own.

PRINCE FERDINAND.

These fragments he hurled continuously at other waiters of more pronounced nationalities — French, German, Hungarian, and the like — who were serving little groups of Turks, Russians, and Bulgarians scattered about the coffee-room.

Directly opposite me hung a half-length portrait of a broad-shouldered young soldier bristling with decorations, his firmly set features surmounted by a military cap.

"Is that a portrait of the prince?" I asked.

The man of many tongues stopped, looked at the chromo for an instant as though trying to remember to which one of the late princes I had referred, and then said blandly:

"Yes, monsieur; the present king; Prince Ferdinand."

"Is he now in Sofia?"

The slightly bald attendant elevated his eyebrows with a look of profound astonishment.

"Here? No, monsieur."

"He has really run away, then?"

The eyebrows fell, and a short, pudgy finger was laid warningly against his lips.

"Monsieur, nobody runs in Sofia. His Majesty is believed to be in a monastery."

"Yes; so they tell me. But will he ever come back?"

The man stopped, gazed about him furtively, refilled my glass, bending so low that his lips almost touched my ear, and then whispered, with a half-laugh:

"God knows."

I was not surprised. All Europe at that precise moment was straining its ear to catch a more definite answer. The conundrum was still going the rounds of the diplomats, and the successful guesser was yet to be heard from.

All that was positively known concerning his imperial highness was that several weeks prior to the time of this writing he had left his palace at Sofia,— within musketshot of where I sat, — and, attended by a few personal friends, had taken the midnight express to Vienna. From Vienna he had gone to Carlsbad, where for several consecutive weeks he had subjected his royal person to as many indoor baths and as much outdoor exercise as would entirely eradicate the traces of gout and other princely evils absorbed by his kingship during his few years' stay in the capital of the Bulgarians.

This done, he had visited his relatives in different parts of Europe; held midnight conferences in Vienna, now with his mother, Princess Clementine, now with the representatives of his uncle, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, and again with the Austrian authorities.

All this time the air had been full of the rumor of his abdication. The Russian ambassador at the court of Paris, Baron Mohrenheim, in an interview granted to the Paris correspondent of a St. Petersburg paper, insisted that there was no doubt that Ferdinand had quitted Bulgaria for good, "his life there being in constant danger." While the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, Herr von Radowitz, was reported to have advised the Porte to postpone taking action on the Bulgarian Note for the present, hinting at the imminent retirement of the reigning prince, and a consequent solution of impending difficulties more in harmony with the purport of the Berlin Treaty.

These announcements continued, and with such persistency that the Bulgarian prime minister, M. Stamboloff, deemed it necessary to telegraph to a newspaper correspondent, "The rumors of the prince's intended abdication are pure fabrications."

More emphatic still was Ferdinand's own manifesto, issued through the columns of the Carlsbad "Temps," to the effect that "while there is a great national effervescence going on at this moment in Bulgaria, the Bulgarians are, nevertheless, free, and will welcome me back with rejoicings."

It was remarked, however, by the thoughtful that the prince made no statement as to the precise date of his return, or, in fact, as to whether it would ever please his highness to return at all.

Some idea of the "effervescence" through which the prince's adopted country was then passing may be gathered from two published statements in the Paris edition of the "Herald": the first by M. Petko Karaveloff, President of the Council of Ministers of Bulgaria during the Servian war. M. Karaveloff says:

"The men who are now in power care little about the future of their country. They have no time for such an unimportant matter as the fatherland. Perhaps they are aware that five years hence their names will never be mentioned among us except with execration, and that they will be living in exile as disgraced and unworthy citizens. At present they are exclusively engaged in exploiting M. de Cobourg [Prince Ferdinand] and robbing the coffers of the country.

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE, MOTHER OF FERDINAND.

"A great disaster to the country, the purchase of the seventy thousand Mannlicher rifles from Austria, was a good stroke of business for M. Stamboloff. His little commission amounted to 320,000 francs. M. Toncheff, Minister of Justice, and Dr. Stransky, Minister of Foreign Affairs, his own colleagues, admitted in my presence that the premier took this enormous *pot de vin*. Should they have the audacity to deny the charge, which I now for the first time make public, I will confront them with convincing proof.

"These men have only time to look after their own interests. Patriots of all parties must look on powerless, and watch Bulgaria drifting hopelessly into troubled waters."

The second statement is from M. Radoslavoff, who was prime minister down to the accession of Ferdinand, and who was, and now is, the editor of the "Narodny Prava" ("National Rights"), a journal which always appears with big white spots where the government censor has made erasures.

"My paper has been going two years and four months," said M. Radoslavoff, "and dur-

ing this period ten of my editors have been sent to jail for terms amounting in all to 162 years. M. Peter Doneff, the responsible editor, was sentenced to twenty-three years' imprisonment, but after a year and a half he was pardoned by the prince. At present three of our editors are in jail — M. Evan Georgrieff and M. Stoianoff at Stamkoff, where they each have four more years to serve, and M. Voutsko Sot-

S. Stamboloff

iros, who is incarcerated here in Sofia, where he will have to remain two years and six months longer.

"During our journalistic career of two years and four months the paper has been brought to trial on sixty-eight separate occasions. We have tried to publish 400 times. We have only succeeded in getting out 160 issues. In no single instance has our original impression been allowed to stand unchanged by the authorities. Since January 20 last, when, in order to suppress and conceal from Europe the indignation of the Bulgarian nation over the arrest and mock trial of Major Panitza, the preventive censorship was inaugurated by Stamboloff, not so many of our editors have been sent to jail, — only about fifty per cent.,— because their articles are not allowed to appear.

"Everything is done to hinder and hamper the appearance of the paper, in the hope that it will be given up in despair, and this would have been the case long ago were it not that the articles are written, the type set, and the distribution made, by patriots who ask for no remuneration."

It was while this political "effervescence," as the prince was pleased to call it, continued that the royal liver grew torpid enough to demand a change of air. This torpidity lasted, in fact, long after the change had been made, and long after the Carlsbad doctors had pronounced the diseased organ cured. Talleyrand tried the same experiment with similar results nearly a century before.

Then one day the prince turned up serenely on the slopes of the mountains, dismounted like a weary knight, and knocked for admission at the monastery at Ryllo.

It was here that my waiter had located him.

Being myself a wanderer in this part of the world, with an eye for the unexpected and the picturesque, and anxious to learn the exact situation in Bulgaria, I had hurried on from Budapest, and at high noon on a broiling August day had arrived at a way station located in the midst of a vast sandy plain. This station the conductor informed me was Sofia. Following my traps through a narrow door guarded by a couple of soldiers, I delivered up my ticket and passport, crept under a heap of dust propped up on wheels and drawn by three horses abreast with chair-backs over their hames, waited until a Turk, two greasy Roumanians,— overcoated in sheepskins wrong side out,— and a red-necktied priest had squeezed in beside me; and then started off in a full gallop to a town two miles away. Our sudden exodus obliterated the station in a cloud of dust through which the Constantinople express could be seen slowly feeling its way.

The interview with the waiter occurred within an hour of my arrival.

Half an hour later I was abroad in the streets of Sofia armed with such information as I had gathered from my obsequious attendant.

In the king's absence I would call upon the members of the cabinet.

It did not take me many hours to discover that his Excellency M. Stamboloff, Minister President, was away on a visit, presumably at Philippopolis; that the Minister of Justice, M. Salabashoff, had resigned a short time before; that Doctor Stransky, Minister of Foreign Affairs, had followed suit, the portfolios of both being still unassigned; that the Minister of Finance was in Varna, and Colonel Moutkourov, the Minister of War, in Vienna. In fact, not a single member of the Bulgarian Government from the king down was to be found at the capital. The Bulgarian Government had apparently absconded. Not a member, not a representative, was to be found, unless a gimlet-eyed man of about forty, with a forbidding countenance, a flat military cap, and a tight-fitting white surtout incrusted with

A STREET IN SOFIA.

gilt buttons, who answered as prefect of police, might be so considered.

I ran up against this gentleman before I quitted the palace grounds. He had already run up against me at the station on my arrival, — as I afterward discovered, — and had entered me as a suspicious character at sight.

In five minutes he had bored me so full of questions that I became as transparent as my passport, which he held up to the light so that he could read its water-mark. Next he went through my sketch-book page by page, and finally through all my letters until he came to one bearing at its top the image of the American eagle and at its bottom the superscription of one of its secretaries, answering for my sobriety, honesty, and industry; whereupon he waved me to the door with full permission to roam and sketch at my will. Then he put a special detective on my track, who never took his eyes from me during any one of my waking hours.

I did not ask this potentate whether the prince was coming back. I did not consider it an opportune moment.

Neither did I discuss with him the present condition of Bulgaria, there being nothing in the cut of his coat — nor of his eye, for that matter — to indicate his present political views. He might have been an adherent of the prince, or a believer in Panitza, or a minion of Stamboloff, or he might have been so evenly balanced on the edge of events as to be all three or none.

Nor did I explain to him how grieved I was that his present lords and masters should have seen fit to absent themselves just at the precise moment when their combined presence would have been so agreeable to me. I had really crossed desert wastes to study their complicated comedy, and now all the principal actors were out of town.

A REHEARSAL of the preceding acts of this play may be of use to the better understanding of the whole drama as it was then being developed in Bulgaria. It is not heroic; it cannot even be called romantic, this spectacle in which three millions of souls are seen hunting about Europe for a sovereign — a sort of still-hunt resulting in the capture of two kings in four years, with hopes of bagging a protector or a president before the fifth is out. But to the play itself.

At present in Bulgaria there are, first, the Russophiles, who, as Petko Karaveloff says, "pray for the time when Bulgaria shall march into Salonica, while Russia marches into Constantinople," and who believe the Czar to be their natural friend and ally, with the only hope of settled peace in his protectorate. Secondly, the loyal oppositionists, headed by M. Radoslavoff, who would support the prince with certain concessions, but who detest his advisers. And thirdly, the sympathizers of Major Panitza, the murdered patriot, who was "shot" — so ran a proclamation a week old, patches of which were still pointed out to me decorating the walls of the king's palace — "by the order of the bloodthirsty Ferdinand, the scoundrel Stamboloff, and the 'Vaurien' Moutkourov."

The most active and aggressive of all these "traitors," as Stamboloff calls them, are the friends of Major Panitza. Their sympathy is not to be wondered at, for the circumstances surrounding Panitza's arrest and execution had not only been horrifying to his friends, but to many of his enemies as well; and all had been shocked at the brutal haste with which the death penalty had been inflicted.

This young officer, a devoted adherent of Prince Alexander, had served with distinction in the Servian war, having led one of the famous charges at Slivnitza. After the abdication of Alexander and the accession of Prince Ferdinand, he had taken the oath of fealty to the new régime, although he had never been a warm admirer of the prince. Becoming rest-

MAJOR PANITZA.

less under what he considered the despotism of Stamboloff,— a man whom he knew thoroughly, being his own relative,— and believing that the only salvation for his country lay in Russian interference, he had joined hands with a Russian spy, Kolobkoff, in fomenting discord in the army. Unluckily, his own letters, carrying unmistakable evidence of the plot, fell into the hands of Stamboloff himself, resulting in his immediate arrest, trial, and condemnation by court martial. In consideration, however, of his former distinguished services to the state, the court urgently recommended the commutation of his sentence to banishment or imprisonment.

It is greatly to the credit of Prince Ferdinand that he was strongly inclined to grant the appeal and to spare Panitza. He, in fact, held out for more than a week against the combined assaults of Stamboloff and his brother-in-law, Moutkourov,— then Minister of War,— and it was not until his prime minister threatened the resignation of the entire cabinet that he finally yielded. There is even a story current that when this threat failed Stamboloff followed the king to Lom Palanka with the death-warrant in his hand, and that when he still hesitated that implacable dictator remarked sententiously:

"Sire, Major Panitza dies on the morrow. If you continue to object, there is one thing we can always do for your Majesty — we can always buy you a first-class ticket to Vienna."

The next morning at ten o'clock a close carriage containing a priest, a gendarme, and the condemned man was driven from the house of detention to the summer encampment, two miles outside of Sofia. The whole garrison was drawn up. Panitza walked with a firm step to a designated tree,[1] saluting the officers as he passed. When a sergeant stepped forward to blindfold him, he caught the handkerchief from his hand. Then, with a cry that rang through the camp of "Long live Bulgaria!" he fell, pierced with twenty-one bullets.

So perished a gallant young soldier whose only crime, viewed in the light of the unrecognized government then assuming to rule Bulgaria, seems to have been his disagreement with the present political views of M. Stamboloff.

In view of these and preceding events it must not, however, be thought that the fortunes of Ferdinand and his prime minister are identical. If the prince is playing king in Bulgaria because he loves the sense of power,— and it is exceedingly difficult to believe that he can have any other motive,— it is still true that Stamboloff is manager and holds the box-office, and that he is likely to change the "star" whenever it pleases his fancy; provided, of course, the Bulgarian audiences still come to the play. In other words, provided the various factions struggling to get control do not break up the theater and throw the company and the properties into the street.

It is also equally true that M. Stefan Stamboloff is to-day by far the most commanding personality in his country. Never a soldier, and always a politician, with only three years' schooling at Odessa, he became when hardly grown a Russian correspondent, and for some years thereafter a Russian agent. Rising rapidly by his own force of character, he was appointed a regent by Alexander when he abdicated, and now when only thirty-six years of age occupies more of the nervous attention

[1] This tree has since been carried off piecemeal, cut to its very roots by admirers of Panitza.

of the governments of eastern Europe than any other one man west of the Bosphorus.

Stamboloff's plan for governing was simple and to the point. It called for five millions of rubles and a king. Who this king might be, or where he should hail from, was a matter of detail. Anybody but a Russian or a Turk would do. And so numerous offers were made in a confidential way to various gentlemen who thought they had an especial, divine gift for reigning, and who lacked the opportunity only because of the depleted condition of their bank accounts. At last a fond and ambitious mother and an obliging son with an almost unlimited reserve fund — unlimited for the ordinary needs of life — took the bait.

MARRIAGE COSTUME OF A BULGARIAN PEASANT.

It was not, however, a harmonious family arrangement; for it was well known that the young prince's uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, did what he could to prevent the final agreement; he being an older and wiser diplomat, and having had a long and varied experience in the ups and downs of several see-saw governments. Among other things, the duke boldly stated that it was only a question of money with the Bulgarian regents, and that Ferdinand would leave the throne when his guldens were gone, as Alexander had left, to whom the Bulgarian Government then owed three millions of francs. The duke's prophecy is not yet fulfilled. If, however, the statement of reliable Bulgarians is to be taken, a very considerable portion of Ferdinand's private estate (variously estimated at from one-half to all of it) has already been absorbed.

There were, of course, cogent reasons for these drafts on the king's exchequer, so the cabinet said. The army was to be re-armed and clothed, an important railroad built, and a thousand and one improvements made. The money, of course, would be returned. This schedule has been literally carried out, — except the money item, — if not to the benefit of Bulgaria herself, certainly to the depletion of the prince's bank-account.

Among these schemes the beautifying of the capital was the most seductive. Streets were to be opened, and trees planted, and flowers made to bloom. I recall now that vast band of stagnant dust leading from the station to the town, separated from its surrounding monotony by sundry depressions and grades indicated along the line by the excavated debris which fringed its edges; with a double row of infant trees marking its curb-lines, each one of which was shriveled to a crisp by the blistering heat. Added to this mockery, at regular intervals stood flower-beds in ovals, and diamonds, and circles, filled with plants burned to

MINARET OF BANIA-BASHIE, SOFIA.

a cinder, their very blossoms, which no man had dared pluck, dead for months, and still standing brown and dust-begrimed.

Such is the great boulevard leading from the railway to the palace!

Moreover, these particular adornments were not made at a season when it might have been possible to have justified their existence, but in the beginning of the hot season and during the continuance of a drought which lasted four months. Indeed, many prominent oppositionists did not hesitate to say, and to say openly, that the haste with which these so-called improvements were carried out was due as much to the unsettled condition of public affairs as to anything else, and that the old adage of making hay while the sun shone had a double meaning in this case.

The boulevard, however, is not the only part of Sofia illustrating the prevailing taste to overturn and reconstruct. One sees it in the new part of the town, where government buildings, bare, white, and forbidding, are going up in all directions, replacing the humbler dwellings of the poor. One sees it also in the old mosque-and-garden-landmarks left standing high above new streets now being cut to their very edges; their preservation a tacit acknowledgment of their right to exist, their isolation a forerunner of their death — quite as the old traditions are being undermined by the present Government.

Many of these streets serve a double purpose. They make a short route to the palace of the king, where some of them end, and they provide right of way for hasty artillery practice. One cannot always tell in so changeable a climate as Bulgaria when the prevailing political wind may shift.

The palace itself, a great hospital-looking building surrounded by a garden, its mansard roofs rising above the trees, is barren and uninteresting, and contains only a few of the luxurious appointments one expects to find in an abode reserved for kings in high places. Indeed, the whole air of the interior suggests only stately discomfort and emptiness. In walking through its great halls and scantily furnished salons, I could not help pondering upon the peculiarities of human nature, and wondering what could have induced this fine young officer — and he is a fine fellow in every sense of the word — to give up his brilliant life in Vienna, the most delightful capital in Europe, and to a young man of fortune the most fascinating, in order to bury himself in this ugly pile of masonry. But then the market is never overstocked with empty thrones, while would-be kings are a drug.

The old part of the town is still quaint and Oriental, and has thus far escaped the restless shovel and saw. It lies in the dip of a saucer-shaped valley, surrounded by bare brown hills, the palace and the new buildings being on the upper edge. Netted with crooked, dirty streets and choked with low, shambling houses, with here and there a ruined mosque, it remains a picturesque reminder of the days of Turkish rule, unchanged since the signing of the Berlin Treaty, when in a single year five thousand of Mohammed's chosen shook the

dust of Sofia from their feet and sought refuge under the sultan.

One of the most interesting of these relics is the mosque of Buyuk-Jami with its queer half-dome-like inverted teacups on a tray — now used by the Government as a place for storage.

It stands, however, in the line of march of one of M. Stamboloff's new boulevards, and next year its beautiful façades and graceful roof will be toppled into the dust-heaps. That is, if the bank-account holds out and the king holds over. One could almost wish that the unspeakable Turk might come back, claim his own, and save it.

Several other of these quaint remnants of Oriental architecture are found in the old part of the city, the Mosque Bania-bashie, dating back to the year 1279, being by far the purest in style. This mosque is still the resort of the devout Mohammedan, who prays therein five times a day with his face towards Mecca, and who, despite the restrictions that vex his race, still prostrates himself on the floor of the mosque below, in obedience to the call of the muezzin from the slender minaret above.

To one unaccustomed to the forms of the Mohammedan religion, and especially to one who sees them for the first time, I know of no religious spectacle more impressive than that of a barefooted Turk standing erect on his prayer-rug with his face towards Mecca and his eyes looking straight into the eyes of his God. It is not a duty with him, nor a formality, nor the maintenance of a time-honored custom. It is his very life. Watch him as he enters this wretched interior of Bania-bashie, with its scaling and crumbling walls, and its broken windows, through which the doves fly in and out. Outside, at the trickling fountain, he has washed his feet and face and hands, bathing his throat and smoothing his beard with his wet fingers. He is a rough, broad-shouldered, poorly clad man in fez and skirt, his waist girt with a wide sash ragged and torn. He is perhaps a "hammal," a man who carries great weights on his back — a human beast of burden. His load, whatever it may be, is outside in the court. His hourly task is his daily bread; but he has heard the shrill cry from the minaret up against the sky, and stops instantly to obey.

He enters the sacred building with his shoes in his hands. These he leaves at the edge of the mat. Now he is on holy ground. Advancing slowly, he halts half-way across the floor, and then stands erect. Before him is a blank wall; beyond it the tomb of the prophet. For a moment he is perfectly still, his eyes closed, his lips motionless. It is as if he stood in the antechamber of Heaven, awaiting recognition. Then his face lights up. He has been seen. The next instant he is on his knees, and, stretching out his hands, prostrates himself, his forehead pressed to the floor. This solitary service continues for an hour. The man stands erect one moment, with a movement as if he said, "Command me; I am here." The next moment he is prostrate in obedience. Then he backs slowly out, and, noiseless, regains his shoes, bends his back to his burden, and keeps on his way, his face having lost all its tired, hunted look.

PORTICO OF MOSQUE BANIA-BASHIE, SOFIA.

There is no mistaking the impression. It is not a religious ceremony, nor a form of devotion, nor a prayer. This man has been in the very presence of his God.

Next to this crumbling mosque stands the Turkish bath, with its round dome pierced with bull's-eyes through which the light falls in parallel bars upon clouds of boiling steam. The water gushes from the ground at a temperature of 110° Fahrenheit, the pool being shoulder-deep and filling the whole interior excepting the narrow edge around which cling

the half-boiled natives in every variety of undress uniform from the Garden of Eden pattern down to the modern dressing-gown.

Outside of this circular room are cooling apartments smelling of wet towels and furnished with divans upon which men lounged half-clad, smoking cigarettes. Now and then from an inside cubbyhole comes the whiff of a narghile and that unmistakable aroma, the steam of smoking coffee.

What a luxury after a four months' drought and its consequent accumulation of Bulgarian dust! I wanted a bath at once; for I realized that whatever attempts had been made in the different capitals of Europe and America to establish this Oriental luxury,—even in Constantinople it is a delusion and a snare,—they were all base imitations compared with this volcanic-heated symposium. For more than six hundred years, and in fact before the mosque was built, had this pool of Siloam comforted the sick and soothed the well and cleansed the soiled. And it is hot, too—boiling hot out of the ground, running free night and day, and always ready with its accompaniments of Turkish coffee, pipes, and divans. Go to, with your marble slabs, and radiators, and high-pressure boilers under the sidewalk.

Beyond this section of narrow streets there runs a broad highway lined with booths attended by all sorts of people— Gipsies, Turks, Jews, Greeks, and Hungarians, selling every kind of merchandise entirely worthless to anybody but a native. There are rings of bread, squares of leather for sandals, messes in bowls with indescribable things floating about in boiling grease, heaps and lumps of other things served smoking hot in wooden plates, and festoons of candied fruit strung on straws and sugared with dust. Then there are piles of melons and baskets on baskets of grapes,—these last delicious, it being the season,—and great strings of onions, pyramids of tomatoes, and the like. Everywhere is a mob in rags apparently intent upon cutting one another's throats to save half a piaster.

Farther on is the Jews' quarter, the street Nischkolitza, with its low houses eked out by awnings under which sit groups of people lounging and talking, and behind these, in little square boxes of rooms let into the wall, squat the money-changers, their bank-accounts exposed in a small box with a glass top through which can be seen half the coinage and printage of eastern Europe.

If the king's continued absence caused any uneasiness among the people crowding these streets and bazars, there was nothing on the surface to indicate it. Many of them looked as if they had very little to lose, and those who had a little more either carried it on their persons in long chains of coins welded together —a favorite form of safe-deposit with the Bulgarians—or, like the money-changers, hived it in a portable box.

Nor could I discover that any one realized that he was living over a powder-magazine with a match-factory next door. On the contrary, everybody was good-natured and happy, chaffing one another across the booths of the bazars, and bursting into roars of laughter when my brush brought out the features or costume of some well-known street-vender. This merriment became boisterous in the case of a bread-seller with a queer nose whom I stopped and sketched, and who contributed his share to the general fun, a slip of my brush having unduly magnified the already enlarged nose of his jolly face.

The only native who really seemed to possess any positive ideas on the uncertain condition of public affairs was a Polish Jew, the keeper of the bath, whom I found berating two soldiers for refusing to pay extra for their narghiles, and who expressed to me his contempt for the ruling powers by sweeping in the air a circle which embraced the palace and the offenders, spitting on the floor, and grinding his heel in the moistened spot.

MOSQUE AND BATH, SOFIA.

II.

NEAR the bath and, in fact, almost connected with it by a rambling row of houses is one of the few Oriental cafés left in Sofia—a one-story building with curious sloping roof, its one door opening upon the street corner. It is called the "Maritza." On both sides of this entrance are long, low windows shaped like those of an old English inn, and beneath these—outside on the sidewalk—is a row of benches, upon which lounge idlers sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes. Within are a motley crew of all nationalities liberally sprinkled with Bulgarian soldiers out on a day's leave.

Coffee is almost the only beverage in these Turkish cafés. It is always handed you scalding hot in little, saucerless cups holding hardly a mouthful each. A glass of cold water invariably accompanies each cup. This coffee

THE STREET OF NISCHKOLITZA.

is generally the finest old Mocha, with an aroma and flavor unapproachable in any brand that I know except perhaps the Uruapam coffee of Mexico. In preparing it the roasted bean is ground as fine as flour in a hand-mill, a teaspoonful of the powder, with half the amount of fine sugar, being put into a brass pot with a long handle. To this is added a tablespoonful of boiling water. The pot is then thrust into the coals of a charcoal fire until it reaches boiling point, when it is caught up by the waiter, who runs to your table and pours the whole into your cup. Although it is dark and thick, it is never strong, and there is not a wakeful hour in a dozen cups.

There is nothing so interesting as one of these Oriental cafés, and so I turned in from the street, drew a square straw-covered stool up to a low table, and held up one finger. A fez-covered attendant shuffled over and filled my cup. As I raised it to my lips my eyes caught the riveted glance of a black-bearded man with a beak-like nose and two ferret eyes watching me intently. He was dressed in a half-cloak ornamented with a dark braid in twists and circles, and wore a slouch-hat.

Being stared at in a café for the first five minutes is so usual an experience for me in my tramps abroad that I accept it as part of the conditions of travel. But there are different kinds of stares, all induced and kept up for the most part by idle curiosity, which generally ceases after my dress has been examined, and especially my shoes, and when my voice has been found to be like that of other men.

This man's stare, however, was devoid of curiosity. His was the face of a ferret; a sly, creeping, half-shrinking face, with an eye that pierced you one moment and slunk away the next. The thought flashed through my mind of a Spanish Jew who hides his gold in a hole, and who is here changing money while the "effervescence" lasts. When I looked again a moment later he had disappeared.

The face haunted me so much that I traced its outlines in my sketch-book, trying to remember where I had seen it, and finally persuading myself that it must have been a resemblance either to some passing fancy or to a memory of long ago.

I finished my coffee, lighted a cigarette, and, picking up a stool, planted it across the street, and began a sketch of the exterior of the café.

The usual crowd gathered, many following me from the room itself, and soon the throng was so great that I could not see the lower lines of the building. No language that I speak is adapted to Bulgaria, and so, rising to my feet, I called out in honest Anglo-Saxon:

"Get down in front!" accompanied by a gesture like a policeman's "Move on."

Nobody got down in front or behind that I could detect. On the contrary, everybody who was down got up, and the sketch was fast becoming hopeless, when four gendarmes arose out of the ground as noiselessly and myste-

riously as if they had issued from between the cracks of the paving-stones, formed a hollow square, with the café at one end and me at the other,—the intervening space being as clear of bystanders as the back of my hand,—and stood like statues until the sketch was finished. When I closed my book half an hour later a man, wrapped in a cloak, on the outer edge raised his hand. The crowd fell back on each side, a gap was made, and the four gendarmes passed out and were swallowed up.

I turned and caught a glimpse of a black hat half-concealing a dark, bearded face. It was my friend of the café. Not a Spanish Jew at all, I thought, but some prominent citizen

CAFÉ MARITZA.

respected by the police and anxious to be courteous to a stranger. And again I dismissed the face and the incident from my mind.

Just here another face appeared and another incident occurred, neither of which was so easily forgotten. The face enlivened the well-knit, graceful figure of a young man of thirty dressed in a gray traveling-suit and wearing a derby hat. Every line in his good-natured countenance expressed that rarest and most delightful of combinations—humor and grit. From this face proceeded a voice which sent down my spine that peculiar tingle which one feels when, half-way across the globe, surrounded by jargon and heathen, he hears suddenly his own tongue, in his own accent, spoken by a fellow-townsman.

"I heard your 'down in front' and knew right away where you were from; but these Bashi-bazouks blocked the way. My name is B——, correspondent of the ——. Been here two months watching this mouse-trap. Come into the café, where we can talk. You don't know what a godsend an American is in a hole like this."

An interchange of cards settled all formalities, and when, half an hour later, numbers of mutual friends were discovered and inquired after, we grew as confiding and comfortable as if we had been the best of friends through life.

B—— belonged to that type of man of whom everybody hears, few people see, and not many people know—one of those men with homes fixed by a telegram. Men with wits like their pencils, sharpened by emergency, with energies untiring and exhaustless, who ransack, permeate, get at the bottom of things, and endure. Individual men, sagacious, many-sided, and productive, yet whose whole identity is swallowed up and lost in that merciless headline "Our Correspondent."

I had heard of B—— in Paris a few weeks before, where his endless resources in the field and his arctic coolness in tight places were bywords among his fellow-craftsmen. At that time his friends supposed him to be somewhere between Vienna and Constantinople, although none of them located him in Bulgaria; great morning journals being somewhat reticent as to the identity and whereabouts of their staff.

"Yes," he continued, "life here would reconcile a man to the bottomless pit. I was in London doing some Irish business,—rose in your buttonhole at breakfast, Hyde Park in the afternoon, and all that sort of thing,—when a telegram sent me flying to Paris. Two hours

after I was aboard the Orient express, with my shirts half-dried in my bag, and an order in my inside pocket to overhaul Stamboloff and find out whether the prince had left for good, or was waiting until the blow was over before he came back. You see, the Panitza affair came near upsetting things here, and at the time it looked as if the European war circus was about to begin."

"Did you find Stamboloff?" I asked.

"Yes. Reached the frontier, learned he had left Sofia, and, after traveling all night in a cart, got him at Sistova, and caught our Sunday's edition three hours later. Here I have been ever since, waiting for something to turn up, and spending half my nights trying to get what little does turn up across the frontier and so on to Paris. And the worst of it is that for four weeks I have n't had a line from headquarters."

"What! Leave you here in the lurch?"

"No; certainly not. They write regularly; but these devils stop everything at the post-office, open and re-seal all my private letters, and only give me what they think good for me. For two weeks past I have been sending my stuff across the frontier and mailing it in Servia. How the devil did you get permission to sketch around here?"

I produced the talismanic scroll with the water-mark and the image and the superscription, and related my experience with the prefect.

"Gave you the freedom of the city, did he? I wager you he will go through your traps like a custom-house officer when you leave, and seize everything you have. They have been doing their level best to drive me out of here ever since we published that first interview with Stamboloff, and they would if they dared. Only, being a correspondent, you see, and this being a liberal, free monarchy, it would n't sound well the next day.

"Come, finish your coffee, and I 'll show you something you can never see outside of Bulgaria."

We strolled up past the bazars along the boulevard, stopping for a moment to note the cathedral, with one end perched up in the air — Stamboloff's commissioners of highways having lowered the street-grade at that point some twenty feet below the level of the porch floor.

Opposite this edifice was the skylight of the local photographer. The old, familiar smell of evaporating ether greeted us as we entered his one-story shop,— it would be a poetic license to call it a gallery,— and the usual wooden balcony, with its painted vase and paper flowers, was found in its customary place behind the iron head-rest.

Here were the portraits of the prince and his mother, the Princess Clementine, and of poor Panitza,— whom I really could not help liking, traitor as he was to Stamboloff, — and the rest of the notables, not forgetting the dethroned prince, Alexander of Battenberg, and all of whom had occupied the plush arm-chair

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

or had stood behind the Venetian railing with the Lake Como and Mont Blanc in the distance.

B—— hunted through the collection of portraits scattered about the table, and handed me two photographs — one of a well-built, handsome man with pointed mustache, dressed in the native costume and shackled with heavy chains fastened to his ankles. He was standing in a prison-yard guarded by a soldier holding a carbine.

"Good-looking cutthroat, is n't he? Might be a diplomat or a night editor? Too honest, you think? Well, that 's Taco Voyvoda, the famous bandit who was caught a few years ago in the act of murdering a detachment, and who was filled full of lead the next day at the Government's expense. Now look at this"; and he handed me the other photograph.

I held it to the light, and a shiver ran through me. On a box covered with a piece of canvas rested the head of a man severed from the body. One eye was closed. The other was lost in a ghastly hole, the mark left by a rifle-ball. The mustache was still stiff and pointed, one end drooping a little, and the brow and the mouth were firm and determined. The whole face carried an expression as if the death agony had been suddenly frozen into it. About the horror were grouped the bandit's carbine, holsters, and cartridge-belt bristling with cartridges.

The belt hung over the matted hair framing the face.

B—— watched me curiously.

"Lovely souvenir, is n't it? The day after the shooting they cut off poor Taco's head, and our friend here"—pointing to the photographer—"fixed him up in this fashion to meet the popular demand. Their sale was enormous. Bah! let 's go to dinner."

My friend had a better place than the one presided over by my slightly bald waiter with the

TACO VOYVODA.

Tower of Babel education. He would take me to his home. He knew of a garden where a few tables were set, girt about with shrubs and sheltered by overhanging trees that had escaped the drought. At one end was a modest house with a few rooms to let. His gripsack was in one of these. That was why he loved to call it his home.

Soon a white cloth covered a table for two, and a very comfortable dinner was served in the twilight. With the coffee the talk drifted into the present political outlook, and I put the universal conundrum:

"Will the prince return?"

"You can't tell," said B——. "For myself, I believe he will. He must do so if he wants to see his money again, and he can do so in safety if Stamboloff succeeds in carrying the elections next month,[1] which I believe he will. If he fails, the nearer they all hug the frontier the better; for there are hundreds of men right here around us who would serve every one of them as the soldiers did Taco Voyvoda. They know it too, for they are all off electioneering except the prince, who, I understand, has left Ryllo to-day for Varna. He is hanging on the telegraph now. Not the poles, but the despatches.

"The worst feature of the situation is that most of the factions are backed up by Russian and other agents, each in their several interests, ready to lend a hand. To-day it is a game of chess between Russia and Turkey; to-morrow it may involve all Europe. Through it all my sympathies are with the prince. He has been here now nearly three years trying to make something of these barbarians, and so far not a single European power has recognized him. He will get nothing for his pains, poor fellow. When his money is all gone they will bounce him as they did Battenberg.

"Certain members of the cabinet are not safe even now," continued B——. "While I was at Sistova the other day I had an opportunity of seeing some of the risks that Stamboloff himself runs, and also how carefully he is guarded. He was in a café taking his breakfast. As soon as he entered, a tall sergeant of gendarmes with his saber half-drawn and his red sash stuck full of pistols and yataghans moved to his right side, while another equally as ferocious and as heavily armed guarded his left. Then the doors were blocked by half a dozen other gendarmes, who watched everybody's movements. There is really not so much solid fun being prime minister in Bulgaria as one would think."

While B—— was speaking three officers entered the garden where we were dining and took possession of an adjoining table. My friend nodded to one of them and kept on talking, lowering his voice a trifle and moving his chair so that his face could not be seen.

The Bulgarians were in white uniforms and carried their side-arms.

The next instant a young man entered hurriedly, looked about anxiously, and came straight towards our table. When he caught sight of me he drew back. B—— motioned him to advance, and turned his right ear for a long whispered communication, interrupting by such telephone exclamations as, "Who told you so? When? How did he find out? To-morrow? What infernal nonsense! I don't believe a word of it," etc.

The young man bent still lower, looked furtively at the officers, and in an inaudible whisper poured another message into B——'s ear.

My host gave a little start and turned a trifle pale.

"The devil, you say! Better come to my room then to-night at twelve."

"Anything up?" I asked after the man had gone, noticing the change in B——'s manner.

"Well, yes. My assistant tells me that my

[1] September 11, 1890.

last letter has been overhauled this side of the frontier, and that orders for my arrest will be signed to-morrow. I don't believe it. But you can't tell—these people are fools enough to do anything. If I knew which of my letters had reached our office I would n't care; but I have n't seen our paper since my first despatches appeared, more than a month ago."

"That need n't worry you. I have everyone of them in my bag at the hotel, and every issue of your paper since you arrived here. I knew I was coming, and I wanted to be posted."

B—— looked at me in open astonishment.

"You!"

"Certainly. Come to my room; get them in five minutes."

"Well, that paralyzes me! Here I have been stranded for news and blocked for weeks by these brigands who rob my mail, and here you pick me up in the streets and haul everything I want out of your carpet-bag! Don't ever put that in a story, for nobody would ever believe it. Give me a cigarette."

I opened my case, and as I handed him its contents my eyes rested on a man watching us intently. He was sitting at the officers' table. With the flaring of B——'s match his face came into full relief.

It was my friend of the morning.

"There he is again," I blurted out.

"Who?" said B—— without moving.

"The man in the Turkish café—the one who ordered the soldiers around. Who is he?"

B—— never moved a muscle of his face except to blow rings over his coffee-cup.

"A mean-looking hound in a slouch-hat, with rat-terrier eyes, bushy beard, and a bad-fitting cloak?"

"Yes," said I, comparing the description over his shoulder.

"That's my shadow—a delicate attention bestowed on me by the prefect. He thinks I don't know him, but I fool him every day. I got two columns out last night from under his very nose—right at this table. The waiter carried them off in a napkin, and my man nabbed them outside."

"A spy?"

"No; a shadow—a night-hawk. For nearly two months this fellow has never taken his eyes off me, and yet he has never seen me look him in the face. Come, these people are getting too sociable."

In an instant we were in the street and in three minutes had entered my hotel. Leaving B—— in the hall, I mounted the broad staircase, went straight to my room, picked up my pocket sketch-book, and thrust the "clippings" into my inside pocket.

When I regained the corridor outside my door the man in the slouch-hat preceded me downstairs.

Smothering my astonishment,—I had left him sitting in the garden five minutes before,—I followed slowly, matching my steps to his, and turning over in my mind whether it would be best to swallow the despatches or drop them over the balusters.

I could see B—— below, standing near the door absorbed in an Orient express time-table tacked to the wall. (I was to leave for Constantinople the next day.) He must have heard our footsteps, but he never turned his head.

The man reached the hall floor,—I was five steps behind,—stood within ten feet of B——, and began striking matches for a cigar which was still burning.

I decided instantly.

"Oh! B——," I called out, "I found the sketch-book. See what I did here yesterday"; and I ran rapidly over the leaves, noting as I turned, 'The Jews' Quarter'—'Minaret of Baniabashee'—'Ox-Team down by the Bazar,' etc."

The man lingered, and I could feel him looking over my shoulder. Then the glass door clicked, and he disappeared.

B—— raised his hand warningly.

"Where did you pick *him* up?"

"Outside my door."

"Keyhole business, eh? Did you get them?"

I touched my inside pocket.

"Good." And he slipped the package under his waistcoat.

THE next morning I found this note tucked under my door:

> The game is up. Meet me at station at twelve.
>
> B——.

Five minutes before the appointed hour my traps were heaped up in one corner of the waiting-room. I confess to a certain degree of anxiety as I waited in the station, both on my own account and on his. I was yet unable to understand how the night-hawk could have reached my chamber door ahead of me unless he had sailed over the roof and dropped down the chimney, and I was also willing to admit that something besides a desire to see me safely in bed had induced him to keyhole my movements. Perhaps his sudden disappearance through the glass door was, after all, only preparatory to including me in the attentions he was reserving for B——.

When the exact hour arrived, and the Orient express direct for Philippopolis and Constantinople rolled into the depot, and still B—— did not appear, I began to realize the absurdity of waiting for a convict at the main entrance. He would of course be chained to two soldiers and placed in a baggage-van, or perhaps be shackled around the ankles like

Voyvoda and lifted out of a cart by his waistband. The yard was the place, and I made my way between the two door-guards, who eyed me in a manner that convinced me that I was under surveillance and would most likely catch both balls in the vicinity of my collar-button if I attempted to move out of range.

But there was nothing in the yard except empty cars and a squad of raw recruits sitting on their bundles awaiting transportation, and I tried the boulevard side again.

No B——.

Just as I was about to give him up for lost and had begun turning over in my mind what my duty might be as a man and an American, a fresh cloud of dust blew in the open door, and a cab pulled up. From this emerged a pair of leather gaiters followed by two legs in check trousers, a hand with white wristbands and English gloves, and last the cool, unruffled face of B—— himself.

"Yes, I am late, but I have been up all night dictating. You got my note, I see. I go as far with you as Philippopolis, where I get out to reach the Pomuk Highlands. You remember I told you about that old brigand chief, Achmet Aga, who rules a province of forty square miles and pays tribute to no one, not even the sultan. You know he murders everybody who crosses his line without his permission. Well, I am going to interview him."

This he said in one breath and with as much ease of manner and indifference to surroundings as if the man with a slouch-hat had been an idle dream instead of an active reality.

"But, what about your arrest, B——? I expected—"

"Expected what—dungeons? Nonsense. I simply went out on my balcony last night before I crawled into bed, sneezed, and called out in French to my man inside to pack my bag for this train. That satisfied my shadow, for all he wants is to get me out of the way. Don't worry; the dog will be here to see us off."

B—— was right. That ugly face was the last that peered at us as we rolled out of the station.

Six hours later I left my new friend at Philippopolis with a regret I cannot explain, but with an exacted promise to meet me in Constantinople a week hence, when we would enjoy the Turks together.

The week passed, and another, and then a third, and still no sign of B——. I had begun to wonder whether after all the brigand chief had not served him as he had done his predecessors, when this letter, dated Sofia, reached me:

Just returned from the mountains. Spent a most delightful week with Achmet Aga, who kissed me on both cheeks when I left, and gave me a charm against fire and sword blessed by all the wise women of the clan. Would have joined you before, but had to hurry back here for the opening of the Sobranje.

Stamboloff's party carried the day by a small majority, and the town is full of his men, including the prince, who opened parliament here yesterday.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

IN DISGUISE.

YOUR face possessed me while we talked;
It seemed the picture of a heart
In whose fair garden Sorrow walked,
While Joy, poor errant, stood apart,
A suppliant at the gate.

You do not dream that she is near,
So still she waiteth, and so shy.
You are not thinking of her, dear;
Almost you have forgot to sigh
She comes no more of late.

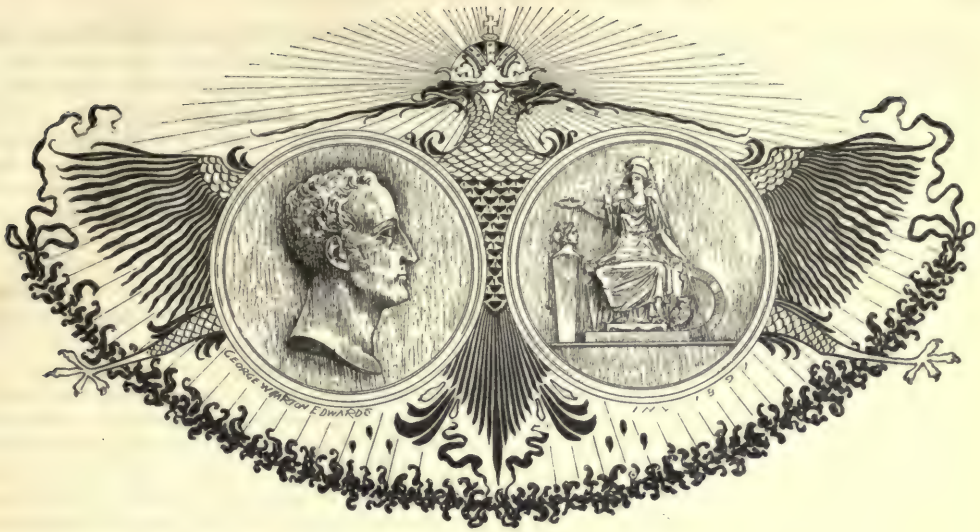
I know, I know, she longs to come,
And lift the latch with quick surprise;
And yet she standeth strange and dumb,
And looks, behind that still disguise,
As one you never knew.

But if she came with smile and dance,
With banners flying, music gay,
Oh, would you run with answering glance,
Or only turn your head away
From what was not for you?

I understand; you need not speak:
The heart that is for Sorrow strong,
For Joy too joyful were too weak;
She must not come with dance and song,
But lightly as a dove.

'T is thus she comes, and makes no claim;
She whispers soft, she kneeleth low,
And wears the while a gentler name.
Oh, hear me breathe it! Must she go?
The name she wears is Love.

Frances Louise Bushnell.



AT THE COURT OF THE CZAR.

MINISTER DALLAS IN ST. PETERSBURG.—I.

A DRAMATIC VISIT FROM THE EMPEROR.

Saturday, 29th July, 1837.—The *Independence*[1] made Dager Point on the evening of Thursday, the 27th instant, and with a brisk breeze on the quarter turned into the Gulf of Finland at about eight o'clock; continuing our course almost before the wind we reached the last light, the Tolbukin Light, at about ten o'clock last night, and the pilot deemed it most prudent to lay to until dawn at two o'clock this morning, when we made sail again and anchored in the harbor of Cronstadt at about five o'clock. While coming up the gulf on this side of Hogland, we passed a Russian squadron principally composed of three-deckers and line-of-battle ships, one dozen in number, with the admiral of which our commodore exchanged a salute of seventeen guns. We saluted after anchoring, with twenty-one guns.

The day has been rendered memorable by a dramatic visit from the Emperor Nicholas, accompanied by the chief officers now here, among them Count Nesselrode, Prince Mensikoff, and the governor of Cronstadt. The Emperor is fond of these abrupt and covered visitations, and plays the game with dexterity and ease. Our vice-consul at Cronstadt, Leonartzen, happened to be accompanying the commodore in his gig, on a visit to the governor of Cronstadt, at about eleven o'clock, when the barge belonging to the imperial steamboat passed them, and he immediately recognized the Czar acting as its coxswain, and distinguishable from the officers who surrounded him by a close white cloth cap. The gig was immediately turned back in the just belief that the Emperor would come on board the *Independence*. He first, however, stopped at the Danish frigate lying near us, and remained undetected for half an hour. He then came to us, still acting as a mere aide or subordinate to Prince Mensikoff, and coming last up our gangway. As he obviously desired to pass without recognition, his retinue paid no attention to him, and it was a matter of obvious courtesy to forbear breaking in upon his fancied incog. He separated himself from the rest, peered actively throughout the ship, spoke inquiringly to a number of the seamen, and accidentally coming across my infant daughter, took her in his arms, expressed great delight at her beauty, and repeatedly kissed her.

His fine figure and penetrating eye had been remarked, however, by almost every one, and no one was deceived as to his reality. When going he touched his cap to Prince Mensikoff, inquired whether he was ready to leave, and being answered affirmatively, ran up the gangway, descended and again took the helm, while the ceremony of departure was going through by the others. Our commodore now broke through the disguise and saluted him with forty-one guns, which induced him at once to resume the Emperor, to hoist signals to the Russian frigate ordering a return of the salute, to run up at the mast-head of his steamboat the American ensign, and finally to display his

[1] The *Independence* line-of-battle ship, 74 guns, was built at Boston in 1814-15. In 1872 she was in use at the Mare Island navy-yard, California, as a receiving ship.—EDITOR.

imperial standard. This last act was instantly followed by tremendous salutes from all the numerous men-of-war in the harbor, and from the various forts of Cronstadt. The effect was fine beyond description, and our ship seemed to be, for a time, the center round which was acting one of the most beautiful and exciting scenes imaginable. During this remarkable visit I became personally known to Count Nesselrode.[1]

A COURT PRESENTATION.

Monday, 31st July, 1837.—The governor of Cronstadt having placed his steamer at my disposal for the purpose, I this morning sent all my baggage on board of her, and embarked with my family, accompanied by a number of the officers of the *Independence*, for St. Petersburg.

Saturday, 5th August, 1837.—I entered upon the possession of a house I have rented from Count Bobrinski, at the sum of 9000 rubles or $1800 per annum; it is fully furnished, and promises to be alike neat, gentlemanly, clean, and comfortable. The operation of moving in has been laborious and fatiguing; but I am overjoyed at again finding myself under a roof of my own, with all my children around me, and, as it were, once more at home.

Sunday, 6th August, 1837.—Mrs. Dallas, my two daughters, and I, in one carriage, and Mr. Chew, my secretary of legation, in another, with an extra carriage for baggage, left St. Petersburg to-day at about ten o'clock, and reached Peterhof Palace by twelve. We were shown into a suite of apartments and had served up a comfortable *déjeuner à la fourchette*. After putting on our court costume, we were informed that imperial carriages would conduct us to the palace for presentation at about half-past three o'clock. Accordingly they came. I now rode with Mrs. Dallas in one carriage, and left my daughter to be escorted in the other by Mr. Chew. We were ushered into a splendid antechamber, upstairs, the walls of which were wainscoted with beautiful paintings—at least four hundred different heads, all of great delicacy and nearly the same size. The master of ceremonies led the ladies into a corner of the apartment overlooking the grand waterworks, and I entered into easy conversation with Baron Nicolai. We were almost the first present. The room, however, rapidly filled with glittering officers, military and civil, and with ladies whose glowing, soft, and fair complexions it was impossible not to admire.

After some time passed in listless expectation and chat, I was conducted into a distant chamber and presented to Nicholas I. I had hardly entered the door before he came rapidly towards me, his hands both extended, and with an air of great frankness and ease shook me by the hands with the utmost apparent cordiality. His first words were: "Mr. Dallas, you are welcome to Russia; I have to thank you for the very handsome and hospitable manner in which my disguised visit to your ship was received. I have never seen a nobler vessel. I found you knew me, after I had gone—but did any one recognize me while on board? You were here twenty-four years ago, but you could hardly know me, changed as I am since then. I took your ship on the moment of her arrival, in her ordinary sea-trim; I did not want to see her dressed up. She is an admirable ship. I am going to send some of my naval officers to the United States to learn naval architecture and science, and I must request you to let them have such letters as will facilitate their progress. Can you persuade Commodore Nicholson to delay his departure until after Friday next, when the eighty-gun ship at the admiralty is to be launched? I should be much pleased to have him present and to hear his remarks."

To all and each of these inquiries I of course made replies. He asked me also what the disturbances in Canada were tending to, and observed that when a government became oppressive and forgot the tender care to which a colony was entitled, she justified resistance

[1] George Mifflin Dallas, the author of this journal (selections from which will be printed in two parts), was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 10th day of July, 1792. The family originated in the Highlands of Scotland. His father, Alexander James Dallas, was born in the island of Jamaica. On the 17th of June, 1783, he arrived with his bride in Philadelphia. He chose the profession of the law, and his rise was rapid. In 1801 he was appointed District Attorney of the United States by President Jefferson. In October, 1814, he accepted the Treasury portfolio in the Cabinet of President Madison. George Mifflin Dallas was the third child and second son. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1810, at the age of eighteen; he took the first honors of his class and delivered the valedictory oration, in which he gave promise of that graceful delivery and command of language for which he early became famous. He at once entered his father's office as a student at law, and in April, 1813, was admitted to the bar. In politics it was the school of Jefferson and Madison and their followers to whose doctrines the elder and the younger Dallas adhered, and in whose political party the Republican, later called Democratic, George M. Dallas was for many years a widely recognized leader. When in 1813 President Madison appointed Albert Gallatin a special commissioner to proceed to St. Petersburg and with Mr. Adams, then Minister of the United States to Russia, to negotiate a peace with Great Britain under the auspices of the Russian Emperor, Mr. Gallatin tendered the post of private secretary to Mr. Dallas. On his arrival at St. Petersburg Mr. Gallatin found that England had declined the proffered mediation of Russia, whereupon Mr. Dallas was sent, alone, to England with despatches to the Russian ambassador in London, to ascertain, if possible, the views of the English Government. This movement resulted in the appointment of the commission to Ghent which after prolonged negotiations

and separation. I told him that I put little faith in the alleged spirit of independence in Canada; that dissatisfaction had long prevailed there, but the people were not, I believed, energetic or united enough for a decisive course of action. He then spoke about Russia, and I said that I had been much struck with the great improvements made during his reign in the department of his marine, especially at Cronstadt, and in the magnificent structures of St. Petersburg. "Why," said he, "I am perfectly satisfied with this people, and will do all I can for them."

At the close of the conversation he again shook me by the hand, and I bowed and left him. I had, during a pause, put my letter of credence in his possession, which he laid upon a table without opening; and in reply to my assurance that the United States were disposed to strengthen and confirm the harmonious relations subsisting between the two governments, he said that he felt delight at the conviction of that truth, and would not be behind my Government in manifestations of cordial friendship. I was immediately afterward conducted to the Empress, who remarked, among other things, that our Government was in practice of changing its representatives here very frequently, and she wanted to know whether the same course was pursued as to other countries and whether it arose from any settled principle of policy. I told her, that it was indiscriminately done—was partly ascribable to the changes to which all popular governments were more or less subject, and in many cases was imputable to accidental causes. "Well," said she, "I hope you will prove an exception to this practice, that you will be happy in Russia and remain long."

We had been formally invited to dine with the Imperial family as soon as we reached the palace; and as soon as the form of being presented had closed, and the Emperor, Empress, the Grand Duchess of Würtemberg, and the grand duchesses, daughters of the Emperor, had mingled in the crowd of the anteroom for about fifteen minutes, the doors of the banqueting-room were thrown open, a numerous band of music struck up, and the company proceeded with apparently very little formality to dinner.

One of the masters of ceremonies led me forward and placed me at table immediately in front of the Empress, while Mrs. Dallas and my daughters were placed next to the imperial family, alongside of the younger grand duchess. I was repeatedly addressed, on various topics, by the Empress, who spoke distinct if not handsome English. Among her other remarks was her desire to know whether our novelist, Cooper, had lately written another book, for he was her great favorite—especially in such works as the "Pioneer," "The Spy," and the "Last of the Mohicans"; she had, however, not read all, nor in my opinion his best productions; and I recommended the "Red Rover" and the "Water-Witch." She had not heard before of his last work on England, and seemed surprised that he should write about a country where he had been so little.

I had cause to be officially and personally highly gratified, and hastened to return to St. Petersburg. We galloped home by nine o'clock, driven by a coachman who was very drunk, but of whose condition we were not aware till safely housed.

I left in the hands of one of the officers in waiting the sum of two hundred rubles, the customary present on similar occasions, to be equally distributed among all who had participated in services to us.

Sunday, 13th August, 1837.—The frigate *Independence* sailed from Cronstadt about noon to-day.

GLIMPSES OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Sunday, 20th August, 1837.—Attended divine worship in the chapel of the British Factory on the English quay. The two front pews have been civilly devoted to myself and family. The

ended in the treaty of December 14, 1814, which closed the war. During his residence of more than a year in Europe Mr. Dallas visited France, Holland, and the Netherlands, as well as Russia and England, and met many of the distinguished men of the day. In London he called upon his cousin, Lord Byron, and an amusing anecdote is told of his republican independence in declining to recognize the privilege of the peerage and make a second call upon his distinguished relative until his first visit had been returned. Lord Byron is said to have been much amused when the state of affairs was reported to him, and to have exclaimed, "I like the young man's independence; I will call on him to-morrow." In his twenty-fourth year, on the 23d of May, 1816, Mr. Dallas married Sophia Chew Nicklin, daughter of Philip Nicklin, Esq., and granddaughter of Chief Justice Benjamin Chew. In 1828 he was elected mayor of the city of Philadelphia, but resigned in the year following on receiving from President Jackson the appointment of United States District Attorney, the same post to which his father had been appointed by Mr. Jefferson. In 1831 he was elected to fill a vacancy in the Senate of the United States; entering for the first time a legislative body.

Upon the accession of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency in 1837, the mission to Russia was accepted by Mr. Dallas, who at his own request was recalled in October, 1839. In 1844 he was chosen Vice-President of the United States, James K. Polk and George M. Dallas receiving 170 out of 275 electoral votes.

In 1856, on Mr. Buchanan's signifying his desire to be recalled, Mr. Dallas was nominated by the Senate on January 31 and confirmed February 4 as Minister to England. He returned to the United States in 1861, arriving at Philadelphia on June 1. He died suddenly, as his father had done, on the morning of Saturday, the 31st of December, 1864.

clergyman, whose sermon was certainly good, is named Law, and is of the stock of Lord Ellenborough, and of Thomas Law, of Washington.

Saturday, 26th August, 1837.—The Spanish consul here, Don Raymonde de Chacon, paid me a visit, to inquire about his brother in Philadelphia. In the course of conversation he told me there was very little official business for him to attend to here; that although Spanish produce to the amount of fifty millions was annually brought into Russia from the West Indies or the Peninsula, sugar, coffee, wines, etc., it came in British or American vessels. During all last year but three Spanish vessels came to Russia, to the port of Riga.

Friday, 8th September, 1837.—Mr. Rodofinikine called this morning. Among other matters he referred to the wretched condition of the Russian peasantry, and said that they were in the habit of burying their money, whether silver or gold, and of pretending to be utterly destitute; that four or five hundred rubles was a very large sum for them to own—and that until a recent ukase of the present Emperor they were not competent to hold any portion of the soil, but that now there were a million of them who owned small tracts of land which they farmed. He expressed an opinion that too much labor was already bestowed upon agriculture, and that more was produced than could be consumed, and no markets were to be found for the surplus. Great quantities of sheep were raised in the southern provinces; and Count Nesselrode had in the neighborhood of Wosnesensk a flock of about seventeen thousand merinos.

Sunday, 10th September, 1837.—The imports of tobacco into St. Petersburg have been the subject of my study to-day. I am satisfied that we supply Russia with this weed to an extent of nearly half a million of dollars annually, and that the trade has increased, is still increasing, and might, by modification of the Russian tariff, be very largely increased.

The present Emperor proposes to emancipate the serfs on the imperial domain, and to confide their government to Kitisoff. The example will ultimately work its way; but its progress must necessarily be very slow, as it will be resisted by the great nobles.

Tuesday, 14th November, 1837.—The French ambassador, Baronte, paid us a long visit. He is obviously preparing for a permanent departure. His conversation, always intellectual, was peculiarly agreeable this morning. In speaking of the comparative characteristics of this country and England, France, and America, he was particularly emphatic in pronouncing society in Russia to be listless, somber, and indifferent or unexcitable. In Paris people had no time to note the weather or for sickness; here time hung heavily upon the health and spirits of all but the natives, and they were heavier than time itself.

SOCIAL EXPERIENCES.

Thursday, 23d November, 1837.—We go to-night to our first Russian entertainment since the dinner at Peterhof: the soirée of Count and Countess Levachoff. We are invited to come at ten o'clock, and I presume we will reach there by eleven.

Friday, 24th November, 1837.—We remained at Count Levachoff's till between three and four this morning. He is an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, a cavalry general, a nobleman of great wealth, and his personal manners recommend him strongly, at least to a stranger like myself. His palace (for it cannot be otherwise called) is exceedingly splendid, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the most beautiful in this city of palaces. The countess has the look and deportment of an accomplished and unaffected American lady, and often reminded me of Mrs. Robert Morris, subsequently Mrs. Bloodgood. Both of them speak the English language fluently. I counted eleven rooms, of various sizes and furniture, open for the entertainment, all brilliant with light, paintings, and decoration. The two largest rooms were appropriated to dancing and card-playing. The order of arrivals and departures at the front door was protected by hussars in couples; and a shoal of most gorgeously liveried servants superintended every detail in-doors. The count, in full military costume, met us at the drawing-room door, took Mrs. Dallas from my arm, and led her to the countess and then to a seat. I was cordially saluted by several whom I had visited but not seen, and among them by my old acquaintance, Politica, who is remarkably unchanged in appearance. Many of the diplomatic corps were there.

Sunday, 3d December, 1837.—My presentation to the Grand Duchess Helen, wife of the Grand Duke Michel, took place at the palace at two o'clock. On entering the door, I was saluted by a company of dismounted dragoons, and ushered upstairs through rows of attendants into a magnificent hall of reception, supported in its vaulted and richly painted ceiling by noble columns of white mock marble. Here I remained in conversation with two officers of the household, and admiring the walls and other ornaments of the apartments. I was particularly struck with the glowing and immense paintings executed on the milk-white glossy walls and with the uncommonly beautiful mosaic floor. After waiting there about twenty minutes, I was marshaled through a suite of rooms until I reached one of special elegance,

in which the Grand Duchess advanced to meet me with much animation and grace. We stood in conversation for fifteen or twenty minutes. Her dress was in nothing striking, except a single enormous pearl of great purity which hung directly in the center of her forehead below the parting of her hair. We spoke about my family; about her travels during the summer; about the rapid improvements making in Russia under the auspices of the present Emperor; about the annexation of Texas to our Union, and about the possibility of Canada following in the same course. In all, she manifested much intelligence and vivacity.

Monday, 4th December, 1837.—My set of silver salts and cruets were purchased this morning for one thousand and thirty rubles [about $200], and I think I thus adequately furnished my dining-table, having already procured English glass, French porcelain, Russian lights, and English cutlery. My aim has been to unite elegance and taste with as much simplicity as the subject-matter would admit. As to vying even remotely with the gorgeous extravagance exhibited by the principal members of the circle in which as a national representative I necessarily must move in this capital, the attempt would be equally out of character, in bad taste, and utterly futile.

I went accompanied by my daughter to a soirée at the Countess Laval's. It is one of the handsomest and most richly furnished houses in St. Petersburg. Nothing more strongly shows the magic of wealth. The count is said to have come here originally as a French hair-dresser; and certainly looks the origin at this moment admirably; he is short, mean, and insignificant in appearance. The countess is the impersonation of an indented toadstool, fat, coarse, short, and ugly. They are, however, both very kind persons and seem deservedly favorites. He is one of the four *maîtres de la cour*. His establishment presents many points worthy of admiration. It is on the largest scale of private dwellings in a city where all such dwellings are palaces: its various apartments are adorned with the utmost profusion and with great judgment; its largest saloon, an oblong square of about thirty-five by twenty-five feet, with vaulted ceiling, and walls covered with deep-crimson satin drapery, are hung with choice paintings of the best Italian and French masters. Adjoining this is an apartment of about the same dimensions, whose floor is ancient mosaic from the island of Capri, and whose sides are crowded with specimens of antique sculpture, vases, and curiosities. I noticed especially here a most exquisite antique gorgon's head, another of Augustus Cæsar, and several that I could not identify. The money expended in this single room must have been incalculable. Beyond this, and after passing a narrow passage, I reached a most beautiful boudoir, modeled with the most elaborate exactness in all its colors, shape, size, and arrangements, after an excavated chamber of Pompeii. This seemed the pet piece of the count and countess, both of whom were eloquent in pointing out its peculiar beauties. There was one display at this entertainment which I had not seen at others, except at the two public balls of the Mineral Springs and l'Assemblée de la Noblesse. In the first of the range of saloons as you entered, one side of the room was occupied by an immense table covered with all sorts of delicacies, ices, jellies, fruit, cakes, sugar plums of all colors and fantasies, coffee, chocolate, wines, *liqueurs*, etc., which was the fountain whence the attendants afterward distributed on waiters to the company, or to which the gentlemen resorted whenever inclined for refreshment. Cards, particularly if not exclusively whist, were playing in four or five saloons; and Countess Laval with entire composure executed a most skillful game of chess with Countess Litta, in the very midst of her guests in the most thronged saloon. The party was what is here called a rout — without dancing; beginning at eleven o'clock, and closing in less than two hours; and it was composed chiefly of married ladies from thirty to seventy years of age. I should not suppose there were four girls, as we would call them, present. The dresses were exceedingly handsome, but some of the matrons shocked my American notions not a little by a most profuse display of the bust. Conversation does not seem to be as much a pursuit as it should be; generally speaking, gentlemen arranged themselves in a dark mass on one side of the saloon, respectfully and vacantly gazing at the ladies who were closely packed on divans, ottomans, or sofas on the other side or in the center. The diplomatic body are an exception to this remark, and seemed disposed to make themselves agreeable to their fair associates.

A DIPLOMATIC DINNER.

Monday, 18th December, 1837.—This being St. Nicholas day and therefore the name-day of the Emperor, it is the subject of universal celebration. Count Nesselrode has a multitudinous dinner at the "Hôtel du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères," to which I am obliged to go, *selon les usages* in grand uniform; and in the evening, as I was formally apprised by the secretary of the Court, Mr. Maikailoff, some days ago, the ball of the nobility will be attended by the Grand Duchess Helen, and all are expected to dress their loftiest. The city generally also undergoes

illumination at night and the Neva consecration.

Tuesday, 19th December, 1837.—At Count Nesselrode's dinner yesterday, all the diplomatic corps attended except Luchenfeldt, of Bavaria. On such occasions established etiquette requires that ambassadors and ministers should take their seats at table according to the precedence arising from the dates of their respective arrivals at this court, ambassadors of course as higher in grade being before ministers. I took my place next to Mr. Milbanke below, and as I presumed above Count Schimmelpenninck. In the course of the evening, after we had risen from the table, the Dutchman informed me that he disputed the right of Mr. Milbanke to the precedence he assumed; that he had spoken to Count Nesselrode upon the subject, and to Mr. Brunoff, and that both these gentlemen were inclined to agree with him in the views he expressed, and promised to communicate to him their formal decision on the point. The result would, of course, affect me by advancing me one step in the line should the conclusion be against the British representative. The grounds of his proceeding are simply these: Lord Durham was ambassador, and on quitting Russia he left Milbanke chargé d'affaires, an appointment since confirmed by the British Government. As chargé left by an ambassador, Milbanke ranks as a minister plenipotentiary and took that rank before either Count Schimmelpenninck or I reached here; but he is not an envoy extraordinary, and that is our most important and distinctive grade, and the count considers it essentially higher than the mere minister plenipotentiary, and therefore entitling us to precedence. It would seem also that Milbanke is even minister plenipotentiary more by a sort of diplomatic brevet than by actual commission in the line; and his personal deportment appears to have kindled a disposition to pull him a little back from the forward position he too boldly takes.

THE EMPEROR'S SLEIGH-RIDE AND HIS EARLY HOURS.

Tuesday, 26th December, 1837.—I dined today with Prince Butera, the Neapolitan minister. He married a Russian widow of immense wealth, owning productive gold mines in Siberia. His residence on the English quay is one of the most splendid establishments I have visited. There were present the Austrian and French ambassadors, the Prussian, English, and Dutch ministers, Count Woronzoff, Count Matuzewitch, the French secretary of legation, the Marquis de Villafranca, and a French attaché. The table was brilliant, and the dinner exquisite, especially the dish of Neapolitan macaroni, and the glass of imperial Tokay. During the repast much conversation of a lively character took place respecting Madame Taglioni, whose dancing last evening enchanted the Emperor and Empress. On this topic the Austrian was poetically eloquent, and described the feet of the actress as actually speaking. He insisted also that her extraordinary length of arms greatly contributed to her grace and activity, being admirable substitutes for the balance-pole employed by tight-rope dancers. The Marquis de Villafranca and I, after being introduced, had a long and interesting confab. He is not an unapt looking representative of the Spanish pretender, Don Carlos. Of about forty years of age, short figure, round limbs, jet-black hair and eyes, bushy mustache and swarthy complexion, he looks the young but grave grandee.

I crossed and recrossed the Neva upon the ice to-day, and was amused by seeing the preparations making by a body of men for an extensive skating plain. Trees were planted in the ice on the line of demarcation; some benches were already stationed; the snow was shoveled and wheeled off, and, through a hole cut, water was procured and thrown in buckets over the appointed space, thus securing a smooth and clean surface. On returning home, while walking carelessly with Philip along the English quay, a single-horsed, small sledge approached at a rapid pace, with apparently one of the numberless military officers in it whom we see in all directions, enveloped in a light-blue cloth cloak and with cocked hat and feather, and speeding exactly in the same unattended and simple manner. I did not notice, much less recognize, the person in the sledge until after he had made the usual gesture with his hand (putting it to the side of his hat by his forehead and there retaining it) and had nodded repeatedly at me, with smiles, as if endeavoring to make me know him. I had just time to whip my hat off, and turned towards him most respectfully; it was the Emperor of all the Russias! He flew rapidly by, and I observed that all who were in his track seemed aware almost by instinct of his approach, and doffed their hats and caps instantly. Here was the monarch of myriads—the despotic arbiter of life and death, and liberty, and law—actually and visibly enjoying a sleigh-ride in a style as entirely unassuming and fearless and natural as would be chosen by any one of his subjects or slaves. The constitutional king, Louis Philippe, could not venture on this without the music of whistling bullets being awakened; and even a king or queen of England would run some risk of violence or rudeness. Yet such is the everyday practice

of Nicholas the First. He is probably bold in the consciousness that he strives to do his duty, or the excessive degradation of his slaves presents the least hazard of a generous aspiration and struggle for liberty.[1]

Wednesday, 27th December, 1837.— Dr. Lefevre's second lecture on chemistry was delivered this evening and I accompanied three of my children to it. At its close we went to Mr. Law's, the English clergyman, nephew of Lord Ellenborough and our Thomas Law, and remained till midnight. My daughters danced to the music of the piano, while I took my seat at a card-table and won from his reverence at whist ten rubles. How strangely different are the religious prejudices of different countries! Mr. Law dresses in black, and in that alone, when out of the pulpit, differs from any of the crowd of gentlemen who may meet in the ball-room, the theater, or at the green baize.

Friday, 29th December, 1837.—We were gratified last night by finding the Emperor among the guests at Count Woronzoff's. He had told the count, when at Moscow, that he would attend his parties, provided that they began at nine o'clock; the count feared that was an impossibility; his Majesty went, however, at the hour he had indicated, and was alone until nearly eleven. Fashion is more potent than autocracy. When I entered the room where he was, I perceived him to be in conversation with Count Schimmelpenninck, and forbore to advance; he caught my eye, left the count, and coming towards me, we shook hands, when he observed that he had met me ten days ago, that I obviously did not recognize him, but that he never saw any person for five minutes whom he afterward forgot.

The Winter Palace is just reported in flames!

BURNING OF THE WINTER PALACE.

Saturday, 30th December, 1837.— The great Winter Palace is now a quadrangular stack of blackened and gloomy walls; still, however, at twelve o'clock to-night blazing in every direction with almost unabated fury. As to a spectacle, it is more grand and imposing than any exhibition I ever beheld. The Emperor has ordered all dangerous efforts to arrest or extinguish the flames to be abandoned, and the noble pile with its gorgeous and rich contents is left, surrounded by an army in full costume, to consume itself away. The whole scene is the celebration of the obsequies of some mighty monarch. As yet, the origin of this calamity is merely matter of conjecture and rumor; but one story has an air of verisimilitude and is generally credited. Some persons are said to have been engaged in the apothecary's apartment in making chemical experiments, and having accidentally ignited a quantity of fluid, the blaze extended itself and gradually became irrepressible and inextinguishable. The Emperor was, at the time, in the theater witnessing the graces of Taglioni, and hurrying home he arrived at the palace at the moment when the fire burst forth from several points. This immense conflagration has in no manner disturbed the general tranquillity of the city. No bells have rung, no outcry has been made, no noisy engines have rattled along the streets, and no crowds have been collected. The process of supervising has been allotted to the military and police; the operation has been conducted with the silence, system, and despatch by which those two departments are characterized.

I did not retire to bed this morning until some of the household servants were bustling about, preparing for the day. Circumstances over which we sat brooding had excited vague alarm in all the family. In despotic governments fears of conspiracy and change are always more or less afloat. The agents of the police keep these fears alive as necessary to their own importance. Some of the French newspapers had contained a statement that a plot against the Emperor was being actively followed up. He went to Tsarskoe-Selo for some days, on his return hither, instead of taking up his quarters at once, as he was wont to do, at the Winter Palace. Then he moved about without attendance or parade, as witness the manner in which he appeared at Count Woronzoff's soirée. And we recollected, furthermore, many harsh things said of his extreme and passionate violence in the reviews at Wosnesensk, and especially towards a general officer of noble rank whose badges of honor he rudely tore from his breast with his own hand

[1] Nicholas I. was born in 1796. His eldest brother, Alexander I., noted for his part in the Napoleonic wars, arranged that his brother Constantine should forego his right to the succession; so with the consent of the latter Nicholas ascended the throne on the death of Alexander in 1825. Nicholas, who was a man of great activity, intelligence, and of fine presence, had shown a taste for military affairs, and from the suppression of the revolt that followed upon his accession pursued a policy of repression. In 1817 he had married the daughter of Frederick William III. of Prussia, sister of the late Emperor William. In concert with England and France he helped to secure the independence of Greece. His war with Turkey in 1828–29 resulted favorably to Russia. The Polish insurrection which began in 1830 was ruthlessly stamped out; and in 1849 Nicholas helped Austria to subdue revolted Hungary. His demands upon Turkey led to the Crimean war, in which England and France overmatched him, and before the end of which he died, on March 2, 1855. His successor, Alexander II., made peace in the following year. It is said that the emancipation of the serfs by the latter accorded with a recommendation left by his father Nicholas I.— EDITOR.

in the presence of the troops. All these ideas, when aggravated by the light of the burning palace, would probably have given way to farther reflection, had not, as if to invigorate and confirm them, a notice been sent me from the imperial guard that two other large fires had broken out in distant quarters of the city; that a doubt existed whether they were not the explosion of some general plan, and that I was desired to be vigilant in care of my own household. I was on the point of revisiting the palace a second time, when I met the soldier at the door who gave this notice to my servant verbally. We were now countenanced in some degree in indulging our imaginations, and we very soon worked our way into the midst of a revolution and the conflagration of the city. I sent for the Secretary of Legation to take charge of the archives of the mission, stationed my servants at the points most suited for effective look-outs, and tranquillized the family as well as I could. The extraordinary silence that prevailed was, however, the great restorer of intellectual composure; and I got all to bed by two o'clock, except Mr. Chew and myself, who remained up and on the *qui vive*.

Monday, 1st January, 1838.—The incidents of the conflagration are rapidly developing and engage at present every attention. The number of lives lost is differently stated; some carry it up to more than two hundred, others to eighty, and a general in actual service on the fatal night explicitly assured me that but one man had been killed. A body of grenadiers are represented to have perished by the sinking of the floor at the moment they were endeavoring to remove and save the throne; and the Emperor is said not to have abandoned the hope of extinguishing the flames until he saw the staff of the standard which surmounted the palace blazing, when he lost color for a moment and exclaimed that it appeared to be the will of God and he would no longer hazard the lives of his officers and subjects in the attempt. He disappeared for a short time from among his attendants, who were alarmed at his absence. He had gone into his private cabinet to collect and secure his private papers, with a large bundle of which in his hands he again came out.

There were nearly four thousand permanent occupants of this immense palace, many of whom were entirely dependent upon this sanctuary for their means of livelihood. Numbers of young ladies attached to the court as maids of honor, or in other capacities, have been suddenly deprived of all their jewels and little property and made destitute. Several of them, in their extreme terror, fled from the scene and were not found again for forty-eight hours, having taken refuge among their friends. Much of the most valuable furniture has been rescued; the Hermitage remains untouched; the interesting collection of portraits which covered the walls of the historical Hall of the Generals was saved by a regiment of soldiers who devoted themselves to that particular object. The crown jewels were early sent away; the Empress, after her return from the theater, went in person and preserved her own jewelry. The splendid malachite vase, esteemed one of the most precious articles, resisted by its weight and fastenings the exertions of sixty men and was lost. No attempt was made to sever the gorgeous jasper columns which adorned the saloons of the Empress from the walls, and they were reduced to powder. The estimated loss is fifty millions of rubles, or ten millions of dollars. Orders have already issued for the rebuilding, and the Emperor has said that he will reoccupy the palace next September — utterly and absolutely impossible!

I am informed this evening that a new ministerial department is about to be created, with General Kisileiff at its head. It is exclusively designed for the government of the private domain and properties of the crown, which have latterly been injuriously neglected; a matter of no inconsiderable importance, when it is recollected that the Emperor actually owns about eighteen millions of peasants, or one-third of the population of Russia. This enormous acquisition has been caused by the loans he made after the French war to the nobles, which being unpaid were followed by seizures, etc.

THE RUSSIAN NEW YEAR'S.

Saturday, 13th January, 1838.—This is the New Year's day of Russia, and an active interchange of personal civilities takes place. Cards are sent to all one's acquaintances.

The court convened at the Palace of the Hermitage, at twelve o'clock, to celebrate agreeably to my note and invitation the anniversary of the birth of Her Highness Helen. The ceremonial is one deemed peculiarly high and important, and the occasion rallies all the court, all the civil functionaries, and all the military officers, together with all the maids of honor, to the presence of the sovereigns. I made it a point to reach the palace door punctually at the hour designated, accompanied by the Secretary of the Legation. It was instantly obvious that the vast basement accommodations of the Winter Palace were no longer to be had. The door, though not obstructed, was flanked by throngs of liveried servants, whose masters had passed in, and the stairway was equally crowded. On my name being announced, an attendant, dressed fancifully as a

Highlander, presented himself as our guide, opened the mass of human beings in our way, and marshaled us through two lines of richly appareled gentlemen and officers along an extensive corridor hung with the finest paintings, until we reached the saloon appropriated for the meeting of the foreign ministers. On entering I found the corps diplomatique assembled with the exceptions of Prince Butera and Count Schimmelpenninck, who, however, soon appeared. We were all in full costume, and Counts Nesselrode and Woronzoff were with us. A folding-door at the extremity of the room opposite to where we had come in being suddenly thrown wide, we were gratified by beholding an immense array of ladies of honor, dressed in the rich and gorgeous national costume which had been prescribed by the present Empress. The apartment in which they stood was large and beautiful, and they moved about with ease and thus exhibited their fine figures and finer ornaments to entire advantage. The trains were mostly of crimson, purple, or light-blue velvet embroidered in gold or silver, and dragging about two yards upon the floor. The head-dress was a variation of the ordinary Russian nurse's cap, a peculiarity in attire which was very becoming. It was composed of every kind of material and of all varieties of color; diamonds, pearls, emeralds, topaz, etc., etc.; jewelry of all descriptions seemed to have been showered upon each of the ladies. We arranged ourselves in a sort of semicircle, with the Austrian ambassador at the head, and according to the rank of seniority; our secretaries stood behind us respectively; and soon the approach of the Emperor and Empress from the interior of the palace and through the splendid saloon before us was felt. The gentlemen of the bedchamber, with coats covered with gold embroidery, white buckskin trousers, shoes and buckles, and chapeaux and gloves, first moved by us in a throng of about two hundred, going out at the opposite door and halting at the entrance. Then came the high officers of ceremony, Litta, Laval, Narischkin, etc., with their appropriate attire and insignia, who ranged themselves on our left by the side of Nesselrode and Woronzoff; these were immediately followed by the Grand Duchess Helen, wife of the Grand Duke Michel, the Grand Duchesses Marie and Olga and their two younger nieces, daughters of the Grand Duke Michel, who in a line fronting us stationed themselves on our right, the Grand Duchess Helen being within easy speaking distance of Count Ficquelmont: following these imperial ladies were the Grand Duke Michel and the Grand Duke Heir, who as they entered turned a little to the left, and left the way clear for the Emperor and Empress. As their majesties entered we all bowed first to the lady and then to the monarch, and the former advanced to the Austrian, offered her hand for the usual kiss, and conversed for a few moments. She was victoriously equipped; her train of sky-blue velvet, embroidered with silver flowers to the depth of two feet, was protected and occasionally adjusted by two pages who followed her in the garb of young lieutenants: her cap, in shape and meaning like that worn by the maids of honor, was decorated by rows of enormous pearls and diamonds and appeared to be of cherry-colored satin; her gown was of pink satin richly embroidered in gold, and her necklace, bracelets, rings, etc., were brilliant in proportion. As soon as she left the ambassador, the Emperor advanced to him, shook hands cordially, and talked with animation. His dress was that of a general, unincumbered by glitter, his coat green, his epaulets gold, his pantaloons white buckskin, fitting tight to the skin, and his boots long hussars, eclipsing Day and Martin by their polish. On these occasions, the sovereigns passed slowly down the line of diplomats, addressing each as they liked in succession. When my turn came, I kissed the hand of the Empress, and expressed my gratification at perceiving that her summer travels had improved her health. She said they had on the whole, but just now she felt exceedingly unwell, that she had not recovered from the shock of the conflagration and was utterly unfit to go through the labors of the day; that according to established rule she would be obliged to receive and shake hands with about four thousand persons, and being then scarcely able to stand from faintness how was she to get along? I told her she really looked very differently from what she felt, and expressed my sincere regret; but that perhaps the delight her presence would inspire might react upon herself and give her strength and spirit for the scene. The Emperor shook me by the hand, and at once asked me why I had not been at Count Woronzoff's party on Thursday; that he had seen Mrs. Dallas and my daughters there, but looked in vain for me. I told him that I had gone, unfortunately for me, too late; that I had been occupied (as in truth I had been, in preparing for all the emergencies that might arise in my interview with Count Nesselrode) until past eleven o'clock, but that had I been aware that I should have met his Majesty, no engagement should have detained me. He said, with a smile, "The plain truth is, you are more fashionable than I am!" The Empress spoke to me in English, the Emperor in French. After completing the semicircle, and being then by the door, they both turned round, gave a salutation to the corps generally, and left the room,

their attendants all following; and then came, in one splendid and prolonged sweep, with a magnificence of rustle and smile altogether overwhelming, the whole cavalcade of maids of honor, giving to us a rare and surpassing review. When the door closed we were at liberty to depart, and I hastened to my carriage, eager to reach home and to divest myself of my stiff uniform.

Monday, 15th January, 1838.—Countess Laval's first ball was to-night, and we repaired to it. Her magnificent dwelling expanded still farther than I ever noticed it before. A new series of splendid rooms was opened in addition to those heretofore described, and ended in a vast dancing saloon, with superbly arched ceiling, lighted by two immense bronze chandeliers and side candelabras, wax candles in all. No supper — but a large apartment with two tables kept loaded all the evening with refreshments. Card-tables innumerable and all occupied.

CONSECRATION OF THE NEVA.

Thursday, 18th January, 1838.—La fête des Rois, and the consecration of the Neva under a pavilion opposite the Hermitage and through a hole cut in the ice, performed by the Emperor. We started to witness the proceedings at half-past eleven, in a crowded carriage, and drove at once upon the frozen river, and within two hundred yards of the pavilion. It was thronged with priests in their sumptuous garments and with military officers who brought their respective banners to be dipped in the holy flood. All present stood uncovered, while mass was being performed. The vast multitude collected for the occasion could not be less than forty thousand in number; and those gathered immediately round the scene of consecration and in a compact mass upon the ice I presumed to be about twenty thousand.

Friday, 19th January, 1838.—At noon went to the Emperor's private palace of Annitchkoff, high up the Neffsky prospect, and was in due form presented to his Imperial Highness, Monseigneur the Grand Duke Czarovitz Heir, with whose fine form, soft countenance, and unaffected good manners I was highly prepossessed. His destiny is a striking one, but I should much question his possessing the bold and resolute qualities of the will, as well as the active intellectual ones, without which he must be a sad and uncertain successor to his father.

RUSSIAN TOBOGGANING.

APPRISED by De Sersay that our diplomatic set of ice-hills at the country residence of Count Laval were ready, I drove Phil and my daughters forthwith to visit them. We were all delighted with the amusement. Two parallel and nearly adjoining straight platforms of beautifully clear and smooth ice, formed of distinct but inseparably united blocks of uniform width and depth, run in opposite directions for perhaps two or three squares, and rise gradually at their opposite extremes fifty or sixty feet high into the upper chambers of two fanciful pavilions: the line separating the plains is a mound of soft and clean snow of sufficient elevation to prevent its being easily surmounted in the progress of the sport, and the outer boundaries are similarly composed. Very small and exquisitely neat and showy sledges are employed, with runners generally of polished steel, and with light and narrow cushions of differently colored velvet, or worked worsted, or red morocco; each accommodates two persons, and a lady may seat herself in front of a gentleman with her feet a little lifted and pointed the course she is going: the start from the pavilion is precipitous, and of course requires no external impetus: the velocity is extreme during the greater part of the transit; the course is governed by the gentleman, whose hands are covered with thick stuffed gloves or gauntlets, and who, leaning a little back, by the slightest touch upon the ice guides the vehicle with the nicety and precision which characterize the effect of a rudder upon a skiff: the sledge is arrested gently or abruptly according to the skill of its manager, at the end of the plain and at the foot of the other pavilion, into which the parties mount by a stairway with their feathery apparatus, and taking a fresh start in the reverse direction shoot back to the foot of the pavilion whence they first issued. The going and return may occupy two or three minutes, and seemed to be accompanied with great exhilaration and delight to the voyagers. The cold was severe, and we had somewhat too much wind, but my children, who immediately and fearlessly engaged in the excitement, were much pleased. There is no real danger, though awkwardness and failure in the descent may cause vexation, as they give rise to loud mirth in the spectators.

THE EMPEROR'S ENGLISH.

Tuesday, 23d January, 1838.—At half-past seven I repaired to Count Nesselrode's with Mrs. Dallas and Julia. It was a grand and select ball to the imperial family, and the early hour of meeting was designated to suit the health and medical advisers of the Empress. The Emperor, among other ways of indicating his disposition, raised his voice several keys louder than usual, and said to me: "You are the first gentleman that has ever induced me thus publicly to speak English; I hope you will

now undertake to teach me, by frequent conversations, how to speak it well." "With all my heart," was my reply, "though you really speak it so distinctly and correctly already, that I have little or nothing to teach: I will, however, undertake anything in order to be frequently honored by your attention." Shortly after this remarkable interview, the Grand Duke crossed one of the longest rooms, came directly up to me, and shook hands. He said he had met me the day before yesterday while he was in a sledge and I on the English quay, and that I had not recognized him. "How is it possible for me, an utter stranger, to know you when, without a single attendant, you drive along like any private person, muffled up completely in your cloak and covering your face from the cold? As soon as you lifted your hand and thus in some degree uncovered your face, I hope your Highness perceived that I knew you instantly."

"No doubt, no doubt; the truth is, I prefer moving about without escort. I think we are the only reigning family in Europe who attempt it. It is impossible for me, as a military man, to leave off my uniform and to divest myself of these tell-tale ornaments [epaulets and orders], but I should like to avoid the notoriety consequent upon them."

Our supper at half-past eleven was as rich, *recherché*, and gorgeous as possible. Prince Narischkin told me that he had himself purchased at Paris the golden and malachite ornaments of the table, and had given 95,000 rubles for them. He subsequently sold them to the Emperor, who gave them for the use of his vice-chancellor.

Wednesday, 31st January, 1838.—We went to the ball of the Princess Bellozelskoy at half-past seven. The imperial family were all there. The exterior of the house in the first story was illuminated by innumerable lamps. Four hundred and fifty guests were accommodated at the supper table. The magnificence of the whole scene is indescribable. The stone staircase, branching off at the first landing, and leading to the second story, was, in its vastness, ornaments, and style, worthy of the splendor to which it introduced one. After the company had collected in what seemed to be an endless suite of drawing-rooms, another suite embracing an immense picture-gallery was thrown open for dancing, and finally, beyond this, another and still more noble series were displayed for supper. The picture-gallery contained many very fine originals — especially of the schools of Correggio and Annibal Caracci — and one, Judith with the head of Holofernes by Andrea del Sarto, particularly struck me. Numbers of the subjects were too indelicate and ought to have been removed on this occasion. Suffering as I did during the whole evening with a pain and fever in my head, I felt no disposition to partake in the gaiety around me, and less to converse: my chief occupation was, therefore, in examining the paintings and statuary. In the apartment appropriated to engravings, of which the collection in portraits is extensive and remarkable, I was surprised agreeably by seeing one of Trumbull's, of the Battle of Bunker Hill. While musing silently and in a retired niche, I was agreeably surprised by the Emperor's coming to me, shaking hands, and then leaning against the wall as if disposed to a little chitchat. I asked him, in allusion to what took place between us at Count Nesselrode's, whether he was ready to take his first lesson in English? He said he hoped to benefit by frequent conversations with me, and repeated emphatically the assurance that I was the only gentleman by whom he had ever been induced to speak the language publicly. I expressed myself highly flattered. He then asked me what I thought of the state of things in Canada, and intimated that he had heard of my doubting whether the insurgents had among them a single man competent to lead them. The Emperor said that it was neither his temper nor his policy to rejoice in the misfortunes of other countries even though they might be supposed beneficial in their tendencies to the interests of Russia; but, added he, almost in the very words repeating the sentiment he uttered when I presented my letter of credence at Peterhof, if the mother country will act oppressively and unjustly towards her colonies, they are right to resist. I told him I thought it would be on the whole the better policy for England to consent to the separation and independence of Canada.

"But where then is she to get her timber?"

"From the Baltic," I replied.

"Yes," he said, "she might; but perhaps not of such good quality nor as cheap."

This drew my mind to his fleet off Cronstadt, and I hazarded the remark that I should like to see those fine-looking ships of his out in the Atlantic.

"Why," he replied, "I will probably send some of them there; but really I am charged in all directions with such ambitious projects and such mischievous designs, that I am averse to do anything that in the slightest degree might countenance these imputations."

"Send a small squadron to visit us," said I, "in the United States. I assure you we shall give them a most cordial welcome."

"I should like to do so," he answered, "and think I will send one or two; but my men, who make such good soldiers, make poor sailors."

"Give them, or some of them," I observed,

"the opportunity of good long voyages and of a bold sea, and they will rapidly improve."

The Emperor then invited me to accompany him, as soon as the opening of navigation in the spring would permit it, on a visit to his Baltic fleet; an invitation which I of course accepted. I forgot to record that when he adverted to the accusations commonly made against him, I interrupted him, as apologizing for them in some degree, with the remark, "But, then, you are so powerful that you naturally inspire jealousy."

"Yes," he said, "we are powerful only, however, for defense, not for attack," and he seemed anxious that he should express this last idea distinctly, for he quit English, for an instant, to give it in French.

I became this evening personally acquainted with Count Cherchineff, the minister of the department of war. He is said to be distinguished by great ability and energy. His figure is tall and stout and well proportioned; his head and face rather small; his hair, eyes, and mustache peculiarly black; and his complexion somewhat pallid. His department exacts infinite labor. I told him that we had repeatedly interchanged visits and cards without meeting, and that I had ascribed it to his incessant engagements. He said I was right — that such an empire as this, with such a military system, required inconceivable exertion, especially with an emperor who entered into all the details of business. "For instance," said he, "here I am at midnight, but I must be up at five in the morning, and must meet the Emperor at nine. I have been eleven years in my present post, and can't tell how I live through it all." I should presume him to be about fifty.

GAMBLING IN RUSSIAN SOCIETY.

Wednesday, 7th February, 1838.—I played chess with Count Litta, the crack performer of the highest circles here, and beat him. This at once establishes my reputation; it does more, it affords me a resource at these soirées much better than the one of gambling at whist to which I am so generally persuaded, and to which the lack of something to kill time with strongly tempts me. The extent to which gambling is carried with this sober game of whist is surprising. One gentleman of the diplomatic corps told me that he frequently played for twenty thousand rubles a game, and that last year he lost about eighty-five thousand rubles. Écarté, too, is constant, and I have noticed many thousands changing owners at this sport in the course of fifteen minutes. At large entertainments twenty or thirty card tables may be readily counted — all actively going. I have, however, noticed but one disagreeable scene of conflict, and that ended tranquilly and liberally.

Friday, 16th February, 1838.—The splendid ball and supper of Count Woronzoff, at which he entertained the imperial family, opened this evening at half-past seven o'clock.

I very soon heard, in the course of the evening, the intelligence which has reached here through the Berlin "Gazette," in relation to the attack made by Sir F. Head upon the Canadian insurgents on Navy Island in the Niagara River; his having routed them; and his having pursued an American steamboat, which was said to be engaged in their service, killed her crew within our jurisdiction, set her on fire, and allowed her to drift over the Falls. The incident is a stirring one, and is regarded here as involving an outrage upon the sovereignty of the United States, which cannot be overlooked. There is obviously a general dislike of English policy and pretension; and everything is eagerly caught at to fan a quarrel with her.

THE EMPEROR'S PERUKE.

Wednesday, 21st February, 1838.— In the evening we repaired to the ball of Madame Boutourlin at about nine. The Emperor and the two Grand Dukes, *Héritier* and Michel, came in the course of the night; the first danced a quadrille with our hostess. After shaking hands I expressed myself pleased to see that he still danced: he said he was too old, but that an old sentiment of attachment to the lady had got the better of him. "Certainly not too old," said I, "because you are several years younger than myself and have not got one of the gray hairs by which I am surmounted." "Yes," he replied, "my hairs are gray, the few I have, and this (pulling the curls on top) is a peruke."

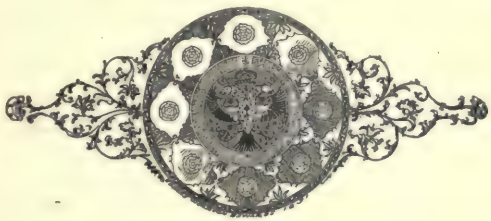
On conversing to-day in terms of admiration of some of the things I had seen at the Imperial Library, Count Lerchenfeldt informed me that many, if not the most, of them had been obtained from the libraries of Polish nobles whose estates had been confiscated. I had noticed a Polish name in many of the volumes.

Monday, 19th March, 1838.—Mrs. Dallas and I at half-past four repaired to Prince Yonsonpoff's to dinner. The establishment is on the grandest and costliest scale. The endless range of lofty saloons, the countless paintings upon the walls, the masterly and exquisite statuary, and the numberless servants gorgeously dressed out in green and silver, with pages having caps and flowing feathers, altogether overwhelmed our faculties of admiration. It redeemed its reputation of being the largest

private residence in St. Petersburg, and far surpassed in splendor anything I have yet seen. I should suppose there could not have been less than a thousand paintings of the various masters, and some of them of immense size. For two alone, the present Emperor offered two hundred and fifty thousand rubles, but the sale was declined. That, however, which riveted my gaze was the noble piece of sculpture of Canova, "Cupid embracing Psyche"; it was placed in the center of a circular apartment whose roof was a dome, and whose walls were tapestried in glowing scarlet; the effect upon the white marble was beautiful. Our dinner was all that boundless wealth could make it. The guests were fifty in number, Counts Orloff and Woronzoff, Prince Mensikoff, Princess Bellozelskoy, Countess Laval, Sherbatoff, Blondoff, ministers of Prussia and Sweden, etc., etc. The dining-hall of spacious dimensions was on one side decorated with family pictures, and on the other with the family plate tastily arranged in two glass-covered cases, which filled the whole space, and which being divided into shelves enabled one to see every curiously worked piece distinctly, and to take the whole magnificent service in at one *coup d'œil*. The fashion of collecting family plate and of thus displaying it has recently been borrowed from England.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

George Mifflin Dallas.



A HEADY MAID.

DO men wive hypocrites from very choice
Or very blindness? He who would a mate
To cling about his flattered neck, and voice
In purring tones her sweet obedient fate,
—Though all the while she work her will withal,—
Can none of me, who hate such warm deceit.
I 'll say plain yea and nay; if th' occasion call,
A round, firm nay, with tone in no wise sweet,
But savored rather bitter, if there fell
Necessity. . . . My grandame says, should *he*
Speak out his yea as round and firm as well,
What would the outcome be? 'T would plainly be
—Poor dame! she 's worn with marriage many a day—
That I should hate him till his yea grew nay.

A HEADY MAID IN LOVE.

DID I say hypocrites? I meant it not.
How were a maid a hypocrite who 's led
By love to use mild patience in the stead
Of disputatious word and anger hot?
Besides, it were not womanly; 't would mar
The grace of dignity, a woman's crown.
'T were but a child who needs must scream and frown
For what he cannot grasp. . . . Sweet grandame, far
Behind lies all that thoughtless time of mine,
And everything is altered, I of all
Most changed. The earth hath taught an alien lore
That grants the sun and moon a bright strange shine;
And something lost is held in gain's sweet thrall—
Though one I know, myself I know no more.

Louise Morgan Sill.

EXHIBITION OF ARTISTS SCRAPS & SKETCHES

EVERY artist objects to showing to his patrons or to others who are not members of his craft his picture unframed, his creed being—doubtless it is the result of accumulated wisdom and experience—that the canvas, no matter how well painted, needs the mass of gold or other material which he puts around it to separate it from adjoining objects and to give it a proper and fitting dress.

With him beauty unadorned is not adorned the most—unless his unadorned beauty is shown to those who, like himself, know its intrinsic merit or demerit without any adventitious aids; and the painter's understanding of the advantage to be gained by a good frame is perhaps, after all, more the artist's love for the symphonic tone of the gold than anything else. The dealer, however, understands not only this value, but also the effect to be produced on the expectant purchaser by the twists and curves of the carving, the play of light and shade of the gilding, and the general effect of a mass of suggested costliness as implied by so much gold, even when that gold is but a cobweb surface on plaster. But the dealer goes even farther. He is brought constantly in close contact with the great public. He knows their weaknesses and foibles, and can run the whole gamut of the various beliefs or suggestions which cause the man to make up his mind to exchange his money for a bit of painted canvas or paper. He not only uses the frame,—and he never spares expense on this adjunct of the picture,—but oftentimes places a glass in the front of an oil painting, to protect, as he tells his patron, this precious work from smoke and dust and dirt. He places around the outside of the frame what he calls a "shadow box," usually of some costly and rich-colored wood, and lined with crimson plush or silk velvet. Here is a gorgeous dress. Surely a thing which is worthy of so much costly decking out—a decking out of velvet, precious woods, crystal, and gold—must have great value in itself. And yet almost every artist feels that this stage business of the dealer ought not to be necessary, and tolerates it only because the butcher and the baker will not wait longer and the studio rent must be paid. It was probably this feeling that caused so many New York artists to allow The Fellowcraft Club to take their canvases and their drawings and to place them on their walls without frames or decorations or any adventitious aid whatsoever.

The public, or rather such of the public as were fortunate enough to secure invitations, were asked to come to see artists' sketches and scraps. I am free to confess that without some explanation this latter term would have been meaningless to me. The word sketch everybody, or nearly everybody, understands; but what was the meaning of scrap?

The visitor understood after having seen the material exhibited. It consisted of outdoor studies, sketches from nature, figures made in the studio, *ébauches*, *pochades*,—the inspirational data, as one newspaper called these, for larger, more important works,—memoranda from pocket note-books; portrait studies, etc. Every medium was represented—oil, water color, crayon, pencil, pen and ink, and pastel. Nearly one hundred artists of New York had ransacked their portfolios, and turned out the corners of their *ateliers*, and given to the art committee of the club such material as is rarely seen even by the frequent visitor to the studios. For the artist is strong in his faith that such things as were here exhibited—things made with a real purpose, to aid in making something else—are not to be shown to those whom they expect to buy their finished works.

And yet perhaps no more interesting exhibition was ever held in New York; certainly none with so complete an absence of what for a better term might be called the commercial side of the artists' life. Only a few of the three or four hundred works exhibited had come into

existence in the expectation that anybody would want to buy them. Hence there was a better opportunity for judging the abilities of the exhibitors than at any of the regular picture exhibitions, and the universal feeling of artists, connoisseurs, and critics was that the exhibitors showed themselves stronger, truer, and better artists than they did in their completed works. This was especially apparent in some of the black and white rooms, where were seen, among other things, the original sketches by the side of the finished cartoons made by the staff of artists of one of the leading comic papers. After redrawing, and, in some cases, putting into color to attract the public eye, the virility and the artistic sentiment of the original sketch were often destroyed. Such of the art-loving public as knew the work of these men only by their published efforts obtained a more just and proper idea of their value as artists.

Again, the exhibited outdoor studies of one of the leading portraitists showed a phase of his art with which the public was unacquainted. One study in particular — a piece of Vermont hillside, with flying clouds and a group of trees, full of light and air and movement — had more of the *plein-air* quality than many works ostensibly of this school.

The exhibit (of which examples are given in the following pages) seemed to be strongest in its black and white work and weakest in its water color. In fact, in regard to the latter, although there were charming works by several of the leading men in this line, it seems as though we as a people have not yet risen to a sense of the beauty and power of this medium. When one thinks of the brilliancy, richness, and directness of which water color is capable, one cannot help wishing that the tentative, or the merely clever, had not taken so firm a hold on our public. Perhaps the development of this art is hindered by the absurd feeling on the part of the picture buyer, confined happily to the United States, that it is not so serious or so valuable as oil painting.

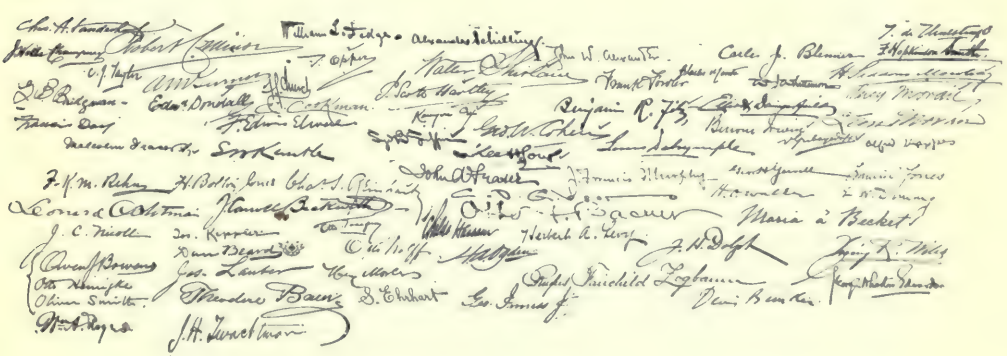
There were, however, one or two notes which gave a suggestion of improvement in this respect, a few things bright, luminous, and sparkling — the true quality of water color.

I have said that the exhibition was strongest in its black and white. This was felt by all visitors. Here was a line of art in which New York was equal to any other city in the world, although it must be admitted that in the more important compositions there was, as a rule, a certain lack of true artistic strength. Technically everything was excellent.

There were drawings in pencil to which the adjective "charming" would be weak; splendid studies of heads and figures excellently drawn in charcoal and in crayon; while, as was to be expected, the work done with pen and ink was perhaps the best of all.

The teaching of this exhibition — and the artists have to thank The Fellowcraft Club for this — was, that the artist when unhindered does his best work; that rarely does a suggestion either from patron or dealer tend to improve at least the art quality. It may make it more literary, more understandable, or more interesting to the layman, but if the artist is to give us truly artistic work, — granted that he is an artist, — he had better be left alone to work out his conception.

William Lewis Fraser.



AUTOGRAPHS OF EXHIBITORS.

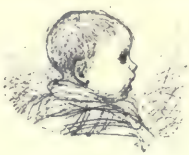
1

2

3

4

4



4

5

1. Diana. Sketch for a decoration, oil, by Frank Fowler.

2. A Vermont Hillside. Oil study, by John W. Alexander.

3. 3. Chickens. Pen sketches from nature, by Walter Shirlaw.

4, 4. Pencil sketches from nature, by J. Wells Champney.

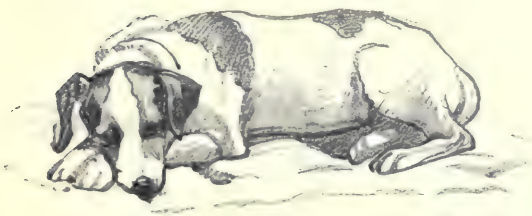
5. Threshing. Oil study, by Will H. Low.

6. For Sheep-shearing in the Bavarian Highlands. Crayon study, by Walter Shirlaw.

7, 7. Pugs. Pencil sketches, by H. A. Ogden.

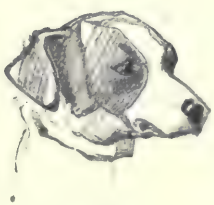
8. At Tréport, France. Oil study, by Charles S. Reinhart.

9. Reverie. Water-color study, by A. M. Turner.
10, 10. Dogs. Pencil sketches, by H. A. Ogden.
11. A Paris Cocher. Pen drawing from nature, by J. Wells Champney.
12. A Quick Note at the Hippodrome. Pencil drawing, by J. Wells Champney.



10

11



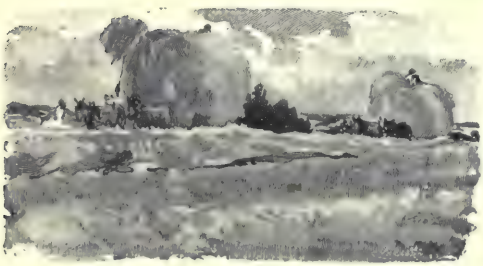
10

12

13

14

15



16

16

13. In Holland. Pencil study from nature, by Charles A. Vanderhoof.

14. Winter. Water color, by William J. Whittemore.

15. Oil study of beach-grass, by Francis C. Jones.

17

16, 16. In an English Hay-field. Ten-minute sketches in water color, by J. A. Fraser.

17. At Martigny. Pencil sketch, by J. Francis Murphy.

18

19

19

18. A Bavarian. Crayon study from life, by George W. Cohen.

19, 19. One and two minute pencil sketches, by Otto Toaspern.

20. Pencil sketch from nature, by E. W. Kemble.

21. Crayon study from nature, by Carroll Beckwith.

20

21

22

23

25

24

26

27

22. Sketch for "A first view," by F. B Opper. Finished drawing published in "Puck."

23. Mammy's Sunbonnet. Pen sketch from life, by E. W. Kemble.

24. Pencil sketch from life, by E. W. Kemble.

25. A Good Job. Water-color study, by George W. Edwards.

26. Two-minute sketch, by Otto Toaspern.

27. A Question of Politics. Sketch from life, by W. A. Rogers.

OLD GUS LAWSON.

"With pleasing toyes he would her entertaine."
Faërie Queene.

IT is interesting to think of the ideas that used to be held by parents, and by many others who were not parents, about the importance of the rod in the education of boys and girls. They seemed to believe that a child of either sex, good, bad, or indifferent, could not be expected to get satisfactory development without receiving during that while an amount of flogging that in these days would be thought enormous. But the one who held this notion with greater confidence than any person with whose opinion I ever had opportunities to become acquainted, was neither a parent nor a grown man, but a schoolboy.

I do not remember how it came to pass that Augustus Lawson, even in the earliest of his teens, began to be called "Old Gus." Most of the girls, however, not willing to be regarded as wanting in decorum, called him "Mr. Old Gus." Old Gus — now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, I cannot feel like speaking of him by any other name — had been a big baby, and he had been growing bigger until the period of the beginning of this story, when, eighteen years old, he was six feet four inches tall, and weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. He had reddish hair, a face very fair, but with so many freckles that a goodly number of them, not caring, as it seemed, to be crowded so much, had emigrated and colonized prosperous settlements upon his great, long hands and fingers. He had very large pale blue eyes and an extremely small mouth. This mouth was never entirely shut, and it was doubtful if it could be. Always lazy about books, and rather so about work of any kind, during the seven or eight years at school he had learned little more than a smattering of English grammar, geography, and arithmetic; yet in this while had gotten whippings that in numbers were

like the hairs of his head and the freckles on his face and hands. When he had come to be eighteen, his mother, a widow with a small, nicely kept dwelling, and a moderate property in land and negroes, residing a mile south of the village, wished him to stop from school and to go to work upon the farm. But he begged for another year, and as he was an affectionate son, and, besides, rather shiftless about any sort of field or domestic business, she consented.

"The simple fact of the business," he would often say, "it is jest about this. I 've been a-goin' to school so long, and I 've got so many whippin's while I were a-gittin' of my edjication, that when it was complete, and I don't need no more, I got so that I jes loves to be thar, a-knowin' how much good it have done me, and me, a endurin' the time, a not knowin' ner a-expectin'. I don't git whipped now, of course, but somehow, with my expe'unce, a-knowin' what good they is *in* whippin', I loves to set thar and see it a-goin' on."

Those who had been with him in his younger time used to say that Old Gus Lawson did not mind a whipping any more than it was minded by any old, rusty-coated apple tree. It was certain that during this last year, in which he was taking leisurely his postgraduate course, his enjoyment of what he called the fun of the thing was great when one or more of his schoolmates received the discipline which was so beneficial. Especially was this the case when the recipient was a girl.

"Because," he argued, "wimming, it 's their business not only to be mothers, but it 's their business to be the very bul'arks of society, as them people that makes Fourth o' July speeches calls 'em, and it won't do for 'em to be raised wrong. I tell you that, now."

Yet he loved the fun as much as he valued the utility. Without a grain of malice, or envy, or jealousy in his nature, still I have witnessed, often and often, in his great big face a delight that was up to the full when boys or girls were crying out under the infliction of the rod. Indeed, when matters in that line became rather duller than he could have wished, occasionally he would endeavor to enliven them in ways that I will tell about after a while.

There was not a single boy or girl in the school who did not like him; for, besides being as amiable in disposition as anybody in the whole world could be, his willingness to do favors for others, especially us little ones, was boundless. But after using the word "boundless" I have the thought that perhaps I ought not to have done so until I came to describe his pockets. I remember him as clothed never otherwise than in his long, baggy, walnut-dyed breeches and waistcoat, over which, with varying shades of gray, was the longest frock-coat, and, opening from the outsides of the skirts, it had the widest, deepest pockets that I had ever seen before or that I expect ever to see again. In those pockets, as well as in those of his other garments, he carried habitually such articles — chiefly eatables — as children, especially girls, were particularly fond of — bits of sugar and ginger-cake, peaches, apples, and other fruit of any and all stages before and after ripeness, especially crab-apples, with small packages of salt to go along with those which he gave to the girls, who were intensely fond of eating them in school hours, when making wry faces over their sourness was attended with so many risks. Then in these store-houses were hickory-nuts, chestnuts, walnuts, chinkapins, haw-berries red and black, marbles won at sweepstakes, balls made of strips cut from worn-out india-rubber shoes and wound with woolen thread, slate-pencils and lead-pencils that he had picked up, goose-quills for making pens and toothpicks. Whatever period of the year it was, Old Gus on every morning brought these vast pockets full of stores of one kind or another, and during the rest of the day distributed as freely as if he had been another Santa Claus. Besides these things, behind the lapels of his coat and waistcoat and on his sleeve-cuffs were any number of assorted pins and needles, the latter already threaded, so as to be ready for sudden emergencies in his own or others' clothing. And people may believe me or not, just as they please, but it is a fact that he never was without a small vial of camphor, and one of opodeldoc, or other salve for healing, and strips of cloth for bandaging cut fingers, skinned noses and shins, and stumped toes. The girls used to say that he was the very convenientest boy in school, and I have heard some grown persons say that it was their belief that if he were to go upon a journey of a week he could carry in his pockets supplies to last him throughout. As for his pocket-knives, I think best to let them go into the next chapter.

II.

POCKET-KNIVES being articles that in a school are subject most often to be called for on loan, Old Gus was seldom without as many as four, ranging in original value from sevenpence (twelve and a half cents) to half a dollar. These he would lend freely, the worth of the instrument loaned depending partly upon the age, partly upon his estimate of the carefulness and responsibility, but chiefly upon the sex, of the borrower. Reasonably gracious in this respect to boys, even the smallest, he was never

known to refuse a loan of a knife of some sort to the request of a girl. Yet there was one, small and four-bladed, with a white handle, claimed to be of ivory, but declared to be nothing but bone by those who were refused the use of it. This knife, which he often said with much solemnity had come all the way from Augusta,—the favorite city of all middle Georgia people,—and had there cost a dollar one-and-nine (a dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents), was kept wrapped in a piece of buck-skin, and carried in one of his vest-pockets; and two persons, and those two alone, could ever get the loan of it. No boy ever dreamed of such a thing as asking for it with any hope of success, and every girl but two forbore, except occasionally for the mischief of seeing the trouble that refusal cost him. These were Miranda Attaway and Sarah Ann Shy.

Miranda was a small, slender brunette, pretty, but thoughtful-looking and tongue-tied. For the purpose of untying her tongue, as it seemed, she had contracted the habit of thrusting a minute portion of the end of that member out of her pretty mouth and pressing her lower lip against it; which habit, in spite of its leading her to be called "tongue-sucker" by some of the ruder boys, made her look very interesting. She was about twelve years old, although she looked younger. Sarah Ann, of the same age, was fair, fattish, and red-haired, like Old Gus, but without a freckle, except an occasional one that took advantage of her carelessness about wearing her bonnet, and lived a brief life upon her lovely cheek. Almost always she wore a smiling countenance. The exceptions were when she was being whipped for her pranks in school time. While these exceptions were numerous, they were evanescent, and interfered little with the fun that she gloried in making. Her parents dwelt a mile east of the village, those of Miranda half a mile south in the direction of the Lawsons. Both families were industrious, plain people, and lived well on the small income arising from their property.

These girls, so unlike, were almost constant companions, occupying the same desk in school, being the very front of those assigned to the girls. The seat of Mr. Hodge, the teacher, was at the fireplace, facing both rows of desks. Old Gus, being so near a man, was allowed to have a whole desk to himself; and that next to the wall at the end of the schoolhouse in the rear of Mr. Hodge. This gentleman, although not of the very best temper in the world, yet was not at all cruel, as some schoolmasters, I am sorry to say, used to be. He whipped freely and conscientiously, but seldom very hard. It seemed as if he was apprehensive that unless he whipped with a spirit and regularity exacted by the public, parents would become dissatisfied and turn him out of his office, or that his scholars might lose some of the respect which they had for him, and perhaps the boys, whenever they would want a special holiday, and could not get it otherwise, might "bar him out," or take him to the spring-branch, not far off, and give him a ducking. I think that his mind was to do no more whipping and no less than what was necessary to satisfy his patrons, to save from decay his reputation, and to keep his position entirely secure and comfortable all around. He put Sarah Ann in front because she was the most mischievous girl in school. Miranda he would have allowed to settle as far down in the row as she might have chosen. But Miranda preferred to be alongside her best friend, and take the consequences of such contiguity. Indeed, the truth is that Miranda, notwithstanding her serious-looking face and her soft, rather pitiful voice, had in her own way nearly as much love of fun as Sarah Ann.

There was another cause why Old Gus had been so favored in the matter of position. Mr. Hodge, for convenient and prudential reasons, was not disposed for him to be where he himself could constantly observe his actions. Then this position was the very one Old Gus preferred, because his two favorites were just in front of him, and convenient both for enjoying the sight of their interesting faces and conferring upon them by signs and otherwise such assistance as his judgment decided that they needed and his great fondness for them would not allow him to withhold. In the next chapter I will endeavor to show in what manner this charitable service was bestowed.

III.

Convinced of the wisdom and kindness of his reasons for thus helping these little girls, Old Gus often gave expression to them about in this wise:

"You see, I can't help likin' Sarann some, because she 's red-headed like me; and then she 's so mischievious that I loves to be on hand when she 's a-cuttin' up in the schoolhouse, a not expectin' Mr. Hodge to notice her, and then him come down on her with his switch. And then it sweeten me down to my very bones to hear her holler, and make out like he 's a mighty nigh a-killin' of her, when he ain't a hardly a-hurtin' of her a single bit, but is a-givin' it to her because he know people is a expectin' him to keep up the a'thority of his school. Now as for M'randy, she ain't red-headed, as people can see for theirself, but she 's mighty nigh as fond of her mischievious as Sarann, a notwithstandin' she look so sol-

emn exceptin' when she 's obleeged to laugh at Sarann or me, one or t' other. And when she do begin to put up her little tongue-tie pleadin' to Mr. Hodge, and the man he have to actuil stop before he have give her half as much as she deserve, because she look so pitiful, and beg so pitiful, I declar' on my soul that it make me feel like laughin' so I 'd jes holler out, if it were n't in the schoolhouse, because they ain't any fun that is equil to it. And but, besides all that, it do 'em some of the good they need bad, in a-loosenin' of their skin, and lettin' 'em git their growth out of the little teenchy things they is. I 've had the expe'unce of whippin', and I call myself a example of the good it do, not only to boys but to girls, in gittin' 'em out o' their runty fix in which they 're bound to keep onless they 're whipped; at least occasional, and, of course, reasonable in the case of girls. This is what make me take such a likin' to both of them children, and I could n't keep 'em, even if I was to try, from takin' out of my pockets anything that ary one of 'em wants."

It was interesting to see his relations with them. Liberal with all, both in giving out his supplies and lending his knives, yet there were two favors that were restricted to Sarah Ann and Miranda, one of which was the loan of his dollar-one-and-nine knife, and the other, taking with their own hands whatever they wanted out of his pockets. This last liberty the larger girls did not desire, and they would not have accepted the offer of it. But Sarah Ann and Miranda! Knowing that they had full command over him and all his store, their habit was to pick and choose according to their varying wants.

"Thtop, Mithter Old Guth, and comth here," Miranda often said; "me and Tharann want thomething, and we don't egthactly know what it ith."

Then, one on one side and the other on the other, they would dive their hands and arms up to their elbows, haul out and empty into their aprons quantities upon quantities, and, after selecting such as they preferred, dump back the rest. During this while, looking down upon them alternately with much fondness, his little mouth would make as big a smile as it could.

"That 'll do," one of them would say; "you may go now."

"That all you got to say?" he might remonstrate. "Them other girls have got some manners, but you two—"

"Oh, we thank you, Mithter Old Guth," Miranda would plead, "jutht ath much ath they do, but whath the uthe of thayin' tho every thingle time? People thath alwayth having to thank people get tired of it after a while. You know jutht ath well ath you know anything that me and Tharann like you the betht of all the boyth in thith thchool. Don't we, Tharann?"

"Of course we do," Sarah Ann would answer; "but he came mighty nigh lending our Augusty knife the other day to Susan Leadbetter."

"You know I did n't want to lend it to her, Sarann Shy, and I did n't. What 's the use o' your plaguin' me that way, Sarann?" he would humbly remonstrate.

In such wise Sarah Ann and Miranda would tease him sometimes. Susan Leadbetter was the only girl whom they regarded as possible to get between them and Old Gus. For the Leadbetters were good people adjoining the Lawsons, and having about equal property. And then Susan was a tall, handsome girl, and so nobody would have been surprised if Old Gus in time were to conceive a special partiality for her. But thus far he had never shown any sign pointing in that direction, and it was one of his boasts that he never had been in love in all his life.

"Ah, Mithter Old Guth," Miranda said one day, "I 've heard old people thay bragging ith dangereth." Then taking hers and Sarah Ann's knife out of his waistcoat pocket, she unwrapped it, and, handing him back the buckskin, said:

"There, don't you go and lothe it, or let it get ruthty." Then she went her way.

Gratified as he was by the growth made by his favorites, still its rapidity was not entirely satisfactory. Therefore, partly for the purpose of enhancing it, and partly for the sake of the fun, he managed sometimes from his retired position to throw them into laughter which, on being detected by the master, would be followed quickly by desired results.

"Oh my!" he said often with greatest glee, "it 's positive music to hear 'em when they 're caught. Sarann farly bellers; but when M'randy comes out with her keen little tongue, that it 's all so tied up, if it don't sound sweet, the same if it was a little young bird, and I 'd actuil feel sorry for her if 't were n't for the good I know it 's a-doin' of 'em both, that it mighty nigh seem to me it 'll take more whippin's than any one of 'em gits to make 'em grow of any size worth talkin' about, let alone the ever bein' among the bul-'arks o' society. And so, occasion'ly, when things is down, and I see them children a-needin' o' some stirrin' up, I wait to git their eye when Mr. Hodge ain't a-noticin' of 'em, and then I come the squir'l a-gnawin' at a hickernut, or a rabbit a-eatin' greens. They can't stand nary one o' them, special in the schoolhouse, and then you ought to see how

the little ones in general, and them two in partic'lar, how they can't help bein' caught a-gigglin', and so be took up and whipped. I ain't never afeard of their peachin' on me to Mr. Hodge, because they know if they do, no more crab-apples and things from me, which crab-apples is things I despises myself without they 're b'iled along of a whole lot of sugar to take some o' that everlastin' sour out of 'em; but it 's astonishin' how many of 'em them girls will destroy, special when you give 'em salt to go 'long with 'em. Yes, sir; they know better than to go to work to break up that business. No; they ain't no such low-down meanness in *our* school."

The performances thus referred to were so funny to the girls that their benign intentions always succeeded. The very idea of a person so big, long, and slow-moving claiming to personate as small and nimble a beast as a squirrel or a rabbit was absurd to the last degree. Ridiculous enough was the former with his hickory-nut between his forepaws, digging, or pretending to dig into the shell with his long, white teeth. But the rabbit at his meal of collards or turnip greens was yet more interesting. He used to declare on his very honor that this was done faithfully to life, as often he had watched from a crack of the fence around the garden or turnip-patch and witnessed the scene. If he had not a leaf from one of the trees in the grove, provided for the purpose, he improvised with his copy-book. It was curious as well as irresistibly laughable to observe his actions while in the rôle of this favorite animal. The curve in his back, made so from inactivity, mainly, but partly from the habit of getting down nearer to a level with those whose company he liked most, became much more noticeable as he bowed his head over his leaf. As interesting were his facial expressions. Practice had made him perfect in broadening his eyeballs, giving greater roundness to his profile, flattening his thin lips, and passing his teeth through their various playings and contortions, and the most dainty, modest, seemingly embarrassed, even almost painful, way in which, moving the while his long ears forward and backward, he munched in silence and with great rapidity first one and then another edge. It has been very many years since these and such like things occurred; but I often recall them with vivid distinctness, and in imagination look upon and listen to them, not with loud or suppressed laughter as when a child, but with smiles and with tears so fond that I feel as if I could be willing, even glad, to undergo the old-fashioned punishment, if but for a brief little while I could go back to childhood, and see for myself, and see and hear Miranda Attaway and Sarah Ann Shy look up at dear Old Gus Lawson eating his greens, laugh their laughs, and take their whippings with the rest of us.

But just to think that down to this time with all those grownish girls, some of whom were as pretty and as lovely as any young man in this whole world ought to wish to have presented for his selections, Old Gus had not fallen in love! But both Sarah Ann and Miranda had told him that the only reason was that his time had not yet come.

"The only differenth, Mithter Old Guth," Miranda often said, "ith in the timeth it comth on people. Ith thertain to comth on you thome time, ain't it, Tharann? And then won't he be a thight? I hope I 'll be there to thee it."

"Certainly it 's going to come some time," answered Sarah Ann, "and when he 's not expecting it; and then no more crab-apples nor nothing else for *us*; because he 'll be for just loading down his sweetheart with them — Susan Leadbetter or somebody else."

"You talk, you jes talk, Sarann Shy, like — —like you thought you was as wise as — as the very Queen o' Sheby!"

"No, I 'm not as wise — give me some more salt; these crab-apples are uncommon sour. That 'll do — No, Mister Old Gus, I 'm not quite as wise as all that; but I 'm wise enough to know what I 'm talking about, and you 'll live to see it. You see if you don't."

And so he did. The time came at last, and with it the passion, and in a way so peculiar that it not only surprised him and everybody else, but troubled his mind during a considerable period.

IV.

In those days no Georgia boy who thought much of himself failed, by the time he became fourteen or fifteen, to fall in love with some woman if it were only a schoolmistress or a widow. Yet hitherto Old Gus, so far as the female sex was concerned, had seemed to have kept himself as cold as any frog. Some boys who claimed to know all that was worth knowing about the human frame gave it as their opinion that he had never had any gizzard; and Martin Woodall, thirteen years old, who had been in love several times, went privately one day to Dr. Lewis, the physician of the village, who had attended Old Gus during the only spell of sickness that he had ever had, and asked him confidentially for his opinion on the case; and, having gotten it, came away and betrayed the secret that had thus been reposed in him.

"Boys," said Martin, loud enough to be heard by some of the girls, "it 's so good I can't keep it, but when I asked Dr. Lewis he laughed and said Old Gus did n't have even

a *sign* of a gizzard, and he said that, if he knew anything about the case, he never would. But you all must n't say anything about it, because the doctor he told it to me as a secret."

But a change came over Old Gus. He quit personating not only the squirrel but the rabbit, although I think he parted from the latter with some regrets, particularly on account of the excellent influences it had exerted upon the physical development of Miranda and Sarah Ann, who began, towards the end of the year, to look, poor little things, as if they were about to make something of a start at last. But he told them one day that he had no heart for such as that any more, and he looked so awfully solemn when he was telling them that for a while they felt concern. They asked him what was the matter. He evaded an answer, but, after being pressed, he let it come, and it was as solemn in sound as any that was ever returned from the oracle of Delphi, or any other shrine.

"I have fell in love."

All of us laughed, for many others besides the two girls heard the confession. Then Sarah Ann and Miranda made him go off with them, when Miranda asked:

"Who ith it with, Mithter Old Guth?"

Sarah Ann declared that Miranda had taken the very words out of her mouth, and she said:

"Yes, do, please, Mister Old Gus, tell us who it 's with. Oh, I do think it is *so* interesting! Tell us, Mister Old Gus, please, quick!"

He looked sorrowfully down upon them, one with a hand in a pocket of his coat, the other with hers in that of his waistcoat, and answered:

"Ah now, children, right there 's the deficulty! I can't."

"Can't! Oh, pshaw! You know you can; but you just won't, and I think it 's mean of you."

Then Sarah Ann rammed her hand again into his pocket and said she was as mad as she could be. But Miranda said:

"Oh, Mithter Old Guth, I think you might tell me and Tharann, if for nothing elth, becauthe we 've been good to you in letting you make uth take tho many whippinth for you. Why can't you?"

"Because I don't yit know myself, not quite. I don't."

And then, while they were laughing loudly, he went away and sat down upon a stump where he pondered for a long time. During the remainder of the term he told nobody, not even himself, as he often said, who it was that had effected the change in his feelings and deportment. For a while they suspected that it might be Susan Leadbetter; but one day when she asked for his dollar-one-and-nine knife, to mend her pen, he took it out, unwrapped it slowly, partly extended it towards her, but withdrew it, saying:

"I some ruther not, Susan. Give me your pen, and I 'll mend it well as I know how."

"Never mind, Mister Old Gus; it makes no difference."

The fact was that the other girls had put forward Susan in order to find if she was his flame. She went away laughing, and after that Susan Leadbetter was dropped out of all calculations. For the time being Martin Woodall was in love with Susan, although he had not the courage to tell her so in words; therefore he was glad of the happening of this incident, and said:

"It may be the old fellow is beginnin' to have some sort of a gizzard; but I doubt if it ever comes to anything worth speakin' about."

Considering the indefiniteness of its origin, it was indeed a very noticeable change. Occasionally Miranda or Sarah Ann drew from him a smile, which, however, was more woebegone than his habitual lugubrious expression. But they never could induce him to repeat the thrilling performances which, with such varying attendant circumstances, they had witnessed so often. Instead thereof he usually sat at his desk almost motionless during school-hours, in which time he looked at the two girls with a look that was so mournful and so far away that occasionally they broke forth into the giggling — one of the results of which had been so benign — that he was thankful for their sakes that they were not suspended entirely. His pockets came as usual weighted with cargoes; and after they were discharged, like any patient camel whose burden had been removed, he slowly went off to himself. One day Miranda, impatient at such conduct, said to him:

"Mithter Old Guth Lawthin, I declare your conduct ith thimply oudathoth. What makth you won't do thothe funny thingth any more? I think ith mean ath it can be!"

Hauling out handfuls of goodies and emptying them into her apron, he said: "No, M'randy, I ain't, that is, I hope I ain't, so powerful mean. But a man person who he have once't fell in love th'ough and th'ough, like I am now, he don't feel like doin' them things."

"You don't *feel* like it!" she replied with disdain, as she cracked one of his chestnuts. "My opinion ith, your conthinth hurt you for making me an' Tharann get tho many whippinth. But we never minded that, did we Tharann?"

"Of course not; I 'd be willing to take a whipping any time to see him eat greens like

a rabbit. If he was obliged to do something, he might be satisfied to take away our squir'l, but it was a sin and a shame not to leave us our rabbit. Hand me out some more of those biggest chestnuts. Your hand can get 'em more convenient than mine can."

"Me too," said Miranda. "Mithter Old Guth Lawthin, you know I think your being in love ith motht ath funny ath the rabbit? I know ith ath funny ath the thquirrel. Who ith it with, we keep on athking you."

Driven to the very wall, he answered in sorely pleading tones. "I jes *can't*, M'randy, because I don't know myself. I wish I could, and I wish I did; but if I did know who it was, you ain't big enough to understand the feelin'."

She regarded him for a moment with scorn, as the grinding of her chestnut was suspended. Perhaps reflecting that his ignorance of her capacity merited compassion rather than resentment, her grinding was resumed, and she answered:

"Right there you are mithtakened, thir, if you only but knew it. The very i-dea. Why I take the greateth *delight* in hearing about love thtorieth, and I underthand 'em ath well ath you do, and better too; becauth, if I wath to fall in love, I 'd know who it wath with and you don't. I never heard, and I never even read, of thuch a cathe. Lawth! Mithter Old Guth Lawthin, do try to thtop thome of that foolithneth, and let me and Tharann have thome fun. People are talking and laughing about you going on ath you do and hurting me and Tharann'th feelingth, when we are doing our betht to keep you from dithgrathe; and even Martin Woodall, thath alwayth been thuch a big man, he have to be going about telling people that you have n't got any githarth, or motht none at all, a-knowing no better that nobody exthept chickenth *hath* githarth. But thuch ath that makth me and Tharann athamed of ourthelvth, and we don't know what to thay. Here, tie up in thith handkerchief thome of thothe beth chinkapinth, and do thop your foolithneth, becauthe, I tell you now, it maketh me and Tharann perfect mitherable. Don't it, Tharann?"

Sarah Ann's jaws were tired, but she managed to answer:

"That it does. He has actually got to that, if it was n't for his pockets, I actually don't know what we would do."

"The good laws!" he pleaded pitifully, "how *is* a body to stop sech as that? Why he can't no more do it than he can stop the measles — not until the things break out on him."

"Well, then" said Miranda, "I with they 'd break out on you, if that ith what 'th the matter with you."

V.

At the end of the term Old Gus took his final, most melancholy leave of the school. After this he kept himself more closely at home than ever before, and delighted his mother with the new interest shown by him in work. If Martin Woodall had been entirely fair in giving expression to his opinions he would have been obliged to admit that, however abnormal in his anatomical structure, the old fellow gave promise of making a man in some important elements of his being. He showed especial interest in the growth of the young among domestic animals. Often he said:

"Ma, I jes loves to see young things a-growin', if it ain't nothin' but a pig, or a chicken, or a peachy-tree sprout, because they ain't no tellin' what they goin' to pejuce if they're took keer of."

His mother had been saying all along that she had never a doubt but that 'Gustus would make a man some day when the time came; for his father before him had been just such a boy, and everybody that knew him said that he was one of the best that ever was born. And so he kept on for three years, attending with reasonable diligence to all work that his hands found to be conveniently necessary, his walk and conversation being marked by sobriety rather than the deep solemnity that had been brought on by the first unexpected attack upon his tenderest feelings. It was not often that he met either Sarah Ann or Miranda; for as the time elapsed, he more seldom left home. But he was thankful to hear from time to time that the development which he had contributed so liberally to foster was going on without much complaint. Whenever he met either, if she happened to rally him for what he had made her suffer for his pranks, he answered:

"And you know jest as well as I do that I done 'em for your good, and you got the good of 'em, and you started on the growin' you both of you needed, and I 'm monstrous glad you 've kept it up."

One Sunday after meeting, together they met him, and asked if he had ever found out who it was he was in love with.

"Not yit," he answered. "Not quite yit; but my feelin's is that it 'll come after a while. I ain't in a hurry about it."

"And what do you do mothly thethe dayth," Mithter Old Guth?" asked Miranda.

"Oh, I 'm mostly raisin' chickens and sich."

"And do they grow to your thatithfaction?"

"It 's differ'nt among 'em, M'randy. Some of 'em is rapid, and some is ruther mod'rate, like you and Sarann."

When he had gone, Sarah Ann said:

"Was there ever such a case in the world?"

"It ith curiouth, and ith the funnieth love cathe I ever heard anything about. But, Tharann, thinthe he quit thchool, it theemth to me he 'th thome handthomer than he uthed to be, and hath better mannerth."

"Yes; no doubt about that. Indeed, I think he 's got to be very passable. But I do wish the old fellow would come back to school, where we could see some of the fun we used to have."

"Ah, well! I thuppothe it ain't betht to have fun at thchool alwayth. Juth to think! Ith three whole yearth thinthe Mithter Old Guth left uth. I wonder if we 'll ever be ath happy again, Tharann. Ma thay I 've got to quit thchool after thith year and learn how to work and keep houthe. It makth me thad to think about it, thometimeth."

"That 's what they say about me. Well, since Mister Old Gus quit, I 've seen so little fun that I 'm ready to stop whenever the word comes."

In those times country girls usually got their full growth by the time they were fifteen or sixteen years old, and it was thought well for them to leave school to begin to learn all about domestic work, and, if a good opportunity presented itself, to get married. Within these three years Miranda and Sarah Ann had improved much every way. Miranda, though yet rather small, was plump as any partridge, and to some looked even sweeter. Sarah Ann was large and luscious. Both had become more serious, and Mr. Hodge said openly that he had never turned out two girls who were better scholars. They left school without complaint, and went cheerfully to work. For some time before the end of their last term neither of them had seen Old Gus. He had been keeping himself, for the most part, about home, and everybody was talking about what a fine, domestic person he was getting to be. As for Susan Leadbetter, she had been married long ago and moved away somewhere on the other side of the Oconee. The world, they say, waits for nobody. Yet Old Gus, patient as the longest days, had been waiting, waiting, waiting, and not even his mother ever heard a word of complaint from his mouth.

VI.

A QUIET, harmless life was that during these three years. By slow gradations Old Gus had taken into his hands the conduct of plantation business, and was making as respectable crops as any. During this time few summer evenings had been more serene than his life. Yet, not long after the last school term, his mother suspected that she noticed some little restlessness in his deportment. Occasionally at night, after decently getting through with his chicken, biscuit, and coffee, he would look sternly and mysteriously at his saucer of clabber, and then, leaving it untouched, rise, go out, and walk awhile on the piazza or in the yard. His mother did not think it best to allude to these symptoms, but waited to see what was to come of them, trusting, as had been her habit always, for the best. One night after supper he sat a long while in silence. Just before it was time to light his candle and go to bed he said:

"Ma, somethin' inside o' me have been a-workin' like it want to break out on me."

"Why, 'Gustus, my son, the measles *is* in the neighborhood, but I hain't been afraid of you a-ketchin' 'em, because you had 'em, and them thick as hops, as the sayin' is, when you were n't more than eight year old. But sometimes people does have the things twice't. I 'll make some tansy bitters to-morrow, and have it ready to fetch 'em out if it 's them."

Little else was said upon the subject. At breakfast the next morning his mother noticed nothing out of the usual way except that he had on his linen shirt and looked a trifle bashful. She was not alarmed, however, because he put in a reasonably hearty meal. When it was over, taking his hat, he said:

"Ma, I 'm goin' to step over to the Attaways awhile this mornin', and I may go on as fur as the Shys before I turn back; but I 'm tol'ble certain of gittin' back by dinner-time."

"All right, my son; but as you hain't been a-feelin' very well here lately, if I was in your place I 'd try and not git overhet."

"I 'll try to keep reason'ble cool," he answered her affectionate admonition.

He walked on to the Attaways neither fast nor slow. Arrived there, he found Miranda, after having put away the breakfast things, getting ready to begin on a pair of trousers that her mother had just cut for one of the negroes.

"Why, if it ain't Mithter Old Guth!" she said. "I 'm glad to thee you. Take a theat, won't you?"

He seated himself, and as soon as he had an opportunity for a special remark, said:

"M'randy, I found out who it is; or at leastways I *think* I have."

"Who it ith what, Mithter Old Guth?"

And when she asked the question she knew just as well as he did; for she blushed, and her fingers trembled while she was threading her needle.

"Who I 'm in love with. Come now, don't go to makin' out you don't know what 's been the matter with me all this long time, M'randy. I thought by this time you got old enough, if not quite big enough, to understand what made me so solemn them last days I were at school, a-knowin' you were n't old enough then for sech as you to understand how dead in love I fell with you and Sarann."

"With me and *Tharann?*"

"Yes," he answered, looking towards her with moderate interest. "You and Sarann. Thar was the de-ficulty. I could n't tell in my mind which was from which. Sometimes when I has heard Sarann's big, loud haw-haw, and see her nice white teeth, I thought 't were her; but then when you 'd look up at me, and say somethin' with your little tongue-tied voices, and the cold chills, or ruther, I might say, the warm chills run all over me, I says to myself, 'No; it must be M'randy.' And so now, to the best of my knowledge, I think it 's you. And besides, you live closeter to us, and it 's conven'enter. And so here I am."

Miranda, now red as a June apple, threw down her work, and, looking at him with glittering eyes, said:

"I 'd have no man on the top of the ground that came at me a-courting me in thuch a — myththeriouth thort of way!"

"Oh, well then," he replied resignedly; "I thought I 'd try you first. If I don't suit you, M'randy, I 'll peruse on to the Shys and see if I can do anything with Sarann."

He turned his head, as if looking for the place where he had put his hat.

"I never *thaw* thuch a perthon!" said Miranda, almost crying, "that he take a girl by thurprithe, and before thee have time to even think about what he thay to her, flare up mad becauthe — becauthe —"

"Now, right there, M'randy,"— mildly interrupting her,—"you 're mistakened in your mind about my flarin' up mad. I ain't mad; and as you say you been took by surprise, I 'm goin' back home, and I 'm goin' to stay there one whole, solid week, and then I 'm a-comin' back. What do you say, M'randy?"

"I thay you do jutht ath you pleathe. There!"

The words were positive, but Old Gus thought that he could see that the tone was subdued. So he rose, and said:

"Good-by, M'randy. I sha'n't go to the Shys to-day; not to-day, I sha'n't."

After he had gone Miranda reported everything to her mother, and ended by saying:

"I don't care whether he comth back any more or not; I juth don't, and I ath good ath told him tho. Now!"

After some reflection the mother said:

"Of course, M'randy, in such matters people has to act according to the way their feelings is; but if it was me, I should hisitate before I turned off a young man that was of good respectable people, and good prop'ty to boot, and that all the old people said what a studdy, well-doing young man 'Gustus Lawson was. And as for his addin' in of Sarann, that would n't be nuther here nor there with me, straightforward person like him, that I would n't be surprised if he did n't do it just to let you see that he could n't be fooled with nor neither put off too long. Many a young man does such as that with girls, and even when they 're most in yearnest. But of course, my daughter, you 'll have to answer accordin' to your feelings. He give you a plenty of time to think about it."

On the morning appointed by him here came on Old Gus, in whose eyes Miranda was glad to think that she could observe some little eagerness.

"Well, M'randy?" said he, after being seated.

"Mithter Lawthin, I 've talked with Ma what you athed me, and if it wath n't for what you thaid about Tharann —"

"Right thar now, M'randy — right thar," he broke in with a quickness entirely unknown theretofore, "let me interrup' you. I had a talk with *my* Ma too, and Ma she said I had no business a even namin' of Sarann's name on sech a arrant, and if it had been her, she say, she 'd a got mad as fire, jes like you did. And then Ma up and says to me: 'Gustus Lawson, *you* may n't know it, but *I* do; and it 's that you don't love Sarann Shy, but it 's M'randy Attaway you 're in love with, and has been in love with her ever sence her and you went to school to Mr. Hodge.' And now I tell you, M'randy, that right thar the thing broke out all over me, and I see Ma were right. Not that I has any disrespects of Sarann; but the one I want for myself is you, and I want you bad."

Their union was speedy, and it became very happy. Many persons from time to time heard the following remarks:

"The way thome women are alwayth bragging about their hùthbandth ith juth thimply tirethome to me. I 'm not one of that kind of perthonth mythelf; but my private opinion ith I 've got the betht in thith whole Thtate, and I don't care who knowth I thaid tho."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

THE CONFEDERATE DIPLOMATISTS AND THEIR SHIRT OF NESSUS.

A CHAPTER OF SECRET HISTORY.

IN revolting against the Union in 1860 the Southern States were greatly influenced by the expectation of substantial support from Europe, and especially from the large cotton-spinning powers of England and France. These states must have cotton or a famine — thus reasoned the Confederates; cotton they cannot have without both slavery and peace, therefore they will wink at slavery and will soon find a pretext for intervening in some form for peace, which, as most of them were sufficiently infatuated to believe, meant the independence of the South. It is not rash to say that but for the confident expectation of transatlantic aid the war would not have broken out when it did, if ever. The South was singularly unanimous in the conviction that cotton was king in Europe as well as in the United States, and that an interruption of its supply would be so serious in its consequences that a new republic, where cotton was to be king and slavery its cornerstone, would be welcomed into the family of nations as the surest possible guaranty against the recurrence of such a disaster.

For a time the theory gave promise of yielding the fruit expected of it. The idea had been quite successfully propagated in Europe during the earlier stages of the war that slavery had nothing to do with bringing it on, but that the Northern States were animated simply by a lust for power and territory, while the South were only defending their homes and families from ruthless invaders. Even Earl Russell went so far in one of his public utterances as to say as much, and that the subject of slavery was not to be taken into account by foreign statesmen in their dealings with the belligerents. The noble earl lived to change his opinion, and the Southern leaders discovered before the war closed that their most formidable enemy was this of their own household. They were made to realize, with a cruel distinctness, that, with a constitution and a public opinion which made slavery the one institution within their borders which was too sacred to be debated, the one institution which neither the people of the Confederate States nor their delegates in legislative assemblies or in national or State conventions could meddle with, they were fatally handicapped for the struggle in which they had embarked. They could not throw this Jonah into the sea, for it was their only pretext for rebellion; to retain it on board was inevitable shipwreck. The abolition of slavery meant peace and union at once, and, as a logical consequence, their success in war meant the perpetuation of slavery — that and nothing else. This in due time became apparent to the people of Europe, where the prejudices against chattel slavery were even stronger and more universal than in Massachusetts; nor could this conclusion fail to acquire control in the councils of the European powers — willing as they mostly were to see our Union go to pieces — the moment they began to look about for a plausible pretext for intervention. They found that in whatever direction they put out their hands to help the Confederates they became in spite of themselves the champions of slavery. This was inevitable, but its results the Southern people would not or could not see. They had an idea that the prejudice against slavery was confined pretty much to the puritans of New England and a few cranks of Exeter Hall. Having been brought up in the midst of it, it was incomprehensible to them, or at least to most of them, that a man of a sound mind should find anything revolting in the "peculiar institution."

In selecting John Slidell and James M. Mason as commissioners to further their interests abroad, the Confederates were also most unfortunate. The names of both were associated in Europe with every scheme for the nationalization of slavery that had been presented in Congress since the annexation of Texas.

Slidell while representing the State of Louisiana in the United States Senate was the counselor and abetter of the filibustering expeditions of Lopez in 1849 and 1859 for the wresting of Cuba from Spain, with a view to the enlargement of the area and political representation in Congress of the slaveholding States.

In December, 1857, Walker, with a band of filibusters, was captured by an American vessel of war under the command of Commodore

Paulding, just after landing at Punta Arenas on the coast of Nicaragua, of which state he purposed to take possession, having once before landed in Nicaragua with another force, whence, after a warlike occupation of some months, he was expelled. Soon after Commodore Paulding made his report to the government the political associates of Slidell in the House of Representatives, under his inspiration, made a report disapproving of the conduct of Commodore Paulding in arresting Walker and bringing him a prisoner to the United States. Through the same filibustering influences Paulding was threatened with censure, while Walker was not only not convicted, as he should have been, and dealt with as a pirate, but was allowed to go at large to plan other predatory schemes upon the peaceful neighbors of the United States, until arrested by the hand of Providence.[1]

It was through Slidell's influence that Soulé, also of New Orleans, was sent out to bully Spain into the sale of Cuba to the United States, and with Buchanan, then our minister to England, and John Y. Mason, then our minister to France, instructed to unite in the declaration of the conference at Ostend in 1854, that "the acquisition of Cuba was a political necessity for the United States, to be accomplished by whatever means, fair or foul, might prove necessary."

In the following session of Congress Slidell offered a resolution in the Senate directing the President of the United States to give notice to the European powers bound together under the treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade that after one year from date the United States would cease to be a party to that treaty, and would no longer maintain its quota of vessels upon the coast of Africa.

Failing to secure the adoption of this resolution by Congress, whereby he had contemplated a reopening of the slave-trade, he and his partisans, using Mr. Buchanan, then President, as their instrument, bullied England into a practical renunciation of the right of visit and search of suspected slavers bearing the American flag, and into the admission that the flag alone was conclusive and final evidence of nationality.

The effect of this was that, during the succeeding twelve months, more than a hundred vessels were ascertained to have been fitted out and employed for the slave traffic, and not one convicted by the courts until the accession of Lincoln and the appointment of a new régime of prosecuting attorneys.

Slidell was also one of the parties who took a prominent part in securing the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by which it was intended to open all the Northwestern territory to slavery.

Not content with the impulse given to the African slave-trade by England's practical abandonment of the right of visit and search, in the session of 1858–59 Slidell introduced a bill to place $30,000,000 at the disposal of President Buchanan to be used in negotiating the purchase of Cuba.[2]

Mason was a party to all the measures for the extension of slavery that Slidell ever proposed or advocated. He was a member of the Senate committee on foreign relations and signed the report in favor of giving the President the $30,000,000 to bribe and traffic for Cuba, and in his speech, made the day the report was presented, reiterated the declaration of the Ostend conference, that "the acquisition of Cuba was for the United States a political necessity."[3]

He was one of the authors of the fugitive-slave law of 1850, which made it a crime, punishable with fine and imprisonment, to harbor, feed, or give shelter to a fugitive slave, even in States where slavery was prohibited by law.

He was one of the inquisitors who besieged poor John Brown in his last hours to extort from him information by which other citizens of the North could be convicted of participating with him in the scheme for freeing the slaves in Virginia which cost him his life.

Mason, who was commissioned by the Confederates to represent them in England, had not been in London six months before the possibility of his being of any use to the cause he represented was at an end. Snubbed by Earl Russell, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and only tolerated by Palmerston, then Premier, the question of recalling him was seriously considered as early as the fall of 1862. The average school-girl of sixteen was about as well qualified as Mason to cope with the bankers of London and Paris, the only foreign powers with which he seems to have had any intercourse or negotiations that amounted to anything. It is not easy to see how any minister, and least of all a minister of Mason's mental, not to say moral limitations, could earn his salary near a government that would not see him, nor pay any attention to anything he wrote, nor listen to anything he was instructed or inclined to say. To withdraw him from England at that time, however, and leave Slidell in France, who was already setting the eggs out of which it was expected a navy for the Confederate States was to be hatched, was attended with some inconvenience which Benjamin thought it better to avoid. Hence the following letters, the

[1] Reports of committees of the House of Representatives, 1st Session 35th Congress, Vol. I., 1857–58.

[2] Senate Doc., 2d Session 35th Congress, 1858–59.

[3] "Congressional Globe," January 24, 1859, p. 538.

earlier one to Mason, and the latter to Slidell.

Benjamin to Mason.

(No. 8.) DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, 28th Oct., 1863.

HON. JAMES M. MASON, etc., London.

SIR: . . . It is gratifying to perceive that you had, as was confidently anticipated, reviewed your impressions, and determined not to withdraw from London without the previous instructions of the President. Your correspondence with Earl Russell shows with what scant courtesy you have been treated, and exhibits a marked contrast between the conduct of the English and French statesmen now in office in the intercourse with foreign agents eminently discreditable to the former. It is lamentable that at this late period in the nineteenth century a nation so enlightened as Great Britain should have failed yet to discover that a principal cause of dislike and hatred towards England, of which complaints are rife in her Parliament and in her press, is the offensive arrogance of some of her public men. The contrast is striking between the polished courtesy of M. Thouvenel[1] and the rude incivility of Earl Russell. Your determination to submit to the annoyances in the service of your country, and to overlook personal slights while hope remains that your continued presence in England may benefit our cause, cannot fail to meet the warm approval of your government. I refrain, however, from further comments on the contents of your despatches till the attention of the President (now concentrated on efforts to repair the ill effects of the failure of the Kentucky campaign) can be directed to your correspondence with Earl Russell.

I am, sir, your obdt. servt.,
J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

Benjamin to Slidell.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, January 15, 1863.

HON. JOHN SLIDELL, etc., Paris.

SIR: . . . It is not to be denied that there is great and increasing irritation in the public mind on this side in consequence of our unjust treatment by foreign powers, and it will require all the influence of the President to prevent some explosion and to maintain that calm and self-contained attitude which is alone becoming in such circumstances. We should probably not be very averse to the recall of Mr. Mason, who has been discourteously treated by Earl Russell, were it not that such a step would have so marked a significance while you remain at Paris as would probably cause serious interference with the success of the preparations, now nearly completed, for the purchase of the articles so much needed in the further prosecution of the war. If the repulse of the enemy at Vicksburg in addition to the terrible slaughter of his troops at Fredericksburg prove insufficient to secure our recognition, the continued presence of our agents abroad can only be defended or excused on the ground that the necessities of our position render indispensable the supplies which we draw from Europe, and which would perhaps be withheld if we gave manifestation of our indignation at the unfair treatment which we have received.

I am respectfully, etc.,
J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

As already intimated, the two men who were sent abroad to negotiate European alliances for the Confederate States, more than any other two men in all our republic, incarnated everything that was most intolerant, aggressive, and offensive in the institution of slavery. With them slavery was not a disorderly social condition to be tolerated only for its incidental conveniences, or for the grave inconveniences of exterminating it, but an institution to be admired, cultivated, and propagated for its intrinsic merits and fitness. The fame of their opinions had gone before them all over the world. As a matter of course they had not been long in Europe before they were brought to book. Mr. Mason got his first lesson at a dinner at Lord Donoughmore's,[2] a thorough-paced old Tory and ready for anything that would contribute to bring the American republic to grief. Here is Mason's account of this lesson in a confidential note to his chief. The sentiments of the hard-hearted old peer were so shockingly philanthropical that Mason made his communication "unofficial," doubting the propriety of allowing such heresies to go upon the files of the Confederate Department of State.

Mason to Benjamin.

(Unofficial.)

24 UPPER SEYMOUR STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE,
LONDON, November 4, 1862.

DEAR SIR: The contents of this note I have thought had better be unofficial, and thus not to go on the files of the department, unless you should think otherwise; and yet the matter, it seems to me, should at once be brought under the consideration of the President, that we may be ready when the time arrives.

I have the strongest reason to believe, when, after recognition, we shall come to the negotiation of the ordinary treaty of "amity and commerce," this Government will require, as a *sine qua non*, the introduction of a clause stipulating against the African slave-trade. Although I well

[1] It is a curious coincidence that on the very day that Benjamin was commending to Mason the "polished courtesy of M. Thouvenel" Slidell in Paris was writing to Benjamin an account of his first interview with Drouyn de Lhuys, and saying, "After the first interchange of courtesies, I said that I had been pleased to hear from various quarters that I should not have to combat with him the adverse sentiments that had been attributed to his predecessor in the Department of Foreign Affairs (M. Thouvenel), with what degree of truth I did not permit myself to appreciate."

[2] Donoughmore's name is recorded as a subscriber for ten of the bonds of the Confederate cotton loan.

knew the pertinacity of England on that subject, yet I had supposed that the voluntary act of the Confederate States Government, inhibiting this trade by the enactment of the constitution when the government was first established, would have satisfied England to be passive at least in her future intercourse with us. I have now great reason to apprehend the contrary.

Some few days since I dined with Lord Donoughmore, who was president of the board of trade during the late Derby administration, and will hold the same, or a higher office, should that party come again into power — a very intelligent gentleman, and a warm and earnest friend of the South. In the course of conversation, after dinner, the subject came up incidentally, while we were alone, and he said I might be satisfied that Lord Palmerston would not enter into a treaty with us, unless we agreed in such treaty not to permit the African slave-trade. I expressed my surprise at it, referring to the fact that we had voluntarily admitted that prohibition into the constitution of the Confederate States, thereby taking stronger ground against the slave-trade than had ever been taken by the United States; that in the latter it was only prohibited by law whilst in the former not only was the power withheld from Congress, but the legislative branch of the government was required to pass such laws as would effectually prevent it.

He said that was all well understood, but that such was the sentiment of England on this subject that no minister could hold his place for a day who should negotiate a treaty with any Power not containing such a clause; nor could any House of Commons be found which would sustain a minister thus delinquent, and he referred to the fact (as he alleged it to be) that in every existing treaty with England that prohibition was contained. He said, further, that he did not mean to express his individual opinions, but that he was equally satisfied, should the Palmerston ministry go out, and the Tories come in, such would likewise be their necessary policy; and he added that he was well assured that England and France would be in accord on that subject.

I told him, in reply, that I feared this would form a formidable obstacle, if persisted in, to any treaty; that he must be aware that on all questions affecting African servitude our government was naturally and necessarily sensitive, when presented by any foreign power. We had learned from abundant experience that the antislavery sentiment was always aggressive; that this condition of society was one with which, in our opinion, the destinies of the South were indissolubly connected; that as regarded foreign powers, it was with us a question purely domestic, with which our safety required that none such should in any manner interfere; that, of course, I had no special instructions on the subject, but I thought I knew both the views of our government and people; and that (to express it in no stronger term) it would be a most unfortunate thing if England should make such a stipulation a *sine qua non* to a treaty. I said, further, that I presumed it might be averted, by recognizing mutually the fact that such a stipulation was not properly germane to a treaty purely commercial; and thus to be laid over as a subject for future negotiation, if pressed. He still maintained as his belief, that no matter who might be in power, it would be insisted on in the first treaty to be formed.

A few days afterwards Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, passing through town, came to see me. I had known him very well, and during the late session of Parliament had seen a good deal of him. He is a man of ability and influence, was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Derby administration, and will take the place of Lord Russell, it is supposed, should the Conservatives again come into power; and he, too, is an earnest and sincere friend of our cause.

I told him of my conversation with Lord Donoughmore, and of my surprise at the opinion he entertained. I regret to say that Mr. Fitzgerald coincided fully with Lord D. in these opinions, not as his own, but as those which must govern any ministry in England.

We shall therefore have this question to meet, I take for granted, at the time and in the manner suggested.

I do not ask for any definite instructions in regard to it, but only bring it thus unofficially to the notice of the President and yourself.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

HON. J. P. BENJAMIN. J. M. MASON.

Mason professes surprise at the nature of the conditions which his Tory friends assured him must form a part of any treaty with the Confederate States to which the Queen's signature could be attached, but it is far more surprising that any American statesman who had reached his age could have needed that information. But the way in which the Confederate diplomatist sought to turn this obstacle was even more surprising still. He says to this representative of a nation of abolitionists that "the antislavery sentiment was always aggressive"; "that this condition of [Southern] society [with slaves] was one with which . . . the destinies of the South were indissolubly connected"; and, finally, that it was a question purely domestic, with which no foreign power could with safety interfere. To understand the effect of such language upon any representative Englishman we should try to imagine the moral effect upon the American Antislavery Society of the late fire-eater Toombs attempting to call the roll of his negroes on Bunker Hill.

At the very time that Lord Donoughmore was saying check to the slavery apostolate in London, Jefferson Davis was receiving what should have been regarded as a more impressive warning from a source that could not be suspected of sentimentalism. Among the agents sent out to Europe at the beginning of the war was William L. Yancey of Alabama, who had sought and fairly won the

reputation of being the champion fire-eater of the country, and who contributed the only piece of pro-slavery rhetoric that seems likely to survive the rebellion, in proclaiming at its beginning the necessity of "firing the Southern heart." The object of his mission, in conjunction with Dudley Mann, was to take advantage of the reverse sustained by the Union army at Bull Run to secure the prompt recognition of the Confederacy by England and France. He returned in a few months, running the blockade at Sabine Pass. "When he arrived in New Orleans," said my informant, who saw him and from whom I had the facts I am about to recite, "he was the most broken-up, demoralized, and wretched-looking man I ever saw." He went to the St. Charles Hotel, then kept by Mr. Hildreth, afterwards manager of the New York Hotel, and immediately sent for William E. Stark and Pierre Soulé. The latter from being a noisy Unionist had been persuaded, by his appointment to the office of Provost Marshal, to fly the colors of the Confederacy. To escape observation and interruption, Yancey, Hildreth, Stark, and Soulé then went out to a restaurant to dine. While absent it leaked out in some way that Yancey had returned and was at the St. Charles, so that when the party returned they found the large domed reception hall of the hotel thronged with people, who no sooner recognized Yancey than they called upon him to address them. He reluctantly mounted the structure which occupies the center of the hall under the dome, "appearing to be the very embodiment of disappointment and despair." He said in substance that he did not bring them glad tidings from over the sea; that Queen Victoria was against them and that Prince Albert was against them. "Gladstone we can manage," he said, "but the feeling against slavery in England is so strong that no public man there dares extend a hand to help us. We have got to fight the Washington Government alone. There is no government in Europe that dares help us in a struggle which can be suspected of having for its result, directly or indirectly, the fortification or perpetuation of slavery. Of that I am certain."

In a day or two Yancey left for Richmond, where he is presumed to have made substantially the same report to the Confederate authorities. He died in about ten days after his arrival. His information, which deserved to be heeded, and if heeded would have led to negotiations which would have promptly led to a termination of the war, had about as much effect upon the lunatics at Richmond as reading the riot act or the Ten Commandments would have upon a pack of wolves. They knew not the time of their visitation.

While Mr. Benjamin and President Davis were chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies suggested to their English commissioner by his Tory friends as well as by their own agent, a gentleman from Florida had proposed to Mr. Benjamin that the slaves should be drafted into the army and compelled to fight for the deliverance of their masters from the chains of the old Federal Constitution. To this proposition Mr. Benjamin wrote a reply which for its length is certainly one of the most important contributions ever made to the literature of slavery.

Among those who have never enjoyed the advantage of studying the "peculiar institution" *in situ*, this letter is likely to beget a suspicion that the affection of slaves for their masters, and for the relation in which they stood the one to the other, have been somewhat exaggerated by the slaveholding apostolate.

The extent to which the conversion of a man into a slave reduced his value as a national asset in the time of war or civil disorder — was it ever better stated or more effectively illustrated?

Benjamin to B. H. Micon.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, August 18, 1863.

BENJAMIN H. MICON, Esq., Tallahassee, Fla.

DEAR SIR: I have received and carefully read your letter of 10th instant. It is a subject which has awakened attention in several quarters lately, and which is of an importance too great to admit of its proper treatment within the limits of a letter, nor have I at this moment the time necessary for discussing it at length. With many and obvious advantages, such as you suggest in your letter, there are very grave practical difficulties in the execution of any general scheme of employing negro slaves in the army.

You know, of course, in the first place, that the President has no authority to initiate such a scheme — that it must be devised and matured by Congress. Whether Congress would advise it I know not, but let me suggest hastily a few of the difficulties.

1st. Slaves are property; if taken for public service, they must be paid for. At present rates each regiment of 1000 slaves would cost $2,000,000, at the very least, besides their outfit, and the government would become a vast slaveholder, and must either sell the slaves after the war, which would be a most odious proceeding after they had aided us in gaining our liberties, or must free them, to the great detriment of the country.

2d. If instead of buying, the government hire them, it would stand as insurer for their return to their owners; it would be forced to pay hire for them besides their outfit and rations; and it would have to pay hire according to the value of their services on a fair estimate. Now negro men command readily $30 a month all through Virginia. How could we possibly afford such a price, and what would be the effect on the poorer classes of whites in the army, if informed that negroes were

paid $30 a month, while the white man receives only $11?

3d. The collection and banding together of negro men in bodies, in the immediate neighborhood of the enemy's forces, is an experiment of which the results are far from certain. The facility which would thus be afforded for their desertion in mass might prove too severe a test for their fidelity when exposed to the arts of designing emissaries of the enemy, who would be sure to find means of communicating with them.

4th. It is far from certain that the male slave population is not doing just as valuable and important service now as they could do in the army. A nation cannot exist without labor in the field, in the workshop, on the railroad, the canal, the highway, and the manufactory. In coal and iron mines, in foundries and on fortifications, we could employ the total male slave population that could possibly be spared from the production of supplies for subsistence. This is the appropriate field for negro labor, to which they are habituated, and which appears at first sight to be altogether less liable to objection than to imitate our enemies by using them in military organizations.

I have not thoroughly studied the subject, but throw out these suggestions as food for thought, although they have probably been considered by you already. On one point, however, I think all must agree, and that is, the absolute necessity of withdrawing all male slaves from any district of country exposed to the approach of an enemy. This is a military precaution which commanders in the field may lawfully take, and to which I shall invoke the attention of the proper department.

Far from deeming your letter intrusive or improper, I see in it nothing but an evidence of patriotism and desire to serve your country, but of course I required no proof that you could not entertain any other sentiments.

Very truly and respectfully, etc.,

J. P. BENJAMIN.

In other words, a negro's labor, in the judgment of the Confederacy, was worth more than a white man's, and therefore his service in the army would be more expensive and his death would prove a greater loss than a white man's.

It was a matter of "absolute necessity" to withdraw "all male slaves from any district of country exposed to the approach of an enemy." It goes without saying that soldiers who have to be withdrawn at the approach of an enemy would not make a very formidable army. How this absolute necessity is to be reconciled with the negro's alleged devotion to his master is one of the things which Mr. Benjamin failed to explain, doubtless because among slaveholders it was too elementary a topic to be discussed in a state paper.

Mr. de Leon, another missionary of the Richmond government, who was to enlighten the European public through the press with his twenty-five thousand dollar burners,[1] was not long in satisfying himself that "against a rooted prejudice and a preconceived opinion" against slavery which the Confederacy had to contend with in England "reason and argument are powerless," and he advised that no further attempt to secure recognition should be made through their commissioners, but that they should stand on their dignity and let other nations sue them for recognition.

Meantime he would feed the hungry and thirsty in England and France with "Visits to Southern Plantations by a Northern Man," and with "the utterances of Northern opponents of the Lincoln administration, such as the Woods of New York and Mr. Read of Philadelphia."

In fact Mr. de Leon writes as though he thought the Confederate States would get on quite as well without the assistance of any of its commissioners in Europe, an opinion which very few now on either side of the Atlantic do not share, though Mr. de Leon would have felt differently upon the subject, perhaps, if he had been one of the commissioners. Here is De Leon's political evangel.

De Leon to Benjamin.

PARIS, 19th June, 1863.

HON. J. P. BENJAMIN,
Department of State, Richmond, C. S. A.

SIR: . . . The mutual endearments which have passed between the Lincoln and Russian

[1] On the 12th April, 1862, Mr. Benjamin wrote Mr. Mason at London: "I have arrived at the conclusion that the interests of the Confederacy require a more liberal appropriation of the funds of the department in our foreign service. With enemies so active, so unscrupulous, and with a system of deception so thoroughly organized as that now established by them abroad, it becomes absolutely essential that no means be spared for the dissemination of the truth and for a fair exposition of our condition and policy before foreign nations. It is not wise to neglect public opinion, nor prudent to leave to the voluntary interposition of friends, often indiscreet, the duty of vindicating our country and its cause before the tribunal of civilized men. The President shares these views, and I have therefore, with his assent and under his instructions, appointed Edwin de Leon, Esq., formerly consul general of the United States at Alexandria, confidential agent of the department, and he has been supplied with twenty-five thousand dollars as a secret service fund, to be used by him in the manner he may deem most judicious, both in Great Britain and the Continent, for the special purpose of enlightening public opinion in Europe through the press. Mr. de Leon possesses to a high degree the confidence of the President as a man of discretion, ability, and thorough devotion to our cause. He will bear to you this despatch, and I trust you will give to him on all occasions the benefit of your counsel, and impart to him all information you may think it expedient to make public, so as to facilitate him in obtaining such position and influence amongst leading journalists and men of letters as will enable him most effectually to serve our cause in the special sphere assigned to him. . . .

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obdt. serv't,

[Signed] "J. P. BENJAMIN,

"Secretary of State."

despotisms have greatly edified and surprised the European world and have embarrassed not a little the democratic friends of "the model republic" who are rabid partisans of Poland. To cover their chagrin they have revived the old cry of slavery, the real *bête noire* of the French imagination.

In England too the same claptrap has been revived, and to counteract it I have caused to be republished and widely circulated the pamphlet which you will receive with this despatch, "Visits to Southern Plantations by a Northern Man" — republishing a French version also in a very widely circulated paper. To affect the public sentiment of England free use has been made of the utterances of Northern opponents of the Lincoln administration, such as the Woods of New York and Mr. Read of Philadelphia. I have caused to be republished, with an introduction written by myself, the very outspoken sentiments of the latter gentleman to the Northern Democracy, and its circulation has done much good. A copy of this also is sent you. Almost incredible as it may appear, the slavery question is more of a stumbling block to our recognition in France than in England, for it is really and truly a matter of sentiment with the French people, who ever have been more swayed by such consideration than their cooler and more calculating neighbors on the other side of the Channel.

From the hour of my arrival here until to-day the same thing has been repeated over and over again by persons connected with the government and enjoying the confidence of the Emperor — "France cannot take the lead in acknowledging the Southern Confederacy without some promise for prospective emancipation." The same statement was made by one of our warmest friends in the French ministry, and one nearest the Emperor,— Count de Persigny,— but three days ago, and M. de Lesseps says the same. It is vain to tell them how utterly impracticable such a proposition must be, and that the Southern people never would consent to purchase recognition at the price of such a concession of wrong-doing as it would imply; the answer is always the same — "Well, then, the feeling of our people compels us to make the condition."

Against a rooted prejudice and a preconceived opinion like this reason and argument are powerless, and the concessions demanded would deprive the gift of all value if recorded, besides humiliating us to the level desired by our enemies. Therefore it is that, despairing of removing by diplomatic efforts the calculating selfishness of England and the sentimental repugnance of France, I have counseled, and now reiterate the suggestion, the entire suppression of the attempt made through accredited commissioners in Europe for recognition, waving the question of the heavy expenditure thereby incurred, and placing the matter on the footing of self-respect and true policy. I may add also that in the opinion of influential and sagacious French statesmen such a step would produce a most favorable impression on the public sentiment here, which responds to such appeals. Very respectfully,

EDWIN DE LEON.

After reading this suggestion of De Leon for mitigating the diplomatic representation of the Confederacy in Europe, it is not surprising that a pretext for relieving its author from his costly duty was soon found. He was regarded by Slidell from the first rather as a spy upon him than as an auxiliary, and that they would not get on harmoniously together needed no prophet to foresee. Besides, De Leon's curiosity got the better of his judgment, and he fell into the habit of opening Slidell's despatches, a practice eminently fitted to strain the relations between these "high concocting powers." In less than six months after De Leon's suggestion reached Richmond his head was in the basket. Writing of this matter to Slidell on the 28th of January, 1864, Mr. Benjamin says:

Your No. 50 despatch in relation to Mr. De Leon bears nearly the same date as my despatch to you on the same subject, and requires no special remark. While appreciating the motives which induced your forbearance from complaint, I cannot but think that the department ought to have been apprised earlier of the facts related in your despatch, especially as to his opening, without the slightest warrant of authority, the sealed despatches addressed to you and committed to his care. This fault was of so very grave a nature that it alone would probably have sufficed to put an end to Mr. De Leon's agency, and we should have thus been spared the annoyance of the scandal created by the interception and publication of the objectionable correspondence which caused his removal.

How mysteriously slavery seemed to increase the friction in every part of the Confederate machinery!

President Davis did not reply as promptly as he might have done to his English commissioner's despatch of November 4, in relation to the antislavery clauses with which it would be necessary to decorate any treaty of alliance of the Confederate States with Great Britain. Perhaps he thought no people so intelligent as the English really cared whether their cotton was grown with free or slave labor, or whether their ships trading with Africa brought away negroes or elephants' tusks; perhaps there was not entire harmony of opinion upon the subject among his advisers; perhaps deference to Mr. Mason's notification that he needed no instruction influenced them. Whatever may have been the reason, several months elapsed before the Richmond Government was agreed upon the instructions it should give to its commissioners. In January, 1864, it finally sent to the commissioners the following despatches, the first unofficial and the second official:

Benjamin to Mason.

(Unofficial.) DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, January 15, 1863.

HON. JAMES M. MASON, etc., London.

DEAR SIR: Your unofficial communication, inclosed in despatch No. 20, was duly received. We are greatly surprised at its contents, but the suspicions excited abroad through the numerous agencies established by the Northern Government, of our intention to change the constitution and open the slave-trade, are doubtless the cause of the views so strongly expressed to you by Lord Donoughmore and others.

After conference with the President, we have come to the conclusion that the best mode of meeting the question is to assume the constitutional ground developed in the accompanying despatch, No. 13. If you find yourself unable by the adoption of the line of conduct suggested in that despatch to satisfy the British Government, I see no other course than to propose to them to transfer any negotiations that may have been commenced to this side, on the ground of the absence of any instructions or authority to bind your government by any stipulations on the forbidden subject, and the totally unexpected nature of the proposition made to you.

If the British Government should persist in the views you attribute to it, the matter can plainly be disposed of to much more advantage on this side, and it may very well happen that that haughty government will find to its surprise that it needs a treaty of commerce with us much more than we need it with Great Britain. Of this, however, I am sure you will allow no hint to escape you.

Very respectfully, etc.,
J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

Benjamin to Slidell and Mason.

Circular.

(No. 12.) DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, Jan'y 15, 1863.

HON. JOHN SLIDELL, etc., Paris.

SIR: It has been suggested to this government, from a source of unquestioned authority, that after the recognition of our independence by the European powers, an expectation is generally entertained by them that in our treaties of amity and commerce a clause will be introduced making stipulations against the African slave-trade. It is even thought that neutral powers may be inclined to insist upon the insertion of such a clause as a *sine qua non*.

You are well aware how firmly fixed in our constitution is the policy of this Confederacy against the opening of that trade, but we are informed that false and insidious suggestions have been made by the agents of the United States at European courts of our intention to change our constitution as soon as peace is restored, and of authorizing the importation of slaves from Africa. If therefore you should find in your intercourse with the cabinet to which you are accredited that any such impressions are entertained, you will use every proper effect to remove them; and if an attempt is made to introduce into any treaty which you may be charged with negotiating stipulations on the subject just mentioned, you will assume in behalf of your government the position which, under the direction of the President, I now proceed to develop.

The constitution of the Confederate States is an agreement made between independent States. By its terms all the powers of government are separated into classes as follows, viz.:

1st. Such powers as the States delegate to the General Government.

2d. Such powers as the States agree to refrain from exercising, although they do not delegate them to the General Government.

3d. Such powers as the States, without delegating them to the General Government, thought proper to exercise by direct agreement between themselves contained in the constitution.

4th. All remaining powers of sovereignty which, not being delegated to the Confederate States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people thereof.

On the formation of the constitution, the States thought proper to prevent all possible future discussions on the subject of slavery by the direct exercise of their own power, and delegated no authority to the Confederate Government save immaterial exceptions presently to be noticed. Especially in relation to the importation of African negroes was it deemed important by the States that no power to permit it should exist in the Confederate Government. The States by the constitution (which is a treaty between themselves of the most solemn character that States can make) unanimously stipulated that "the importation of negroes of the African race from any foreign country other than the slave-holding States or Territories of the United States of America is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same." (Art. I., Sect. 9., Par. 1.)

It will thus be seen that no power is delegated to the Confederate Government over this subject, but that it is included in the third class above referred to, of powers exercised directly by the States.

It is true that the duty is imposed on Congress to pass laws to render effectual the prohibition above quoted. But this very imposition of a duty on Congress is the strongest proof of the absence of power in the President and Senate alone, who are vested with authority to make treaties. In a word, as the only provision on the subject directs the two branches of the legislative department, in connection with the President, to pass laws on this subject, it is out of the power of the President aided by one branch of the legislative department to control the same subject by treaties; for there is not only an absence of express delegation of authority to the treaty-making power, which alone would suffice to prevent the exercise of such authority, but there is the implied prohibition resulting from the fact that all duty on the subject is imposed on a different branch of the government.

I need scarcely enlarge upon the familiar prin-

ciple that authority expressly delegated to Congress cannot be assumed in our government by the treaty-making power. The authority to lay and collect taxes, to coin money, to declare war, etc., are ready examples, and you can be at no loss for argument or illustration in support of so well recognized a principle.

The view above expressed is further enforced by the clause in the constitution which follows immediately that which has already been quoted. The second paragraph of the same section provides that "Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or Territory not belonging to, the Confederacy." Here there is no direct exercise of power by the States which formed our constitution, but an express delegation to Congress. It is thus seen that while the States were willing to trust Congress with the power to prohibit the introduction of African slaves from the United States, they were not willing to trust it with the power of prohibiting their introduction from any other quarter, but determined to insure the execution of their will by a direct interposition of their own power.

Moreover, any attempt on the part of the treaty-making power of this government to prohibit the African slave-trade, in addition to the insuperable objections above suggested, would leave open the implication that the same power has authority to permit such introduction. No such implication can be sanctioned by us. This government unequivocally and absolutely denies its possession of any power whatever over the subject, and cannot entertain any proposition in relation to it.

While it is totally beneath the dignity of our government to give assurances for the purpose of vindicating itself from any unworthy suspicion of its good faith on this subject that may be disseminated by the agents of the United States, it may not be improper that you should point out the superior efficacy of our constitutional provision to any treaty stipulations we could make. The constitution is itself a treaty between the States of such binding force that it cannot be changed or abrogated without the deliberate and concurrent action of nine out of the thirteen States that compose the Confederacy. A treaty might be abrogated by a party temporarily in power in our country at the sole risk of disturbing amicable relations with a foreign power. The constitution, unless by an approach to unanimity, could not be changed without the destruction of this government itself; and even should it be possible hereafter to procure the consent of the number of States necessary to change it, the forms and delays designedly interposed by the framers to check rash innovations would give ample time for the most mature deliberation and for strenuous resistance on the part of those opposed to such change.

After all it is scarcely the part of wisdom to attempt to impose restraint on the actions and conduct of men for all future time. The policy of the Confederacy is as fixed and immutable on this subject as the imperfection of human nature permits human resolve to be. No additional agreements, treaties, or stipulations can commit these States to the prohibition of the African slave-trade with more binding efficacy than those they have themselves devised. A just and generous confidence in their good faith on this subject exhibited by friendly powers will be far more efficacious than persistent efforts to induce this government to assume the exercise of powers which it does not possess, and to bind the Confederacy by ties which would have no constitutional validity. We trust, therefore, that no unnecessary discussions on this matter will be introduced into your negotiations. If, unfortunately, this reliance should prove unfounded, you will decline continuing negotiations on your side and transfer them to us at home, where in such event they could be conducted with greater facility and advantage, under the direct supervision of the President.

Very respectfully, etc.,
J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

How Mason was affected by Benjamin's instruction to have no unnecessary discussions on the slavery clause introduced into his negotiations, and the alternative proposal to transfer the negotiations to Richmond, is not disclosed in his official correspondence, though it may be imagined, and indeed it may be inferred from the following paragraph in a despatch from Benjamin to Mason, written August 4, 1863, only seven months after the despatch last cited.

The perusal of the recent debates in the British Parliament satisfies the President that H. B. M.'s Government has determined to decline the overtures made through you for establishing, by treaty, friendly relations between the two governments, and entertain no intention of receiving you as the accredited minister of this government near the British court. Under these circumstances the President requests that you consider your mission at an end, and that you withdraw with your secretary from London.

Mr. De Leon was not the only person employed to enlighten the public mind of Europe at the Confederacy's expense. There were besides one Henry Hotze, a literary soldier of fortune, whose chief theater of action was London, and James Spence, who was a merchant in Liverpool. They too found that the pro-slavery banner could not be successfully flown in Europe. Spence was innocent enough to write a book in behalf of the Confederates in which he presumed to denounce slavery in good round terms. He also got Hotze and other partisans of the Confederacy to recommend the Richmond Government to appropriate some money to circulate it, and also to make its author a sort of foreign correspondent of the State Department. The following letters from Secretary Benjamin will show with what success. They will also show how Earl Russell compromised his character as a gen-

tleman, in the secretary's estimation, by snubbing this hybrid London commissioner.

Benjamin to Henry Hotze.

(No. 13.) DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, 9th January, 1864.

HENRY HOTZE, Esq., London.

SIR: . . . Your appreciation of the tone and temper of public opinion in France in your Nos. 29 and 31, although not in accordance with the views of the other correspondents of the department, concurs entirely in the conclusion to which I had arrived from the perusal of the principal organs of French journalism. It has been impossible to remain blind to the evidence of the articles which emanate from the best known names in French literature. In what is perhaps the most powerful and influential of the French periodicals, "La Revue des Deux Mondes," there is scarcely an article signed by the members of its able corps of contributors which does not contain some disparaging allusion to the South. Abolition sentiments are quietly assumed as philosophical axioms too self-evident to require comment or elaboration, and the result of this struggle is in all cases treated as a foregone conclusion, as nothing within the range of possibility except the subjugation of the South and the emancipation of the whole body of the negroes. The example of San Domingo does not seem in the least to disturb the faith of these philanthropists in the entire justice and policy of a war waged for this end, and our resistance to the fate proposed for us is treated as a crime against liberty and civilization. The emperor is believed by us to be sincerely desirous of putting an end to the war by the recognition of our independence; but, powerful as he is, he is too sagacious to act in direct contravention of the settled public opinion of his people, while hampered by the opposition of the English Government.

I fully appreciate the wisdom and prudence of your suggestions relative to the distinction which ought to be made by the press and by our government between the English Government and people. You will doubtless have observed that the President's message is careful (while exposing the duplicity and bad faith of the English cabinet, and Earl Russell's course of abject servility towards the stronger party and insulting arrogance towards the weaker) to show no feelings of resentment towards the English people. The sentiment of wrong and injustice done to us, of advantage meanly taken of our distresses, of conduct towards our representative in London unworthy of a man possessing the instincts of a gentleman, all combine to produce an irritation which it is exceedingly difficult for the most temperate to restrain, and Earl Russell has earned an odium among our people so intense as to require the utmost caution on the part of those in authority to prevent its expression in a form that would be injurious to the public interests. At the same time we have not failed to observe and to appreciate at its full value the warm and generous sympathy which the intelligent and cultivated classes of English society have exhibited towards us in no stinted measure.

Your remarks in relation to Mr. Spence have been carefully weighed. You have perceived with your usual acuteness the exact embarrassment under which we labor in dealing with this gentleman, whose ability and services to our cause are recognized to the fullest extent. But Mr. Spence must be regarded in one of two respects — either as an English gentleman entirely independent of all connection with our government, and therefore at full liberty to express his sentiments and opinions about our institutions and people; or as an agent or officer of this government, and therefore supposed to speak with a certain authority on all matters connected with our country. In this later aspect it could not be permitted that he should make speeches denunciatory of its policy or institutions. No man can reconcile the exigencies of these two positions, and if connected with the government, Mr. Spence must of necessity forego the expression of his individual opinion on points where they differ from those of the government which he serves. Now this is precisely what I understand Mr. Spence is unwilling to do. I send you inclosed an answer to a letter he has written to me, which you may read before sailing and forward it to him.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

Benjamin to James Spence,

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
RICHMOND, January 11, 1864.

JAMES SPENCE, Esq., Liverpool.

SIR: . . . I feel some embarrassment in replying to your observations on the subject of slavery, but will be entirely frank in what I have to say. I freely admit that, as a private gentleman entirely disconnected from this government, you could not, consistently with self-respect, conceal or color your true sentiments on this or any other question in which principles are involved. It is also quite probable that the fact of your entertaining the opinions which you profess renders

1 The mildest view of chattel slavery which Mr. Spence dared present to the English people, whose sympathy for the Confederacy he was trying to secure, may be gathered from the following paragraph, which is taken from his book entitled "The American Union," p. 131: "In fact slavery, like other wrongs, reacts on the wrong-doer. Taking the most temperate view of it, stripping away all exaggerations, it remains an evil in an economical sense, a wrong to humanity in a moral one. It is a gross anachronism, a thing of two thousand years ago; the brute force of dark ages obtruding into the midst of the nineteenth century; a remnant of elder dispensations whose harsh spirit was law, in conflict with the genius of Christianity, whose mild spirit is love. No reasoning, no statistics, no profit, no philosophy, can reconcile us to that which our instinct repels. After all the arguments have been poured into the ear there is something in the heart that spurns them. We make no declaration that all men are born equal, but a conviction — innate, irresistible — tells us, with a voice we cannot stifle, that a man is a man, and not a chattel. Remove from slavery, as it is well to do, all romance and exaggeration, in order that we may deal with it wisely and calmly, it remains a foul blot, from which all must desire to purge the annals of the age."

your advocacy of our cause more effective with a people whose views coincide with yours, and it would be folly on our part to request the aid or alienate the feelings of those who, while friendly to our cause, are opposed to the institutions established among us. On the other hand, it appears to me that candor requires on your part the concession that no government could justify itself before the people whose servant it is, if it selected as exponents of its views and opinions those who entertain sentiments decidedly averse to an institution which both the government and the people maintain as essential to their well-being. The question of slavery is one in which all the most important interests of our people are involved, and they have the right to expect that their government, in the selection of the agents engaged in its service, should refuse to retain those who are in avowed and public opposition to their opinions and feelings. I answer your appeal, therefore, by saying that, "as a man of the world," I would meet you on the most cordial terms without the slightest reference to your views on this subject; but that, "as a member of a government," it would be impossible for me to engage you in its service after the publication of your opinions.

While therefore it would be most agreeable to me to receive from you at all times any communications of facts, views, or opinions which you might be good enough to send to me, and while such communications would be very valuable from you as a private gentleman, my public duty compels me to forego the advantage of establishing an official relation between us, although quite sensible of the value which would result from such relation.

I am, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

Looking back to these letters written a quarter of a century ago, the infatuation of these Richmond statesmen seems to have approached, if it did not reach, the stage of dementia. They depended for the success of their revolt, as they confessed, upon the sympathy and co-operation of two powerful European states, in neither of which could be found a single statesman who would have dared to speak of slavery in any public assembly except in terms of abhorrence. Yet, in full view of this notorious fact, they proclaimed in an official note that they could accept the services of no one who was publicly identified with the antislavery opinions proclaimed by Mr. Spence. The man who should refuse to go down stairs because he was unwilling to accept the services of the law of gravitation would scarcely be a more fit subject for a commission of lunacy.

Mr. Dudley Mann, whom President Davis sent to Rome to convert the Pope, was also pleased to take the Richmond view of Mr. Spence's efforts to place the Confederates with their backs to the sun. He deprecated the efforts of Mr. Spence, and such as he, to de-africanize the issue. He called it keeping up the slavery agitation in the following letter to Benjamin, dated some twenty days after Benjamin's letter to Spence was written, and after its purport had transpired in England. The time is significant, because Mann was a courtier, and since his interview with Pio Nono he had been indulging aspirations. Though two of a trade can rarely agree, Mr. Mann would probably not have written so harshly about Spence if the latter's efforts to put the Confederates on "praying ground" in England had been approved of in Richmond.

A. Dudley Mann to J. P. Benjamin.

40 ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON,
January 29, 1864.

SIR: . . . Herewith I transmit the prospectus of the "Southern Independence Association of London." British subjects undoubtedly have the right to do and say what they choose, as relates to any influence which our country can exercise over their doings and sayings, but it is lamentable to perceive that our professed and — as I am inclined to believe — well-disposed friends have committed themselves to the keeping up of an agitation against the cherished institution of the States composing our Confederacy, even after our recognition. Exeter Hall itself could do nothing more hurtful to our general interest. We have no conditions to make with Englishmen or with England as respects the active management by ourselves of our own internal affairs. Rome required nothing whatever in this regard. My explanations to the Sovereign Pontiff upon the subject were satisfactory to him, and he did not, in the slightest manner, allude to the matter in the letter which in virtue of his eminent position he wrote to the President.

It is supposed, but whether correctly or not I cannot undertake to say, that Mr. James Spence is the author of the offensive paragraph — the same gentleman who has the reputation of being, *par excellence*, the British champion of our cause. Personally I do not know this individual, who is represented as one of high worth of character, but I have always had a horror of would-be champions of public causes. Their zeal for success, often for their own selfish glorification, is most frequently unsustained by the prudence of sound common sense.

In the cast of the committee there are very elevated, and to myself several truly dear, names; but I would be willing to endure the pain of severing my social relations forever with those who bear them if I could conceive that they were capable of connecting us with an unceasing antislavery agitation. It is scarcely possible that each of the members of the committee perused the prospectus. Mr. Gregory, I know, has been, as well as others, a long time absent from the metropolis. I have the honor to be, sir, etc.,

A. DUDLEY MANN.

Hon. J. P. BENJAMIN,
Sec'y of State, C. S. America, Richmond, Va.

The following is the offensive paragraph which so wounded the sensibilities of Mr. Mann. It is the closing paragraph of the circular of the Southern Independence Association.

> This Association will also . . . in particular steadily but kindly represent to the Southern States that recognition by Europe must necessarily lead to a revision of the system of servile labor unhappily bequeathed to them by England, in accordance with the spirit of the age, so as to combine the gradual extinction of slavery with the preservation of property, the maintenance of the civil polity of the true civilization of the negro race.

Mr. Mann is pleased to contrast the politeness of the Pope in his treatment of the slavery question with the officious indiscretion of "would-be champions of public causes" in England. "My explanations to the Sovereign Pontiff . . . . were satisfactory to him," says Mr. Mann.

As the views of the Papacy on the question of slavery are interesting at all times, and its opinions at the time of Mr. Mann's writing were especially so, let us see what were the explanations which Mr. Mann submitted, and what were the views that proved so satisfactory to his Holiness.

In his letter to Benjamin, giving an account of the interview at which he presented the letter of Jefferson Davis to Pius IX., Mr. Mann says:

> His Holiness now stated, to use his own language, that "Lincoln and Co." had endeavored to create an impression abroad that they were fighting for the abolition of slavery, and that it might be judicious in us to consent to gradual emancipation. I replied that the subject of slavery was one over which the government of the Confederate States, like that of the old United States, had no control whatever; that all ameliorations with regard to the institutions must proceed from the States themselves, which were as sovereign in their character, in this regard, as were France, Austria, or any other continental power; that true philanthropy shuddered at the thought of the liberation of the slave in the manner attempted by Lincoln and Co.; that such a procedure would be practically to convert the well-cared-for civilized negro into a semi-barbarian; that such of our slaves as had been captured or decoyed off by our enemy were in an incomparably worse condition than while they were in the service of their masters; that they wished to return to their own homes, the love of which was the strongest of their affections; that if, indeed, African slavery were an evil, there was a power which in its own good time would doubtless remove that evil in a more gentle manner than that of causing the earth to be deluged with blood for its Southern overthrow.
>
> His Holiness received these remarks with an approving expression.

Considering how much space Mr. Mann devoted to the exposition of his own views in this interview, the compactness of his report of the wary old pontiff's reply is disappointing. The envoy favors Mr. Benjamin with his own speech verbatim, but when it is the Pope's turn we are only told that the interviewer's speech was received "with an approving expression." What that expression was is left to the reader's imagination. That a smile at Mr. Mann's simplicity was a part of it may safely be assumed. The Italians are famous for their unwritten speech; for their inexhaustible store of shrugs, exclamations, and gestures, which sometimes mean a great deal, but which cannot be parsed nor subjugated to the rules of grammar. It would not be strange if Mr. Mann, who had never been in Italy before, had failed to gather up all the fragments of meaning that had fallen from the pontiff's lips with his "approving expression," as he certainly did misconceive the tenor and import of the Pope's written communication to Jefferson Davis, with which he had been intrusted. Nor did he seem to have duly weighed the import of his Holiness's inquiry whether *it might not be judicious* for the Confederates *to consent to gradual emancipation*.

In his first interview with the Emperor of France in July, 1862, Mr. Commissioner Slidell also encountered the slavery question, but his mind was put at ease upon that subject as readily as Mann's was by the Pope and very much in the same way.

"He asked me," said Slidell, "whether we anticipated any difficulty from our slaves." I replied that they had never been more quiet and more respectful, and that no better evidence could be given of their being contented and happy. This was the only reference made to slavery during the interview, but to Slidell's divining spirit it was conclusive.

How the Arcadian picture here given of the slaves in the South was to be reconciled with the scenes of bloodshed and rapine which we were told were to follow their liberation is one of the problems which the emperor does not appear to have invited Mr. Slidell to grapple with.[1] Perhaps the slaves were as contented and happy as Bluebeard's last wife when she saw the dust and heard the clatter of the hoofs of her brothers' horses, and for similar reasons.

It is a curious fact that none of Mr. Davis's diplomatic representatives in Europe ever seemed up to this time to have entertained

[1] Benjamin, not long after this interview, in a tirade against the Union people, addressed to Slidell, charged them with exciting slaves to murder their masters. If anything can demonstrate the predestination of the African for slavery, it is the fact here stated, if fact it be, that they could be excited to murder masters who made them so happy.

the thought of conciliating public opinion in Europe, on which they knew from the very beginning of the war that their success depended, by sacrificing slavery or even by treating it as second in importance to any other political right or privilege. What is yet more curious, until the Confederate Government had returned to the gases in which it had its origin these gentlemen seem to have counted confidently upon a conversion of the world to their views. This is the burden of the very last official communication on this subject penned by Commissioner Mason. It ran as follows:

Mason to Benjamin.

(No. 1.)

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE CONTINENT,
16 RUE DE MARIGNAN, PARIS.
January 25, 1864.

The HON. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

SIR: . . . . As some evidence that we have earnest and active friends in high position there, I inclose a circular recently issued by the "Southern Independence Association of London," and which fully explains itself. With most of the members of the committee I have a personal acquaintance, and am, with many of them, on terms of intimate relation. As of like character, I inclose also another circular, just issued at London, under auspices of which I am fully aware, by a society for "Promoting the Cessation of Hostilities in America," which also discloses its object. It is important to note that both these movements are purely of English origin; their promoters have indeed freely consulted with me, but not until after the respective plans were devised and to some extent matured by themselves. They are really, as they import, views of Englishmen addressed to the English people, and in this light is to be received the concluding paragraph in the circular of the "Southern Independence Association of London." My attention has been called to it by more than one of my countrymen hereabouts, to whom my answer has always been: it is a view presented by Englishmen to their own people, and it is not addressed to us; it remains their affair, and for which we are in no manner responsible.

In my conversations with English gentlemen I have found it was in vain to combat their "sentiments." The so-called antislavery feeling seems to have become with them a "sentiment" akin to patriotism. I have always told them that in the South we could rely confidently that, after independence,— when our people and theirs became better acquainted by direct communication, when they saw for themselves the true condition of African servitude with us,— the film would fall from their eyes; and that in meantime it was not presumptuous in us to suppose that we knew better than they did what it became us to do in our affairs. . . .

I have the honor to be, sir, etc.,
J. M. MASON.

Though the thought of sacrificing slavery for success does not seem to have entered the minds of the diplomatic representatives of the Richmond Government, the logic of events was not so completely lost upon the ruined and suffering people at home. On the 20th of June, 1865, Mr. Duncan F. Kenner of Louisiana called at the United States Legation in Paris to take the oath prescribed by the President in his amnesty proclamation of the 29th of May. In communicating the record of the oath to the Secretary of State the minister added:

Mr. Kenner left with me the memorandum of which Inclosure No. 2 is a copy, and he wished me to say that while he had yielded to the pressure of public opinion about him so far as to cast his fortunes with the enemies of his country in the late rebellion, he is now satisfied that the whole movement was a mistake, and he is anxious to be restored to the privileges of a citizen of "the United States." He also hoped for a favorable decision as early as possible, as his family, now in Louisiana, stand in pressing need of his protection.

The memorandum referred to as Inclosure No. 2 ran as follows:

Mr. Kenner is a native of Louisiana, where he has constantly resided. He is fifty-two years of age, passed. He has never held any office or position of any kind under the Federal Government. He took no part in bringing about secession, never was a member of any meeting or convention gotten up for the purpose of inducing the State to secede from the Union. Was educated in the South, and had been led to believe that in the double relation of citizen of the United States and citizen of Louisiana he owed allegiance first to his native State. Acting under this conviction, when the State of Louisiana seceded he followed her destiny, and was subsequently elected a member of the Richmond Congress. The class of exceptions in the President's proclamation under which he comes are Nos. 1 and 13 — under No. 1 as a member of Congress, and under No. 13 as having property estimated over $20,000 in value.

In January he succeeded in passing through the military lines and came to Europe, in the hope of being joined by his family, who are still in Louisiana. Hence his being here at the present time.

PARIS, June 20, 1865.

Mr. Kenner, in the last paragraph of the foregoing memorandum, assigned one of the reasons correctly for his being in Paris at that time. There were others, which he naturally did not assign, but which have a most interesting relation to the subject under consideration.

Kenner was a member of the Confederate Congress. He had long been satisfied that it was impossible to prosecute the war to a successful issue without a recognition of the Confederacy by at least one of the maritime powers of western Europe, into the ports of which the

Southern States might carry their prizes, make repairs, and get supplies. He was also satisfied that they would never secure recognition or any substantial aid so long as the foundations of their projected new empire rested on slavery. He communicated these views to President Davis. The President asked what he had to propose in the premises. He said he wanted the President to authorize a special envoy to offer to the governments of England and France to put an end to slavery in the Confederacy if they would recognize the South as a sovereign power. The President consented to submit the suggestion to several of the leading members of the Congress, by some of whom it was roughly handled.[1]

They protested that the emancipation of the slaves would ruin them, etc. Mr. Kenner told them that he and his family owned more slaves, probably, than all the other members of the Congress together, and that he was asking no one to make sacrifices which he was not ready to make himself. The result of the consultations was that Kenner himself was sent abroad by President Davis, either with or without the confirmation of the Senate, with full powers to negotiate for recognition on the basis of emancipation. As soon as he received his commission he took a special train to Wilmington, N. C. On his arrival there he found either that the blockade was too strict, or that there was no suitable transportation available from that port, and returned at once to Richmond, determined to go by the way of the Potomac and New York. When he mentioned his purpose to Davis, "Why, Kenner," he exclaimed, "there is not a gambler in the country who won't know you. You will certainly be captured." Kenner had been one of the leading turfmen in the South for a generation. "I am not afraid of that," said Kenner. "There is not a gambler who knows me who would betray me. I am going to New York."

Being a very bald man, Kenner provided himself with a brown wig as his chief if not only disguise, and proceeded on his journey. By hook and by crook he finally reached New York and drove to the Metropolitan Hotel. Here, discovering that the waiters were colored, and that there were too many chances of some of them knowing him, also that ex-Senator Foote of Mississippi, who had deserted the Confederates, was residing at this hotel, he sent a note at once to Mr. Hildreth, then managing the New York Hotel, and an old and trusty friend, saying that he wished a certain room on the lower floor and north side of the hotel made ready for him, and named the hour that he might be expected, adding that he could not sign the letter, but was a friend. At the time named he went to the hotel and directly to the room he had ordered. The fireman was preparing a fire. While at his work at the grate the door opened, and in walked Hildreth to see who his "friend" and new lodger might be. Upon recognizing Kenner he exclaimed, "Good God!" He was checked from continuing by observing Kenner's fingers on his lips. They talked upon indifferent matters until the fireman left, and then Hildreth asked Kenner what could have brought him to New York at such a time. "Do you know," said he, "that it is as much as your life is worth to be found here?" "I am going to sail in the English steamer on Saturday," said Kenner, "and I wish to stay with you quietly until then. You can denounce me to the government if you choose, but I know you won't." Kenner did not leave his room till he left it in a cab for the steamer. His meals were served in his room by Cranston's personal attendant.

As soon as Kenner arrived in London he sought an interview with Palmerston, to whom he unfolded his mission. Palmerston said that his proposition could not be entertained without the concurrence of the Emperor of France. "With the Emperor's concurrence would you give us recognition?" asked Kenner. "That," replied Palmerston, "would be a subject for consideration when the case presents itself, and may depend upon circumstances which cannot be foreseen."

Kenner went to Paris and had an interview with the Emperor, who told him he would do whatever England was willing to do in the premises, and would do nothing without her.

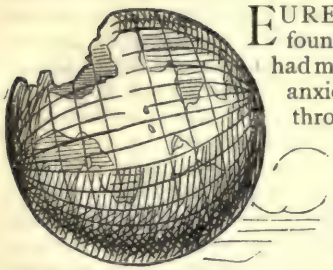
Kenner then returned to Palmerston to report the Emperor's answer. During his absence, the news of Sherman's successful march through the South had reached London. Palmerston's answer to him was, "It is too late."

John Bigelow.

1 The writer was informed that the proposition was debated in the Congress, but he has not succeeded in finding any record of such debate. Mr. Ben C. Truman, speaking of Robert Toombs of Georgia, in a communication to "The New York Times" of July 24, 1890, said, "Toombs believed that if the South had made the abolition of slavery a part of its policy it would have had England and France on its side, and that the Confederacy would have succeeded."

If the South had made the abolition of slavery a part of its policy there would have been no war, and the Confederate maggot would never have been hatched.

PIONEER MINING IN CALIFORNIA.



The Earth at the end of the Diggings.
(Reprinted from "Punch.")

EUREKA! We have found it! The coast had many hours been anxiously watched through glasses to discover the Golden Gate, and there it was. Our long voyage of ninety-seven days from Panama was about over. The old brigantine, leaking at every seam, was headed for the opening between the rocky headlands, and in the bright moonlight, August 4, 1849, she slowly made her way, all sails set, into the magnificent bay of San Francisco. She rounded Clark's Point, and before dawn swung with the tide up to the spot occupied by the rear end of Montgomery block, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, now a half-mile inland from the water-front of San Francisco.

It was an exciting hour. We had received no news from home since our departure from New York on the 1st of March, and everybody was eager to get ashore for letters and papers. Not far away was a little shell of a building, probably sixteen feet square, erected on four posts, each resting on a hogshead filled with stones and thus stayed in the mud. From this a plank ran to *terra firma*. The sun had not risen when we landed from our iron cockle-shell and wandered in squads through a straggling village, chiefly of tents; only a few wooden houses had yet been built, while three or four adobe structures told of Mexican occupation. Sand-dunes were plenty, and when the winds came in from the Pacific the dust made lively work, and gave us our first lessons in Californian climatology.

With the morning light the tents gave forth their sleepers, and such a motley tenantry! And such a stir! Americans in great variety of dress, natives of the islands, with a picturesque mingling of Mexicans in wide trousers and short jackets with a profusion of small globular buttons, their shock heads thrust through slits in their serapes and topped off with brown, sugar-loaf-crowned, broad-brimmed, heavy felt sombreros.

Ship-fare had given us a longing for a fancy breakfast. A restaurant-sign attracted me, and I went in. The table was a bare plank against one of the walls of the tent; the plates and cups were of tin, and the meal consisted of fried beef, bread, and black coffee. The bill was three dollars.

Some of the largest tents were devoted to gambling on a large scale, though the vice had not reached the magnitude of succeeding years, when the El Dorado gambling-tent paid a rental of $40,000 a year, and $20,000 were staked on the turn of a card. In those early days these gambling-tents were the most attractive places in the larger towns. They were commodious, and were about the only places warmed by fires; they had well-furnished and somewhat tasteful bars, where liquors were dispensed at a dollar a glass. Tables were distributed along the sides, and in rows through the middle, at which monte, faro, vingt-et-un, roulette, lansquenet, and I do not know how many other games were played. When the whole was ablaze with lights of an evening, an occasional woman seen assisting at the games, and a band of music or singers giving forth a concourse of sweet sounds, crowds surged before the bar and around the tables, some attracted by the novelty, some to get warm, but more to try their luck.

Our stay in San Francisco was but for a day or two. We had come to mine for gold, and though the inducements for business in the incipient city were flattering, even wages commanding eight to ten dollars a day, or a dollar an hour, we determined to push on to the mines. Glowing accounts induced us to try the southern mines, and a passage to Stockton was secured on an old tub of a schooner at the rate of three ounces of gold, or thirty-six dollars, per head. The deck was crowded with men of every nationality. The rolling hills, tawny, and flecked with green trees, bounding the bays of San Francisco, Suisun, and San Pablo, were novel and interesting. The very color of the earth, covered with wild oats or dried grass, suggested a land of gold. The sight was inspiriting. But when we reached the mouth of the San Joaquin our miseries began. This river has an extraordinarily tortuous course almost entirely through tule, or marshlands, that in 1849 produced bushels of voracious mosquitoes to the acre. I had never known the like before. It seemed as if there was a stratum of swarming insect life ten feet thick over the surface of the earth. I corded my trousers tight to my boot-legs to keep them from pulling up, donned a thick coat, though the heat was intolerable, shielded my neck and face with handkerchiefs, and put on buckskin gloves, and in

that condition parboiled and smothered. In spite of all precautions our faces were much swollen with the poison of numberless bites. To escape the hot sun we took refuge below deck, and to drive away the pests a smudge was made on some sand in the bottom of the boat, which filled the hold almost to suffocation. The mosquitoes were too ravenous to be wholly foiled by smoke. I think I never endured such vexation and suffering. Sleep was impossible. The boat had to be worked by hand around the numerous bends, and half the time the sails were useless for want of wind. It was a burning calm in the midst of a swamp. But even in our distress there was a humorous side, provoking grim smiles at least.

We finally arrived at Stockton, then also a village of tents. The newest style of architecture called for light frames on which canvas was tacked for sides and roof. There was no need of windows except for air currents, light enough coming through the cloth. We were impatient to go on to our destination, the Big Bar of the Mokelumne River, and soon were on the way with pack-mules and horses hired for the purpose. Camping on the bank of the Calaveras the first night, we were treated to our first serenade by coyotes. A peculiarity of this small wolf is that he can pipe in any key, fooling you with the belief that he has twenty companions, though one little wretch is making all the noise. We passed the plain of the San Joaquin Valley, with its dark, spreading live-oaks, like an old orchard miles in extent, and began the ascent of the foothills. Brown and red soil made its appearance hot and dusty; nut-pines were mingled with oaks and manzanitas, ceanothus, buckeye, and poison oak. Wild oats and burr clover still remained in patches unfound by the cattle of the plain. The air was dry, but grew more bracing. The trail wound among trees, around hills, through ravines, and sometimes up steep ascents, but at last, on the third day from Stockton, after a journey of more than seven thousand miles by land and sea, we reached the mines.

My first impressions were not pleasant. The first miner I saw at his work was a rough, dirty-looking man in a dry ravine. The banks were about as high as his shoulders. A double-barreled shot-gun lay on the edge of the bank within easy reach. He was picking up dry clay and gravel from the bottom of his claim, pulverizing it in his wooden pan with a stone, and then shaking it about till the lighter particles came to the top and were brushed over the rim. The pulverizing and shaking continued until a small quantity of dust and gold was left in the bottom. The dust was blown out with the breath. This process was called "dry washing."

The Big Bar of the Mokelumne lay in the gorge six or eight hundred feet below. The sight was not at all inspiring. What in mining parlance are called "bars" are deposits of sand, gravel, clay, and boulders made by rivers, usually opposite the angle of a bend. Sometimes these are small, and sometimes several acres in extent, and vary from a few inches to ten feet or more in depth to the bed-rock. Our bar, as its name denotes, was a large one, of perhaps five or six acres, covered with boulders from a few pounds' weight to several tons. A few tall pines were scattered over it, and here and there were a number of tents. Though perhaps a hundred miners were at work, the river went merrily on unstained to the sea. Down the steep banks of the gorge we went, stirring up the red dust and covering ourselves with it from head to foot. The animals did not like so steep a trail, and would have their own way among the timber, loosening the packs; but we made the descent with average success. On the bar we found friends that we had made in Panama, who had preceded us a few days, long enough to speak the vernacular of mining and to pride themselves on being "old miners," assuming as such to know just where the gold would be found in the largest quantities, and where to expect the least.

And now my mining life began. It was as free from restraint as the air that came through the soughing pines. Only Mexican law could be said to exist, and in all the mining region there were no officers to enforce its feeble demands. Every man was a law unto himself, and it is little to say in behalf of the pioneers of California that they carried the laws of justice and humanity in their hearts to such a degree that no more orderly society was ever known on the face of the earth than in those early days.

Pioneer mining life — what was it? The miner must have an outfit of a pick, pan, shovel, rocker, dipper and bucket of wood, or of rawhide. A tent was good to have, but he could make shift during the dry season with a substitute of boughs, for there was no fear of rain from May to October. A blanket of rubber spread on a stratum of leaves, on which his woolen blankets were laid, sufficed for a bed. His culinary utensils were confined to a frying-pan, a small iron pot, tin cups and plates, knife, fork, and spoon. His wardrobe consisted generally of a pair of serviceable shirts, a change of trousers, strong boots, and a slouch-hat. With these, and a supply of bacon, flour, salt, saleratus, beans, a few candles, and occasionally fresh beef, the miner was ready for work. His luxuries were tea and raw sugar, with occasionally the addition of dried peaches from Chili. His bread was made by mixing flour, water,

A TULE MARSH ON THE SAN JOAQUIN. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.)

and saleratus in the tin or iron pan which did double duty in the kitchen and in gathering gold, and baking it about two inches thick, like a shortcake. But slapjacks, the legitimate successors of the Mexican tortillas, were also a standard article of diet. Tin teapots were sometimes affected, but the small iron pot with a hollow handle did duty for both tea and beans or frijoles. The latter were of a brown variety grown in Chili, and were prepared after the Mexican style with a piece of bacon or fresh beef and plenty of chili colorado, or red pepper. They were allowed to cook a long time, often standing in the hot embers over night to be ready for breakfast in the morning. The bill-of-fare did not vary much for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

The most expensive instrument of the early miner was the rocker, which, though simple in construction, cost in the mines from fifty to a hundred dollars. In general appearance it was not unlike a baby's cradle as used by our grandmothers and as still seen on the frontier. It consisted of a flat bottom with two sides that flared outward, and an end board at the head, while the foot was open save a riffle about an inch and a half high at the bottom to catch the gold that might pass another riffle across the bottom near the middle. At the head of the cradle was a hopper about eighteen inches square, with a perforated sheet-iron bottom or wire screen. Under this was an apron, or board, sloping downward towards the head. Two substantial rockers under the whole completed the simple machine which gave to the world millions of dollars. The *modus operandi* may be described as follows: Two sticks of wood hewn on the upper side were imbedded at the river's brink, one four inches lower than the other, on which the rockers were to rest, thus securing a grade in the machine to facilitate the outward flow of the water and sand. Two miners usually worked together as partners. One shoveled the earth into the rocker, while the other, seated on a boulder or block of wood, dipped the water from the river, and poured it upon the earth in the hopper with one hand, all the time rocking with the other.

THE OLD SACRAMENTO TRAIL NORTH OF DONNER LAKE.

When the earth was thoroughly washed, he rose, lifted the hopper from its place, threw out the stones and gravel, replaced it, and thus the work went on. As the ground about the rocker became exhausted to the bed-rock, recourse was had to the bucket, and the earth was carried sometimes a few rods, making laborious work for the miner. To keep the rocker going another hand would be employed to carry earth, and each would carry two buckets at a time. Hard work of this kind suggested improvements in mining. At noon the gold and black sand collected above the riffles were taken up on a scraper and thrown into the pan, which was carried to the river and carefully washed to remove as far as possible all but the gold. The yield of the forenoon was carried to the camp, dried over a blaze, the dry sand blown out, and the gold weighed in scales or guessed at, and poured into the partnership purse and deposited under the bed or anywhere else out of sight. Few miners thought of weighing themselves down with gold, and few taxed their resources much to find places of concealment. I was in many camps down to 1854, and in none did I ever know of a theft of gold, and I heard of but one, and that was punished by a cat-o'-nine-tails, which was afterward nailed to the center-post of a trader's tent, as a warning to evil-doers.

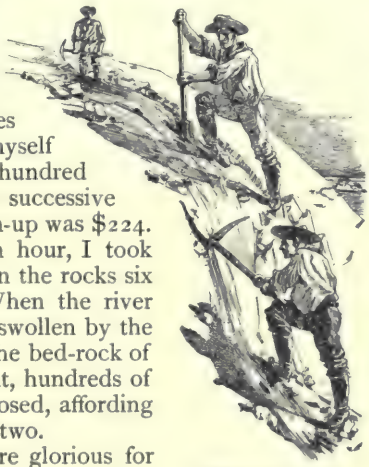
The gold taken from the river bars was mostly in the form of scales resembling cucumber seeds, and of varying size. It was most plentiful on the bed-rock and in a few inches of soil above it, though sometimes three or four feet of earth would pay to wash. Where the bed-rock was hard the miner cleaned it, for a shovelful of dirt might contain a few dollars in small particles. Where the bed-rock was soft shale or slate on edge the miner picked away an inch or so and washed it, as frequently the scales were found to be driven quite thickly into the crevices. When the ground was very rich the rocker was cleaned of gold every hour or two. When work was over, around the supper fire the events of the day were discussed, earnings compared, reports made of grizzly bears or deer being seen or killed, of better diggings of "coarse gold" discovered. This was the hour for speculations as to the origin of the gold in the rivers, and a strong opinion was entertained by many who were not well-read that immense masses of the precious metal would some day be brought to light in the snow-capped peaks towering to the east. "Coarse gold" was a charm to the ear of the ordinary miner. His claim might be paying him an ounce a day in fine gold, but he was always interested in some reported diggings far away where the product was in lumps, and not infrequently he left a good mine to seek some richer El Dorado. The characteristic and besetting fault of the early miner was unrest. He was forever seeking better fortune. Yet it was this passion for prospecting that resulted in the discovery of gold in an incredibly short time from the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley to the northern limit of the State. To "prospect" was to find a spot that looked favorable and make an examination of it. The miner would take a pan of earth, shake and gyrate it under water, raising and tipping it frequently to run the dirt and water off, then plunge it again, and so continue until a small residuum of black sand and gold remained. A speck of gold was the "color," several specks were "several colors," and the number and size determined the judgment of the miner whether he should go to work or move on. I have seen ounces taken in this way in a single pan, but in the earlier days

WORKING A CLAIM.

"NOT EVEN THE COLOR."
(COMPOSED FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

we counted a "bit" to the pan, twelve and a half cents, a fair prospect.

The average gain of the miner in those days can never be known. Though he was extraordinarily frank and confiding in the offhand conversations about the camp-fire, yet there is reason to believe that his largest receipts were sometimes not reported. My observation was that the industrious worker rarely brought to his supper less than ten dollars, often an ounce (reckoned at sixteen dollars), and sometimes six ounces, or even more. I myself took from the earth nearly one hundred and fifty ounces in seventeen successive working days. My largest clean-up was $224. One day, in less than half an hour, I took with my knife from a crevice in the rocks six and a half ounces of gold. When the river went down after it had been swollen by the first rains and had swept over the bed-rock of bars supposed to be worked out, hundreds of glittering scales were left exposed, affording pleasant picking for a day or two.



SURFACE SLUICING.

The nights in the mines were glorious for sleep. However hot the days,—and I have known a thermometer hung on the north side of a pine-tree to show 128° at two o'clock,—the nights were cool, requiring at least one good pair of blankets for comfort. Stretched on the ground under a tent or canopy of boughs, or with nothing but the purest air between him and the stars, the miner was lulled to rest by the murmur of the river or by a coyote, running his remarkable gamut. The great heat did not interfere with work, and there was not a case of sunstroke, nor was the atmosphere sultry or very oppressive. Eighty-eight degrees in the moist climate of Panama made life vastly more uncomfortable.

At first, and until the blue-shirted population became numerous, not much regard was had to the size of claims, the miner occupying about all the ground he desired. But a change soon came. The sense of justice of the first occupants of a locality, inspired, it may be, by the fact that the swarms of new immigrants would soon compel a division, allowed a mining statute limiting claims to a certain size. This varied in the different camps, and depended somewhat on the richness of the earth. Generally each miner was restricted to about fifteen feet front on the river, the claim extending across the bar to the hill, but where the bar was a wide one the length was shortened. In some cases a claim was from fifteen to eighteen feet square. Back from the river and near the foot of the mountain the bed-rock was sometimes ten or twelve feet below the surface, and great labor was required to throw off the top earth to reach the auriferous stratum, and often such deep claims were very wet, calling for constant bailing. Of course such claims must be rich to pay, and some of them were, but it was not always so. I have known days and sometimes weeks of hard work to be spent in one of these pits, to find a smooth bed-rock at last with very little gold on it. Now and then, after long and tedious toil and discouragements, the miner "struck his pile," but as often he found nothing but barren rock or gravel.

Mining is one of the most fascinating and exciting of employments. But in the earlier days, when we knew less about genuine indications, mining was, more than now, a species of gambling. The effects are yet to be seen in hundreds of men still living near their old haunts, who, in common phrase, have "lost their grip"; others live in our memories who, after repeated disappointment, sleep on the mountain sides in nameless graves. Yet these same unfortunates did their part in giving to the world thousands of millions of dollars,

LONG TOM. (COMPOSED FROM A LITHOGRAPH, BY BRITTON & REY, PUBLISHED ABOUT 1849.)

thus stimulating progress probably more than was ever known in any other epoch of similar length in the history of mankind.

The early miner soon observed in working by the river's shore that the pay dirt sometimes extended down under the water, and he was not slow in going after the yellow metal wherever it was to be found. Large prospects suggested turning the stream from its bed to work the bottom, and this was usually done by digging a canal across the bar, or by carrying the water in a wooden flume over the channel or across the bends. I have seen companies of men, filled with enthusiasm and confidence, at work for weeks until the river-bed was laid bare, to find only a narrow strip of pay ground along the edge. But in some cases the reward was enormous.

One Sunday in September, 1849, putting on my "store clothes" and "biled shirt," brought along from the old home in utter ignorance of the real life I was to lead in the mines, I went on a pedestrian trip of observation down the river. The air of the morning was like champagne. The shaking of rockers or rattle of stones thrown from hoppers was little heard. Miners were washing their clothes by the side of the river. Camp-fires smoked everywhere, and many resting or sleeping men were stretched on buffalo-robes or blankets under trees and brush awnings. The trail was across rocky bars, stony points, and along the steep sides of the hills. I had sauntered for three or four miles when, on rounding a point, a busy and novel scene burst on my view. Files of Mexicans were coming and going, bearing earth in wooden bateas on their heads to make a dam in order to turn the stream. The work was being superintended by a stalwart American, the projector of the enterprise, in broad sombrero, and reclining on a serape spread on the bank, reminding one of a planter with his slaves. It proved to be Colonel James, who was afterwards a distinguished criminal lawyer of San Francisco. I learned from him that the dam, after weeks of labor, was nearly completed; an hour more and the river would be flowing in an old channel. My curiosity was excited, and I remained to see the result of his venture. When the water was drawn off, the bed of the river presented the appearance of successive strata of hard slate, on edge, from three or four inches to a foot or more apart, the softer slate or shale between having been worn out and the depressions partly filled with sand and gravel. These strata on edge extended diagonally across the channel, forming an abundance of natural riffles to catch and retain the gold. My recollection is that the bed of the river had been laid bare to an extent of 200 yards in length by 60 feet in width. The great moment of expectation had come. By invitation I followed the colonel, who carried a pick, a pan, a shovel, and a small tin cup. It was plain there would be little gravel to wash, as the claim was on the slope of a "rapid," the grade being so great that most of the light material borne by the waters had been carried over. The shovel at once showed the wealth of one of the crevices, and I distinctly saw the colonel take his tin cup by the handle and scrape up from the bottom of the crevice a few handfuls that seemed to me to be half gold. I did not stay to see the gold washed, but I can safely say that I saw at least a thousand dollars go into the pan in half an hour.

I had seen enough to make a rosy report, and soon was a member of a company to turn the river near our camp on the bar. We dammed the river, the bed-rock of which was smooth and barren. It was no child's play, working in the water in the hot sun, sometimes up to our necks, laying boulders into a wall across the stream, and filling in above with the red clay of the mountain side. Miners would

MARYSVILLE BUTTES, A LANDMARK OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

A RUSH FOR NEW DIGGINGS.

pass and repass, envy us our claim, and chances were numerous to sell out interests at good figures; but we had come to California to make a fortune and return as soon as possible, and had no thought of selling a "sure thing" for a few thousand dollars. Alas, for great expectations! the river claim proved a failure. The earnings from washing the bar were nearly all gone, newcomers occupied all the ground not exhausted, and so we prepared to wander.

Pictures of camp-life crowd upon one. Who can forget the trains of loaded mules descending the mountain to the bar, with their attending Mexicans, raising a cloud of red dust and filling the air with their cries of "Hoopa!" "Mula!" and other expletives? Or the herds of wild cattle galloping down at breakneck speed, followed by swarthy and dust-begrimed *vaqueros*, "in sugar-loaf hats and legs of leather," and their headlong riding over the boulder-covered bar, swinging their riatas and lassoing the frightened bullocks for the butchers? Almost every store-tent had one or more rude tables where card-playing was indulged in "for the drinks," or where monte, the favorite gambling game, was played for dust, and at night these places were alive with miners purchasing supplies or trying their luck at the tables. As illustrative of the confidence of traders in the miners, I may here mention that in 1849 and for a year or two thereafter I never knew of a miner being refused credit for anything he wanted. A trader, a total stranger to me, who had heard a rumor of better diggings, once offered me his tent and contents at cost—about $2200, not a dollar to be paid until all the goods were sold. The miners on the bar were always ready to help others with purse or counsel, to share the last flapjack or frijole, or to espouse the cause of the injured. On Sunday or when the work of the day was over visits were exchanged without formality, and there was a general cordial mingling of men from all parts of the country and from every quarter of the globe. A considerable number of the first gold-seekers had brought books to the mines which passed from hand to hand, and there could be found a variety of volumes. Reading and argument were common sources of amusement, and in some of the tents one might hear the picking of improvised banjos.

The autumn of 1849 came on. The leaves had begun to fall; the winds in the towering pines and the murmur of the waters had more melancholy tones, the crickets sang more plaintively, the few birds were restless, and what with the want of claims to work and the coming of the rainy season it was needful that we

A ROUGH ROAD TO THE MINES.

seek another locality and prepare for the winter. I had already prospected the Rich Gulch of the Calaveras five or six miles away, had worked one day on a claim and had left a pick and shovel there as an evidence of ownership. The custom of the miners was to recognize mining tools in a claim as equivalent to possession, and in the absence of the claimant these tools were sufficient to hold the claim ten days. But my partner had fallen sick, and I was not able to leave him, and when we moved to the gulch eleven days after I had left it, we found the tools on the bank and two "jumpers" at work. We were too late, but we took the loss philosophically, as there was plenty of ground not taken. I understood afterward that the jumpers realized out of the claim about $7000 in six weeks, which was more than I pocketed from the gulch during the entire winter.

The Rich Gulch was a good type of what were called "dry diggings"—a long arroyo, dry in summer with a good stream running down it after a rain. Claims extended from bank to bank, and for sixteen feet in length. The brown and red soil from the hills had run down in the course of time and changed the channel of the stream in many places, and here the miners had to expend a good deal of labor on what they called "dead work," removing this hill soil, sometimes twenty feet in depth, to get to the old gold-bearing bed. As coöperation in the way of drainage had at this time been little thought of, each claim had to get rid of its own water in any way without much consideration for neighbors below. The amount of bottom dirt washed was slight compared with the whole removed, but in most claims it was exceedingly rich. Many a man had reason to remember with pleasure those winter diggings for the fortune they gave him. The gold was coarser and rougher than that of the rivers, not having been so much ground among the sand and gravel.

A WOMAN IN THE MINES.

During the winter of 1849–50, the cost of living was extreme. As the season was a very wet one, the roads and trails were full of mudholes, in which supply wagons were stuck and mules and oxen mired. Wagons and animals were unloaded several times a day to extricate them from the mud, and in one instance at least fourteen days were spent on the road from Stockton, fifty miles away. Flour reached a dollar a pound, rice the same, pork and bacon a dollar and sixty cents a pound, saleratus sixteen dollars a pound, and spermaceti candles a dollar each. An ounce of gold was the price of a pick or shovel, and almost anything needed, except fresh beef, commanded

a proportionate price. That all miners did not get rich is accounted for in the statement that it took a fair claim to pay expenses. The short duration of a placer claim, the loss of time in finding another, and the too general restlessness, tell the story of many failures to realize a fortune by even those who were the most lucky. Too often it was due to extravagance, gambling, or the guzzling of brandy or whisky at eight dollars a bottle. But, drunk or sober, one was obliged to pay two ounces for a pair of pantaloons, a hundred dollars for a pair of long-legged boots, and four dollars expressage for a letter.

PROSPECTING IN CALIFORNIA IN 1851.

There were not more than four or five log-huts in the gulch, nine-tenths of all the miners living in common soldier tents, about eight feet square, the entire winter. Ours had a huge fire-place in front, that sent through our thin, cotton dwelling a warm glow from a fire of manzanita wood, which is nearly equal to hickory for fuel. The weather was at no time very cold, and we suffered no discomfort. February was like May in New York.

It was during this month that an alcalde, assuming to have derived his authority from an alcalde at Stockton, began to give law to the little community. Some of his decisions in cases of double ownership of claims did not square with our notions of justice. It was more than suspected that he had been "greased," *i. e.* bribed, to make them. A meeting of miners was called, and a committee was appointed to draft laws for the gulch. The alcalde, a stalwart and swarthy Creole, gathered his boon companions around him and tried to interrupt the reading of the proposed laws, loudly declaring that he was alcalde and was going to govern the camp at any hazard. But the odds against him soon cooled his courage, and though pistols were exhibited and violence was threatened, no blows were struck. The next morning the blustering alcalde retired from the gulch forever. The new laws constituted the first code (so far as I know) adopted in the mines, and sufficed for the settlement of disputes for a long time.

I neglected to state in the proper place that in the early part of October business took me to Sacramento, and I only go back to relate an incident which will help to illustrate mining life as it was in California. The trip was made in a large mule-wagon dignified with the name of stage, and consumed nearly three days. Late

A MINERS' BALL.

in the afternoon of the first day, the driver said it was about time to camp, but he remarked that at a house four miles farther on there was a woman. Now a woman in the mines was a rarity; we had had a glimpse of one on the bar during the summer, and that was all. It was at once put to vote to determine whether we should camp or go on. Of course there can be no doubt of the result. In the evening we halted in front of a log house with a very steep roof made of tules, and applied for supper. The hostess, a tall, raw-boned Missourian, on presenting our bill in the morning, to weigh the dust put a cube of lead in the scales that approximated the size of a hymn-book, but the generosity and chivalry of the early miner and the rarity of women combined to make us ignore it.

In the spring of 1850 I returned to San Francisco, and in May, with one companion and four animals, went around the bay to Sonoma and from thence began the exploration of that unknown region from Sonoma to Oregon. Wandering miners we knew had already gone over the mountains and found gold on the Trinity. Were there not other streams flowing into the Pacific north of San Francisco, and might not all be auriferous as well? It was a tedious, eventful, but fruitless journey of forty-seven days, almost wholly over mountains trodden by Digger Indians and, what was more perilous, by ferocious grizzlies, of which we saw five at one time. No gold was found in any stream till we reached the Trinity, thirty-six days from San Francisco, and there the diggings were not remarkably rich. The hardest toilers reported but from eight to ten dollars a day. The style of mining did not differ from that which I have described, except that the pay dirt was carried a considerable distance in buckets from high and dry bars down to the river to be washed. Something better must be found, and a prospecting party was sent on an exploring expedition farther north.

There were some queer distinctions in those days. One Sunday, going to the butcher's booth, I found a customer ahead of me, who inquired if he could not have a piece of a liver which was hanging on a tree in plain sight.

"Don't know if you can or not," said the butcher.

"I 'd like to know why? I 've been trading with you all along, and never asked for liver before; but I want some variety now."

"Stand around and let me look at you. No, you can't have any liver."

"Well, why?"

"There ain't enough to go round. I have to have some rule about givin' it out, and I have decided that no miner can have a scrap of liver from me unless he wears a canvas patch on the seat of his pants."

The canvas patch was a badge of precedence as well recognized in our camp on the Trinity as the star of the Order of the Garter is in Great Britain.

On the 3d of July two of our prospecting party returned and whispered the news that rich bars had been found on a stream full of salmon farther north, and the next morning we were off. The night of the fourth and fifth gave us the variety of a snow-storm, from which we took shelter under a roof of spruce boughs inclosed on three sides with the same material. After eleven days of exhausting climbing and descending steep and lofty mountains, tearing our clothes in the tangled chaparral, camping at night in the chilly air where the water from melting snows made green pastures for our mules, we reached the virgin diggings on Salmon River. There was no evidence that any white man had preceded us. The bars by the river were untouched; an interminable forest stretched all over the mountain sides and up and down the winding river, unmarked by the woodman's ax — not dense, but relieved by glades and openings, and but for the steepness of the mountains easily traveled.

Here was a newer scene and a more novel life. There were but eleven Americans of us all told, and a wide and rugged region lay between us and others of our race. Indians came in squads, shyly viewed us, made their comments, and passed on. They were superior to the Diggers of the California valleys, and were of the blood of the Modocs, who committed such atrocities in the lava-beds twenty years after.

My partner in the new diggings was a printer from the establishment of Harper & Brothers, who had come around the Horn as one of Stevenson's regiment in 1847. Displeased with our allotment of claims, which were too wet, we resolved to take chances alone with the Indians. So one fine morning we quietly packed the mules, forded the river at a shallow place, and proceeded to go we knew not whither. A tramp of eight or nine miles on elk and Indian paths, along a ridge that rose two hundred feet above the river, brought us to a point at the junction of streams. Crossing the north fork we made our camp on a high bar covered with young pines and oaks and already occupied by an Indian family, with whom we hastened to make friends by gifts of beads, bracelets, and other trinkets captivating to the savage. We had no tent, and made our camp by inclosing a small space with ropes tied to saplings for corner posts, to keep the mules, turned loose upon the bar, away from our bed and provisions.

Here, again, was a still fresher and wilder

TERMS Cash
DELMONICO
Dinner $ 50
Wine $ 20
Desert $ 30
CORRESPONDING AGENT
Cargo of Hams value $ 5000
Burnt at the last fire 2000
Rats eaten 1000
Customs & dulies 1000
Freigth 1000
Summa All square !!
Cheap and easy way of going to the mines.
Gent. How much ?
Waiter. Dinner 50. Wine 20. Desert 30
Gent. Shillings ?
Wait. Shillings? No !!! Dollars !!!
DEPARTURE FOR EL DORADO
Life preserver in the mines:
TO ADMIRERS OF MUSIC
Gents & Ladies take your seats
The best chance to make your Fortune in five hours is opened for you !!
Quick ! Quick ! if you dont do it this time you will never do it again !!!
SARSAPARILLA
Jenny Lind can be heard every evening for only two Rials a glass !!!
As I am in want of patients for my Sarsaparilla, and as it is the only thing I have to live upon, I shall swallow it myself.
Director of the X Mining Company
A Company of prospecting miners.
Gamblers.

SAN FRANCISCO CARICATURES.

(FROM AN OLD LITHOGRAPH BY JUSTH AND QUIROT, IN THE COLLECTION OF COMMANDER JOHN R. BARTLETT.)

life. Cut loose from our kind we trusted to uncorrupted natives, and did not trust in vain. A little prospecting gave glowing promise. Fifty cents to the pan was not infrequent. The rocker was speedily screwed together and real work begun. The river was high from melting snows on the mountains, and the portions of the bars out of water were small, but our first day's work yielded about fourteen ounces. Thus we passed two weeks, mining in patches and with varying success, when miners on the Klamath, hearing from the Indians that white men were working on one of the branches above, pushed up the country to see if somebody had not something better than they. Among the newcomers were a few Texans who laid claim to a very wet bar down the river, and were soon doing well. Somehow a rumor came to our

isolated camp that big lump diggings had been found to the northeast on Scott River, and the Texans were on the wing. My partner took the big lump fever and went along. I associated myself with three others, entire strangers, and we took possession of Texas Bar, threw a slight breakwater of clay along the river's edge to stop the water from spreading over the bar, and then cutting a drain to the bed-rock from the lower end, we had comparatively dry ground and went to washing. We worked early and late, sometimes not ceasing till starlight, for all our provisions except flour were exhausted, and our only reliance was on the Indians, who supplied us with salmon in exchange for trinkets. This kind of living could not last, and we strained every nerve to get as much gold from the claim as possible. The average spoil of a day was rather more than a hundred dollars to the man. About the middle of September a conference of the few miners left on the river was held at the Forks, and as the diggings were too good to abandon it was agreed to despatch six men and twenty mules to Trinidad on the coast for supplies to last the winter. The train was made up and took the trail at once. Haste was necessary, as even flour, the last link to civilization, was nearly gone.

Meanwhile the mining went on. Few in numbers, and without provisions, our position could easily become critical. Our relief party came back suddenly; it could not go through. The Indians on the Klamath were hostile. Oregon men had shot some Indian dogs down the river, and the young bucks had retaliated by killing a horse. Thus began the so-called Klamath war, that cost the State, and ultimately the nation, a large sum of money. The miners were without delay in council. My party of four had scant rations for four days. At four o'clock we abandoned claims, picks, and shovels and commenced a forced march for the Trinity. I shall not detail the experiences of that hurried tramp on foot over the roughest of mountains. It is enough to say that one day four of us subsisted on a ground squirrel and a woodpecker, and the last day on copious draughts of water when fortunate enough to find it. And when at last we struck the Trinity it was only to be disappointed. The river was deserted; the miners had gone to winter quarters in the "dry diggings" at Weaverville. Wet, weary, and disgusted, with a dreary prospect for supper, we crawled up the bank and dropped down at a fallen tree to make a fire for the night. The mules were relieved of their packs and left to graze. They were too nearly dead to stray. A smoke was seen a few hundred yards away. I went to reconnoiter. A Mexican pack-train was encamping. Meeting two muleteers gathering faggots for the fire, I inquired what they had to sell. "*Ninguna cosa*" ("Not a thing") was the answer. Going on to the camp-fire I inquired if they would sell me something to eat. The reply in Spanish was that they only sold by the cargo. Then I observed, sitting by the fire and smoking a cigarette, a Mexican whom I recognized. Stepping up to him I asked in Spanish if he did not know me. He said no.

"But, Don Fernando, do you not remember the man who bought an iron-gray mule of you on the Calaveras last year?"

"*Ah, si, señor*," and he grasped my hand. I explained the situation in as few words as possible. Instantly, snapping his thumb and finger, he called out to two men:

"*Mira, hombres! Ven aca! Dos quintales de harina, carne seca, panoche, y todas cosas por los Americanos; anda!*" ("Attention, men! Come here! Two quintals of flour, dried beef, raw sugar, and everything for the Americans; travel!")

"How much for it all?" I inquired.

"*Ninguno centavo; gracias á Dios, señor*" ("Not a cent; thanks to God, sir"), he replied with emphasis, and the *hombres* carried an abundant supply of substantials to our camp. That tall and swarthy Don in brown sugar-loaf hat, his head thrust through a hole in the middle of a blanket that served for a cloak, standing in his spurs, the rowels of which were four inches in diameter, is not a figure to be readily forgotten.

There was an incredible amount of cooking that night. Slapjacks and sugar, ropes of dried beef broiled on the coals, coffee made of an extract—everything was welcome. It was a merry night. I never knew before the intoxication of eating. We cooked, ate, lay back upon the blankets, told stories, returned to the cooking again, and so alternated until sleep overtook us in the warm glow of the fire.

When, in the afternoon, we made our entry into Weaverville, a scattered village of about four hundred miners' cabins, Don Fernando found himself in trouble. He could find but one trader with money in the whole town—and he was a type of the monopolists who have since become the curse of California. He offered the Mexican about half-price for his cargo, and there was no other place to which to carry the goods. It was now our turn. It was suggested that we help Don Fernando out. He had been offered $1200. We told him that we did not want his goods, as we did not know what we were going to do, but we would make the trader pay more for them.

"Tell him we offer you $1500." In a short time we learned that $1600 had been bid.

"Tell him we will give $1800."

Again came a bid of $1900. We offered $2000, and soon were confronted by an angry Missourian, who "was n't goin' to have any durned Yankee git in 'tween him and a greaser in a trade." So he jumped our bid $200. Don Fernando in a whisper said it was *bastante* (enough), and the Missourian was the buyer. We had paid off some of our obligations to Don Fernando and had made a little stir in the new diggings.

The autumn of 1850 was unlike that of 1849. The miners in the dry ravines had thrown up on the banks large quantities of pay-dirt from the beds, and were continuing their work hoping to be able to wash. But little rain fell till the following March. The miners scattered again along the Trinity to pay expenses, and I with others departed for Sacramento.

The early summer of 1851 found me in the mines at Nevada City, in the richest gold-producing section of California, or perhaps of the world. The two mining towns of Nevada and Grass Valley are but four miles apart, and that either of these is more populous than any other town in the Sierra Nevada is evidence of the great wealth of the region. The miners of Nevada County originated or adopted most of the improved methods for facilitating washing and saving gold. The long tom came into use early as the successor of the rocker. It was a trough of boards ten or twelve feet long, two feet wide on the bottom, with sides eight or ten inches high, and was furnished with a perforated sheet-iron plate three feet long, which had the end part curved upward to stop the stones and gravel, while the water, sand, and small gravel dropped through into a riffle-box below, set on an incline to allow the lighter matter to pass off with the water. The long tom was put on an easy grade and supplied with a constant stream of flowing water, enough to drive and wash all the earth thrown into it down upon the perforated screen. Two or more men shoveled the earth into the tom, and one threw out the stones from the screen with a fork or square-pointed shovel, when they were sufficiently washed. As the claim was worked back, the long tom was extended by means of sluice boxes until a dozen or more miners were shoveling dirt into them on both sides. Afterward it was found that by putting riffles into the sluice boxes the long tom could be dispensed with, and miles of sluices of all sizes were seen, some supplied with a few inches of running water, miners' measure, while others bore torrents of the muddy fluid. The sluice requiring a rapid flow of water was set on a grade of say four inches to twelve feet in length. It is plain that in a short distance the pay dirt would have to be lifted higher than the miner's head. A descending bed-rock added to the difficulty, and sometimes the earth was thrown by one set of miners up on a platform to be shoveled by another set into the sluice. Numerous small boulders were kept in the sluice, around and over which the water boiled and leaped, dissolving the clay. When the gold was fine and difficult to save, quicksilver was poured into the sluices to catch it, the riffles arresting the amalgam as it moved down.

More and more, as experience was gained, water was made to do the labor of men. Instead of carrying the dirt in buckets to the river to be washed, the river was carried to the dirt. Ditches were dug at great expense and water from them was sold at a dollar an inch for ten hours' use, and often it was resold in its muddy state one, two, and three times at decreasing rates. The water belonged to the ditch owner as long as it could be used. The fact may here be noted that one of the first ditches constructed was that from Rock Creek to the hill diggings about Nevada City. It was nine miles long, and cost about ten thousand dollars, and so rich were the diggings and so active the demand for water that the enterprise paid for itself in six weeks.

It was early discovered that the river gorges in which the first mining was done — those deep channels from the high Sierra — cut across ancient river-beds filled with auriferous gravel, the bottoms of which were hundreds of feet above the beds of the modern streams. From these deposits of far-back ages much of the gold found on the later river bars had come, and these ancient storehouses, exposed by the wear and tear of centuries, led to another kind of mining. Great canals from high up the rivers were carried with fine engineering skill and large outlays of labor and money, without the aid of foreign capital but by the pluck, purses, and brawny arms of miners along frightful precipices, across cañons in lofty flumes and through tunnels to the ancient filled river channels. Here the water was carried down the banks in strong iron tubes or hose, and large quantities were compressed through nozzles and thrown with terrific force against the banks of auriferous gravel. Ditches dug in the earth on a moderate grade, or sluices of lumber, caught the muddy debris and separated the gold, leaving it on the bottom. A steady throw of this water against a bank, directed with a miner's judgment, was kept up for days and even months without cessation night or day. This was called hydraulic mining, and it was introduced into California in 1852. To facilitate the work of the monitor or water-cannon that shot the compressed stream, tunnels were run into the banks where they were hard and tons of powder were exploded in them at a single blast, pulverizing the deposit to the ex-

tent of acres and often to a depth of more than a hundred feet.

In the great mining region of California, which has given to the world more gold than any other area of like extent on the globe, all this is now over. The fiat of courts has gone forth that no debris of any kind can be allowed to be dumped into any stream or its affluent to the danger of property below or to the impeding of navigable waters. Thus has been destroyed the market value of hundreds of miles of canals, great artificial lakes to store the waters of winter, and vast deposits of auriferous gravel — in a word, a hundred million dollars in mining property. Thousands of miners who have exhausted their energies and the best part of their lives in the mines have, with their families, been reduced to poverty and distress.

The old miner, full of cherished memories of that wonderful past, on revisiting the scenes of his early labors sees no winding line of miners by the river marge, with their rattling rockers or long toms; no smoke from camp-fire or chimney arises from the depths of gorges; cabins are gone; no laughter nor cheery voice comes up from the cañons; no ounce a day is dried by the supper fire. Gone are most of the oaks and pines from the mountain-sides; the beds of the rivers are covered deep with the accumulated debris of years, over which the water, once clear and cold from the melting snows of the Sierra, goes sluggishly, laden with mud, in serpentine windings from bank to bank. On the tableland above, in the chasms made by hydraulic power in the pleiocene drift, the hollow columns of iron that once compressed the water stand rusting away; the monitors lie dismantled like artillery in a captured fortress. All is silence and desolation where once was the roar of water and the noise of busy life. The same red and brown soil is beneath your feet, the same alternation of ridges and gorges is here, the same skies unflecked by clouds from May to November are overhead; the same pure air is left to breathe in spite of courts and monopolies; a considerable portion of the soil is cultivated; scattered here and there over the mountain slopes are homes surrounded with flowers and fruits — but the early miner sees it all with the sad belief that the glory is gone.

The early miner has never been truly painted. I protest against the flippant style and eccentric rhetoric of those writers who have made him a terror, or who, seizing upon a sporadic case of extreme oddity, some drunken, brawling wretch, have given a caricature to the world as the typical miner. The so-called literature that treats of the golden era is too extravagant in this direction. In all my personal experience in mining-camps from 1849 to 1854 there was not a case of bloodshed, robbery, theft, or actual violence. I doubt if a more orderly society was ever known. How could it be otherwise? The pioneers were young, ardent, uncorrupted, most of them well educated and from the best families in the East. The early miner was ambitious, energetic, and enterprising. No undertaking was too great to daunt him. The pluck and resources exhibited by him in attempting mighty projects with nothing but his courage and his brawny arms to carry them out was phenomenal. His generosity was profuse and his sympathy active, knowing no distinction of race. His sentiment that justice is sacred was never dulled. His services were at command to settle differences peaceably, or with pistol in hand to right a grievous wrong to a stranger. His capacity for self-government never has been surpassed. Of a glorious epoch, he was of a glorious race.

E. G. Waite.

A "COMIC" OF RICHARD DOYLE'S FROM "PUNCH."

IN BEAVER COVE.

THEY were having a dance over in Beaver Cove, at the Woods'. All the young people of the settlement were there, and many from adjoining settlements. The main room of the cabin had been almost cleared of its meager furniture, and the pine-plank floor creaked under the tread of shuffling feet, while dust and lamp-smoke made the atmosphere thick and close.

But little did the dancers care for that. Bill Eldridge sat by the hearth playing his fiddle with tireless energy, while a boy added the thumping of two straws to the much-tried fiddle-strings. A party of shy girls huddled in a corner of the room, and the bashful boys hung about the door, and talked loudly.

"Hey, there; git yer partners," Bill cried to them tauntingly from time to time.

Armindy Hudgins and Elisha Cole were preëminently the leaders in the party. They danced together again and again; they sat on the bench in the dooryard; they walked to the spring for a fresh draught of water. Armindy was the coquette of the settlement. In beauty, in spirit, and in daring, no other girl in Beaver Cove could compare with her. She could plow all day and dance half the night without losing her peachy bloom, and it was generally admitted that she could take her choice of the marriageable young men of the settlement. But she laughed at all of them by turns, until her lovers dwindled down to two, Elisha Cole and Ephraim Hurd. They were both desperately in earnest, and their rivalry had almost broken their lifelong friendship. She favored first one and then the other, but to-night she showed such decided preference for Cole that Hurd felt hatred filling his heart. He did not dance at all, but hung about the door, or walked moodily up and down the yard, savage with jealousy. Armindy cast many mocking glances at him, but seemed to feel no pity for his suffering.

In the middle of the evening, while they were yet fresh, she and Elisha danced the "hoe-down." All the others crowded back against the walls, leaving the middle of the room clear, and she and her partner took their places They were the best dancers in the settlement, and Beaver Cove could boast of some as good as any in all north Georgia. The music struck up, and the two young people began slowly to shuffle their feet, advancing towards each other, then retreating. They moved at first without enthusiasm, gravely and coolly. The music quickened, and their steps with it. Now together, now separate, up and down the room, face to face, advancing, receding, always in that sliding, shuffling step. The girl's face flushed; her lithe figure, clothed in the most primitively fashioned blue print gown, swayed and curved in a thousand graceful movements; her feet, shod in clumsy brogans, moved so swiftly one could scarcely follow them; her yellow hair slipped from its fastenings and fell about her neck and shoulders; her bosom heaved and palpitated. Panting and breathless, Elisha dropped into a seat, his defeat greeted with jeering laughter by the crowd, while Armindy kept the floor. It was a wild, half-savage dance, and my pen refuses to describe it. Nowhere except in the mountains of north Georgia have I ever witnessed such a strange performance.

Armindy would not stop until half-blind and reeling with exhaustion she darted towards the door amid the applause of the crowd. Elisha Cole started up to follow her, but Ephraim Hurd reached her side first, and went out into the yard with her.

"You 've nearly killed yourself," he said, half-roughly, half-tenderly.

"No such a thing," she retorted.

"You 're out o' breath now."

"I want some water."

"Better sit down on this bench and rest a minute first," he said, attempting to lead her to a seat placed under an apple tree; but she broke away from him, running swiftly towards the spring bubbling up from a thicket of laurel just beyond the dooryard fence.

"I ain't no baby, Eph'um Hurd," she cried, gathering up her hair and winding it about her head again, the breeze fanning her flushed cheeks.

The moon was clear and full over Brandreth's Peak, and Ephraim looked up at it, then down on the girl, softened, etherealized by its magic beams.

"What makes you act so, Armindy?"

She broke a spray of laurel bloom and thrust it through the coil of her hair.

"I don't know what you 're talkin' about, Eph'um; but I do know I 'm waitin' for you to give me that gourd o' water."

He sighed, stooped, and filled the gourd to the brim, and gave it to her. She drank deeply, then threw the remainder out in a glittering shower, and dropped the gourd into the spring.

"Don't go to the house yet," he pleaded, as she turned away.

"I 'm tired."

"An' I — I am — you don't keer anything for 'Lishy, do you? Armindy, do you recollect what you said the last time we went to the singin' at Rock Creek?"

She looked at him from under her lashes, half smiled, then said:

"I don't recollect anything perticular."

"I do," he muttered softly, and stepped across the spring-run to her side. "You said — "

"Oh, don't tell me — I don't mean anything I say," she hastily cried.

His face clouded with jealous anger again; he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You 'll — make me do somethin' turrible, Armindy, if you don't mind. I love you; don't — don't — treat me like a dog, flingin' crumbs to me one day, an' whippin' me off the next."

She pushed away his hand, for, with all her coquetries, no man dared take any liberties with her, and stepped beyond his reach.

"I ain't done nuthin' to you, Eph'um Hurd. I — "

"You have," he cried, stamping his feet: "you 've made me love you, tell I don't feel as I could live without you; you let me think that you loved — "

"Law! what 's the use o' listenin' to a girl's foolishness. Maybe I love you; an' again maybe I love 'Lishy Cole an' a dozen others. You 're too set on havin' your own way," she exclaimed with a loud laugh.

Somebody called to her from the fence.

"That 's 'Lishy now."

"An' you 're goin' to him?" said Ephraim with a pale face.

"Yes, I 'm goin' to him. He don't bemean me," with a pretense of being aggrieved, but with mocking laughter in her eyes.

She ran up to the fence, and he heard her talking to Elisha about the flowers in her hair.

The party was over. Ephraim Hurd could scarcely contain the violence of his rage when Armindy refused his company home to accept Elisha Cole's. And how hurt he felt, as well as angry! The slight cut to his soul. He watched them as they went away with a party of the neighbors; he listened to their conversation and loud laughter until the maddening sound of it was lost in the distance; then he mounted his mule and rode swiftly through the Cove down towards the town on the banks of the Cartecay River where revenue-officers were stationed. A fierce, irresistible temptation had assailed, had conquered, him. If he could not have love, he could have revenge. The revenue-men would be glad to know where Elisha Cole concealed his distillery; they would be better pleased to get Elisha himself. Just a hint, scrawled and unsigned, would be sufficient for them, and no one need know who had furnished the information.

It was morning, full daylight, with mists and clouds afloat in the upper rays of the yet invisible sun, when Ephraim Hurd forded Rock Creek on his way home. The jaded mule dipped his steaming nostrils in the cool, fast-flowing stream, drank thirstily, then, coming out, stopped to crop the high, tender grass growing by the roadside. Ephraim let the rein fall loosely on the faithful creature's neck, while his dull eyes wandered over the landscape. He looked haggard, and the chilly, uninvigorating air made him shiver instead of infusing fresh life into him. He dismounted to tighten the girth, then leaned his arm on the saddle, seemingly forgetting to pursue his way home. He was tall, and held himself unusually erect for a mountaineer. He had a rather fine face, with soft, dark beard on lip and chin, and his eyes were a deep, serene blue. He did not look like a coward or a traitor, and yet he secretly felt that he could be justly called so; for repentance had followed quickly upon his rash betrayal of his friend.

The night would have seemed only like a bad dream, a nightmare, had he not gone on that journey to Buckhorn, stealing like a thief through the sleeping town, to slip that line of information under the door of the court-room, where it would be found by the revenue-officers the first thing in the morning. Viewed in the clear, cold light of the morning, when jealousy and savage anger had spent themselves, the deed appeared base to the last degree. He passed his hand over his face with a sense of deepest shame. According to the mountaineer's code of honor, a man could not do a meaner, more contemptible thing than to betray a comrade to the revenue-men. He would fare better as a thief or a vagabond. No wonder Ephraim Hurd felt like hiding his face from the clear accusing light; no wonder he groaned in anguish of soul. He had lost his own self-respect; he had forfeited all right to the trust of his neighbors.

He raised his eyes and looked slowly around again, and, with his mental faculties all quickened by the trouble he was in, he seemed to realize the preciousness of freedom. A perception of the wild, primeval beauty of the world around thrilled him. He looked up at the cloud floating over the deep blue of the sky,

tinged with the rose-light of sunrise; at the fog-wreaths curling around the summits of the higher mountains; at the green depths of the forests; at the winding streams, bordered by laurel and rhododendron, rushing in sparkling cascades or lying in clear, silent pools. All the ineffable loveliness and charm of the new world, the new day, penetrated his soul. The deep solitude, broken only by the murmur of the streams and the liquid, melancholy notes of the hermit thrush, influenced him as it never had before. Think of leaving it all for the court-room, and the prison! Think of languishing within four close walls through sultry days and restless nights!

Pity for the man he had betrayed melted his heart. At this moment how slight seemed the provocation. Elisha Cole had as much right to Armindy's favor as he could claim.

On the upper side of Rock Creek, just under the great cliff rising boldly towards the clouds, a clump of laurel bushes in full bloom hung over the stream, the opening buds a fine delicate pink, the wide-opened flowers faded to dull white. Ephraim's eyes fell on them, and his face contracted with a keen thrill of pain as he remembered Armindy standing by the spring in the moonlight and fastening a spray of laurel in her hair. Flushed from the dance, radiant with triumph, she had no thought for him, no kind words. Nevertheless his heart softened towards her; he writhed as he thought of the sorrow he had laid up for her. He had lost account of time in the midst of his bitter reflections, and a sun-ray, striking across his face, startled him. He sprung into the saddle and rode out of the highway into the settlement road leading through Beaver Cove.

The Hudgins lived on that road, at the foot of Bush Mountain, in an old log cabin built in the "double pen" fashion, with an open entry, and in the rear a rude kitchen. Below the house lay a freshly cleared field, the fence skirting the roadside, and as he drew near Ephraim heard Armindy singing an old baptismal hymn in a high, clear voice, making abrupt little pauses to say "Gee!" or "Haw!" or "Get up there!" to the ox she was driving before the plow.

Last night she danced the "hoe-down" with spirit and grace, the belle of the party; to-day she plowed in her father's cornfield, barefooted, and clothed in a faded homespun gown, singing for the mere joy of existence, of conscious life. She had on a deep sunbonnet, and coarse woolen gloves covered her hands — strong, supple hands, grasping the plow-handles like a man's.

She reached the end of the row just as Ephraim drew near, and looked over the fence at him with a smile and a blush.

"Good mornin', Eph'um," she cried in a conciliatory tone. "You look as if you had been out all night."

"I have."

"Law! what for? At the 'stillery?" Her voice dropped to a softer key.

"No."

She looked attentively at his sad, haggard face, then took off her bonnet and fanned herself.

"Are you mad at me, Eph'um?"

"No; I ain't mad now, Armindy."

"Then what makes you look so — so strange?"

"I was mad last night."

She turned the cool loam of the freshly opened furrow over her naked feet, a faint smile lurking in the corners of her mouth. He saw it, but did not feel angry.

"Good-by, Armindy," he said gently.

"I did n't mean anythin' last night, Eph'um," she said hastily, sobered again by the gravity of his voice and manner.

"I know how it was."

"I don't believe you do. I —" But he rode away while the defensive little speech remained unfinished on her lips.

She looked after him, slowly replacing the bonnet on her head.

"He is mad, or somethin' 's happened. I never seed him look like he does this mornin'."

She turned the ox into another furrow, but stepped silently behind the plow. She sang no more that morning.

Beaver Cove was really a long, narrow valley shut in by ranges of high mountains, the serried peaks sharply outlined against the sky on clear days. The mountainsides were broken into deep ravines, and here and there near the base rose sheltered nooks in which mountaineers dwelt, cultivating patches and eking out a primitive livelihood with game and fish. It was in one of these retreats that Ephraim Hurd and his mother lived, with all the length and breadth of the valley lying below them, and the mountains overshadowing them above.

As Ephraim turned from the main settlement road into the wilder trail leading up to his house he met Elisha Cole driving a yoke of oxen. He was whistling a dance-tune, and hailed Ephraim with a cheerful, friendly air, his whole manner betraying a suppressed exultation. Ephraim noticed it quickly, and clenched his hand on the switch he held. That manner said so plainly, "I have won her; I can afford to be friendly with you now."

"Just gittin' home?" he inquired with a jocular air.

"Yes."

"Oh, ho! Which one o' the Wood girls is it, 'Mandy, or Sary Ann?"

Ephraim flushed, but let the rude joke pass.

"Where are you goin'?"

"To the saw-mill for a load o' lumber."

"Goin' to build?"

"Yes; in the fall."

"Thinkin' o' marryin', I s'pose."

"You 've hit it plumb on the head, Eph'um. I am thinkin' o' that very thing," he said, with a loud, joyous laugh.

It grated on the miserable Ephraim. He was full of one thought, which he repeated over and over to himself, "To-morrow he 'll be in prison, an' Armindy 'll be cryin' her eyes out."

"You 'll not be at the 'stillery to-night?" he inquired stammeringly.

"Yes, I will. Man alive, what ails you, Eph'um?"

"Nothin'; nothin'. Had n't you better go to see Armindy?"

Elisha eyed him suspiciously.

"Me an' Armindy understan's one another," he said roughly.

Ephraim rode on, his guilty conscience forbidding any more conversation. He longed to give Elisha a hint of approaching danger, to say carelessly, "I hear the raiders 'll be out to-night"; but he knew that he could not without betraying the whole truth.

Breakfast awaited him, and his mother sat in the doorway smoking when he arrived at home — a homely woman, yellow as saffron, wrinkled as parchment, and without a tooth in her mouth. Her face lighted up at the sight of her son, and she knocked the ashes from her pipe. He had been a good son, a steady boy, and his absence alarmed her.

"Law! but this is a relief," she cried as he came in after caring for the mule. "I did n't know you 'lowed to stay out all night."

"I did n't neither when I left home."

"I was pestered, thinkin' o' the raiders. Anythin' happened to you?"

"Nothin', mother."

"Are you sick?"

"No."

She watched him silently while he ate sparingly of the breakfast. His dull eyes, his haggard face, made her anxious. He had no appetite; he plainly did not care to talk. Her suspicions fell on Armindy Hudgins as the cause of his dejection. She began to question him about the party. She mentioned Armindy and Elisha Cole several times, and each time he betrayed some feeling. She felt resentful towards the girl.

"I s'pose Armindy had things her own way las' night?"

"Purty much."

"I don't for the life o' me see why you all should be crazy about that girl. Now 'Mandy, or Sary Ann Wood, or Betsey —"

"Ugly as crows, all of 'em."

"Well, they may n't be as purty as pictur's, but they are a sight better than Armindy Hudgins," she retorted indignantly.

"They certainly ain't smarter, mother."

"No; I s'pose they ain't for work," said Mrs. Hurd, reluctantly; "but principles count for somethin', Eph'um — you 'll 'low that."

"Yes; yes," he cried, and hastily left the table. Who could show less principle than he had?

He went out to work, hoeing and thinning the young corn in a field he had cleared on the mountainside, but the vigor had gone out of him with hope and courage. The sunlight dazed him, and after a while he stopped and leaned upon his hoe, looking down into the valley, his eyes following the cloud-shadows sweeping silently over the fields, blotting out the silvery gleam of Beaver Creek. It was a day of strange, conflicting thoughts. He had never passed through such an experience in all his simple, primitive life. The impressions of the morning lingered in his memory through the heat of the languid noon and the soft decline of the evening. He had brought upon himself a great question of right and wrong — at least it seemed great to him; so great he could scarcely grapple with it, or settle it with wisdom and justice.

After a supper, partaken almost in silence, he took down his gun and carefully loaded it. Mrs. Hurd watched him until he picked up his hat; then she anxiously inquired:

"Where are you goin', Eph'um?"

"Down to the 'stillery."

"It 'pears to me you 'd better take some rest."

"I will later."

"Well, do be keerful an' keep an eye out for the raiders. I 've been so oneasy an' pestered to-day that I feel mighty like somethin' 's goin' to happen."

He went out, but turned on the doorstep to speak to her.

"If anythin' does happen, mother, you 'll be prepared for it."

She sighed, and her wrinkled face quivered with emotion.

"I 'm always prepared for the worst, an' expectin' it. To have some sort o' dread on your mind 'pears to me to be a part o' life."

Ephraim shouldered his gun, and disappeared in the darkness. He followed the road for a short distance, then turned out into a trail leading over a ridge. It was not easy walking, but the sure-footedness and agility that are a birthright of the mountaineer made it easy for him.

Out of the deep, clear sky overhead the stars shone softly, but afar in the northwest

lay great masses of clouds. Constant flashes of lightning shot over them, and through the profound silence came the dull mutterings of thunder. It was a good time for the raiders to be abroad, and the thought quickened Ephraim's steps. He felt sure they would come before moonrise. On the other side of the ridge he traversed a wilder region of country. Half an hour's rapid walking brought him to a small clearing surrounded by a low rail-fence. In the center of the clearing stood a cabin, a stream of ruddy light pouring from its open door. It was where the Coles lived. Two fierce hounds greeted Ephraim's approach with loud, hostile barking, and when he called out to them a young woman appeared at the door with a child on her breast—Elisha Cole's sister-in-law.

"Any o' the men folks at home, Miss Cole?" Ephraim inquired, leaning over the fence.

"No; John an' his pap have gone over to Fannin' County, an' 'Lishy's just started to the 'stillery."

"Oh, just started, you say?"

"Yes; he ain't been gone five minutes. Won't you come in, Eph'um?"

"Not to-night, Miss Cole. I 'lowed I 'd see 'Lishy before he got off."

With a brief good night he turned away, following a trail leading down through a ravine. It was a wild, lonely way, and so dark that one could scarcely see an inch ahead. But the pathway presently took an upward turn, and the gray starlight penetrated the sparse underbrush. He heard the snapping of twigs ahead of him, and whistled softly. Then the sound of stealthy footsteps fell upon his alert ears. He ran forward a few paces, not daring to speak; then he stumbled over the prostrate body of a man.

"'Lishy," he whispered, peering into the upturned face.

"Is it you, Eph'um?"

"Yes; what 's the matter?"

"The raiders they tied me; they 're lookin' for Jed Bishop."

It was the work of an instant for Ephraim to get out his knife and to cut the thongs binding Elisha's hands and feet. But the prostrate man had not scrambled up before the revenue-officers were down upon them again. Ephraim snatched his gun, and leaped between Elisha and his foes.

"Get out of the way if you can," he cried to his friend, and fired blindly at the officers.

It was early the next morning, as Armindy sat on the entry steps engaged in sewing some patchwork together before the outdoor occupations of the day began, that a neighbor rode up and hailed her father.

"Heard about the raid last night?"

"No," exclaimed Mr. Hudgins, hastening to the fence. "Who 'd they get?"

"Nobody but Eph'um Hurd."

Armindy dropped her work, her face growing white, her lower lip caught between her clenched teeth.

"It seems they 'd caught 'Lishy Cole, an' was lookin' for Jed Bishop, when Eph'um come up an' set 'Lishy free again. He had n't more 'n done it when up come the raiders, an' 'Lishy says Eph'um fit like old Satan hisself, shootin' at 'em tell 'Lishy cleared out."

"Well, well; that does beat all. He 'd better 'a' looked out for hisself."

"That 's what I say, an' he with his ma to look after. He wounded one o' the officers, an' it 's bound to go hard with him. You need n't look so skeered, Armindy"—raising his voice and looking over at the girl. "'Lishy 's safe."

"Oh, yes; 'Lishy 's safe. I 'm only thinkin' o' what might 'a' happened to him." She laughed loudly, then gathered up her work and rushed into the house.

With slow, uncertain steps a man walked along the settlement road through Beaver Cove. His clothes hung loosely from his slightly stooping shoulders; he leaned on a stick. All about him were the joyful influences of spring. The mountains were clothed in palest green, and every stream could boast its share of laurel and rhododendron abloom along its banks. The man drew in deep breaths of the fine air, his eyes wandered lingeringly over scenes familiar yet long unvisited. Once he stooped and drank from a clear, shallow stream purling along the road, and, drawing his sleeve across his mouth, muttered softly:

"Ah, that 's good. I ain't drunk nothin' like it in more 'n four years."

He sat down on a fallen tree rotting on the roadside to rest a few minutes. A market-wagon, white-covered and drawn by a yoke of sleek oxen, rumbled down the hill. In the driver the wayfarer recognized an old neighbor.

"Howdy you do, Mr. Davis?"

Davis stared, then leaped from the wagon.

"Why—why—it 's Eph'um Hurd, ain't it?"

"What 's left o' him," said Ephraim, rising, and shaking hands with his old friend.

"Well, you do look used up an' peaked."

"I 've been sick."

"An' your hair is gray."

"It 's the prison life done it."

"You 've been through a good deal, I take it," in a tone of compassion.

"I don't want to think o' it any more if

I can help it," Ephraim exclaimed. "They did n't treat me so bad, but—oh, I thought it would take the soul out o' me!"

Davis shook his head sympathetically.

Ephraim's face sunk on his breast for a moment. There were some questions he longed, yet dreaded, to ask. At last he plucked up courage.

"How—how is mother?"

"Purty well."

"'Lishy Cole is married, is he?"

"Yes; he married more 'n two years ago."

Of course he had expected that answer, but it caused his thin, worn face to twitch and contract with pain. He hastily picked up his stick.

"I—I 'd better be gittin' on."

"Your ma 's moved down to the Wood place," his neighbor called after him as he started up the road. "The Woods moved to Fannin' County last year, you know."

"Is that so?" said Ephraim, but without halting again.

Married! Yes, why should they not marry? It was for that he had saved Elisha Cole. He had known it from the night of the dance, had clearly foreseen it all that morning he stopped at Rock Creek—facing the awakening world and his own conscience. He had struggled for resignation during his prison life, but never had he been able to think of Armindy sitting by Elisha Cole's fireside, Elisha Cole's wife, without the fiercest pang of jealous anguish.

He sat down again, trembling with exhaustion, and bared his throbbing head to the cool breeze. He looked at his long, thin hands, stroked his face, feeling the hollows in his cheeks and under his eyes. He would never get back his youth and vigor again. It was well no woman loved him except his mother. She would not criticize his changed appearance, or care less for him on account of it.

It was dusk when he reached the old Wood cabin. The shutters had not been drawn over the small, square window in the chimney-corner, and he crept across the yard to look into the room, himself unseen. A low fire burned on the hearth, he could smell the bread baking before it, and the smoke of frying bacon filled the room. Then he saw his mother sitting at the corner of the hearth knitting, while another woman stooped over the fire. Suddenly she stood erect, and he caught his breath sharply, for it was Armindy Hudgins, Elisha Cole's wife, flushed, handsomer than ever. What did it mean? Had they taken his mother to live with them? He writhed at the thought. He leaned forward, for Armindy was speaking.

"Now I 'll step to the spring for a pail o' water; then we 'll have supper."

"I wish Eph'um was here to eat it with us. Do you think he 'll ever come, Armindy?" she said wistfully.

"I know he will," said Armindy, firmly; but a shadow fell upon her face, and Ephraim could see that she looked older, more serious than in former days. But what a fine, elastic step she had, what supple curves in her figure! His eyes dwelt upon her with admiration, with despair. He loved her as deeply as ever. She stepped out of the room and went away to the spring. He followed her, determined to find out the cause of her presence in his mother's house.

He vividly remembered that other night when they stood at the spring together, and raised his eyes to Brandreth's Peak, but the moon hung low in the west, a pale crescent. Armindy knelt by the spring, dipping up the water, when his shadow came between her and the faint moonlight. She glanced up, then sprang to her feet half frightened; the next moment she ran to him and fell weeping on his neck.

"Eph'um! Eph'um! I said you 'd come! I 've always said you 'd come!"

He gathered her to him; then tried to push her away.

"Don't—I—where is 'Lishy?" he stammered.

"I don't know. What do you want to think o' him for now?" she cried, looking at him with wet eyes, drawing his face down to hers.

"Ain't you 'Lishy's wife?"

She fell back a little.

"Did you think I 'd marry him? I loved you, Eph'um—you."

"Is that the reason you 're here with my mother?"

"Yes; I 've been with her nearly all the time."

"It was my fault the raiders come out to get 'Lishy, that night."

"I knew it when I heard how you saved him from them. Oh, don't hate me for makin' you suffer so. It seemed like fun then, but I 've been paid back for it all."

He felt dazed. Armindy free, Armindy faithful, and loving, and humbly entreating him not to hate her! Life thrilled afresh through him.

"Who did 'Lishy Cole marry?" he inquired at last.

"How you keep thinkin' o' him."

"I can afford to now."

"He married Sary Ann Wood."

They were standing by the laurel thicket. She saw that his eyes were fixed on the flowers, and turned quickly away to take up the pail of water.

"I ain't danced the hoe-down since that night."

He broke off a spray of the flowers and fastened it in her hair.

Matt Crim.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

International Copyright Accomplished.

IN every compromise there are two points to be considered: its propriety, and its wisdom or necessity — first, Is the concession to be made in the interest of a higher good? and, secondly, Will the concession, as a matter of probability, be likely to effect that good? The passage of the Copyright Bill, accomplished as it has been by concessions at one time or another on the part of nearly all concerned,— last of all, by the representatives of the Typographical Unions,— is a full justification of the Authors' League in uniting, four years ago, for the advocacy of what was substantially the present law. Had the measure failed, the authors would still have been conscious of their own devotion to the principle of the bill; as it has succeeded, they have the additional satisfaction, in having made a sacrifice of their preference, of having redeemed the literary fraternity from the charge of being "dreamers" and "impracticables."

Mr. Lowell, the President of the League, writing under date of February 19, 1891, accurately stated the position of American authors in general in saying:

> I still remain of the opinion that it is wise politics to accept the good that is possible under the circumstances, secure that the mission-work of its practical application will give us something nearer to our ideal. The great thing is to get the principle admitted in our national legislation.

Both before and after the passage of the bill the difficulty has been to get attention to what the bill will accomplish rather than to what it will not. Ill-advised editorial utterances in England have already denounced the new law as a "fraud" and a "sham," as a measure wholly in the interest of American manufacturers, and of little benefit to English authors. Let us see.

First. The bill extends unconditional copyright to the producer of any map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print, painting, drawing, statue, statuary, or model or design intended to be perfected as a work of the fine arts. It is easy to forget that artistic property is not less important or sacred than that of the author. For a time during the campaign it was feared that adherence to a false analogy might lead the Senate to persist in its first thoughtless denial of copyright in artistic property, and it is not a small matter for congratulation that this calamity has been avoided. After July 1, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Burne-Jones, M. Saint-Saëns, and M. Gérôme will be as completely protected by our law as Mr. Dudley Buck, Mr. St. Gaudens, and Mr. Shirlaw.

Again, copyright is also granted to all producers of foreign literary property, upon a condition which, though it must be confessed to be a limitation upon the ideal right of property, is practically not an onerous condition upon the foreign author. The unsolved doubt in the English law as to whether the American author must be on English soil at the time of the publication of his book, and the requirement that the publication of the book in England must precede its appearance in any other country — these conditions are also limitations on the ideal right of property; and so, for that matter, is the term-clause in nearly all copyright law. In the "evolution of copyright" — to quote Mr. Brander Matthews's suggestive phrase — it is difficult to determine where the principle of security to literary property merges into a question of public policy. But the main fact to be borne in mind is, that by the new law, if the English author choose, he can prevent the piracy of his book in the United States. *Our law no longer tolerates the literary "pirate."* This is the heart of the whole matter, and it would be sheer hypocrisy to pretend that because the American market for foreign books here copyrighted is in the main reserved for American workmen, there will not be substantial security to the literary property of foreigners. A little more of that most serviceable attribute of the mind, the sense of proportion, would have saved our English critics from this headlong error.

The gain to American letters and American prestige is incalculable. By doing justice to the foreign author the American spirit in literature will be reinforced, and before long a better day may be expected both for the author and for the reader. The main value of the law is that it raises a barrier against materialism by the encouragement it offers and the dignity it adds to the production of things of the mind. Art, music, and literature are no longer outlawed of our statutes, and may have a freer range of activity among us, with a fuller promise of admirable native products. Where before all seemed neglect or indifference, now

> The astonished Muse finds thousands at her side.

The accomplishment of the reform, as Mr. Maurice Thompson has well said, "draws the nation into the atmosphere of honor in literary affairs." It arrests a widespread moral deterioration in the direction of a dishonest communism which had begun to affect many well-meaning people. It stimulates American patriotism by removing a just grievance which American authors have always felt against their country, and makes it unnecessary longer to apologize for our exceptional position as a nation. The friends of the reform may be felicitated upon its success, while its opponents may sincerely and without irony be congratulated on their failure to defeat a measure which is in the interest of the whole country and of a higher civilization.

Lobby Evils and Remedies.

THE most thoughtful students of the lobby evils as they exist in our national and State legislative bodies are convinced that effective remedial legislation must be of two kinds — first, in the direction of general laws for the control of special legislation, and, secondly, in the direction of enforced publicity of the acts of the lobby agents and their employers. The experience of England in this, as in many other political reforms, is of great interest and value. Fifty years ago the lobby, as we understand the term, was as pernicious an influ-

ence in the House of Commons as it ever has been in Congress or our State legislatures. During the great railway construction era in England Parliament was besieged by a powerful lobby whose members plied their trade in ways very similar to those employed in this country to-day. They were given enormous sums of money with which to secure the success of certain railway bills and the defeat of others. Opposition lines of railway were projected for the sole purpose of creating business for the lobby in buying them off. These were the forerunners of the familiar "strikes" of our day, which are aimed at every corporation which is suspected of the ability to pay to have undesirable legislation withdrawn. Instances are on record in which from £80,000 to £450,000 were paid to get railway bills through Parliament. The scandal became so great that radical means were adopted for the regulation of the lobby and the removal of special legislation beyond the reach of its influence. All private bills and special legislation were taken from the control of Parliament by the adoption of the quasi-judicial procedure which is observed at the present day. Under this all bills of a local and personal character are brought in on petition, notice of which must be given by advertisement nearly three months before the opening of Parliament. Copies of such bills must be deposited some weeks before the opening of the session. After their second reading in Parliament, if there is any opposition, these bills go to a private bill committee. "Public opinion," says Mr. Bryce in his chapter on the Lobby in the Appendix to the first volume of "The American Commonwealth," "has fortunately established the doctrine that each member of a private bill committee is to be considered as a semi-judicial person, whose vote neither a brother member nor any outsider must attempt to influence, but who is bound to decide, as far as he can, in a judicial spirit on the footing of the evidence tendered. Of course practice is not up to the level of theory in Parliament any more than elsewhere; still there is little solicitation to members of committees, and an almost complete absence of even the suspicion of corruption." Hearings for and against bills are held before these committees, and so complete is the confidence in their decisions that any measure which is reported favorably from committee to Parliament is almost invariably passed without question.

At the same time that Parliament adopted this procedure for special legislation it enacted a stringent rule, which is also still in force, by which every private bill or petition is required to be in charge of some known and recognized parliamentary agent. No person is allowed to act as a parliamentary agent until he has signed an obligation to observe and obey the rules and orders of the House of Commons. He must also give a bond of £500 and be registered, and must have a certificate of respectability from a member of Parliament or a member of the bar. Any such agent who misconducts himself in prosecuting any claim before Parliament is suspended or prohibited from practising by the Speaker. No written or printed statement can be circulated in the House of Commons without the name of the parliamentary agent attached, who will hold himself responsible for its accuracy. These regulations have worked so well in England that it can be said that lobby evils as we know them exist there no longer.

It has been wise, therefore, for the Massachusetts reformers, who are taking the lead in the movement against the lobby in this country, to follow in the footsteps of English experience. The law which the Massachusetts legislature passed last year requires all counsel and agents employed by any special interest to advocate measures before the legislature to be registered anew each year, and to file under oath, thirty days after the adjournment of the legislature, a "full, complete, and detailed statement . . . of all expenses paid or incurred . . . in connection with promoting or opposing in any manner, directly or indirectly, the passage by the general court of any legislation." Similar statements must be filed by corporations, through their president or secretary, in case they have employed counsel or agents. It is too soon to judge of the efficacy of this measure, but one good effect was at once apparent when the Massachusetts legislature assembled at the beginning of the present year. A great many lobbyists who had formerly appeared every year at the State House staid away, not wishing to register their names, though the regular agents of railroads and other corporations put their names on the lists. The law had thus operated to limit the size of the lobby, and, judging them not unfairly by their unwillingness to give an accounting of their doings, it seems safe to conclude that those who were cut off were the most objectionable of all.

There is nothing in the law which gives any such authority over lobbyists as the English rule gives the Speaker. Neither is there a bond required as in England. The penalty for failure to file the sworn statement specified, either by an agent, or counsel, or corporation, is not less than $100 nor more than $1000; and in case of an agent or counsel is accompanied also by disqualification to act in such capacity for three years from date of conviction. This seems to be inadequate, especially so far as a corporation is concerned, for the payment of even the maximum sum of $1000 would be a comparatively easy escape from the revelation of the details of an extensive plan of legislative corruption. Another weak point in the law is that the requirement for publication thirty days after adjournment secures publicity, if at all, too late to affect pending legislation.

In his annual message of January last Governor Russell of Massachusetts, who had made the lobby question a leading issue in the campaign preceding his election, took the ground that while the present law, if fairly and thoroughly enforced, would result in good, still it falls short of being a sufficient remedy, since it "makes public the names of all persons employed, but not the acts of the lobbyist." To get at these acts, which may be performed in places far removed from the halls of legislation, he made a suggestion which is both novel and interesting. He argued that prevention by non-intercourse was improper and impossible because of the constitutional right of a constituent or any other person to have the freest access to a legislator; but he added: "Prevention by publicity is possible, and I would suggest for your consideration whether a remedy may not be found in this direction by making it easier than it now is publicly to investigate the methods used and money spent on pending legislation; and also by giving power to some proper officer, before a measure finally becomes law, to demand under

oath a full and detailed statement as to these matters. The fear of publicity, and, through it, of defeat, may stop improper practices by making them worse than useless." To this suggestion he added, as a further and fundamental remedy, the relief of the legislature from much special legislation by the enactment of general laws. Thus, while he would hold the fear of publicity over the lobby at all times, he would strike a more direct blow at its existence by removing from its reach a great deal of the legislation which now gives it its life and strength.

General laws must do for us what the quasi-judicial committee process does for England, for as long as our legislative committees are constituted as they are at present it is useless to hope for them to attain the judicial character of the committees of Parliament. Special legislation has attained with us a far wider range than it ever had in England, and our problem in regulating it is much more difficult in consequence. Our lobby evils have also grown to much more formidable proportions than theirs ever reached, for they have had an almost unrestricted field for growth both in Congress and in our State legislatures since their first appearance in the former in 1795, until they have attained a stage of development extraordinary in the ingenuity and intricacy of its ramifications. In most cases nowadays the lobby's real work is no longer done in the State House or Capitol, but in the primaries and nominating conventions at which the men who are to act as the lobby's agents in the legislative body are selected. The bargain for their services is made then, their election expenses are paid for them, and in ignorance of this corrupt compact the people elect them, supposing they are to be the public's servants. Neither is the work of corruption which may be necessary later, when the members are in session, done directly, as formerly, about the Capitol, but indirectly by means of banquets and receptions and in various other forms of personal solicitation carried on in quarters all safely removed from the publicity of the lobby precincts. In fact, nearly all the most pernicious lobby work at present is done elsewhere than at the State House or Capitol, and the only kind of publicity about it that will be dreaded, and therefore effective, is the kind which can be forced, as Governor Russell suggests, at the critical moment before a bill is to come up for final passage. If at that point every one concerned in the bill's welfare — author, sponsor, agent, corporation, lobbyist — could be forced under oath to reveal all that he had done for or against it, in and out of the halls of legislation, there would be publicity of incalculable value. This, combined with general laws removing all the private and special legislation possible of such classification from the control of legislative bodies, would free us as completely as England has been freed from lobby evils.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections.

Now that altruism in one or another of its manifestations has come to occupy so much of the public mind, and the study of social questions may be said to be almost the fad of the hour, it is rather singular that the annual meetings of a body which is doubtless best entitled to speak with authority on subjects of philanthropy and penology have commanded very little of public attention. Still more singularly the newspapers, usually so quick to apprehend the drift of events and to foresee, if they do not form, the public interest, have entirely failed to perceive the significance of these meetings, and seem to be totally unaware that their proceedings have been potent in influencing legislation, and that they are, though indirectly and without observation, an important factor in the formation of public opinion on the subjects which come within their scope.

This body, the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, has issued a call to its eighteenth annual meeting, to be held in Indianapolis from the 13th to the 20th of May, and since Indianapolis is a city peculiarly awake to sociological interests, and since the Rev. Oscar McCulloch, the president of the coming conference, is president of the organized charities of the city as well as pastor of one of its prominent churches, the conference is likely to be a notable one.

It will doubtless surprise our readers to be told that a large number of them are in all probability members ex-officio of this conference. There are, indeed, few intelligent men and women of our day who are not connected with some charitable or reformatory or other philanthropic institution as managers or trustees or members of committees, or who are not active workers in some organized form of benevolence, and all such, though they be as little aware of it as M. Jourdain that he was talking prose, are in fact entitled to a seat in this conference and to a voice in its discussions. The presiding officer is always a member of a State board of charities, and this official connection gives the needed stability and definiteness to a body which is otherwise one of the loosest and most flexible of organizations, being made up, as a matter of fact, of all who will come, members being bound by no constitution, nor subject to any duties, not even that of an annual subscription. That the proceedings of such a body as this are of such value as to be eagerly sought by public libraries not only in this country but all over Europe, the annual sale of the volume containing them forming the only and the adequate revenue of the association, is a sufficient proof of the standing and ability of those who take part in these meetings. Indeed, many of the members of the conference, though unknown to the public, are specialists of wide repute in their own lines.

The great task of the sociological reformer is to educate public opinion and to inform the public mind. As Bishop Gillespie said at one of these conferences, "Public abuses do not exist where there is public knowledge," and that public abuses do exist in such large numbers shows how much the community needs such a fountain of illumination as these conferences are. Many public abuses of long standing have indeed been abated as the direct result of the light shed abroad from these meetings. For instance, it was reported at the Boston Conference, several years ago, that there was a boy in jail; and within a year, through the exertions of members of that conference, a law had been passed making it impossible that there should ever be a boy in jail in Massachusetts. And very much of the wisest legislation in several States, especially with reference to the care and the reformation of dependent and delinquent children, is to be traced directly to this source.

It is evident that the knowledge to which Bishop

Gillespie referred is the knowledge not only of facts but of theories and of methods; it is that sociological culture which, like culture in its larger sense, consists, as Matthew Arnold has told us, in knowing the best that has been thought and said. And it is precisely here that these conferences are of value. The papers presented (reports of committees and others) embody the results of wide research controlled by large practical experience, and in the discussions which follow may often be heard some of "the best" which has ever "been said" on these subjects. In the coming conference, for example, in the reports of committees on public indoor and outdoor relief, prison reform, the commitment and detention of the insane, the public care of children, and other subjects, there will doubtless be brought forward such advanced and well-reasoned views, supported by such evidence of practical knowledge, as would secure, were the meetings attended by the great body of legislators and workers, that our entire system of charities and corrections would be placed upon a new basis of enlightened and efficient treatment. In these conferences the scientist and the humanitarian meet, and here at least it has long since become an axiom that there is no true science which is not humane.

But for the present, and perhaps for a long time to come, the best results of these conferences are to be seen in the improved work of officials who have to do with penology and charity, through the illumination and inspiration which they here receive. It is, of course, only the best class of these officials who attend these meetings, but through the knowledge and the enthusiasm which they thus gain the standard for all officials is being surely, if very gradually, raised. To look at the men and women, wardens and matrons of public institutions, who attend these conferences, to hear their utterances, and to note their devotion to their work, is to gain a new hope for the future of our dependent and criminal classes.

Not to be undervalued is the influence of these conferences on the cities where they have been held. This, though not adequately appreciated by the public, is realized by governors of States and mayors of cities, and strong efforts are always made to secure their presence, several cities usually contending for the honor of the next annual meeting. It only needs a wider public knowledge of the immense value and the deep interest of these conferences for them to become an acknowledged power in those sociological reforms for which the whole community is sighing.

An American Cheap Money Experiment.

WE gave in the April number of THE CENTURY an account of the Land Bank experiment in England in 1696, as an object lesson from history upon the fatuity of seeking prosperity for either nations or individuals by means of "cheap money." We purpose this month to supplement that lesson with another drawn from American experience about a century later, which was based upon similar delusions, and which resulted in far more disastrous consequences.

At the close of the Revolutionary War the people of Rhode Island found themselves in extreme poverty and heavily burdened with their share of the national debt. The war had seriously crippled their trade, upon which they were mainly dependent, and in their distress the people, instead of patiently waiting for relief to come by the slow process of rebuilding their trade, turned to paper money for relief. They began to clamor for a paper bank in 1785, and when petitions for such a bank were rejected by the General Assembly, a new party was organized with paper money as its chief principle. They went before the Assembly again in 1786, and their petitions for a paper bank were met with counter-petitions against it, signed by the merchants of Providence, and the project was defeated again by a vote of two to one. They then carried the question into the elections, and won a surprising victory, gaining control of the General Assembly by a large majority. This body assembled in May, 1786, and one of its first acts was the passing of a law establishing a paper-money bank of one hundred thousand pounds. The bills were to be loaned to the people on the principle of the English Land Bank, though on much less generous terms.

Every farmer or merchant who came to borrow money must pledge real estate for double the amount desired. The money was to be loaned to the people upon this pledge according to the apportionment of the last tax, and must be paid into the treasury at the end of fourteen years. Great expectations were entertained by the farmers of the beneficent results which were to follow upon this new influx of wealth. "Many from all parts of the State," says McMaster in a very interesting chapter upon the subject in his "History of the People of the United States," "made haste to avail themselves of their good fortune, and mortgaged fields strewn thick with stones and covered with cedars and stunted pines for sums such as could not have been obtained for the richest pastures. They had, however, no sooner obtained the money and sought to make the first payment at the butcher's or the baker's than they found that a heavy discount was taken from the face-value."

The depreciation of the new money began literally with its issue. Every merchant and tradesman in the State refused to receive it for its face-value, and the holders of it refused to make any discount. The General Assembly came to the aid of the bank and sought to give its paper money full value by statutory enactment. A forcing act was passed subjecting any person who should refuse to take the bills in payment for goods on the same terms as specie, or should in any way discourage their circulation on such terms, to a fine of one hundred pounds and to the loss of his rights as a freeman. This made matters worse than ever. Merchants and traders refused to make any sales whatever, many of them closing their shops, disposing of their stock by barter, and going out of business. In fact, money almost ceased to circulate at all. Nearly all kinds of business was transacted by barter, rents were paid in grain and other commodities, and the only people who used the paper money were those who had borrowed it on their land. The chief cities of the State, Providence and Newport, presented a very remarkable spectacle. Half their shops were closed, their inhabitants idle, and their streets animated only by groups of angry and contentious men blaming one another for the blight which had fallen upon their business and industries. In order to retaliate upon the merchants and traders for refusing to take their money,

the farmers refused to bring their produce to market. A famine was so imminent in Providence because of this withholding of supplies that a town meeting was called to devise means for obtaining the necessaries of life. To provide immediate relief for persons in want of bread five hundred dollars was authorized to be borrowed and sent abroad to buy corn to be sold or bartered by the town council. In Newport a mob brought on a riot by attempting to force grain dealers to sell corn for paper money.

In August, about two months after the establishment of the bank, affairs became so desperate that a State convention controlled by the country towns adopted a report recommending the General Assembly to enforce and amend the penal laws in favor of paper money, and advising farmers to withhold their produce from the opponents of the bank. The General Assembly, convened in special session for the purpose, passed an additional forcing act, which suspended the usual forms of justice in regard to offenders against the bank, by requiring an immediate trial, within three days after complaint was entered, without a jury and before a court of which three judges should constitute a quorum, whose decision should be final, and whose judgment should be instantly complied with on penalty of imprisonment. The fine for the first offense was fixed at from six to thirty pounds, and for the second at from ten to fifty pounds. "This monstrous act of injustice," says S. G. Arnold in his "History of the State of Rhode Island," "was carried through the legislature by a large majority, and the solemn protest against it as a violation of every principle of moral and civil right, of the charter, of the articles of confederation, of treaty obligations, and of every idea of honor or honesty entertained among men," which a minority of the members presented was not allowed to appear on the record.

This second forcing act brought matters to a crisis. A butcher in Newport was brought into the Superior Court on a charge of refusing to receive paper money at par in payment for meat. A great concourse of spectators attended the trial, which was before a full bench of five judges. Leading lawyers appeared for both sides, and their arguments occupied an entire day. Two of the judges spoke against the forcing acts, and the other three were of the same mind. On the following morning the formal decision of the court was announced, declaring the acts unconstitutional and void, and dismissing the complaint. The wrath of the General Assembly at this decision was great. A special session was at once convened, and the judges were summoned, in language of incredible arrogance, to appear before the Assembly to assign the "reasons and grounds" for their decision. Three of the judges obeyed the summons, but as the other two were detained by sickness the hearing was postponed till the next session. At the next session four of the offending judges were removed. Before adjourning the General Assembly prepared a new act to "stimulate and give efficacy to the paper bills." This was called the Test Act, and it contained one of the most remarkable oaths ever prescribed to a free people. Every one taking the oath bound himself in the most solemn manner to do his utmost to support the paper bank and to take its money at par. All persons refusing to take the oath were disfranchised. Ship-captains were forbidden to enter or to go out of ports of the State, lawyers were not to be allowed to practise, men were not to be allowed to vote, politicians were not to be allowed to run for office, and members of the legislature were not to be allowed to take their seats until the oath had been taken. This was so stringent a measure that the General Assembly was afraid to take the responsibility of enacting it, and, after considering it, referred it to the people of the towns for approval. Only three towns in the State voted in its favor, all the others rejecting it.

This ended all efforts to force the people to take the money at par in ordinary business transactions. The General Assembly, in January, 1787, formally repealed the forcing acts, and then took the first step towards the repudiation of the State debt by ordering the treasurer to pay off one-fourth of it in the bills received for taxes, that is in the depreciated paper money, which, at that time, was circulating on the basis of six to one. By successive steps of this and similar kinds the entire State debt was extinguished, public creditors being forced to take it on terms prescribed by the State, or to forfeit their claims. The last instalment of the debt was got rid of in 1789, in a forced settlement, when the paper money which the helpless creditors received was worth only one-twelfth as much as coin. "Had a general act of insolvency," says Arnold, "relieving all debtors from their liabilities and the State from its legal obligations been passed in the first instance, the same end would have been more speedily accomplished, and the means would not have differed very widely from those that were actually employed. . . . It fell but little short of repudiation."

During 1787, when the value of the paper money ranged from one-sixth to one-tenth that of coin, bills in equity for the redemption of mortgaged estates were filed in large numbers in the courts. The Superior Court of Newport declined to try any case in which a large sum was involved. Suitors came to court with paper money in handkerchiefs, bags, and pillow-cases, asking to have the holders of their mortgages forced to take this at par in redemption of their lands. One bag, containing fourteen thousand dollars, was brought for the redemption of a single farm. But the court refused to try all cases of the kind. The value of the paper money dropped steadily till fifteen paper dollars were worth only one coin dollar. In August, 1789, the General Assembly showed its first sign of returning reason by suspending the operation of the tender law. It followed this by repealing the statute of limitations, because of the depreciation in the value of paper money, and by extending the time allowed for the redemption of mortgages from five to twelve years. Finally, in October, it repealed as much of the Paper Bank act as made the bills a tender at par, and debtors were authorized to substitute property, at an appraised value, for money in discharge of debts. The act which effected the repeal fixed the value of the paper bills at fifteen to one. This was the end.

Throughout this entire struggle to make money valuable by statute, by calling it a dollar and saying that it represented two dollars' worth of land, the bills had remained almost exclusively in the hands of their first takers. No one else was found who would receive the money, save those whom the State compelled to take it, or to forfeit their just claims. Absolutely nobody

had benefited by the experiment except the State, which had got rid of a large portion of its debt by dishonestly refusing to keep its obligations. Industry and trade of all kinds, as well as the State's good name, had suffered incalculable injury, and the State's material progress had been retarded so seriously that it required many years to regain what had been lost. The deluded people who borrowed of the bank on their land as collateral realized their desire of having more money in their pockets; they realized the dream cherished by the believers in "cheap money" in all lands and in all times, for a larger *per capita* currency in which they should share, but they very soon found out that none of the blessings which they had so fondly imagined would follow possession were destined to appear. What was gained by having plenty of money if it could not be used in payment of debts, if nothing could be bought with it save at greatly advanced prices, and if it were to become less and less valuable as time went on?

They began their experiment with a firm belief that they could compel capitalists to share their wealth with them by exchanging their hated dear money with their own cheap money on equal terms, but they soon discovered that all the power of a State government, exerted with unscrupulous zeal, was not sufficient to compel a man to employ his capital in ways against his will. They might prevent him from collecting usury, but they could not interfere with him when he chose to keep his capital to himself and to make no use of it in trade, either by buying, or selling, or lending. Every "cheap money" experiment that has ever been made has resulted in precisely the same demonstration, and the same fate awaits all those of the future.

OPEN LETTERS.

Certain Criticisms of Certain Tales.

HUME'S rule of never replying to a critic was a good one, and it might have answered in the case of certain attacks which of late have been made upon me by Catholic newspapers for writing "The White Cowl" and "Sister Dolorosa." It has been urged, however, that these criticisms ought to be met — hence publicity here given to very private affairs. But if I have to say anything I will say everything. To be silent under misrepresentation does no great harm; to make a poor defense — that is another matter. So that I am not to throw a ray of light upon my actions; I am to make the sun shine as at noonday.

It is charged, then, that I was admitted to the interior of the Trappist monastery, treated with every courtesy as a favored guest, allowed to learn much more than ordinary visitors do about the manners of life, rules, labors, fasts, and penances of the community; that afterward I repaid this confiding hospitality by "the ungentlemanly trick" of writing an extravagant, foolish romance, in which I distorted and misrepresented the Trappist monk and the Trappist rule.

It is charged, secondly, that I went to the convent of Loretto, was received with hospitality, unreserved kindness, and confiding charity; and for these I made the poor return of writing a tale which is fixed as a caricature and a stigma upon the Sisters.

My conduct is otherwise described as a very serious moral delinquency, a social offense, an impertinence, and a bearing of false witness against my neighbor.

The truth is this. Requested by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to write an article on the Trappist monastery, I went to it and at once made known to the abbot the purpose of my coming. I staid several days; and upon leaving paid for my lodgment and entertainment a sum small indeed, but larger than the prior was at first willing to accept. Soon afterward I wrote the article which was published in THE CENTURY for August, 1888. A copy of this was sent to the abbot, was read aloud to the assembled community, and was said by the abbot to be the best article that had ever been written on the Order. I received from him a special invitation to revisit the place. I received again and again from Catholics, known and unknown, words and letters of congratulations and thanks. It was even strongly hinted that I would turn Catholic. This is the way in which I discharged my obligation to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and to the monastery. But of course all this need not be remembered by my Catholic critics at this time.

My obligation thus discharged, I was again in possession of my natural liberty and my imagination; and several weeks later, being still under the influence of the impressions received during my stay, I conceived for the first time the idea of attempting a short tale of Trappist life. "The White Cowl" was the result. But I want it distinctly understood that in this tale there is not a shred of knowledge touching the rules of the Order that I did not myself get, or may not this moment be gotten by any one, from writings to be found in public libraries, and from books on sale in Catholic shops. Such works are "The Rule of St. Benedict," a copy of which the abbot gave me, and which is still in my possession; "The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky"; "The Life of the Rev. Charles Nerinckx"; Chateaubriand's "Vie de Rancé"; and articles on the Trappists in old magazines — discoverable through "Poole's Index." If, then, any one wishes really to know the truth, he can thus find it out for himself. So far as knowledge of Trappist rule goes, the tale could have been written without my ever having visited the place; and I fail to see how my having visited it placed me under obligation not to use material which is the common public property of the reading world. Besides, it is idle to suppose that a person admitted to the abbey for the purpose of publishing an account of its life would have been told things that he should not tell.

After having written "The White Cowl," I heard through friends of the convent of Loretto; and it was suggested that I write a descriptive article of it also. With this view I began the study of the Order and of early Catholic missions in Kentucky in two of the books named above — "The Life of the Rev.

Father Nerinckx," and "The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky." While thus engaged I conceived the idea of the tale of "Sister Dolorosa"; and from these two books I drew what slight knowledge I possess of early Catholic life in Kentucky and of the foundation, history, dress, and rules of the Order of Loretto. Thus this second tale was framed and the material for it gotten long before I ever visited the convent; and it would have been written had I never gone thither. What my visit to the convent actually gave me was the impression of local color, and this I could have gotten merely by walking across the fields in that region and by looking at the convent buildings half a mile away.

But the facts of my visit are these. Presenting myself in company with a friend, I stated that I had written an article on the Trappist monastery, and that, if material existed, I wished to write an article on Loretto. To determine whether this material existed I asked permission to see the buildings and the grounds. We — my friend and I — were both promptly and politely conducted by two Sisters through the church and the school building and to certain parts of the grounds. In less than an hour we were gone.

This is the beginning, extent, and end of my visit, of the courtesy shown, of the obligation incurred. During my conversation with the Sisters, if anything worth remembering was said, it is forgotten now. Not an item of information was given that could have been used for them or against them. The next day — their Commencement — we returned and sat in the chapel among an invited public, listening to exercises; or we strolled over the grounds. No one so much as spoke to us, with none spoke we; dinner was served to a throng of guests, and we were not noticed; we tried to buy dinner, but could not, and went away.

The material for a descriptive illustrated article did not exist at Loretto, and the idea of writing it was dropped. Otherwise I should have written it, and should have done my utmost to make it as sympathetic as was the study of Gethsemane. But I went on with the writing of my tale; and I am still unable to see how my having thus visited the convent placed me under obligation not to write a story, the idea of which was already fixed, the material for which was already gathered. I am glad to say that my visit had this result — it enabled me to speak of the Sisters in a tone of more intelligent respect.

As to the charge that I gave Sister Dolorosa to the public as though I had drawn her from life, it can only be said that in the same way Mr. Haggard gives "She" to the public as though he had drawn her from life, and Mother Goose gives "Old King Cole" to the public as though she had drawn him from life.

But really this is little to the purpose. For, at bottom, my offense is not in having visited these places and then written the stories: it is the stories themselves. The question then arises, May the American writer avail himself of conventual and monastic life in America as material for his art? If so, his tales must be located somewhere; and if thus located, will they not give offense?

Perhaps this question has never yet been forced into prominence during the development of the national literature; but prominent sooner or later it will become, and it is not too soon to form and to agitate convictions on the subject. Certainly not now and here may such a discussion be opened. But it is well, meanwhile, to remember that every form of Protestant belief in this country has been freely used, and without bringing upon the writer overcharged denunciations of a sympathetic religious press. Puritans, Quakers, Shakers, Dunkards, shouting Methodists, Hard-Shell Baptists — all have been freely used, neither for attack nor defense, but merely as furnishing material for tales. But the Quakers have never cried, "False witness"; the Methodists have never shouted, "Impertinence!" And the use that has been made of Protestant life in America has for hundreds and hundreds of years been made of Catholic life in every country of Europe. Balzac treats the character of a nun who lies to the Mother Superior that she may have an interview with her lover. She dies of love in the convent, and her body is carried off from the convent by her lover. But Balzac, himself a devoted Catholic, was not charged with wishing to fix a stigma on the Carmelites. Valera portrays in "Pepita Ximenes" a Catholic libertine studying for the priesthood; and yet Valera declares that the most orthodox Jesuit is pleased with his novel. M. Daudet represents a community as forcing a brother of the Order to continue the manufacture of the wine which is the source of its wealth, although he declares that he is drinking his soul to damnation because he cannot possibly make it without tasting it. So that every evening while they are praying for Father Gaucher's benefit at one end of the monastery Father Gaucher is going to the devil at the other. But M. Daudet was never charged with grave social and moral delinquency, nor with fixing a caricature on the White Fathers. Nobody ever supposed that Dumas meant to ridicule Cardinal Richelieu in "The Three Musketeers." And what of Von Scheffel's "Ekkehard"?

It has been understood in Europe for a thousand years that the writer is after tales, not sermons; but if a good tale makes a good sermon, so much the better. It was on the traditional privilege granted to the European writer that I based my own action in writing my own tales. But suppose that they were deliberately directed against these Kentucky institutions, as embodiments of the Catholic idea; what then? Is it not my right to oppose the Catholic idea in any form? For does not the Catholic consider it his right and his duty to attack the Protestant idea in any form? Has any Protestant ever denied to him the exercise of that right? And the right that he enjoys, will he not grant?

James Lane Allen.

The Negro in Nashville.

I HAVE long believed that of all places in the South the negro has had in Nashville, Tennessee, the fullest opportunity to show what he could make of himself, has there been more nearly than elsewhere accorded all that the law allows him. For some time, therefore, I have watched pretty closely his progress, and now offer some of the results of my observation, so far as I can without advancing any theory or pleading any cause.

It has doubtless been very fortunate for the negroes in Nashville that they have been in a decided minority, so that they have given less attention to politics than they might otherwise have done. Nashville is a city of schools and colleges and churches, of considerable culture, decided liberality of thought, a thriving place

where honest men can make a living and more, where the people like to own their homes and make themselves comfortable in them. It is a good place, therefore, for the negro to learn by contact.

The city superintendent of public schools says that the negroes show even more eagerness to get an education than the whites, and he claims that no discrimination is made against them in the appointments of their schools, which are now taught exclusively by negro teachers, thirty-six in number. To the credit of these teachers he mentions that at the last examination for teachers the highest marks were made by one or two negro applicants. Besides their public schools there are three negro colleges in Nashville — Fisk, Central Tennessee, and Roger Williams. Two decades ago the two older of these institutions were little more than primary schools, most of the pupils just beginning to read, some in the Fifth Reader, none beyond cube root in arithmetic. In 1888 the college department of Fisk numbered 42, the normal 46; in Central Tennessee, college 16, normal (in classes corresponding to Fisk) about 61; in Roger Williams, college 7, normal (in classes corresponding to those at Fisk) 21; total in Fisk (in all departments) 475, in Central Tennessee 541, in Roger Williams 192. All these students were perhaps as far advanced as were the farthest twenty years ago. At Central Tennessee there are also regular departments of medicine, dentistry, and law. Though the charge is just that the negro at his present stage needs Latin, Greek, and the so-called liberal studies less than anything else, surely 42 A. B. students out of 475 is not an excessive proportion. The ministry and other professions need already a larger ratio. The greater part of the remainder are simply getting the plain elements that are necessary to any man's or woman's well-being. Besides, these institutions pay considerable attention to industrial training. All boarding pupils are required to devote an hour a day to such forms of labor as may be required of them, and the cleanest school-building I ever saw is Livingstone Hall of Fisk University, which is kept clean by the pupils. A certain number of young men at Fisk learn printing every year, and others will henceforth learn carpentry and other useful handicrafts; while the young women are taught nursing the sick and the rules of hygiene, cooking, dressmaking, and plain sewing. The course of industrial training in Central Tennessee College and Roger Williams University is about the same.

The catalogue of Fisk University informs us where its graduates are and what they are doing. Of 62 college graduates 38 (or 61 per cent.) are teachers; 8 (or 13 per cent.) are preachers; of 48 normal graduates 32 (or 66 per cent.) are teachers; eight of the remainder are wives, leaving only eight (or 17 per cent.) for other occupations. Doubtless the great majority of all that study in any department become teachers at present.

Does this education lift up the negroes, as it usually does the rest of humanity? I visited lately, with the city superintendent, a negro school the average attendance of which is nearly eight hundred, in "Black Bottom," the very heart of the worst quarter of the city, and I saw there hundreds of negro children — very many of whom came from environments hostile to all that is good and elevating — with clean faces, for the most part neatly dressed, orderly in behavior, studious and attentive — in conduct equal to any school I ever saw. A college president who has an exceedingly frank way of talking of the dark as well as the bright side of the situation says that of more than four thousand pupils in twenty years he has never heard of one in the penitentiary; and there had never been, so far as known, a case of unchastity among the pupils boarding at the college, such cases as had occurred being among pupils from the city. Other evidence will be given indirectly below.

Just here I wish to say that Nashville has been blessed in the character of the Northern men and women who have come to teach in these negro colleges. They have come in the truest missionary spirit; have patiently submitted to a kind of social ostracism; have endeavored to cultivate in the negro only such qualities as make for peace, patience, honesty, and good citizenship. They have "respect unto the recompense of the reward," but do not expect it here. They possess their souls in patience. The good men and women estimate their own trials and sacrifices as less than those of foreign missionaries, while those of their Southern neighbors who appreciate the situation know how much easier it is to go to China and Japan and Africa, and be considered heroes and heroines, than to do this home-mission work. They are the best friends of the Southern whites, as well as of the Southern negroes, but only the next generation of us will fully know it.

But the country knows more about the negro's education than about his efforts in business and how he lives at home. I have visited the places of business of a large number; *e. g.* a tailor's shop where from five to eight hands are employed; a shoe shop employing from eight to fifteen men, two of them white; a poultry and egg store having two branch houses in other towns and a trade extending into several States, the business amounting to 100,000 dozen eggs per month and a shipment of five car-loads of poultry per week, requiring seven clerks, two of them white bookkeepers; a feed store with a business worth over $1000 per month; three furniture stores, new and second-hand; a coal and wood yard requiring four wagons; two undertakers' shops; the offices of three doctors, one of whom requires two horses and, though two-thirds of his practice is charity, collected last year $2600, another a graduate of the Harvard Medical School and already after three months making a living; grocery stores and butcher shops; a livery stable; several offices of lawyers and real-estate dealers, to say nothing of hack drivers, owning from one to several carriages; barbers, and the like. I have heard white business men commend the character of some of them in a manner of which any man might be proud. The trade of most of them is mainly, or very largely, with the whites. They are only a few of the most thriving of the well-to-do negroes of Nashville; but of course the great majority are still only day laborers. A number of negroes told me with pardonable pride of their investments in real estate. One had made his first purchase with money saved while in a Government clerkship, and now his income from city property is $100 per month. Most buy, I am told, with the view to building a home. The negroes realize already that nothing so elevates them in the eyes of the world as property, and the "business" fever among the young is so strong that one of the colleges has found it necessary to have

sermons preached against excessive eagerness to make money.

The negroes of Nashville have also made a promising beginning in the way of combining for church or benevolent enterprises. The only negro-church publishing-house in the world is located here, the building, five stories high, being situated on the public square. It was purchased with the contributions of the children of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. A home for aged and indigent negroes is the latest enterprise, while a shop for teaching mechanical trades was opened a year or so ago. The number of benevolent church societies is of course legion.

More interesting still were the discoveries I made in the homes of the negroes. Through the courtesy of a well-educated negro who works ardently for the welfare of his race I had the opportunity, in company with a friend, to inspect in one day more than twenty of the better class of homes. The list of representative homes we were to see included more than fifty; but the time was too short. Most were taken by surprise, but willingly showed their houses from cellar to garret. The result may be summed up as follows: The occupant was the owner in every case but one. In most parlors there were pianos, and handsome carpets on the floor, with other furniture to match; indeed the houses were generally carpeted throughout, while bedrooms, dining-rooms, and kitchens were remarkably clean. I noted with pleasure several bath-rooms, and remarked how one thrifty pair had so arranged their handsome base-burner stove that it heated comfortably the whole house of four or five rooms at a cost of only a few cents a day. It was interesting to learn that in most cases where the heads of families were young they had been educated at one of the negro colleges in the city; where old, that the children had attended these. Let one example stand for all. A —— is the janitor of one of the banks of the city. By working hard at the bank, while his wife worked and saved at home, he has graduated one son and two daughters at Fisk University, the fourth, and last, child being now there. His son, at first a teacher, is now in the service of the Pullman Company, one daughter is married, the other is a teacher. His house is comfortably furnished, and his lot extends one hundred feet in a very respectable street in the heart of the city.

Just two or three remarks at the close. First, I am quite sure that more comfortable and well-kept homes could not be found anywhere among the same number of whites of the same income, and the owners of these homes have the same interest in good government, peace, good morals, the well-being of society, as the better class of whites have. These well-kept homes are not only the best proof of the progress in civilization of the negro race, but they are also the best security for the welfare of the whites in property and in morals, and I have never had so much hope for the future of this region as since I learned these things. Granted that these may be the picked few, it is most hopeful that there is a picked few, whose example will inspire others to lift themselves up. Finally, an interesting fact which I have not found place for elsewhere — one of the daily papers of Nashville reports a circulation among the negroes of the city of more than eighteen hundred copies.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY. *Charles Forster Smith.*

"Does Vivisection Help?"

I.

IN the October number of THE CENTURY, among the "Open Letters," will be found an article under the above heading which is well calculated to mislead a non-medical public.

One would judge from its opening that surgery had made no progress since the time of the ancient Hindus, but towards its end the author admits that "surgery has advanced with giant strides."

That surgical and dental instruments have been found in the excavations at Pompeii and in the ancient tombs in Egypt is true, but they are of the rudest patterns, and only foreshadow, as it were, the instruments of the surgeon of to-day. Other instruments, surgical appliances and procedures, are described in the Susruta, and by Hippocrates, Celsus, and others, but none of these are claimed by intelligent surgeons as "crowning glories of nineteenth-century surgery." Any one who will study into the history of surgery will see that "rhinoplasty" is of ancient date, and that the "operation for stone" was practised in Egypt as long ago as two thousand years. Even at that date specialists were recognized in Alexandria who confined themselves to the extraction of stone. These operations are not claimed for nineteenth-century discoveries, but the perfection of the methods employed in their performance is claimed for the surgeons of our century. While attempting to detract from the credit due the surgeon, the author is inclined to glorify the instrument-maker as a prime factor in the advancement of surgery. The multiplication of instruments is not the cause of the advances that have been made, for some of our best surgeons do their best work with the simplest instruments, and in all cases the instruments are made to fill the surgeon's needs. To whom is the credit due — to the architect who plans the structure or to the workman who follows his directions?

It is true that the ancients had some faint idea of the proper treatment of wounds, and that the good Samaritan carried out antiseptic principles when he poured oil and wine into the wounds of him who fell among thieves, but does this detract from the glory of Semmelweiss and Lister, who formulated rules and perfected methods, the adoption of which has saved thousands of lives annually to the human race?

The author makes a mistake when he states that the "expectant plan of treatment" consists in "letting the disease severely alone." If such be the case, how can the great mortality in countries where no physicians exist be accounted for? How can we explain the fact that with increase of physicians the average human life has increased, in spite of the daily accidents attending the progress of civilization? A comparison of our century with the middle ages shows an addition of several years to the life of each individual that is born. The "expectant plan" consists in carefully watching the disease, and fortifying the system so that it will be able successfully to combat the evil influences with which it has to contend. Nature is always willing but not always able to effect a cure, and in these cases she must be assisted. But now we come to our question, "Does vivisection help?" It will perhaps make it clearer to a non-medical public to formulate the question thus — "What shall we vivisect?"

A glance at the statistics of different operators will show marked improvements in their results as the operations increase in number. This is noticeable in all operations, but more especially in operations in the abdominal cavity. Formerly one woman out of every three died who was operated on for ovarian tumors, while now the mortality has fallen to less than one in twenty!

To what is this improvement due? It is due to more perfect methods, greater boldness, and greater dexterity. And how can these requisites for success be acquired? Only by experience on the living animal, either man or beast. Hear what Dr. Senn, one of America's greatest abdominal surgeons, has to say on the subject. "The necessary diagnostic skill and requisite manual dexterity in the operative treatment of gunshot wounds of the stomach and intestines can be acquired only by experiments on the lower animals." Mr. Lawson Tait of Birmingham, who is so frequently mentioned in the former article, is one of the boldest and most successful of abdominal surgeons, and his diagnostic skill and manual dexterity have been acquired only by experiments on women! Listen to what Dr. Winkel, one of the most celebrated German surgeons, has to say while speaking of and condemning the unsexing of women. "One can scarcely furnish a sadder proof of these assertions than the statistics presented by Lawson Tait in August, 1881, before the International Medical Congress at London, of cases on which he had operated. They were, in fact, animal experiments on living women, and for that reason it is not strange that Lawson Tait is such an energetic opponent of vivisection."

Does the attempt then seem "barefaced" that was made some months ago to show the "wonderful success of Lawson Tait's operations in abdominal surgery the results of experiments on living animals"? (women). Why should not his operations be brought to the support of vivisection?

Alas! it is only too true that "the real history of surgery . . . teaches us that it was by Baker, Brown, and Keith" (and others), "working by experience on the indications offered by human patients, that the mortality of the abdominal operations was so reduced that surgeons were emboldened to attempt what they now so nobly and bravely carry out." But would it not have been better if Mr. Keith had gained from experiments on the lower animals the experience he has gained from the sacrifice of many female lives before he came to the conclusion that electricity, as applied by Apostoli, was better in the treatment of certain tumors than the application of the knife?

The author is pretty nearly right when he asserts that "we should have been precisely where we are now in this respect if a surgeon had never opened the peritoneal cavity of dog or rabbit," for while "what is known as the scientific school of doctors" have been painlessly sacrificing a few of the lower animals so as to become more dexterous and better able to cope with the afflictions of the human race the antivivisectionists have been pandering to the tastes of a morbidly sentimental public and at the same time mutilating or destroying God's noblest creation.

The assertion that there is little analogy between the brain of man and the brain of the lower animals is utterly unfounded; and as far as locating the centers on the surface of the brain which govern certain groups of muscles is concerned, scientists are sufficiently in accord for all practical purposes. This is shown by the successful operations, performed almost daily, for the removal of tumors, or the evacuation of cysts and abscesses of the brain.

The knowledge gained from accidents and injuries comes slowly, and frequently at the expense of the patient. This knowledge must be had before it can be applied; now, shall it be acquired slowly and at the expense of poor, suffering humanity, or rapidly, by sacrificing a few useless curs?

And what will these antivivisectionists do with the bacteriologists who are daily sacrificing thousands of animals on the altar of science?

Could Pasteur have discovered a remedy for hydrophobia without experimenting? Could Koch have made his wonderful discoveries which render probable the cure of consumption? These and many other diseases will probably become extinct or lose their terrors through the knowledge gained by experimenting. For advance, individual or general, experimentation is necessary. Shall it be on man or beast?

SCRANTON, PA. *Thomas W. Kay.*

II.

I OFFER the description of a "vivisection" as an appendix to the above letter. It is taken from the notes of a justly horrified eye-witness.

"They seized a sentient animal, quivering with apprehension, bound it fast upon a table, and began their fiendish work by injecting a deadly poison under its skin. While the whole nervous system of the victim was still reeling under the assaults of this drug, an assistant completed certain manœuvers, which, in the diabolical phraseology of one of the most notorious of this class of criminals, 'dissected apart the nerve-centers, separating the so-called vital portions of the medulla from the hemispheres of the brain'; thus, it is to be presumed, leaving the latter in an unnatural isolation. And yet they dare pretend that the physiological conditions were sufficiently preserved to render the experiment useful!

"But to proceed with the horrid recital. The ruthless principal in the crime now advanced, glittering knife in hand, and at a single stroke ripped up the belly of the poor beast, and plunged his hand among its smoking entrails. Not a gleam of compassion lightened his fixed eyes; not a sign of reverence for the shrine of life, whose sanctity he thus dared to violate. Then from the body of the helpless, inarticulate creature prostrate before him this demon in man's form literally tore out a vital organ — or rather an organ far more precious than those which merely conserve individual life, for it contained the countless germs of future generations. It was a symbol of immortality! This Sacred Thing was tossed carelessly into a basin, and the bloody work went on.

"At this point I, at least, hoped to see the unfortunate animal put to death — receiving the last meed of mercy yet possible. But no! The gaping wound was only partly closed; through it was plunged a glass tube into the vital parts, and there left as a festering source of irritation. The subject of the fearful experiment was then borne away and left for days to toss about in

agony. And this — Heaven save the mark! — is modern science! Let us pray rather for medieval ignorance."

These notes will be more intelligible to the general reader when it is explained that they accurately, if somewhat too fervently, describe an ordinary surgical operation for removing diseased ovaries. The "deadly drug" injected is morphine; "the manœuver" which serves to dissect apart nerve-centers is the inhalation of ether, which removes the consciousness of the brain while leaving intact the cardiac and respiratory centers of the medulla; the animal — *i. e.*, the sick woman — is absolutely unconscious and free from pain during the operation; the cystic ovary removed has ceased to be capable of normal functions, and has become a focus of painful disease, constantly threatening death.

The one essential difference between the human operation and one performed on animals under the same condition of anæsthesia, is that the operator expects to benefit the human being and to sacrifice the life of the animal for the ultimate benefit of a human being. From one point of view, therefore, the laboratory ranks with the surgical operating-room; from another, with the well-legitimatized slaughter-house, where animals are daily sacrificed by the thousand for human food, and only the vegetarian or the Buddhist objects.

NEW YORK CITY. *Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D.*

Homeopathy and "Expectant Treatment."

IN the October CENTURY appears an "Open Letter" under the caption, "Does Vivisection Help?" The letter will attract, I trust, as it deserves, much attention among physicians and the general mass of readers as well. That it voices the judgment of the majority of both classes concerning the oft-repeated experiments upon living animals there can be but little room for doubt.

But that the writer of the letter in question, while apparently so well equipped with facts, should have attempted to strengthen his position by assuming and proclaiming a relationship between homeopathy and "expectant treatment," seems unfortunate.

While it may be a fact that "expectant treatment" is the flower — perhaps I should say the nearest approach to *fruit* — of modern "scientific" medicine, remaining between it and the grave, it is not true that "expectant treatment" and homeopathy are identical, nor that "the success of homeopathy is simply the success of the expectant treatment." The merest tyro among the disciples of Hahnemann can bear witness to the absurdity of the statement above quoted.

If homeopathy offers nothing more than "the art of letting the disease severely alone," — that is, "expectant treatment," —why should there be better results attending the let-alone policy when administered by the strict homeopath than when that policy is adopted by his "old school" brother in the same class of cases?

C. H. Oakes.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Observations.

NO man is accountable for the mistakes of his friends.

DON'T call a spade a spade when it is a shovel.

NO man ever yet minded his own business who did n't get into trouble.

HOWEVER great some men's abilities are, their liabilities are always greater.

A MAN is frequently known by the company he keeps out of.

HONESTY is the best policy, because it is the only policy which insures against loss of character.

DON'T lose sight of an honorable enemy; he 'll make a good friend.

THE soaring hawk has no ear for music, and rates the cry of the partridge above the song of the nightingale.

AFTER a while the king will do no wrong, because he will never have a chance.

THE man who believes in ghosts may be a better citizen than the one who does not believe in his fellow-creatures.

FASHION and decency should be always on good terms.

Friend and Lover.

WHEN Psyche's friend becomes her lover,
How sweetly these conditions blend.
But oh, what anguish to discover
Her lover has become — her friend!

Mary Ainge DeVere.

To a Thermometer.

O SLENDER, silver thread,
Whose proud or 'minished head
Marks truly heat and cold,
The genial summer's glow
Or wintry winds that blow
Your rise and falling show
In figures bold.

Yet, all to what avail!
Your puny forces fail
To tell what fain I 'd learn.
I ask, most weatherwise,
What subtle force there lies
Within my lady's eyes
To freeze and burn?

For more uncertain she
Than weather e'er can be,
Or April day.
Mark now her sunny mood,
Then her cold attitude,
And tell me, pray,
Is drought, or wind, or snow,
More deep and hard to know
— Or woman's way?

W. D. Ellwanger.

Ashes.

BESIDE the blazing log, at eventide,
He read his glowing lines with honest pride.

In the gray dawn he read the lines anew.
The log was ashes — and the poem, too.

J. C. Miller.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

THE LATEST INDIAN OUTRAGE. (DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.)

When Youth Mounts and Folly Guides.

When Youth mounts and Folly guides —
Holla! the gayest of all rides:
Stallion black, with feet a-dance,
In the world to prick and prance,
Snorting, champing bit, and hoof
Clattering like rain on roof.

When Youth mounts and Folly guides —
Holla! the gayest of all rides:
Cloth of gold the trappings bright,
Chosen by this merry wight;
Ribbons blue, green, yellow, red,
Fluttering from the steed's proud head.

When Youth mounts and Folly guides —
Holla! the gayest of all rides:
How the bells go jingle-jangle,
And lights flash from gems that spangle
Youth's rich doublet, belted o'er
The stoutest heart man ever wore.

When Youth mounts and Folly guides —
Holla! the gayest of all rides:
Mark the gallant retinue,
A maze of scarlet, gold, and blue.
Tall Pride with cap of peacock tips,
Nose in air, and pursed-up lips.

When Youth mounts and Folly guides —
Holla! the gayest of all rides:
Laughter tossing jests in air
With sugared comfits to the fair;
And clanking Wealth in mail and steel
Crushing blossoms 'neath his heel.

When Youth mounts and Folly guides —
Holla! the gayest of all rides:
With silver trumpet puffing Fame
Is blowing fanfares to Youth's name;
Dame Pleasure, singing roundels sweet,
Follows fast with footsteps fleet.

When Youth mounts and Folly guides —
Alack! the saddest of all rides:
The steed is broken by the pace,
Sweet maiden Truth slain in the race;
Now Youth 's a wan, old, palsied man,
And Folly — shun her you that can.

Esther Singleton.

Love's Young Dream.

Vague as the shadows 'neath April-leaved trees
Is Love's young dream.
Light as a thistledown tossed on the breeze
Is Love's young dream.
Frail as a fiber of frost-woven lace,
Dim as the thought of a phantom face,
Faint as the footprints of planets through space,
Is Love's young dream.

Oh, brilliant and cold as the moon on the snow
Is Love's young dream!
Oh, pulseless in bliss and unwounded in woe
Is Love's young dream!
Shallow as brooklets that laugh as they run,
And soulless as starlight when dawn is begun!
Oh, unlike to Love as glow-worm to sun
Is Love's young dream!

Grace Denio Litchfield.

Fame.

I.

I gazed upon tall, dusty shelves,
Where gilded volumes, stiffly standing,
Looked comfortless as we ourselves
Would be on such a crowded landing;
And though so costly and commanding,
They made me muse: "What 's in a name?
Hid where the bookworm's tooth is branding,
Methinks I do not care for fame."

II.

I found a maiden, unaware,
A faded scrap-book slowly turning;
Unheeded fell the gold-brown hair,
Her eyes with gentle light were burning;
And as they shone with tender yearning,
And soft she breathed a poet's name,
I realized that I was learning
That, after all, I cared for fame.

C. H. Crandall.

The Survival of the Fittest.

De grasshopper set on er mighty tall stalk,
Wipin' his mouf on er red hollyhock;
F'om de vine on de railin' de debbil-hoss call,
"Oh! what you is good fur I cain't see er tall."

Oh! what am de use er sech er quare creater,
De fly an' de gnat an' de ole lean muskeeter?
Oh! de worl' hit am big an' de a'r hit am tall;
Dar gwine ter be room ernough — Gord make 'em all.

De sparrer he "chee, chee," yearly an' late,
Er buil'in' de nes', an' er feedin' de mate,
An' he holler ter de wo'm des er cuttin' de tree,
"Oh! what you is good fur I cain't ebber see."

Oh! what am de use, etc.

De tucky he gobble an' say ter de hen,
"I cain't see de use er de t'ing dey calls men."
An' de man he set in he cheer an' sing,
"All de whole worl' am mine, an' I am de king."

Oh! what am de use, etc.

But de man he gobble dat ole tucky sho,
An' de cat she waitin' en dar by de do' —
Gwine cotch dat sparrer what say, "chee, chee,"
W'en he eat de wo'm dat cuttin' de tree.

Oh! what am de use, etc.

Yaller gal come erlong, wid er jeck an' er toss,
Gwine lay dat brume on de ole debbil-hoss;
De cole winter come, w'en de flakes gwine ter fly,
An' de leetle, bitter ants hab er grasshopper pie.

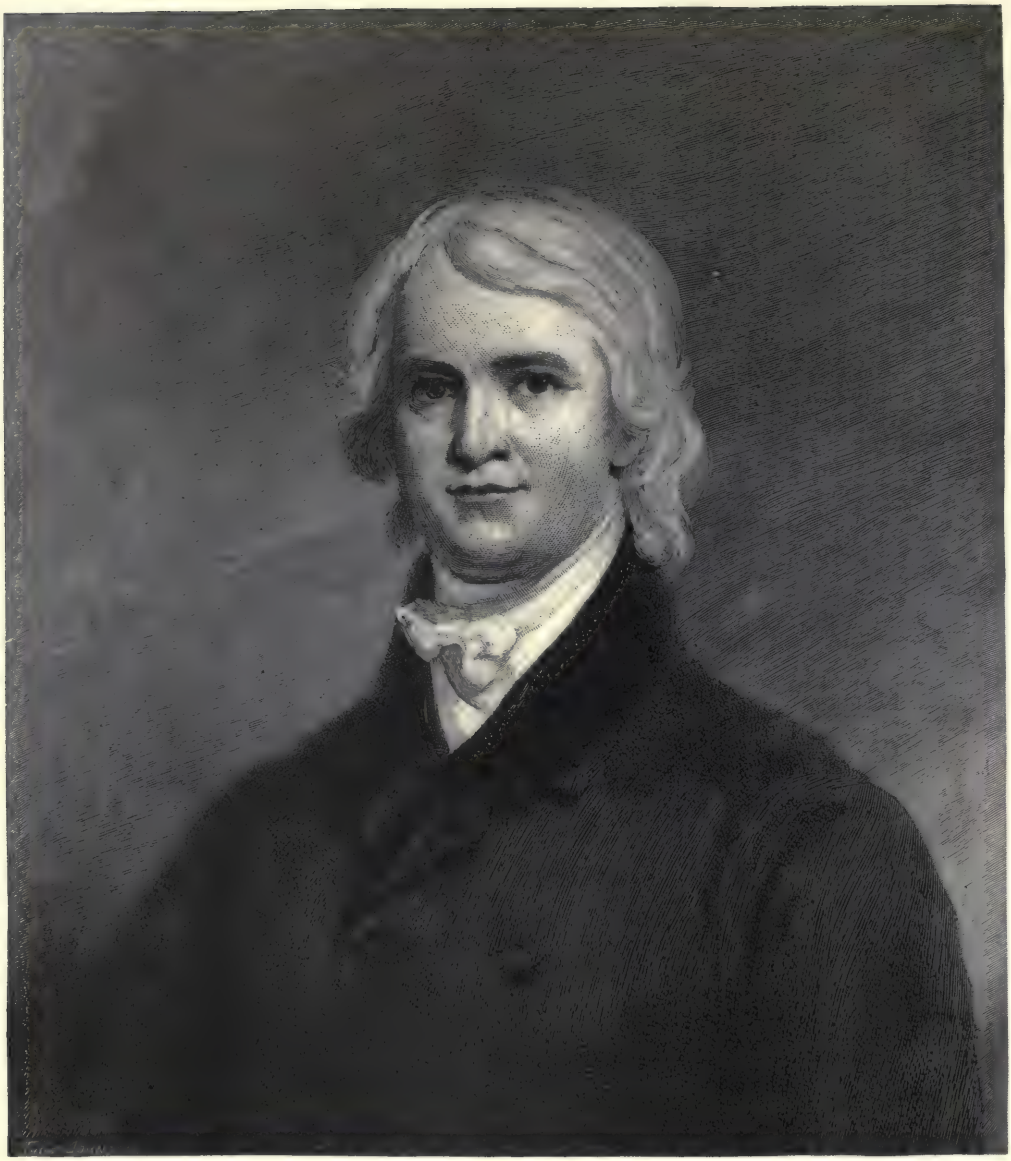
Oh! what am de use, etc.

Now all dat am lef' am de cat an' de man,—
De cat, ef she brack, f'om de debbil own han',—
But er bootjack gwine cotch 'er sho, yearly some morn —
An' er flea gwine bite de man, sho 's you born.

Oh! what am de use, etc.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. AFTER THE PAINTING BY SULLY OWNED BY MISS DALLAS.

GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS.

(VICE-PRESIDENT UNDER JAMES K. POLK.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. JUNE, 1891. NO. 2.

COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER, VIRGINIA.

HE who has courage to turn his back upon Richmond all abloom in a lovely day of spring,—whose impatient spirit is content to abandon stimulating thoughts of modern progress and to steep itself in the bygones of Virginian history,—may join in a May-day pilgrimage upon the classic James. To achieve it in the flesh there is but one method known to the ordinary traveler, who must take heed to a porter's knock sounding on the door of his room at the hotel all too soon in the morning, and commit himself to a jolting drive down the full length of stony Main street to the steamboat wharf at Rocketts. There waits the steamboat *Ariel*, plying three times a week between Richmond and Norfolk; such a lame old sprite, so short of breath, so patched and broken-backed, that the dwellers along the river-banks, accustomed to see it pass, may well live in continual expectation of news of its collapse. But, with the usual confiding cheerfulness of the American public, passengers by the *Ariel* come and go. With the exception of a few outsiders not to the manner born, the company on board is like a family gathering. Most of them live in the isolated mansions of the many-acred plantations we shall see at intervals during the day's slow voyaging. They are returning from the busy centers of civilization to an existence that in its salient features repeats that of the eighteenth century. In the kindly, cordial life they lead the three matters of first interest for discussion are the negro, the crops, the church; and then the government of these United States in general comes in for a share of notice. They are all, each to the others, "Cousin"; and of the late war nothing remains as a reminder, after the fortifications at Drewry's Bluff and the canal at Dutch Gap, but the titles of colonel, major, captain, and occasionally an empty sleeve or a crutch among the groups of planters smoking and chatting upon deck. The fine-looking, intelligent stewardess who flits about among the ladies attending to their wants is of the old-time type of a colored housemaid of the higher class. She is on familiar terms with the river gentry, and can single out their bags and rugs with a glance of her experienced eye, conveying also indifference to the luggage, however smart, of the mere transient who is beyond the pale of Virginia aristocracy.

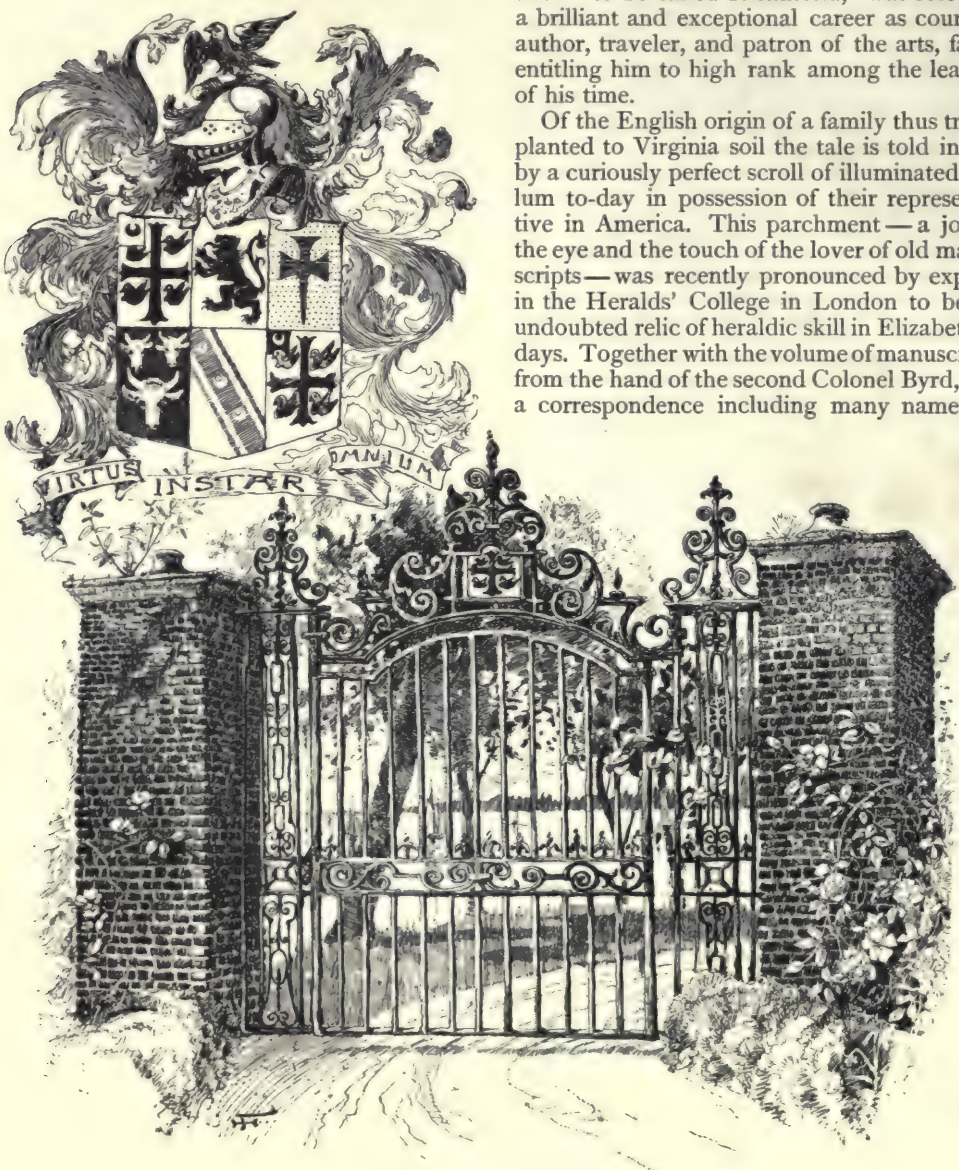
Standing and looking back from the *Ariel's* deck at Richmond upon her seven hills in the light of early morning, one's mind reverts to the various shocks of revolution the old town has survived. Blended with memories of the war between North and South are traditions of Indian onslaught and the raids of English troopers. Down yonder steep incline of Richmond Hill galloped at breakneck speed Arnold's cavalry in the wild ride of 1781, when, working havoc in the town, the British flooded the streets hereabout with rum, till, so the story goes, cows and hogs partook of it, and were seen staggering about the thoroughfares.

At this point, in the early days of the seventeenth century, the Indians fell upon Master West's little settlement — one of the first mentioned in colonial history — of contumacious Englishmen who had refused to be guided by Captain Smith, and slaughtered a number of them. Here, also, about sixty years thereafter, a young Cheshireman named Byrd

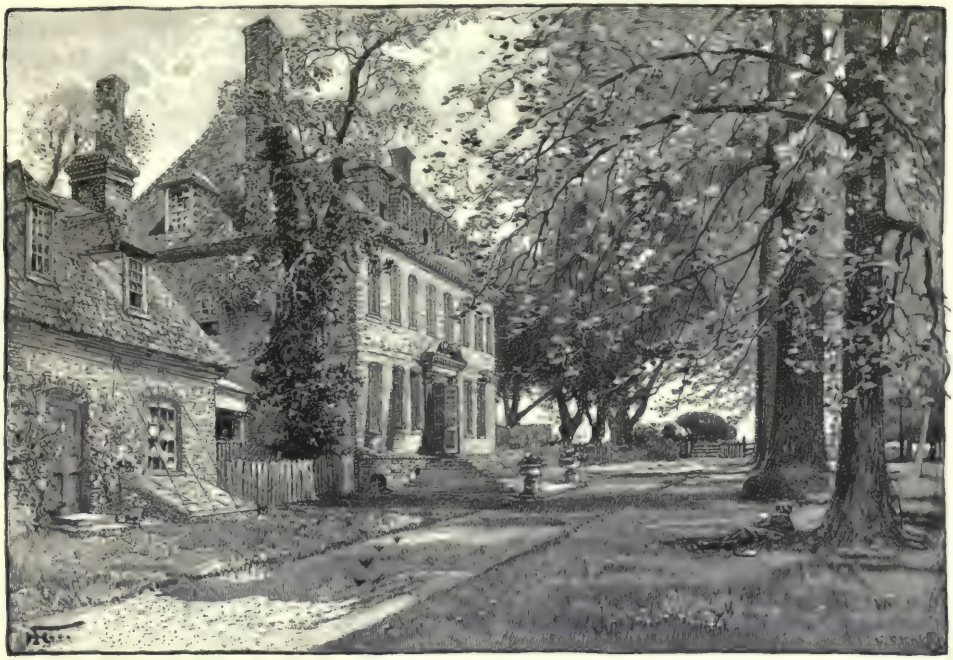
Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

secured a grant of land from the crown, covering nearly the whole site of modern Richmond, and of Manchester on the opposite bank of the James. With his wife Mary, daughter of a Kentish cavalier named Warham Horsemanden, and a garrison of fifty able-bodied men, Captain Byrd took up his abode in a dwelling called Belvidere, built by him on the height overlooking the present State penitentiary, and well-fortified against Indian forays. Behind these stanch walls and solid palisades children were born to the young pioneer. Thence, more than once, he, like a Scottish border lord, led his followers to dashing sorties upon enemies in ambuscade. He was feared by the Indians, and respected by his fellow-colonists. Fortune smiled on his various mercantile endeavors, and he inherited a large estate from his uncle Stagg. He was chosen to be a burgess, aided Commissary Blair in establishing the College of William and Mary, and, as receiver-general of the king's revenues for the province, acquired the title of colonel, so often repeated in the annals of colonial history as to be puzzling to the student of the times. To his son, the second William Byrd, who in 1733 mapped out near the site of his father's little fortress of Belvidere a town "to be called Richmond," was reserved a brilliant and exceptional career as courtier, author, traveler, and patron of the arts, fairly entitling him to high rank among the leaders of his time.

Of the English origin of a family thus transplanted to Virginia soil the tale is told in full by a curiously perfect scroll of illuminated vellum to-day in possession of their representative in America. This parchment — a joy to the eye and the touch of the lover of old manuscripts — was recently pronounced by experts in the Heralds' College in London to be an undoubted relic of heraldic skill in Elizabethan days. Together with the volume of manuscripts from the hand of the second Colonel Byrd, and a correspondence including many names of



THE WEST GATE, WESTOVER.



WESTOVER.

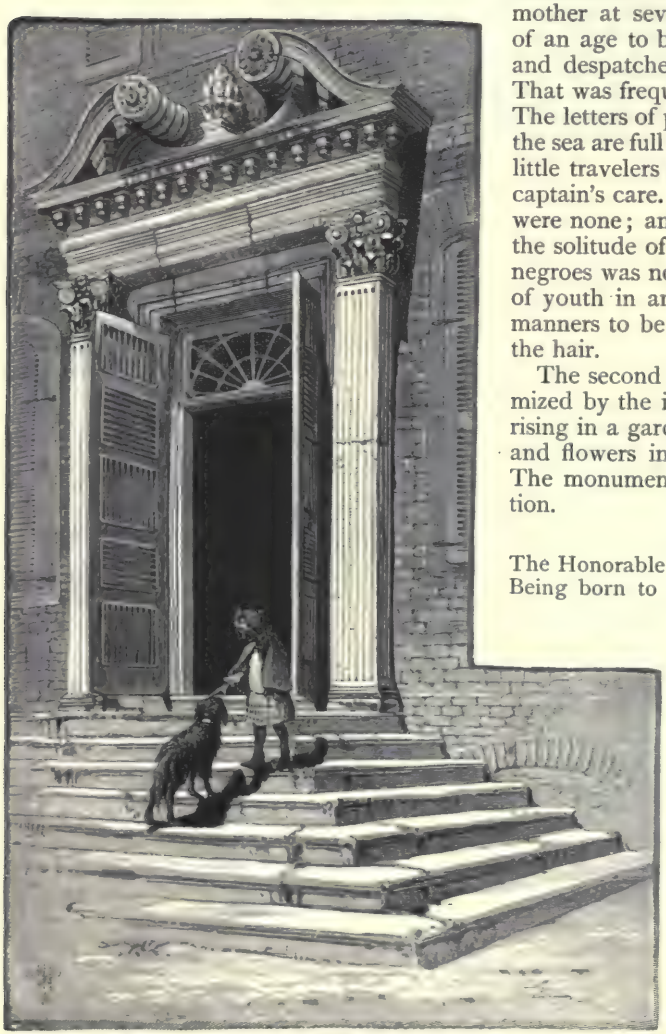
note at the courts of Anne and the two succeeding Georges, now at Brandon on the James, it furnishes a chain of history of which none of the links are missing, and none are dull. Such relics, as much a matter of course in the hereditary homes of England as ghosts or rats behind the arras, are more rare, but should not be less esteemed, in republican America.

As the boat at seven A. M. moves from her dock at Rocketts, and proceeds leisurely downstream, there is ample time to consider Virginia's relation to the past, and at every turning of one's head or glass there is some point familiar through association with the founders of the Commonwealth. But in this paper it will suffice to consider the family best known in the person of William Byrd the second — and in their ancestral home, Westover, to be seen from the boat soon after passing City Point.

Westover House, with its broad façade of red brick, its steep slated roof, and its glorious row of overshadowing trees, stands amid close-shaven lawns and wide encompassing fields of wheat and clover, close to the river's edge. These fields are to-day the pride not only of their owner but of the State. One does not readily forget a drive over grassy roads behind fleet Virginia horses, skirting on one side the fence inclosing a hundred and forty acres of growing wheat, a vast sea of living green rippled by winds of May, but showing neither dimple nor ridge in the soil below, and on the other, clover as rich, wherein stand Jersey cattle knee-deep in purple blossoms amid the booming of inebriated bees. The mansion and estate, more fortunate than many others in being admirably kept up, convey to modern guests some of the same impressions carried away by Chastellux, the airy marquis, who as he journeyed through Virginia at the close of the Revolutionary war threw kisses from his finger-tips to kindly entertainers. At Westover the Frenchman broke into pæans over the great extent of rich acres, the happy slaves, the elegance indoors, the sport, the sturgeons, and the wall of honeysuckle covered with humming-birds. Seen through the hall, always open in summer weather upon outer flights of quaint three-sided steps of stone, the great gates, surmounted by the martlet crest, display their iron tracery against a background of wheatfields girdled in by woods. To the right and the left of the door upon the river-front the avenues from the boat-landings are cut off for vehicles by smaller gates of delicate design, wrought in England two hundred years ago, their hinges moving stiffly in the embrace of the roses and the wistaria of yesterday. The line of trees whose tops caress the dormer windows of the roof has grown up since the founding of the house. Some of them have survived war, fire, and lightning-stroke. Looking out through their branches by moonlight from the bedroom windows at the wide reach of shining river beyond a lawn washed in silver brightness, one

may, if he listens keenly, hear them whisper the secrets they have been hoarding this century or so.

There have been many stirring scenes at Westover since the redman ceased to launch his canoe in the river that was for so long Virginia's highway. The dispossessed monarch brought his tomahawk back to these forest glades in 1622, and thirty-three souls of white settlers were here called to a swift accounting. Once owned by Sir John Paulet, the estate passed into the possession of Theodoric Bland and his brother before it was bought and built upon by William Byrd of Belvidere. The house erected by Byrd stood intact until 1749, when, through the upsetting of a brasier of hot coals on which a careless housekeeper had left her posset simmering, it took fire and was partly destroyed. The dwelling, as at present seen, was restored in the same year, and has since been little changed. In the track of successive armies, it has known rough visitors but no material harm. Bacon's men, bivouacking here on their daring expeditions against the Indians, ate, drank, slept upon their arms, and rode away. Benedict Arnold, on his way to capture Richmond, landed and slept at Westover. In the old nursery on the ground floor Cornwallis quartered the horses of his troopers, but stout timbers and well-set brick defied their ravages. During our recent war several generals of the invading army made their headquarters at the mansion so popular with the soldiers of earlier revolutions.

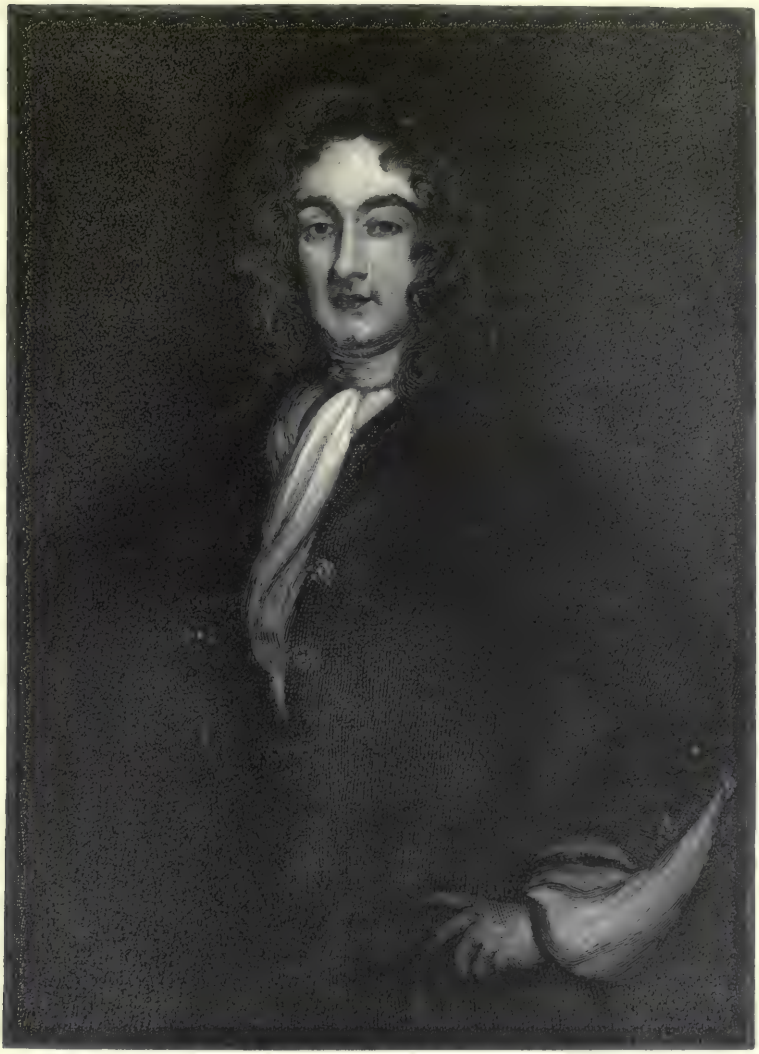


THE DOORWAY AT WESTOVER.

Such was the pleasant home in which young William Byrd the second and his little sister Ursula ("Nutty" they call her in the family chronicles, afterward married to Beverley the historian of Virginia, and dying a wife and mother at seventeen) spent their years until of an age to be put aboard slow-sailing ships and despatched to England to be educated. That was frequently a feature of colonial life. The letters of parents written to friends across the sea are full of prayers and yearnings for the little travelers sent oftentimes alone under the captain's care. Schools in the province there were none; and even if a tutor might be had, the solitude of those great estates peopled by negroes was not adapted to the development of youth in an age that held polish for the manners to be as indispensable as powder for the hair.

The second William Byrd's history is epitomized by the inscription upon a stately shaft rising in a garden full of old-fashioned shrubs and flowers in the rear of Westover House. The monument is still in excellent preservation.

Here lyeth
The Honorable William Byrd, Esqr.
Being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country,
he was sent early to England for his education,
where,
under the care and direction of
Sir Robert Southwell,
and even favoured with his particular
instructions,
he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning;
by the means of the same noble
friend he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the
first persons of that age for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or



COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD. (FROM THE PORTRAIT AT BRANDON.)

high station, and particularly attracted a most close and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He was admitted to the bar in the Middle Temple, studied for some time in the low countries, visited the court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.

On the other face of the tomb is continued:

Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made receiver-general of his Majesty's revenues here, was thrice appointed publick agent to the court and ministry of England; and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became president of the Council of this Colony. To all this were added a great elegancy of taste and life, the well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid œconomist and prudent father of a family, with the constant enemy of all exhorbitant power and hearty friend to the liberties of his country. Nat. March 28, 1674. Mort. Aug 26, 1744. Ætat 70

When, at his good father's death, this Colonel Byrd took possession of the Virginian property

he was about thirty years of age, debonair and handsome, to judge from the portrait in the drawing-room at Brandon. Although the general style of the picture suggests what Macaulay irreverently styles "the round-faced peers, like each other as eggs to eggs, who look from the middle of the periwigs of Kneller," the features are clear-cut, the brows arch over almond-shaped dark eyes, and beneath the line of the thin lips the chin is cleft with the dimple said to be fatal to the peace of mind of woman. But the rather effeminate appearance of the portrait is contradicted by what we know of the man. Hardy and virile, he spent days in the saddle, tracking the pathless wildernesses of Virginia and North Carolina, enduring all hardships with an airy indifference that inspired his followers to continual endeavor. He was an ardent agriculturist, sportsman, hunter, fisherman, and, in fine, knew as well when it was time to put away his lace ruffles and silver snuff-box, as when to take them out.

Two years after coming into his inheritance — his father died in 1704 — Colonel Byrd married Lucy Parke, daughter of the aide-de-camp of the Duke of Marlborough who carried the news of the victory of Blenheim to Queen Anne. Another daughter was the progenitress of Martha Washington's first husband and of the wife of General Robert Edmund Lee. One of Kneller's portraits of Colonel Daniel Parke hangs in the dining-room at Brandon, another in the house of General Custis Lee at Lexington, Virginia. In both he is gorgeously attired in crimson velvet, with embroidery, and with a steenkirk and ruffles of costly lace, wears around his neck the queen's miniature set in pearls, presented to him by her placid majesty in reward for his good tidings, and looks prodigiously well pleased with himself, while the battle of Blenheim is raging in the background.

Mrs. Lucy Parke Byrd did not too long enjoy her life at Westover, for, on going to London to join her husband for a visit in 1716, the poor lady was swept away by smallpox, that scourge of our ancestral homes. In the same year a lonely, motherless little girl was sent out from Virginia to console her widowed father, and remained in England until ready to make her appearance before the fashionable world. This was Evelyn Byrd, the charmer who, in immortal youth, from her place of honor in the Brandon gallery continues to win hearts. Her portrait, which in the lapse of years has had several backings of canvas, has lost the artist's name, but possesses a charming quality of tone and style to which reproduction can do no justice. She is painted as a shepherdess in a robe of blue-green, in color like Enid's of the "shoaling sea," a red-crested *bird* perched on a brown bough overhead, a straw hat wreathed with morning-glories in her lap, a knot of the same flowers in her hair, one brown lock escaping upon her shoulder, and a little *accroche-cœur* upon her brow, her pretty pensive face set on a swanlike throat. Thus she has received the homage of generations of pilgrims both before and since her removal from Westover to Brandon, whither all the family portraits went on the marriage of their owner. With the exception of one adventure,—that of being hurried with grandfathers and grandaunts, statesmen and warriors, into a farm wagon and jolted miles away into a remote country where the chance of war might not invade their solitude, — Evelyn has hung on the wainscoting at Brandon since before the century came in. When, on her return from this enforced journey, her mild gaze again rested on her accustomed haunts, it was to find a house with roof and walls indeed, but without windows; the floors knee-deep in drifted leaves; birds, squirrels, and foxes its tenants; a house wantonly made desolate by useless gunshots from gunboats in the James, and by vagabond marauders. And now that Evelyn once more beholds the outward semblance of a happy home restored, of that which is irrevocably gone her sad eyes seem to say, "What matters it to one who has seen almost two centuries of sorrow, one to whom a war or a heartbreak more or less means nothing?"

Let us glance in passing at the conditions of English society under which this fair scion of Westover grew up to womanhood, and, at sixteen, made her courtesy to the king. Of the toilet worn upon the great occasion of Miss Byrd's presentation at court there remains, in possession of Miss Harrison of Brandon, a tiny carved fan of Chinese ivory carried in the maiden's hour of triumph. To handle it is to be transported to the time of England's history when the Jacobite cause had just received its death-blow in the banishment of Bishop Atterbury, who had dared tell Bolingbroke that he stood ready to put on his lawn sleeves and proclaim James Stuart king at Charing Cross so soon as the breath should leave the body of Queen Anne. Lord Orrery, Colonel Byrd's nearest friend, was, according to Mahon, one of the junta of five peers suspected of conspiring with the Pretender; and certain we may be that Evelyn,—a daughter of cavaliers and like other women,—carried the white rose of the Stuarts in her heart if not upon her breast. At this period the world of London was recuperating from the collapse of so many hopes and fortunes with the South Sea Company. Sir Robert Walpole, another good friend of Colonel Byrd's, whose clever little boy Horace was then a puny weakling of five years of age, was

MISS EVELYN BYRD. (FROM THE PORTRAIT AT BRANDON.)

bending all his energies to the task of pacificating Europe. In the dawn of peace there was great hilarity, and at all the routs, drums, balls, plays where Mistress Evelyn appeared with her papa, she was fêted and followed to her heart's desire. She was toasted by the young bucks assembled in coffee-houses or strutting upon the Mall. But that the gentle Addison had recently passed into the shadows, he might have been impelled to put this trans-Atlantic blossom between the pages of a choice number of his incomparable "Spectator." But when it was reserved for the most famous gentleman in Europe — my Lord of Peterborough — to set the stamp of his approval on the new beauty, what could have mattered that of a mere literary man?

In addition to her personal charms, "Mrs." Evelyn had the reputation of great wealth; for the colonel, although vaunted on his tombstone an "œconomist," shed his guineas with pleasing prodigality. The "Belle Sauvage" the beaus may have called her, in memory of her predecessor, the other American princess,

Pocahontas, so much glorified, and to this day so much more respected in England than in irreverent America.

What an atmosphere for the dewy innocence of the colonial girl was that court of George, the brutal husband of the imprisoned Countess of Ahlden! One can fancy the watchful father playing lion to his Una.

And now for the tradition connecting Evelyn Byrd's name with that of the Earl of Peterborough, to whom she is said to have been actually affianced, and for the love of whom, her father interfering, she preferred to die unmarried. It is a thankless task to stick pins into the bubbles of family tradition, but if Evelyn Byrd pined away for the sake of Charles Mordaunt, then verily the world was out of joint. The earl, born in 1658, was sixty-four years old when he is supposed to have been betrothed to the young Virginian of sixteen. Brilliant and renowned, having achieved undying glory as a leader of England's armies on sea and land, a companion of the brightest wits and literati of the day, he may have dazzled her young imagination into fancied love; but this is scarcely credible in view of the reverse of the medal. Peterborough was ever gallant to young women. His approval decided the claims of a fashionable débutante. It will be remembered that to Miss Beatrix Esmond he presented "a grinning negro boy with a bird of paradise in his turban and a collar with his mistress's name around his neck." Perhaps Evelyn took one of those tea-table Mercurys, to be seen in the prints of Hogarth, back with her to Westover. Thackeray tells how this unconquerable squire of dames, when full seventy years of age, fell to writing love-letters to Mrs. Henrietta Howard, afterward Countess of Suffolk, who "accepted the noble old earl's philandering; answered his queer letters with due acknowledgment; made a profound courtesy to Peterborough's profound bow, and got John Gay to help her in the composition of her letters in reply to her old knight." But Peterborough was also eccentric to absurdity, notoriously dissolute, even in that age, and threw his glove in so many different directions that it is unfair to think Evelyn would have stooped to pick it up.

It may be that the memoirs destroyed by his widow (the excellent Anastasia Robinson, the singer, whom he married in 1724 and acknowledged as his wife in 1735), and which are said to have contained his confession of three capital crimes committed before he was twenty-one years old, might have thrown light on the Byrd affair.

Peterborough's marriage with Mrs. Robinson had taken place two years before Colonel Byrd's family returned to live in the colony. He died, "laughing and mocking in the intervals of agonizing pain, and entertaining a company of ten at dinner immediately before the end," eleven years later, yet it is still asserted and accepted in Virginia that the persistent wooer followed Evelyn to her home and there renewed the suit upon which her father frowned. Evelyn never married, and two years after her reputed lover was laid to rest found a grave under the oaks at Westover. Upon her tomb is the following melancholy inscription, which yearly the moss and lichens do their best to hide from sight:

THE TOMB OF WILLIAM BYRD.

HERE IN THE SLEEP OF PEACE
REPOSES THE BODY
OF MRS. EVELYN BYRD,
DAUGHTER
OF THE HON^ble^ WILLIAM BYRD, ESQ.

The various and excellent endowments
of Nature, improved and perfected
By an accomplished education,
formed her
For the happiness of her friends,
For the ornament of her country.
Alas, reader!
We can detain nothing, however valued,
From unrelenting death —
beauty, fortune, or exalted honour.
See here a proof!
And be reminded by this awfull tomb
That every earthly comfort fleets away,
Excepting only what arises
from imitating the virtues of our friends
And the contemplation of their happyness,
To which
God was pleased to call this lady
On the 13th day of November, 1737,
In the 29th year of her age.

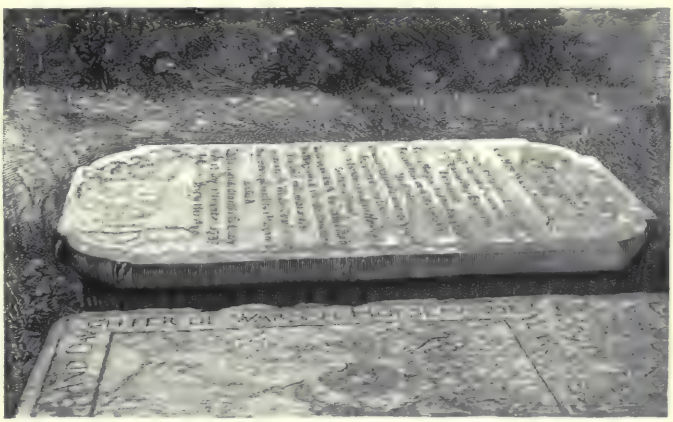
And, as no well-authenticated haunt of ancient aristocracy is to be found without its ghost, Westover traditions tell twilight listeners, or groups around the fire at Yule-tide, how the tap, tap of Evelyn's high-heeled slippers continues to be heard in the corridors or on the stairs of the home from which she faded broken-hearted to the grave.

All of this is delightfully consistent with the canons of romance. It has thrown an enduring halo around the memory of the fair one whose hand was kissed by my Lords Oxford and Chesterfield; of whom sneering Hervey deigned to approve; who supped with Pope at his Twickenham villa, while yet the town was ringing with the success of his Odyssey; who was noticed by Beau Nash, the autocrat of Bath; who saw Cibber and Mrs. Oldfield play; who read Gulliver's Travels as they were first presented to the public by his reverence the dean of St. Patrick's, then resident in Dublin; who from the presence-chamber of unroyal royalty, through a society reeking with wine and musk and snuff and scandal, passed back to her plantation home in the New World as unblemished as she came.

But a later-day skeptic must protest against allotting for the hero of bonny Evelyn's love-idyl one more grotesque than picturesque. "I should have liked to have seen that noble old madcap Peterborough, in his boots," says Thackeray, "(he actually had the audacity to walk about Bath in boots), with his blue ribbon and stars, and a cabbage under each arm, and a chicken in each hand which he had been cheapening for dinner." Hogarth caricatured him upon his knees before the singer Cuzzoni, who draws in his gold pieces with a rake. A spirited description is that of Horace Walpole. "Peterborough was one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace who scatter a thousand *bons mots* and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the authors stare to find themselves authors. Such was this lord, of an advantageous figure and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis, and as brave, but a little more expeditious in his journeys; for he is said to have seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe. . . . He was a man, as his friends said, who would neither live nor die like any other mortal." In one of the witty letters written by Peterborough to Pope occurs this example of his views of womankind: "You seem to think it vexatious that I should allow you but one woman at a time to praise or love. If I dispute with you upon this point I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favorite privilege of our church. . . . I find you don't mend upon correction; again I must tell you you must not think of women in a reasonable way. . . ."

That Miss Evelyn's papa was busy on his own account with secrets of the heart at this time is revealed by a bundle of letters, still extant, addressed in the autumn of 1722 by the colonel to a mysterious "Charmante," one of the Sacharissas of high fashion who had enslaved his fancy in London. The best comment upon them is to be read in his own indorsement on the packet.

"These passionate billets were sent to a lady who had more charms than honour, more wit than discretion. In the beginning she gave the writer of them the plainest marks of her favour. He did not hint his passion to her, but spoke it openly, and confirmed it with many a tender squeeze of the hand which she suffered with the patience of a martyr; nay, that she might have no doubt of his intentions, he put the question to her in the plainest terms, which she seemed to agree to by a modest silence, and by great encouragements for more than a month afterwards. She saw him every day, received his letters, and fed his flame by the gentlest behaviour in the world, till at last, of a sudden, without any provocation on his part, she grew resty, and, in a moment, turned all her smiles into frowns, and all his hopes into despair. Whether this sudden change was caused by private scandal she had received about him,



THE TOMB OF MISS EVELYN BYRD.

or from pure inconstancy of temper, he can't be sure. The first is not unlikely, because he had a rival that had no hopes of success openly, and therefore it might be necessary to work underground and blow him up by a mine. This suspicion is confirmed a little by the rival's marrying her afterwards, who then was so poor that 't is likely the good-natured woman might wed him out of charity; especially as at that time he was so unhealthy that he stood more in need of a nurse than a wife. She did not choose him for his beauty and length of chin, tho' possibly she might for those pure morals which recommended him to his Grace of W——r for a companion. But if, after all, she did not marry him for his virtue neither, then it must have been for that worst quality any husband can have — for his wit. That, I own he has his share of, yet so overcharged and encumbered with words that he does more violence to the ear than a ring of bells; for, if he had never so sharp a wit, a wife may be sure the edge of it will be turned against herself mostly. . . ."

The true name of Charmante and her successful suitor are not given. The colonel, however, lived to fight another day. In 1724 was celebrated his second marriage, with a charming and well-born young lady, Miss Maria Taylor of Kensington. In the reigns of Anne and George the suburbs of Kensington were still a lovely rural region, dedicated to "milkmaids and sportsmen," and carpeted with daisy-sprinkled turf. Here, it is evident, the colonel's wooing sped better than in the garish atmosphere around perfidious Charmante. The new bride, in person, fortune, and connections, was all that he could have asked.

No portrait now certainly known to be that of Maria Taylor remains to rejoice the eyes of her numerous descendants in America. Her letters and those of her husband concerning her give ample proof of her strength of character and unselfish tenderness.

Through this alliance Colonel Byrd became connected with a family handed down to literary history by the biographers of Alexander Pope. A near relative of the Taylors had married Teresa Blount, the elder of the two daughters of Lyster Blount of Mapledurham who were the charm and consolation of the poet's tortured life. An exquisite painting of "Miss Blount," brought to Virginia by Colonel Byrd, is now at Upper Brandon. This is a half-length portrait of a young woman in amber satin, sitting by a harpsichord, and holding a sheet of music in her hand. She is a brunette, with soft dark eyes, and chestnut hair, and a complexion radiant with the tints of the peach on its sun-kissed side. Gazing upon her mellow loveliness, one does not wonder that Pope chose Teresa first, Martha afterward. For although tradition has linked with this portrait the name of Martha Blount, we have Walpole's evidence that Patty was a blonde, with "blue eyes that survived her other beauties." Warton says, "Swinburne the traveler, who was Martha's relation, tells me she was a little, neat, fair, prim old woman, easy and gay — her eldest sister, Teresa, had uncommon wit and ability." Teresa, also described as "religious and jealous," was "in the full bloom of her beauty at the coronation in 1714, and it is most natural to suppose that Colonel Byrd would have selected for transportation to Virginia her portrait rather than that of Martha.

It was through the Blounts, no doubt, that Evelyn Byrd formed the acquaintance of Pope, and received the hospitality of his villa at Twickenham, since Pope declared to Gay that for fifteen years he had spent three or four hours of every day in Patty Blount's society.

A delightful, laughter-loving dame, whose name repeatedly appears in the letters of Colonel Byrd, is she who is called "my invaluable sister," and "Cousen Taylor," the wife of Mrs. Byrd's brother, and a member of the family of Lord Camden. As viewed in the line upon the Brandon walls she is tall, slight, long-waisted, dressed in red satin over a hooped white satin petticoat, with agraffes of pearl and gold fastening the bodice, and her dark hair secured with a pearl dart. One pink-tipped hand is extended, the other holds back her gown coquettishly. She is a fair illustration of her correspondence, merry, witty, and a creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food. She was, after his return to Virginia, the colonel's fountainhead of town talk, and her letters sparkle with gossip and philosophy — news about a new game called "whisk" (whist), the latest scandal in high life, and what is said in private circles about the affairs of the "Queen and Mistress Vane."

"Lord Orrery," says Walpole of him who was called Byrd's bosom friend, "was one of a family where genius had hitherto been a sort of heirloom, and he had not degenerated." But modern biography, which despoils us of ideals, gives another version of the character of this earl. "He was a dull member of a family eminent for its talents," writes Mr. Leslie Stephen. "His father had left his library to Christ Church, Oxford, ostensibly because his son was not capable of profiting by it. The son, eager to wipe off this imputation, sought the society of Swift, Pope, and other wits." A portrait of him is among those now at Brandon, as is also a rather saturnine-looking, life-size picture of Sir Robert Southwell, who

MISS BLOUNT. (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY KNELLER AT UPPER BRANDON.)

died in 1702, and had been a second father to the young Virginian during the time of his tutelage in England. He was a barrister, statesman, and diplomatist of high rank, and was five times chosen president of the Royal Society.

Sir Charles Wager, whose fine monument may be seen in Westminster Abbey, and whose portrait is included in Colonel Byrd's gallery, was a sailor of the best old British stock, treasurer of the British Navy, first lord of the admiralty, and is said to have originated and matured the idea of Commodore Anson's voyage around the world. In private he was manly, simple, and beloved. Brave as a lion when in action, cheerfully submitting to be bled or hacked by the surgeon's knife, if needs must, he had a fierce antipathy to doctoring by medicine. "You may batter my hulk as long as you please, but don't attempt to board me," he would say to his surgeons, when they prescribed pills or potions.

To Sir Charles Wager some of Colonel

Byrd's most pleasant letters from Virginia are addressed. He was a believer in the colony, and interested in many schemes for its development.

Colonel Martin Bladen, the gallant soldier of Queen Anne's wars, and later one of the lords of trade and plantations, who was also a litterateur, finding time to edit Cæsar's Commentaries in the intervals of service to the State, was a close associate with Colonel Byrd in affairs of business and of pleasure.

There is a letter from Byrd to him, projecting a canal between the sister colonies of Virginia and North Carolina, "one moiety of the stock to be subscribed in England, one moiety here, that the project may have friends on both sides the water," and naming as additional members of the ring Sir Charles Wager, the Earl of Orkney, and Governor Gooch.

Another correspondent and ally was Peter Beckford, son of the governor and commander-in-chief of Jamaica, whose grandfather had been a tailor in Maidenhead, and whose descendant was to be the author of "Vathek" and the builder of Fonthill Abbey, that new wonder of the world. Mr. Beckford, indeed, had thought of settling in Virginia near the Byrds, but decided in favor of Jamaica. He was the father of the well-known Alderman Beckford, and grandfather of the owner of Fonthill.

Of William Anne Keppel, second earl of Albemarle, there is a finely executed portrait in miniature style. He wears a red coat covered with gold embroideries and looped with gold cords, and a resplendent periwig. This nobleman, who was a godson of Queen Anne, fought gallantly at Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Culloden, and was commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland. He was well liked by George II., and was appointed colonial governor of Virginia in 1737.

The Duke of Argyll, who to readers of Sir Walter Scott will claim remembrance as the protector of Jeanie Deans, has a place among the portraits selected by Colonel Byrd. Near him hangs Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, a dilettante scholar, and collaborator of the poet Prior, with whom he composed the well-remembered parody of "The Town and Country Mouse." Byrd, with his own bias for elegant literature, would have been sure to affiliate with this polished amateur. The Earl of Egremont and Sir Robert Walpole complete the list of portraits of the nobility brought to Westover, but now at Brandon.

In this aristocratic circle a certain Master Waltho, clerk of the court at Williamsburg, offered Colonel Byrd a diamond ring for permission to hang his own picture, wearing his cocked hat. The merry colonel took Waltho at his word. Facing the stately line of English noblemen may be still seen the swarthy countenance of the grim little republican under a self-assertive hat, and his ring sparkles on the finger of the chatelaine of Brandon.

One of the most notable of Colonel Byrd's collection, however, and prized now for its intrinsic worth as a work of art, is a lovely half-length portrait, handed down as a Sir Peter Lely, and said to be Elizabeth Claypole, Cromwell's favorite daughter, whose death preceded her father's by a few weeks only. She is sitting with a book in her left hand, resting her cheek in the right hand, an exquisitely graceful figure, a beautiful face, with reddish brown hair escaping in a single errant lovelock, and with drapery of palest blue. Is not this Mrs. Byrd herself?[1]

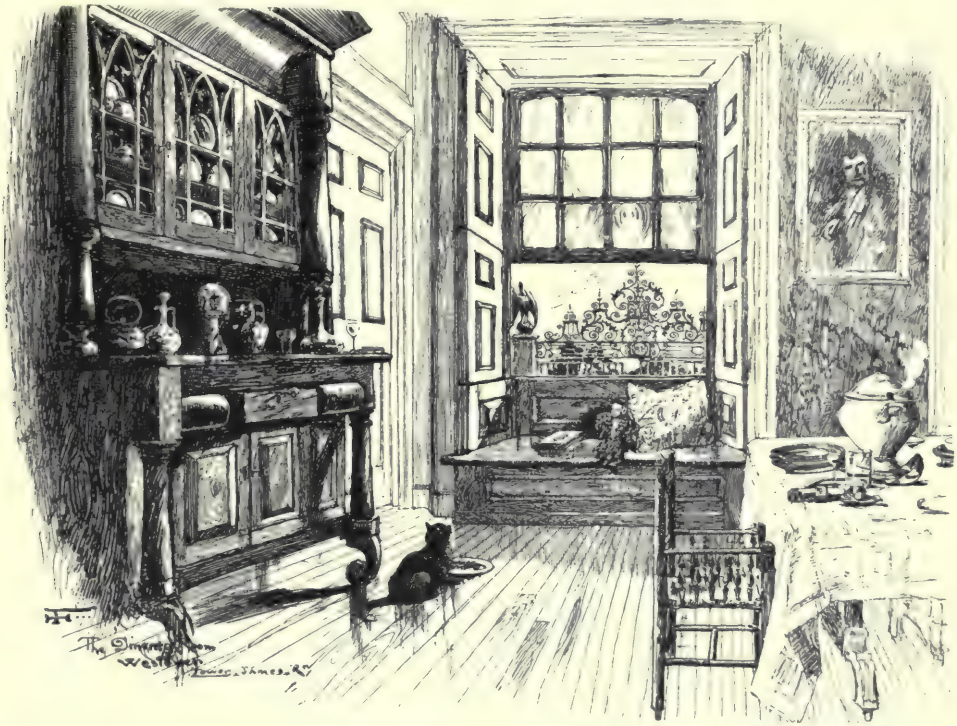
And now we have come to the time when, renouncing the congenial joys of London life, Colonel Byrd decided to return to Virginia and to take up his duties as a colonist. He not only covered the walls of Westover House with pictures but filled the stables with horses and stocked the cellars with fine wine. From far and near came his friends and kinspeople to taste his royal hospitality. The iron gates he put up were ever ready to fly open at a touch. In his library, the best in the province, the catalogues of which, in the Historical Society of Virginia, show the shelves to have been exceptionally furnished with well-chosen books, he sat penning numerous letters, verses, fables, full of quips and quirks of wit, and bristling with his favorite points at the expense of womankind. His visitors and cronies were Sir Alexander and Lady Spotswood; Sir John and Lady Randolph, and many Randolphs, all descended from his father's friend, "Will" Randolph, the squire of Turkey Island; the Reverend Peter Fountain, the rector of his parish; the Carters, Burwells, Harrisons, Bassetts, Pages, Amblers, Carys, Bollings, Digges, Nicholases, Beverleys, and other friends and neighbors, arriving in relays to wait upon the master of Westover, and to kiss the hands of his fair English lady, and of the celebrated Miss Evelyn, whose praises had long since come across the sea to gladden the ears of her compatriots.

Although we have no time to touch upon his connection with colonial affairs, the colonel was not one to rust in idleness. With pen, purse, and brain he was ever ready to serve

[1] Why should Colonel Byrd have included in a collection of family pictures and portraits of his friends a likeness of Cromwell's daughter? And how could he have failed to secure a portrait of his own beautiful wife? This canvas, in the dress and pose and in the arrangement of the hair, seems to be of the same date as the pictures of the other ladies I have mentioned; and it appears to be the work of the same school, if not of the same hand.

the king and the province. As a pleasant picture of a plantation of the day, we insert here a letter written to Mr. Beckford, which, with a few changes, might serve to describe the Virginia of immediately before our war.

I had the honour to pay you my respects in June last and to send you as perfect a description of my seat of Westover as truth would permit me. I represented it honestly as it is, and used not the French liberty of dressing it up as it ought to be. But since my last I have got a person to make a draught of it, which perhaps will appear a little rough; but if it should not be found according to art, it will make amends by being according to truth. I wish with all my heart it may tempt you at least to make us a visit in the spring. But if the torrid zone be still your choice, and you should resolve to lay your bones where you first drew your breath, be so good as to honour this country with one of your sons, of which I hear you are blessed with several. You may make a prince of him for less money here than you can make him a private gentleman in England. We live here in health, in plenty, in innocence and security, fearing no enemy from abroad, or robbers at home. Our Government, too, is so happily constituted that a governour must first outwit us before he can oppress us. And if ever he squeeze money out of us, he must first take care to deserve it. Our negroes are not so numerous or so enterprizing as to give us any apprehension or uneasiness, nor indeed is their labour any other than gardening, and less by far than what the poor people of other countrys undergo. Nor are any cruelty exercised upon them, unless by great accident they happen to fall into the hands of a brute, who always passes here for a monster. We all lye securely with our doors unbarred, and can travel the whole country over without arms or guard. And all this not for want of money or rogues, but because we have no great city to shelter the thief, or pawnbrokers to receive what he steals.[1] If these happy advantages can tempt either you or any of your friends or relatives hither, my plantation of Westover is at your service.



THE DINING-ROOM AT WESTOVER.

By the summer of 1728 we find the frequenter of courts and coffee-houses settled down to the life of a Virginia burgess, and father of an increasing family. To "Couzen Taylor" he writes: "Your great-niece Griz begins to prove her sex by the fluency of her tongue,

[1] The first provision to give shelter to such marauders was made by Colonel Byrd himself, in 1733, when he mapped out two towns, "one at Schoccoes, to be called Richmond, the other at the point of the Appomattox, to be called Petersburg, localities naturally intended for marts. Thus we build not castles but cities in the air," he wrote, commenting on his project.

and, like Mrs. P——, talks nonsense very prettily. She is a sound, sturdy little wench, never having had any disorder but from breeding teeth." He complains of having had no recent letters from England, and says he is reduced to read the former ones as often as he does the Psalms. He protests against being forgotten as if he were dead, but asserts "a substantial advantage over the harmless people of the other world. We can at least pelt you with plaintive epistles, which no dead person ever disquisitions upon English politics, fears that "the ally of Hanover, and particularly Great Britain, hath shewed a very unusual patience in bearing with the peevish humour of the Spaniard," and hyperbolical satires after the manner of the day.

It was thanks to the piping times of peace enjoyed by Virginia during that second quarter of the eighteenth century that Colonel Byrd found such opportunity for literary dalliance. He has left behind, in addition to these numer-

THE HALL AT WESTOVER.

sent to the liveing in our days, but Tom Brown to the Bishop of Cambray." He assists in carrying out the "darling project" of Sir Jacob Acworth, of growing hemp in Virginia. He receives from Lord Islay and from Mr. Warner— "the owner of extensive gardens of curiositys in the North of England"— grafts of vines and fruit-trees, with which he is experimenting on the sun-warmed slopes of Westover. He frequents the polite society of Williamsburg during the sessions of the House of Burgesses, and entertains at Westover many coachloads of pleasure-seeking gentry. Above all, he dictates to his secretary — for whose legible chirography the student of colonial manuscripts must ever be grateful — page after page of letters to the originals of his gallery of portraits, jaunty ous drafts of letters, a large manuscript volume bound in vellum, and beautifully transcribed, containing the three works known as "The Westover Manuscripts." A recent perusal of this ancient tome in its stronghold behind the ivied walls of Brandon, and under supervision of the smiling author in his frame, has revealed a fascinating glimpse into Virginia life during that period, of which the records are so scant.

The most considerable of William Byrd's productions is the "History of the Dividing Line," a chronicle of his expedition, in 1728, as a commissioner from the crown to establish the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia. The "Journey to the Land of Eden" and "Progress to the Mines" are briefer but not less sprightly diaries of local travel.

In the autumn of 1728, after due waiting "for the snakes to retire into winter-quarters," the party, consisting of three commissioners and two surveyors from each State, reinforced by a famous guide named Epaminondas Bamton, and accompanied by Indians, negroes, pack-horses, and dogs, pushed their toilsome way on horseback from the lowlands near the Dismal Swamp to the Appalachian mountains, across three hundred miles of bog, brake, flood, and forest, returning as they went. An addition supplied by authority was the chaplain, good Mr. Peter Fountain, "sent along by Government for our edification and to christen the Gentiles on the frontier of Carolina"; and there were as many as one hundred baptisms, by gurgling wayside springs, in tents, and in cabins, wherever the family of a pioneer had pierced the fringe of the wilderness to live, for the changing of little backwoods heathen — called by the colonel "arrant pagans" — into legitimate appendages of Mother Church. The chief part of the way lay through virgin woodland. Daily they must force a trail through resisting undergrowth; burst from the embrace of strangling vines; fight intermittent fever with tea from the bark of dogwood; ford torrents; scale precipices; feed on their own bread and "rumm" and pork, supplemented by the meat of "buffalo, deer, bear, and turkeys,"— the last three killed every day,— and at night, listening to the bark of wolves, fall asleep upon oozy soil, till they "were more like otters than men." And always they were in continual fear of a surprise from Indians. Through these varied adventures the colonel's bright spirit seems never to have abandoned him. He "travels five miles on a Sunday, and pays for violating the Sabbath by losing a pair of gold buttons"; takes a hand at tooth-pulling; "knocks down" game; discovers ginseng, the "plant of life," by its scarlet blossom; picks chestnuts that his men, "too lazy to climb the trees, cut them down to secure"; runs upon an inscription carved on a tree by "traders who slept there in 1673"; and makes fun of all his comrades, especially "the small major, who has had a small fever, and bore it like a child." On a supposed alarm from hostile Indians "the little major, whose tongue had never lain still, was taken speechless for sixteen hours. . . . After we put ourselves in battle array we discovered the whistle to be nothing but the nocturnal note of a little harmless bird. We were glad to find our mistake, and, commending the centinel for his great vigilance, composed our noble spirits again to rest till morning. Some of the company dreamed of nothing but scalping all the rest of the night."

To obtain the full account of this successful expedition, we recommend a search for the now rare volumes of a small edition which was allowed by the owners of the Westover Manuscripts to be printed in 1866. Elsewhere the original documents tell of Byrd's visit in 1732 to Germanna, the settlement where Virginia's late governor, the martial Spotswood, had first established his palatines sent over by Queen Anne to assist in the manufacture of wine and iron in the colony. At the outset of his ride to the Rapidan Colonel Byrd, "for the pleasure of the good company of Mrs. Byrd and her little governor, my son," drives in his chariot from Westover about half-way to what is now Richmond. "There we halted not far from a purling stream, and, on the stump of a propagate oak, picked the bones of a piece of roast beef. By the spirit which it gave me I was the better able to part with the dear companion of my travels and to perform the rest of the journey on horseback by myself. I reached Schoccoes before two o'clock, and crossed the river to the mills. I had the grief to find them both stand as still for the want of water as a dead woman's tongue for want of breath. It had rained so little for many weeks above the falls that the naiads had hardly water enough left to wash their faces."

Stopping overnight at a friend's house, the colonel is caught in a flood of long delayed rain, and makes himself agreeable to the ladies by reading aloud the "Beggar's Opera," which had enjoyed a run of forty nights in London; then, getting sleepy, goes off to bed, leaving "Mr. Randolph and Mrs. Fleming to finish it, who read as well as most actors do at a rehearsal. Thus we killed time and triumphed over the bad weather."

. . . . . .

Beyond the deserted village of Germanna — for the palatines had by that time moved on across the river — Byrd espies the "enchanted castle" where Sir Alexander has enshrined his bride, Mistress Anne Butler Bryan of Westminster, goddaughter of the Duke of Ormond. The master of the house being from home, he is graciously made welcome by my Lady Spotswood in a saloon "elegantly set off with pier-glasses." While they are chatting a tame deer strays into the room, catches sight of his own reflection in one of the mirrors, makes quickly for his imaginary rival, crashes the glass with his antlers, and overturns a table laden with the china nothings dear to a lady's heart. Lady Spotswood, however, meets this trial with "moderation and good humor." The host returns; they talk of iron chiefly, Spotswood complaining of one Graeme's management, and says he "is rightly served for committing his affairs to the care of a mathematician whose thoughts are among the stars." They walk with my lady and her sister "Miss Theky"

through a shady lane, and drink "fine water from a marble fountain," thence to the banks of the Rappahannock, "fifty yards wide and so rapid that the ferryboat is drawn over by a chain, and is here therefore called the Rapidan." At night they sup, and tell "a legion of old stories"; "drink prosperity to all the Col.'s projects in a bowl of rack punch, and then retire to our devotions."

"Having employed about two hours in retirement," writes the traveler, "I sally'd out at the first summons to breakfast, where our conversation with the ladys, like whipt syllabub, was very pretty, but had nothing in it. This, it seems, was Miss Theky's birthday, upon which I made her my compliments, and wish't she might live twice as long a marry'd woman as she had lived a maid. Then the Colonel and I took another turn in the garden to discourse further on the subject of iron. He was very frank in communicating his dear-bought experience.

"We had a Michaelmas goose for dinner of Miss Theky's own raising, who was now good-natured enough to forget the jeopardy of her dog. [There had been a scene at breakfast between Sir Alexander and his sister-in-law over her offending lap-dog.] In the afternoon we walked in a meadow by the river, which winds in the form of a horseshoe about Germanna, making it a peninsula containing about four hundred acres.

"30th. The sun rose clear this morning, and so did I. It was then resolved to wait on the lady's on horseback, since the bright sun, the fine air, and the wholesome exercise, all invited us to it. We forded the river a little above the ferry, and rode six miles up the neck to a fine level piece of rich land where we found about twenty plants of ginseng with the scarlet berries growing on the top of the middle stalk. The root of this is of wonderful vertue, particularly to raise the spirits and promote perspiration. The Colonel complimented me with all we found in return for my telling him the vertues. We were all pleased to find so much of this king of plants so near the Colonel's habitation, and surprised to find it on level ground, instead of on the north side of a stony mountain. I carried home the treasure with as much joy as if every root had been a graft of the Tree of Life, and wash'd it and dry'd it carefully.[1]

"This airing made us as hungry as so many hawks, so that between appetite and a very good dinner 't was difficult to eat like a philosopher. In the afternoon the lady's walk't me about amongst all their little animals with which they amuse themselves and furnish the table. The worst of it is, they are so tender-hearted they shed a silent tear every time any of them are kil'd. At night the Col. and I quitted the threadbare subject of iron and changed the scene to politicks. [How the ministry had receded from its demand to raise a standing salary for all succeeding governors of Virginia, for fear "some curious members of the House of Commons should enquire how the money was disposed of that had been raised in the other American colonies for the support of their governors," etc.]

"Then the Colonel read me a lecture on tar, affirming that it can't be made in this warm clymate after the manner they make it in Sweden and Muscovy, etc.; and then we entered on the subject of hemp."

This is almost the only glimpse history affords us of the latter-day life, at home, of the famous leader of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, the Tubal Cain of Virginia, as he has been called for his ardor in founding the iron industry in America, the ex-soldier under Marlborough who carried about with him a wound in the breast received at Blenheim, the stern ruler of Virginia, who, as deputy of the absent Earl of Orkney, is among the few of the crown governors deserving to be held up for the praise of future generations. After it we must stop for want of space, leaving again to their mellow solitude the writings of "Will Byrd, gentleman," who, surnamed in Virginia the "Black Swan" or "*Rara Avis*" of his day, lived to the green old age of seventy, and sleeps at his own Westover in the sunshine of the garden near the river-bank.

By the passing traveler Westover, and Brandon too, may be descried under summer garniture of leaves as the boat plows down the James. But to absorb the full flavor of the legends of both homes one must know them from within.

Constance Cary Harrison.

1 There is a letter to Sir Robert Walpole from Colonel Byrd recommending this plant for some malady, and forwarding a decoction of it made at Westover. Ginseng would seem to have been much discussed in England at the time, and is still in great demand among the Chinese.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE SOCIOLOGICAL GROUP.

CHARLES W. SHIELDS.
HENRY C. POTTER.
THEODORE T. MUNGER.
WM. CHAUNCY LANGDON.
SAMUEL W. DIKE.
SETH LOW.
RICHARD T. ELY.
HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.
CHARLES A. BRIGGS.
WASHINGTON GLADDEN.
FRANCIS G. PEABODY.
WILLIAM F. SLOCUM, JR.
EDWARD J. PHELPS.
WILLIAM M. SLOANE.
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

It is understood that each writer has had the benefit of suggestions from the Group, but is himself alone responsible for opinions expressed in a paper to which his name is subscribed.

PENSIONS AND SOCIALISM.

VARIOUS trains of argument have been used to justify the indiscriminate and lavish distribution of pensions in which the national government has lately been indulging. Every intelligent man who is not blinded by partisanship apprehends the true cause — a determination to be rid of the Treasury surplus in any way productive of political results, and therefore under the guise of patriotic gratitude to secure the vote of the soldiers in the late war with it. But so adroit is the reasoning of those who seek political benefit therefrom that they not only deceive others but even themselves by sophistries which cannot too often be exposed. The present, the immediate future, and the times of posterity may be influenced by them and a bias given to other matters with even more disastrous results.

We are told that the state owes a debt to those who have endangered their lives in its service, and that the payment of pensions is an obligation like that incurred by contract.[1] Every one admits the obligation, but the ground of it is a sense of gratitude which establishes no right for those who have served and suffered. Viewed from any standpoint there is no department of the public service more glorious than that of the coast guard or life-saving patrol. Every station along the shore bids defiance to the elements. Restless and treacherous ocean, stormy winds, and blackest night combine against the seafarer. But the surfboatmen sometimes baffle them all and bring safe to land tens upon tens and hundreds upon hundreds of human beings with precious lives. The personal risk of every member of every crew is extreme; exposure produces disease and brings on premature old age. The whole character of the work demands the utmost devotion, and not only subjects the men to intellectual and physical strain but jeopardizes their lives. And yet their pay is a pittance, the pay of the day laborer; neither individually nor corporately do they demand a money reward from the rescued and government grants only temporary pensions. He who saves lives has simply done his duty, and in private life would be regarded as a monster if he demanded all or any of the wealth of those whose lives had been spared through his agency.

On the other hand gratitude is expected from the rescued, and if he does not show it men mark him down as less than human. And gratitude is shown by some return, but not one commensurate with ability, for that would be compensation and destroy gratitude, which rests on a sense of obligation and honor. Hence even if the state were not the sovereign which it is, daily bestowing on the man benefits which he can only acknowledge but never requite, still the ground of its obligation to surviving soldiers and the families of those who died would be gratitude, and gratitude measured by the personal good will of its citizens.

And speaking of the sovereignty of the State we come to the legal aspect of this question of debt. The field is too large for extended discussion. It is believed that there is absolutely no precedent for the contention seriously made by so many advocates of the present pension system, that the claim of the soldier for support is a legal claim like any other presented for services rendered. The powers of the judiciary under which the individual seeks redress from the State are all granted by one of the parties concerned, to wit, the political

[1] For a veteran soldier's views on the subject of pensions, see a communication from George L. Kilmer in THE CENTURY for August, 1889.— EDITOR.

sovereign, and limited to such pleas as deal with unfulfilled obligations laid upon the political corporation by its members. Local governments are responsible for the condition of roads and the proper lighting of streets, for sanitary conditions in certain instances, and can be sued for failure to perform their duty, the damages to be commensurate with the loss. But such governments were created for that purpose and lay taxes expressly to fulfil it. Was it ever conceived, however, that a householder should have the right to demand damages for the silver stolen by a burglar, the theft being possible by reason of inefficient police supervision? Could his family, if he were murdered in defense of his property, demand a pension of the state for their support? And the theory becomes the more absurd when it is urged that the soldiers who were once in arms saved the Union, that in so doing they preserved for us all that we have and all that we enjoy, and that therefore we are niggards when we refuse to share and share alike on the ground of a technicality in the laws which justice demands should be remedied by statute. The truth is that man as a social and political being incapable of either physical or spiritual welfare without the state has therefore a double character. On one hand his personality, his manhood, his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness must be his first concern. On the other hand all these come to him only in organized society; and in the necessary sacrifices, even to the risk of life, which he has to make for it under the safeguards of constitutional government he is merely performing an act of enlightened selfishness. Whatever obligation is incurred is one with the conditions of his existence in the personality which is everything to himself, which is in fact himself. In this way he is the state in a truer sense than that in which Louis XIV used the phrase.

Many classes of men go to war; but for our purposes they may be separated into two categories — those who serve for gain whether as wages, booty, or political advancement, and those who serve for honor and patriotism. With the former we have nothing to do; they embark like every adventurer on an enterprise the success of which is all their own if it comes, and the risks of which they must therefore take. But the citizen-soldier who enlists from a sense of duty, jeopardizes his lawful calling, and with cheerful courage and self-denial ventures all for his country and his home — does not he also receive pay? There may be two opinions as to this question. If the comparatively small sum which is given to the soldier either in the ranks or as an officer is an adequate return for his services in a difficult and dangerous occupation then there is an end of it, and there is no obligation on the part of the employer lasting for the lifetime of the employee. But many things combine to discredit this view. In the first place if we compare two men of equal parts and equal social standing, one fighting in the field, the other pursuing his occupation at home, the pay, equipment, and rations of the former are far less than the earnings of the latter, about sixty per cent. being a fair estimate. The soldier can sustain life and spare something for the support of those who are dependent upon him. And that is all; there is no question of growing rich by honest means in the military profession. On the other hand he pays no tax on his income and is not subject to forced contributions except in the uncertainty of pay day. It looks as if the burden of war were thus divided between the fighting citizen in the ranks and the tax-paying citizen at home. But in the second place the salaries of professional soldiers in the regular army are certainly calculated with reference to the life-long pension paid on retirement or disability. This pension is as much a part of the remuneration as the full pay during service, the total being spread over a lifetime to guard against imprudence, thriftlessness, or misfortune on the part of the recipient. If then the volunteer soldier, as is normally the case, receives the same pay as the regular or less without promise of pension, it follows that the idea of compensation does not enter into the offer of either bounty or monthly payment made on enlistment. Taking therefore either horn of the dilemma, that the citizen soldier either does or does not receive hire, he is neither legally nor morally right in demanding a pension for disability, much less for service. The state in emergencies has the power and the right to the assistance in some form of all its citizens, and by the enforcement of war contributions upon the capital of all and upon the labor of the non-combatants equalizes in a measure their burden with the service of those who fight.

It appears then that the citizen soldier has neither a moral nor a legal right to a pension. But, if so, why have most civilized nations been in the habit of granting pensions to disabled soldiers? The answer is one creditable to human nature. Gratitude, wisdom, and a sense of merciful compassion prompt us to a liberal pension system on the ground of disability. At the close of the civil war we were told, and properly so, of the nation's widows and orphans, of the nation's dependents, and the nation's wards. To all who take great risks, whether of life, property, or credit in the public service, we owe an endless debt of gratitude. Such a debt cannot be paid, and so the world has de-

vised a system of military promotion or decoration, of societies and uniforms, which are a public proclamation of the nation's debt. Distinction and honor in some form are the rewards of merit, and human experience has stamped as both inexpedient and dangerous any attempt to transmute them into money.

> Giving to honor grace, to danger pride,
> Shine, martial Faith and courtesy's bright star
> Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of war!

But the general common-sense and right feeling of mankind realizes that for the disabled, for the widows and young children of the fallen, something more must be done. After the close of the war Americans showed themselves more grateful and lavish than any people had ever done. Every provision for the care and comfort of the sufferers was made in hospitals and soldiers' homes, and pension laws on a scale of liberality never before known were enacted. The sums granted were large and were steadily increased by successive acts; in one class of pensions from twenty-five to seventy-two dollars a month for the honorably discharged private. The restrictions as to those who were to receive the pension of the killed were so magnanimous as to give it to a widow, child, dependent mother or orphan sister, and three years after the war additions were made so as to increase the pension by a fixed sum ($2.00 monthly) for every child under sixteen. The whole system was right and most creditable to the nation. Under this plan the number of pensioners increased steadily as might have been expected for ten years after the war. There were 85,986 in 1865 and 238,411 in 1873. Under the same system the decrease in numbers as was natural then began, falling until the passage of the Arrears of Pensions Act in 1879, at the rate of about 2500 a year, the figures for 1878 being 223,998. Correspondingly the disbursements ran from $8,525,153 in 1865 up to $33,077,383 in 1871, decreasing to $26,844,415 in 1878. But since that date the number of pensioners has increased to 550,000 in 1890 and the appropriations for pensions to something over $100,000,000, without deficiencies.

This growth in pension expenditure has been brought about by several causes, some of which are in themselves not connected with wrong tendencies in the nation as a whole, but inhere in the insufficiency of all human devices. One of these is the practical impossibility of determining on legal evidence such as the Pension office demands the fact of disability — so that many worthy cases were without remedy under the old statutes. Another is the tendency of men under the prevailing evolutionary philosophy to trace the causes of disease to remote periods, and surviving soldiers who are now growing old and suffering from the ordinary physical ills which herald approaching incapacity for labor trace their origin with unerring certainty twenty-five years back to the hardships and exposure of camp and field. Still a third is a sentiment, one of the purest in the human mind and ordinarily very rare in American life — that of veneration. But uncommon as it is, and splendid as it is in the right place, the adversary is using it for bad ends.

Special cases call for special remedies, and in our earlier history the feeling had sometimes good, sometimes bad practical results. So arduous and meritorious were the services of the officers in the Revolution regarded, that the country bestowed upon them in 1785 a service pension. But many of them had no other return for private means expended in the public service, and the measure was not abused. In 1818, however, when, as Madison said, "Most of the survivors of the Revolutionary struggle had paid the debt of nature, but some still living and not provided for by existing laws were reduced to indigence and real distress," Congress passed a bill to pension every soldier who had served nine months or more, and "was in need of assistance from his country for support." The expectation of Mr. Bloomfield, the promoter of the bill, was that there would be something over 700 pensioners under it, and that the annual expenditure would be about $40,000. The fact was that public morality was so debauched by the prospect of getting something for nothing that the appropriation required in the first year was a little less than two and in the second nearly three millions. Congress was therefore driven to pass stringent measures in 1820 to diminish fraud and punish offenders; but in 1822 there remained 12,331 pensioners under that bill, and there are still a number on the rolls. In 1832 we granted service pensions to some of the soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 and in 1871 to such as were sixty-two years of age. We have at present 9000 pensioners of that war on our rolls. In 1878 we followed the same policy with reference to the survivors of the Mexican and Indian wars. In all such cases we acted from a sense of veneration. We waited long, set a limit at the age beyond which men work with difficulty, and the total number under all such bills is about 117,000. Nevertheless the claim is made and reiterated, that the precedent for dependent and service pensions was set by the fathers, the wise men of old. If the pension office would relax its stringent rules as to evidence, and the cases of soldiers not disabled while in service, but afterward incapacitated by disease for labor, should be handed over to the local authorities, where they belong under

our federal system, the moral force of such arguments would be spent as far as the government at Washington is concerned. But there is no remedy for the folly which, dazzled by the logic of extremes, would apply the veneration argument for dependent and service pensions to the veterans of the civil war, except imminent national bankruptcy.

Even under the normal disability statutes many men of means draw substantial sums of money year by year. Every one of us has personal knowledge of individuals well-to-do in various walks of life, day-laborers, tradesmen, professional men, who think it not only no harm but thoroughly just to increase their income and their comfort by drawing from other taxpayers what they do not really need. The community at large sustains them in their course of conduct, which is either taking advantage of a technicality, their disability coming under the language of the statute not precluding self-support, or else accepting money as compensation for services rendered. It is to be hoped for the sake of American honesty that the latter is the conscience-salve applied by such persons. But a lofty principle of independence and patriotism should forbid it, and the State should refuse it to those who have not a nice sense of honor. If notions of that kind were to pervade a whole community it would be an end of strength in the government should other wars arise. No land dare deliberately enter upon the uncertainty of war knowing that the surviving soldiery would expect and demand so lavish a reward in the event of success and that public opinion would uphold their mercenary spirit. If the tender compassion shown by right feeling to the few is to degrade the many, destroying their self-respect and extinguishing the heroism of peace, then our nation is verging to its decline and American virtue is to go down before petty temptations.

But mischief of this kind produced by the selfishness, greed, or thoughtlessness of a comparatively small minority could be checked if the majority were sound in its views and scrupulous in its conduct. Since 1879, however, there have been many symptoms of tendencies in the national mind which indicate neither lethargy nor happy-go-lucky good-nature, but point to a thorough reversal of old and tried opinions as to the essentials of American life. Some facts which justify such a fear are clear. See how tolerant we have been of inequality in taxation and the creation of privileged classes. Many illustrations might be given, but we confine ourselves to pensions.

During the last war there were enlisted into the Union armies 2,778,304 men, of whom 2,418,082 survived. There were 489,000 on the pension rolls at the beginning of last year, and about 1,100,000 are still living. The inception of this process of inflation in expenditure dates back to 1879, fourteen years after the war, when under the operation of a reasonable but humane pension system a diminution in the number of pensioners and in the expenditure for benefactions to disabled soldiers and their families had been constant for six years. The theory up to 1868 had been that five years of pension arrears was more than enough, in other words that within that period any disability contracted in service would show itself. But in 1879 all such limitations were discarded and Congress passed a bill, the notorious Arrears act, which became a law, granting to every successful claimant of the nation's bounty the amount of his monthly dole dating from his discharge from the service. This statute withdrew no less than $500,000,000 from the national treasury. The deed was the more flagrant because previous bills of the same nature had failed under the scathing denunciations of the great leaders in the war, and one of them had actually been vetoed by President Grant. He declared it to be "needlessly extravagant, uncalled for as offering the most dangerous inducements to fraud, as not demanded by the soldiers themselves, and as likely to benefit them less than the pension and claim agents who were the real authors of the measure." The act of 1879 was a victory not for the honest pension agent, but for the "pension shark."

Since that date there has been a steady succession of similar measures varying from the stealthy private bill to the most monstrous proposals for service pensions on a scale of extravagance hitherto unheard of. President Cleveland said in one of his vetoes: "Every relaxation of principle in the granting of pensions invites applications without merit and encourages those who for gain urge honest men to become dishonest." If to those weighty words he had added by saying: those who for gain *or for partisan purposes* urge honest men to become dishonest—he would have exactly portrayed the next stage of development in the disastrous agitation. The great accumulations in the national treasury were a standing menace to honest government and a clear indication of a dangerous and unscientific system of taxation. They furnished therefore an irresistible argument against the conditions under which we were living. Hence some means must be contrived to distribute the surplus and empty the treasury. Adroit and unscrupulous managers were quick to take advantage of the fealty of one great party to the economic system now in vogue, and enlist its representatives in the plan of indiscriminate

pensioning. They speciously represented that it was either that or the over-throw of protection. Other attacks on the surplus had been made and had failed. This was the last resort and it succeeded. Public opinion was swept from its old moorings and the second stage to the end was passed. We now have a law granting a pension to every man who served for ninety days, and was honorably discharged; if he suffer under a permanent disability not caused by his own vicious habits "which incapacitates him from the performance of manual labor in such a degree as to render him unable to earn a support." The nation maintains every soldier who cannot maintain himself, without regard to his services, to his sufferings for his country, or the reason of his disability. The hero covered with honorable wounds, the faithful and courageous soldier who served long and bore the brunt of battle, is now no better than the deserter, the straggler, the bounty-jumper, and the coward. Could the true military spirit of any people bear up and survive such a blow? Already within the year[1] more than 600,000 applications have been made under the measure; $30,000,000 have been added to the pension appropriation; if the demands are favorably considered next year $80,000,000 will be needed, and the grand total expenditure will be something like $200,000,000.

The next step, that to a *service* pension law, is easy. If more than two-fifths of the total cost of national administration is to be taken from the earnings of one set of men for the support of another, why not say three-fifths or even four, and swell the annual outlay of the Federal government to seven or eight hundred millions? Words like these have actually been used in the Senate of the United States. It is as easy to say one sum as another. They tell us this is not a cheap nation; and advise us "to be noble"! Yet we must face the facts and the direction in which they point. A most striking historical parallel could be drawn. Rome won her great and early wars, in contrast with Carthage and other nations, by the valor of her own citizens. But no reward was too great for the generosity of the nation to bestow on her victorious legions. Expectation and performance finally laid such a burden on her that mercenaries had to be employed for economy's sake, until at last the professional soldier realized his power and became the arbiter of her sinking destinies. Since then the tale has been more than twice told. Can we too, like the great and unsuccessful Austrian premier Prince Schwarzenberg, learn nothing from history? If we were really paying pensions instead of indulging in the dangerous trifling with the eighth commandment which is called in these days by various euphemisms we would abide in practice by the standard meaning of that word. Prussia under Frederick the Great distributed annually to disabled veterans less than one week's expenditure in the United States at present, and the total German pension appropriation to-day after three great wars fought within thirty years is about nine millions of our money. France gives somewhat more. Grant thought that $27,000,000 annually was not only an ample but a lavish provision for those who had suffered in the last war, barring all schemes of back-pay, service and dependent pensions which he denounced as highway robbery. Garfield in 1872 said that nothing but unwarrantable extravagance would increase the pension list above $29,000,000 a year. But we have changed all that, and the great surplus being annihilated at one stroke, by the next the utmost resources of this rich land will be taxed beyond endurance, unless we come to our senses and retrace our steps.[2]

There are extant a few copies of the first volume of a work by Freeman entitled: The History of Federal Government from the beginning of the Achaian League to the disruption of the United States of America in 1861. Mention of the title brings a smile to the faces of most of us, possibly a blush to that of the author; and yet if the date had been advanced

[1] 1890. The figures for 1891 are of course not available.

[2] See the "Weekly Tribune," for July 9, 1890, editorial "Time to Halt," which shows that about half the entire revenue of the Federal government is paid to an eightieth of the population at the per capita rate of $224 a year. The exact amount of the pension appropriation including deficiencies for last year was $167,824,733.33.

On July 30, 1890, the editor explained officially the attitude of the paper to pensions. The Tribune "*has stoutly maintained that the soldiers of the Union armies are entitled to a Service Pension*"; "that the ability of the government to grant a Service Pension would necessarily depend on what other legislation was enacted," and as a canvass showed *that seventy-five per cent. of the veterans preferred the Service Pension Bill first*, but the G. A. R. committee on pensions favored the Disability Bill which is now a law, and as that bill makes greater demands than the treasury can meet, the veterans, "poorer as a class than they would have been had they not served . . . will cheerfully stand aside until after the really dependent and helpless have been cared for and *until the proper time comes for renewing their own appeal before Congress.*" The italics are mine.

On February 9, 1891, was published a strong and sensible editorial calling attention to the change in public opinion due to excessive appropriations and the disclosure of abuses in the pension department. It gives warning that if it appears that "the system is an instrument of plunder rather than of national gratitude" the payment of pensions to the deserving may cease. It calls for a revision of pension rolls and the reform of abuses, but there is not a word withdrawing the claim that a Service Pension would be righteous if only there were money in the treasury.

about thirty years and for disruption had been substituted centralization — the title would not have been so misleading after all. Philosophers tell us that the whole man is, in the phenomena of which he is the theater, the cause and the spectator. In this fact lies the difficulty of founding a scientific personal psychology. Much the same thing is true of national psychology, but while all analysis is distinction all distinction is not separation. If, therefore, we discover in ourselves many actions which point in one direction unmistakably, it will not do to reply that we mistake what is accidental for that which is essential. The almost unrebuked and unbroken trend of our legislation is towards centralization and state socialism.

We are no longer on the verge of socialism, we are in it, far advanced in both the principle and practice of what was but a very few years ago an abhorrent doctrine to all Americans. Nothing can explain our tolerance of the present and prospective pension expenditure but socialism of an extreme and dangerous type. It is not formulated as such a movement in the national mind, perhaps not even in the minds of most men who favor it. But no other explanation can be found for our legislative career than the insidious increase of state socialism as a force in the land. Protection, admirable within limits as a means of national growth and the conservation of balance between classes, has gone to lengths which were never contemplated by its early and philosophical advocates. What masquerades to-day under that name is simply the distribution to one class in the community of what belongs to another. The legitimate demands of a well-planned system of internal improvements have been exaggerated into River and Harbor Bills which grow as does nothing else but evil report. The practical politician, as he calls himself, knows that in their current shape they are merely the means of distributing a percentage of the national revenues among henchmen who do not necessarily waste the money, but do use the employment of laborers to influence votes. Nearly successful were the attempts made to parcel out what is the property of the whole country among the people of one section under the name of educational grants. But the climax is reached under a system approaching, not socialism but communism in the pension measures already operative and those which are seriously proposed as possible. Bishop Berkeley's panacea for Ireland was: "Let them be good." Any political system, however vicious, will work, in a way, where citizens have lofty principles and exercise self-restraint. But where thousands and millions of people with neither principle nor self-control are brought under a polity the corner-stone of which is manhood suffrage, the danger is clear. Demagogues struggle to buy votes at any price, trusting in their star, or Jesuitically justifying the means by the end; and more insidious still is the gradual dissemination of the feeling that where civil and political equality are universal, economic and social equality must follow as a corollary.

Some curious psychological phenomena are revealed to the close observer of American life. One of these is the substitution of legality for morality in the minds of vast numbers who lie outside the immediate limits of that educated and polite society within which we are sadly familiar with the idea, "Get wealth, my son, honestly if thou canst, but get wealth." But even the children of honest God-fearing immigrants hold the same view. They are educated in the common schools too often just far enough to have the pride of opinion and fear of the masses without the check-wheel of moral training. Soon comes the discovery that any religion which demands of its adherents a rigid outward observance of ritual is an object of ridicule among their schoolmates, and false pride destroys the hold of ancestral belief. Growing to manhood they lose along with their religious profession the morality which had its sanction in faith. So unconsciously they change the religious sanction for a legal one and pass into the unfortunate mental attitude of the servant who declared to a possible employer that she was neither a Roman Catholic nor a Protestant — she was an American. Among large numbers of a higher social rank there is the same confusion, but in their case it is largely due to easy good-nature. Holland, the greatest of the late English writers on jurisprudence of a certain school, defines a legal right as that which a man can get without the use of force, *i. e.*, by means of organized public opinion. The natural conclusion then is that whatever desirable thing can be had from whatever source is to be taken if only public opinion does not condemn. It is awkward if the taker land in jail, and in that case of course the means by which he laid hands on others' property are highly reprehensible. But if he escape the condemnation of the courts a large section of society, high or low, receives and secretly admires him. And if legislation, the law of the land, invites thousands to dishonesty why shall not the leaven of legality permeate the whole lump?

In reality it was by an appeal to such undeclared but powerful sentiments that our present socialistic condition was reached. Loud and noisy outcries were made to a forced, exaggerated, and unreal sentiment of gratitude in the case of pensions. National self-preservation was the plea in the matter of educational

grants. The amelioration of the condition of the poor and general blessedness, without any experiences of suffering, are the professed ends of the Nationalists; and the single tax will not merely aid the poor, it will abolish poverty. All such arguments are made by men of the highest probity, but they are also the fleece in which the wolf disguises himself. So with the various responses to them. There are many ill-balanced enthusiasts who forget that if the ten commandments had never been promulgated amid the thunders of Sinai, both tables would still be valid to-day as the crystallization of human experience in society. But far more numerous are the thoughtless, would-be honest people who find human law a tangible standard and fail entirely to grasp either the nature or validity of ethical principles. An English chartist was told that if the wealth of all the Rothschilds were equally divided among all the men in England his share would be about seven shillings. "I ha' naught to do with it," said he, "I ha' six pun' in the bank myself."

Militant socialism finds unblushing and public support in two classes of organizations of differing degrees of respectability. One class acts under the mask of ostensible ends; the other manfully avows its purpose. The right of association is one of the most important in the history of free government, but there are so-called political societies which have neither political nor moral aims. They exist solely for the creation and distribution of spoils, that is, of taking by the machinery of the state large sums of money from the pockets of individuals which are not needed for good government and putting those sums into their own pockets. An even more scandalous procedure is perhaps the more common, that of taking for personal and private ends the money raised and needed for good government and leaving the duties of office unperformed. Scarcely a great city in America is without some such hall, ring, or machine, as it is variously called. Such socialism does not of course deserve so comparatively decent a name. It is adroit rascality taking advantage of the insufficiency of all human devices. Sometimes associations of the purest aims sink temporarily or permanently into similar practices.

When our armies were disbanded in 1865 the whole world looked on in delighted wonder as the men and officers returned to the duties of private life with the same ease and readiness with which they had taken up arms. There was no blustering, no lawlessness, no discontent. They were even better men in every walk in life than they had been before by reason of the severe discipline they had undergone. Gradually, however, as they watched with discontent the process of reconstruction, and misapprehended in some measure the temper of their gallant but defeated foes, their association became closer and their meetings more frequent. At last the Grand Army, theoretically organized for laudable purposes of sociability and the perpetuation of the most ennobling memories and sentiments, became more or less a political organization. It took new strength as a body with political aims, and for a time stood blameless even in the eyes of unsympathetic opponents. But in so doing it lost its moral force and hold on the nation as a disinterested band of war-worn veterans who had deserved well of their country. In its latest stage the question is asked whether it be even a legitimate political association. Its foes within its own household try to make it a machine with all the ear-marks of "bosses," "demands," and "workers." It has many honorable members who do not sympathize with its course, men who abhor dependent and service pensions as the devil's device to degrade the military profession into a huckstering trade. But so far the country has vainly waited for them to organize for the reform of their society from within or for a rupture and protest from without. The one great object of the war had been Union, to prevent present and future disintegration and avoid the disastrous example of Europe in the contiguity of States with discordant interests and therefore perpetual wars and enormous armaments, taxing every man, woman, and child for their unproductive support. But the brave defenders of this sound principle have helped in peace to bring about exactly what they fought to prevent by war, *viz.* unjust and unnecessary taxation. We spent for the war on the northern side thirty-five hundred millions between 1861–65, excluding the expenses of states, cities, and towns and the values destroyed by Confederate privateers. What the war cost the South can never be known. But since 1865 we have already disbursed in pensions one-third of the total expense of the national government for the war, and will probably on the present system spend as much more. If service pensions become the rule our outlay will far exceed the cost of our own war in its entirety, saddling us with a permanent annual expenditure sufficient to support the enormous armaments of France and Germany combined. At this moment the 62,000,000 people in the United States are annually paying $44,000,000 for a military establishment, $22,000,000 for a navy, and $160,000,000 for pensions including deficiencies — a total of $226,000,000, which is 80 per cent. of what the combined 86,000,000 people of France and Germany together pay for their armaments. We bemoan their sad fate and the

oppressive burdens under which the men, women and children of old Europe groan. But this is the pass to which we have come: 86,000,000 of French and Germans pay $265,000,000 for armaments and pensions—63,000,000 of Americans already pay $226,000,000. A simple sum in ratio. At our rate they would disburse $308,000,000, about $40,000,000 more than they actually do. And yet the appetite of some posts in the Grand Army whetted by the Disability Pension Bill is clamorous for more! This democratic land, neutral, industrial, and devoted to the arts of peace, is to be taxed for war reasons far beyond the dreams of the most ardent war-lord of Europe. Not long since you could scarcely open a newspaper without reading of the "demand" made by some post for a service pension.

It seems almost a waste of time and energy to say anything about avowed theoretical socialism in the face of such unavowed practical communism. But I have tried to find the most dispassionate and yet the frankest statement of its aims and the argument by which it tries to support them. It seems most tersely and candidly put by Bax in an essay first published in one of the leading English reviews and now reprinted in a volume to which it gives its title, "The Ethics of Socialism." The author claims, and he is in substantial harmony with the latest exponents of socialism, that according to its ethic every man should identify himself with humanity not in the way of self-sacrifice to other individuals as such but by the identification of the material conditions of individual well-being with those of social well-being. This being an economic age these conditions are economic. We ask ourselves in passing whether this is not on the whole a truthful generalization of the drift of the popular mind and the tendency of legislation. But hear the writer in his own words: "In what I may term a concrete ethic self-sacrifice can never be more than an accident. The substance of such ethic consists not in the humiliation of self before God but in the identification of self with humanity. By this we should observe is not especially to be understood the 'living for others' of the current Christian ethics which at best means sacrificing oneself for other individuals as individuals. What we here mean is . . . . that affirmation of self with or identification of self in society which in the first instance can only be brought about by the identification of the material conditions of individual well-being with those of social well-being." Put in less philosophical terms this seems to mean that we are not, as the Christian ethic claims, to live for others but on others. Legal right, not duty, is the rule of conduct. The obligations of the moral law and the golden rule must yield to changed standards just as far and as fast as public opinion can be brought to tolerate them. The organization of the socialists is on the whole more dignified than that of the advocates of indiscriminate pensions because it is open and avowed, but as far as the latter have gone it looks as if their aims were identical. Even the German socialists, fiercest of their kind, now propose to abandon strikes and boycotts except in emergencies of the most extreme sort. They too propose to appeal to the majority. This is not caution or gentleness born of recent emancipation, as has been suggested, but shrewdness. They believe, wrongly we hope, that they no longer need force for their schemes, but that what is done every day under specious pretexts by others may be done through peaceable agitation and openly by themselves.

There is one aspect of the whole matter to which allusion has incidentally been made which deserves somewhat further emphasis. The giving and taking of money where service has been rendered are honorable acts. They are honorable in a still higher degree where necessity is relieved by an able and generous patron; as when the feeble, aged, or incapable are cared for by the state. But they are dangerous in every respect to both parties where neither service is rendered nor real want exists. The legitimately pensioned soldier is a man worthy of all respect; but the individual who masquerades as a disabled soldier where military service had nothing to do with his weakness is an impostor or self-deceived. When a great class of such men are offered and accept grants from the treasury (that is from the pockets of their fellow-citizens) not only is their own manhood destroyed, which might be endured, but there rises at once a far more serious menace to the public welfare in that their example becomes contagious. There was an old debate among the encyclopædists as to whether strong individuality be the representation of class or differentiation from class. The man who widely differs from all of his kind is eccentric; class type makes the strong personality. If this be true the pauperization of any class will produce representative paupers whose effrontery rests on the support of numbers. This is already happening, and the men with glib tongues and spurious arguments who support measures such as we are discussing grow more numerous and influential every day. We are threatened with the pauperization not of a few of the million unpensioned survivors of the late war but with the degradation of a body of citizens once the most heroic in the land. The old soldier, independent, self-respecting, and ubiquitous, should be a strong moral force in the community, an example and

inspiration to us, to our children, and perhaps to our children's children. But, alas! the prospect is otherwise. Already the decline of his influence has begun. Veterans of the army wonder why they often fail to arouse enthusiasm where once they were received with rapture. In the ordinary community, city or country, their power, which should be enormous, is nothing at all, for they are too often immovable partisans and drones without energy. The reason is surely not because the flight of time has dulled our true gratitude or diminished the luster of glorious service. As yet there is not a respectable community where a man putting forth a fraudulent claim against his fellow-man, and supporting it by false evidence, could hold up his head. This is done, however, every day in the matter of pensions. Prosecutions have been tried, but, as a rule, they fail because the jury will not convict. Now juries are in an important sense the barometer of public morality, and we are forced to confess that the country as a whole tolerates the recipients of fraudulent pensions. The reason is in part cowardice born of political affiliations, in part a general feeling that any one who can get something from the government is a clever fellow and ought to enjoy it. But the general moral sense, though degraded, revenges itself in a diminished respect for the sharpers, and secondarily on the military survivors as a class.

There are crises when the truth must be told. This is one of them. Never was there more elusive duplicity in any movement than in the whole pension agitation since 1879. It is a time which calls for men fixed in principle and conduct, fearless to proclaim the truth when branded as pessimistic and un-American, words which are nearly worn out in the service of wire-pullers and job-masters. As Burke said of the repeal of the stamp act — done "in the teeth of all the old mercenary Swiss of state, in despite of all the speculators and augurs of political events, in defiance of the whole embattled legion of veteran pensioners and practiced instruments of the court, we have powerful enemies but we have faithful and determined friends and a glorious cause. We have a great battle to fight, but we have the means of fighting."

What are these means? Above all, the great Irish leader said: "Agitate, agitate, agitate." The country is not rotten: "tidal" waves or, as the phrase now is, "land-slides," of sterling honesty and sound sense still occur at regular intervals on the sluggish surface of politics. And the first one to be set in motion must be that of economy. Let us be mean, stingy, if need be, in our federal taxation. After all, the chief functions of government throughout this Union are entrusted to the State members of it. In them taxation is direct and, being so, is promptly felt and carefully regulated. Last year the total of taxes levied by the States was about $70,000,000, a very reasonable sum for 62,000,000 people. Of course we may not hope under our system for direct federal taxes in the immediate future, but we may so far rouse ourselves as to demand that the sums raised indirectly shall but suffice, and barely suffice, for the expense of government. This is no place to unfold a plan, but there are able men who can and do explain feasible methods, and the necessity cannot be too strongly urged.

But agitation is not sufficient without organization. We want no new parties; constitutional government is not only hampered, it is endangered by the existence of minor political groups. But a well considered and easily understood appeal for a tax-payers' league to watch and expose the conduct of members of Congress who bind burdens of extravagance and folly on the public ought to be tried. There never was a time when free government owed more to a free press in the exposure of shams than now. Let everything be done to uphold the hands of journalists by displaying the public appreciation of fearlessness whenever shown. A group of right-minded men in every city, willing to unite and pay for the services of an active secretary to collect and disseminate abundant, ungarbled, and trustworthy evidence concerning the disability or service pension sham, would very soon correct the socialistic tendencies of pension expenditure, and shatter the false pretence of veneration which masks it. If to that were added the courage of conviction in the action of the same and similar men inside of party and out, our present well-grounded fears would shortly vanish.

And then it seems as if we must make a passionate appeal to the hitherto unheard sane majority in the Grand Army to save their comrades from themselves. So far there have been a few influential and manly protests,[1] but they have been inoperative. We can easily understand that those who make them shrink from

[1] The letter of General Francis C. Barlow printed in the "Evening Post" of August 9, 1890, was seasonable and vigorous. To it and similar articles by soldiers and clergymen which appeared in many journals, I am indebted for important suggestions. "Other things being equal," says General Barlow, "the soldier of our great army will stand higher in public estimation than his neighbors who did not share in the dangers and toils of the war, and in most States he is preferred to others by the civil service statutes in public employments. This and his own approving conscience is the soldier's surplus reward over and above what the government agreed to pay him. This can be taken from him only by his own act in seeking to barter it for money. This indiscriminate pensioning in my judgment is not only a great wrong to the tax-payers of this country but is fatal to its military spirit and to the manhood of the soldier."

unpopularity with comrades whose virtues all men admire. But blindness to fault and feebleness in action sometimes become criminal. Let us have, if necessary, reform from without. I can conceive of no more helpful institution to the country than a compact association of the soldiers who are self-respecting, modest, God-fearing citizens — and there are tens of thousands of them — pledged to redeem the good fame of our military service by opposition to both disability and service pensions, by demanding that the case of any deserving applicant shall be adjudicated by local officials, judges, or State officers, without regard to technicalities of evidence, and by securing, where disability not caused by service must be relieved, the necessary legislation in State legislatures to establish proper homes or retreats for the very exceptional cases of those soldiers who, through no vicious habits, but by misfortune or sickness have become unable to earn a living.

And yet we ought solemnly to consider that no public movement is possible, based on a principle of ethics either much higher or far lower than the average moral standard of the citizen. Such is the intricacy of society that not only is it difficult to trace chains of cause and effect, but even the single link is often inscrutable. The lack of high principle in individuals undoubtedly lies at the foundation of immoral public action, but on the other hand popular movements powerfully influence private judgment. Hence remedies for both evils are essential, and with every suggestion for the organization of agitations there must be an appeal to the pure standard of personal morality which John Bright hoped might be the measure of state action. Here, therefore, is the great opportunity of the church. For one, I believe in political preaching, not to advocate partisan measures but to bring to every listener the most difficult lesson that emotional, intellectual, and practical morality are one and the same thing. The counting house, the polling booth, and the church have not different morals nor different theories. The history of progress has been a history of the separation of organs. The early king was legislative, judiciary, and executive all in one. Now we have a hundred thousand men to carry on all the nice divisions and subdivisions into which each of these functions is cut up. So also with the occupations of men. A single pioneer builds a whole house, is architect, carpenter, mason, plasterer, and what-not. In high civilization each man of the forty trades called into requisition by house-building can do but one small thing, and his capacities in every other direction suffer atrophy. And so in the intricacy of our modern lives we are often scrupulously moral on one side, but find it, alas! most difficult to be moral all around; in our relations to the State as well as in our relations to persons like ourselves; in the fervor of religious emotion and in the reaction of commonplace trade or profession; in the quiet of well regulated private life and in the mad tumult of public business. Morality without the sanction of religion is, I believe, of doubtful possibility, but too often the charge is brought that what passes for religion is common enough without morality. If this reproach were taken home by the church, and the remedy found, the pension grab would find its place under the rubric of the moral law where it belongs. We would hear less said about law-abiding citizens like pensioners under a disability or service statute, and more about good men; less of legality and more of duty, less of economic socialism and more of personal exertion for ourselves and others.

Nothing which has been said above is intended to destroy the sentiment of gratitude for the soldier, or the moral obligation of any individual in this great nation, expressed in the immortal words of Lincoln's second inaugural.

> With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; *to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan*, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

But the words are: "who shall have borne the battle." The honor of such is magnified in the receipt of the country's ungrudged gifts, the honest pensioner is the stimulus to patriotism of the generations which grow up about his knees. Reverence and love are his due, for his example calls for imitation; and the assurance of ease in his declining years is the guarantee of similar self-sacrifice when danger again appears. Heroism and patience mark the loftiest type of character. Let those whose welfare has been secured by his suffering praise him in the gate and shower their benefactions upon him as far as may be consistent with his manhood. The nation has nothing but the tenderest interest in such as these. It is for the sake of his honor, to preserve unfading his hard-earned laurels that we protest against the shame of legislation which in his name depletes our purse in the interest of pension brokers, and against the undiscriminating lavishness which draws no distinction between suffering heroes and those who should be content with the honor, which pales before no other, of having saved their country in the hour of her greatest need.

Wm. M. Sloane.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S LAST SPEECH.

THE OLD ARMY.

DELIVERED AT THE PRESS CLUB DINNER TO H. M. STANLEY, AT DELMONICO'S, JANUARY 31, AND PRINTED FROM MANUSCRIPT DICTATED BY GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Sherman said:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:
'T was Burns, I believe, who said,

> A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes,
> And, faith, he 'll prent it.

Here I find myself among a hundred such who will print their notes with variations, and silence would better become me. Von Moltke has the press reputation of being silent in seven languages, yet on a visit some years ago I found him not only communicative on professional topics, but fluent on the subject of his experience in the Turkish service on the Tigris and Euphrates. The same was true of General Grant, who could be most congenial and fluent with boon companions, but as dumb as an oyster when a news reporter was announced.

Therefore, Mr. President, I ask of you the special privilege to speak on this occasion from notes, giving my own version of what I intend to say to your official reporter, to be printed or not as you may order.[1]

The toast assigned me is "The Old Army." Yes, that army is "old," older than the present government. It began to take form the moment the colonists made a lodgment on the coast of Massachusetts and Virginia; grew in proportion up to the French war of 1756, and still larger during the Revolutionary War, 1776–1783.

In 1783 the armies of the Revolution were all disbanded, except "eighty privates and a due proportion of officers, none to exceed the rank of captain," to garrison West Point and Fort Pitt.

In June, 1784, the Congress of the thirteen States provided for two companies of artillery and eight of infantry, not to exceed 37 officers and 700 enlisted men. In 1786 it increased the number to 46 officers and 840 men. At that date these troops garrisoned the frontier posts, viz.: Fort Harmar, now Marietta, Ohio, Vincennes, Indiana, and Venango, New York, in addition to West Point, Fort Pitt, and Springfield, Massachusetts. Then came 1789, with its new Constitution, and Washington became its first chief executive. He was the father of this nation. No man ever better comprehended the meaning of the expression "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; that government was meant to "govern," not to be governed; that *force* to compel the right was as necessary as patriotism, industry, thrift, and patience to the citizen, and one of his first acts was to organize an army as the right hand of his administration of law and justice in the face of clamoring theorists. His efforts resulted in the formation of the present army of the United States.

Its first commander was Josiah Harmar; and the army was composed of a battalion of artillery commanded by Major John Doughty, and one regiment of infantry, of which Harmar was lieutenant-colonel, the whole numbering 46 officers and 840 men.

Before Washington had concluded his eight years of administration in 1797, he had by his influence with Congress raised this force to one general officer (James Wilkinson), two of the general staff, one corps of artillerists and engineers, two companies of light dragoons, and four regiments of infantry, aggregating 189 officers and 3158 men.

Were I to follow all the changes for a hundred years, I know that you gentlemen of the press would be more fatigued than when your mothers made you read the Book of Numbers. Let me, however, conclude this branch of my subject by stating that at the end of the last century the old army was composed of 2347 officers and men; that the pay of a lieutenant-colonel was $50 a month; a major $45; a captain $35; a lieutenant $26; and a cornet $20; that a sergeant's pay was $6 a month; a corporal's $5; and a private's $4.

Nevertheless, in proportion to the population and wealth of our country, that small army exceeded in strength and cost the present regular army of to-day.

But it is not the numbers or pay which constitute an army, but the spirit which animates it. Every military expedition, great or small, demands many conditions — a clearly well-defined object or purpose to be accomplished, ample means, a leader with unbending will, confident of his strength and power, and followers obedient, loyal, and with intelligence

[1] The General did not, however, read the notes, but followed them from memory. The speech was not reported.

enough to understand the nature of the work to be done.

That little army possessed all these qualities, bequeathed to us lessons of inestimable value, and were in fact the pioneers of civilization on this continent. They fought the Shawnees and Ottawas in Ohio, Michigan, and Canada; the Cherokees and Creeks in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi; the Comanches in Texas; the Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes on the plains; the Utes and Apaches in New Mexico and Arizona, and the Nez Percés in Oregon, without expectation of honor, reward, or profit; and I am sure Stanley learned here from personal experience and from reports much that was of great use to him in his three several expeditions into the heart of the dark continent of Africa. He now reports that in his recent expedition from the mouth of the Congo to Zanzibar he traveled from west to east, by river and land, 6032 miles to rescue the governor of Equatoria, who found himself cut off from his base (Egypt) by the death of Gordon and the reconquest of the Soudan by the fanatic Mahdi. Thirty thousand pounds sterling had been subscribed for his use in England, and Stanley had volunteered to go and rescue Emin Pasha, which he did at terrible sacrifice of life and money. He has recorded the tale well and truthfully, and I think that the man he went to save, who could not rescue his followers from the tight place in which he found himself, was not worth the cost. Stanley, however, did his part heroically; therefore all honor to him and his faithful associates; and I repeat that I am sure he had received in America inspiration from the examples of our old army during its history of the past hundred years. One or two of these, of which he must have known, I will briefly trace.

In 1803 Mr. Jefferson bought of Napoleon for fifteen millions of dollars the Upper and Lower Provinces of Louisiana, as little known then as are Unyoro and Uganda to-day. You young men of the press think you are smart and original, but if you will search the journals of that period you will find that for personal abuse and wit your predecessors were your equals if not your superiors. They poured on President Jefferson their choicest vocabulary, and said that he had bought "the great American Desert, fit only for Indians, buffalo, and rattlesnakes." 'T is true these did then abound, but behold the result! The territory then acquired by purchase now comprises twelve States of our Union, with unlimited minerals, pastoral and agricultural resources, in fact is one of the great granaries of the world. But in 1804 it was a wilderness, and the French village of St. Louis was like a seaport where trappers, traders, and explorers fitted out for voyages to last three, four, or five years, often covering eight or ten thousand miles of travel. Mr. Jefferson desired to explore these regions to see what he had bought, and naturally turned to the little army of which he was the constitutional commander-in-chief. The first expedition fitted out was in 1804, that of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark, of the old army, with a detachment of soldiers, boatmen, and trappers with orders to ascend the Missouri River to its source, thence cross to the Columbia River, descend it to the Pacific Ocean, and return to St. Louis. There were no steamboats then, and for 1800 miles they had to pole, cordelle, and drag with towlines their bateaux against a current which steamboats now can hardly stem; then march afoot across the mountains, build new boats, and paddle down the Columbia. All was accomplished, and their report of what they saw and encountered is as true to-day as when it was written.

The next noted expedition was in 1805 by Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who ascended in like manner to the source of the Mississippi. On his return to St. Louis he was ordered up the Osage River to restore some fugitive Indians, and then go on to explore the Red River, which was the boundary line between Spanish territory and our new purchase. Mistaking the Arkansas for the Red River he followed it to its source, became bewildered among the snow-clad mountains, got back to the plains for game, then went south to the Sangre de Cristo Pass which he crossed to the head of the Rio Grande del Norte, called the "Colorado" or Red; built a fort when he found himself on the wrong Red River, was captured by Spanish troops, taken to Santa Fé, and afterward sent on to Chihuahua. His journals were taken from him, and he and his small party were sent back to Natchitoches, Louisiana, by way of Texas. His experiences were recorded and printed in 1810, and are most interesting, especially to us who can now travel the same route in palace cars where he suffered such privations. In the war of 1812, he was killed by the explosion of a magazine at Little York, now Toronto, Canada.

I might go on with similar tales, but must refer the curious to Washington Irving's "Astoria" and "Bonneville." It was not until 1842 that Captain Frémont, of the Topographical Engineers, began his systematic explorations of the transcontinental routes with adequate means and proper equipment, and since that day the government has caused every nook and crevice of that vast region, nearly a thousand miles north and south and two thousand east and west, to be explored. Four great railways have been built with numerous branches, so that you can buy a ticket here in

New York which will carry you to Puget's Sound, San Francisco, or Los Angeles in one week — a trip which took us a whole year in 1846. In all this development, more like a dream of Aladdin than of reality, the little regular army has gone ahead, pointing out the way and encouraging the pioneers. I know of my own knowledge that the builders of the Union Pacific Railroad, the pioneer of them all, would have abandoned the enterprise in 1867–68, had it not been for the protection of the army of the United States.

Indeed the history of the old army is the history of the United States; and the spirit which animated it is illustrated by the example of Colonel James Miller of the 21st Infantry at the battle of Lundy's Lane, who when asked by General Scott if he would capture a certain battery answered, "I 'll try, sir"; afterward when the desperate nature of the undertaking was pointed out to him, he answered, "It must be done, I 've got the order in my pocket"—and it was done.

The hardships and privations from the revolutionary war down to that with Mexico lay the foundation for the heroic virtues which prepared us for the herculean struggle of the civil war, and brought down to the memories of officers yet living, personal triumphs, one of which I will endeavor to paint.

During the years 1842–46, just before the Mexican war, Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, was garrisoned by four companies of the 3d Artillery, commanded by its colonel (Gates). I was one of the lieutenants, and Brevet Major Martin Burke was the senior captain who habitually commanded us on drill and parade. He had entered the service in 1820; had imbibed all the habits, prejudices, and thoughts of the olden time, resisted all innovations, and could not learn new inventions such as Scott's Tactics, or the percussion musket, but always contended there could be no better weapon than the old revolutionary firelock with flint and steel, and in spite of regulations clung to his old Steuben's Tactics. The Mexican war of 1846 came, which scattered us—Burke to Mexico, and me to California "around the Horn."

Early in 1850 I came back to New York bearing despatches to General Scott at his office in Tenth street; delivered them into his hands and received orders to report to his office daily till he was ready to send me on to Washington. Taylor and Scott were the heroes of the Mexican war; the former was already president, and Scott was the ideal of the soldier and gentleman, six feet five inches high, about sixty years old, fond of admiration and conscious of his fame. I on the contrary remained a lieutenant, feeling oppressed by the thought that I had lived through a great war without having heard a hostile shot in anger. I reported daily and was ordered to dine with General Scott, and listened to his special grievances and to his estimates of the men who had composed the army which conquered peace with Mexico. On one occasion I ventured the expression, "Of all your great feats in war, General, the one that arrests my attention is, that you made a hero of Martin Burke." "Yes," he replied, "Martin Burke! Martin Burke! Every army should have one Martin Burke, but only *one*, sir. I recall me," he continued; "it was at Contreras that the enemy occupied the crest of a plateau to our left. I detached Riley with one brigade to march that night to the left rear of the enemy by a circuit, and Persifer Smith with another brigade to the right by another circuit to fall upon and dislodge this force: and then Major Burke was ordered to move straight forward with his battalion of artillery through a *cornfield*, as a feint. Everything resulted as planned. The enemy was driven by the rear attacks down the face of the declivity to a road leading towards Churubusco, along which all the army followed, the result the next day being the battle of Churubusco—a victory to our arms. When at night the rolls were called all were present or accounted for except the artillery battalion of Martin Burke; and where was Martin Burke? Why, sir, he was back in *that* cornfield, and would be there to-day had I not sent orders for him to come forward."

During the great civil war this same Martin Burke was a colonel, commanding the island Fort Lafayette in the Narrows of New York harbor, a safe place for political prisoners, and there for years he fought gallantly against writs of habeas corpus and of contempt. No sheriff's officers were allowed to land, and he defied the powers of the great State of New York to rescue civil prisoners committed to his custody by Secretaries Stanton and Seward. To his last day he regarded the great writ of habeas corpus as a monster, and for years after the civil war would not risk his person in New York City for fear of writs of contempt which he believed were in pursuit of him. He died in this city on April 24, 1882. The last time I saw him was about 1878 at Fort Wool, on Bedloe's Island, where the majestic Statue of Liberty now stands, and where by permission he was quartered with a garrison of one old ordnance sergeant, to defy the minions of your State courts who dared to claim possession of any person committed to his safe keeping. I tried to persuade him that the civil war was over; that without fear of "habeas corpus" or "writ of contempt" he might land at the Battery, board at the Astor House or the Fifth Avenue Hotel; go to the theaters, and live out

his short remainder of life without fear and in absolute comfort; but he preferred the isolation of that island fort and the security of that little flag of the Union which he and his old sergeant could hoist to the morning sun, and take in at its setting, to demonstrate to the active, busy world outside that he still lived. Times had changed, but Martin Burke could not change. He was reared in the old school: the soldier should obey his superiors; defend his post to extremity; be firm, yea, stubborn in upholding his government, civil and military, as Caleb Balderstone did the master of Ravenswood.

He is gone, like nearly all of his type, but we realize that new boys are born as good as those in the past; they grow up into stout manhood and will take our places and be none the worse for the old traditions of courage, manhood, and fidelity passed down to them legitimately by the "old army" which you have so kindly remembered in this festive hour.

William Tecumseh Sherman.

[THE bust from which the accompanying portrait of General Sherman was taken was made by Augustus St. Gaudens during the winter of 1888–9 and was the last sculpture-portrait made. It was modeled entirely from life in about eighteen sittings of two hours each. The sculptor avoided purposely the use of photographs in order to get a clear personal impression of his subject.— EDITOR.]

SHERMAN.

I.

GLORY and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life of the nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife, not peace;
Who fought for freedom, not glory,— made war that war might cease.

II.

Glory and honor and fame;—the beating of muffled drums;
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapped coffin comes.
Fame and honor and glory, and joy for a noble soul;
For a full and splendid life, and laureled rest at the goal.

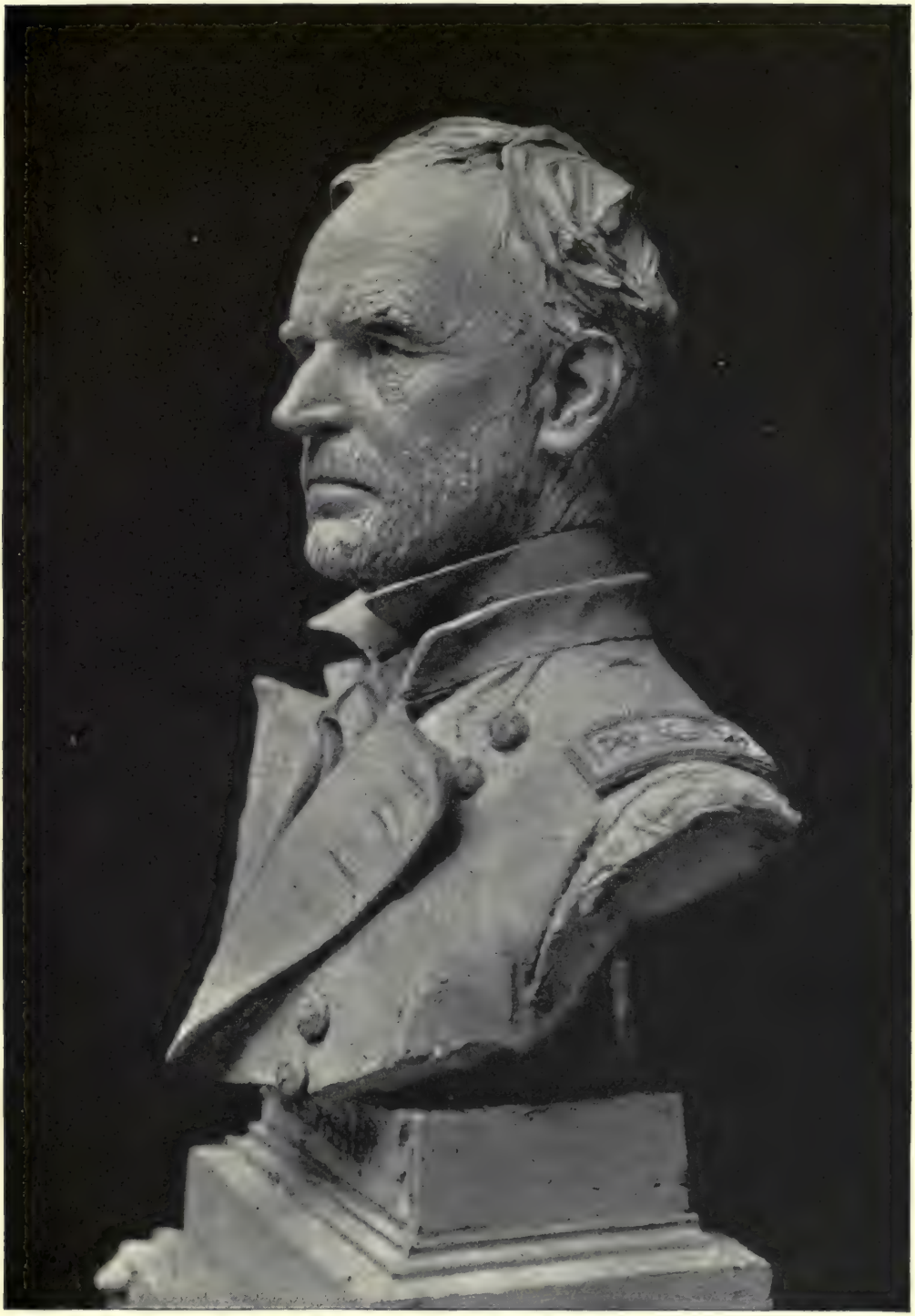
III.

Glory and honor and fame;—the pomp that a soldier prizes;
The league-long waving line as the marching falls and rises;
Rumbling of caissons and guns, the clatter of horses' feet,
And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting street.

IV.

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;
Better than praise of to-day, or the statue we build to-morrow;
Better than honor and glory, and history's iron pen,
Is the thought of duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

R. W. Gilder.

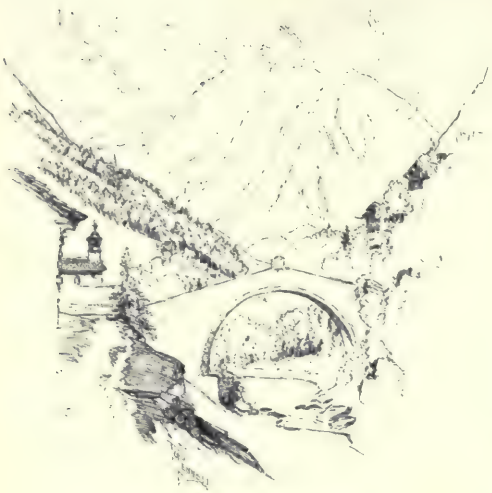


AFTER THE BUST BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, MODELED FROM LIFE IN 1888-9.

W. T. Sherman

PLAY AND WORK IN THE ALPS.

I. PLAY.



THE BRIDGE AT NEUBRÜCKE.

GOING to Switzerland was one of the bravest things we ever did. The hundreds of thousands who yearly crowd the playgrounds of Europe go innocently for amusement or rest, or, if they are English, because it is the correct thing. They do not know that their arrival is an intrusion, their departure a blessing, and they themselves but impudent or ridiculous Americans, cockneys, and Cook's tourists, to be sneered at as they deserve by the some five hundred Englishmen for whom alone the Alps were created. But we knew this only too well when we started for Zermatt,—the very holy of holies of the Alpine Club,—and this is why I think our bravery as great as that of any of the heroes immortalized in the "Alpine Journal."

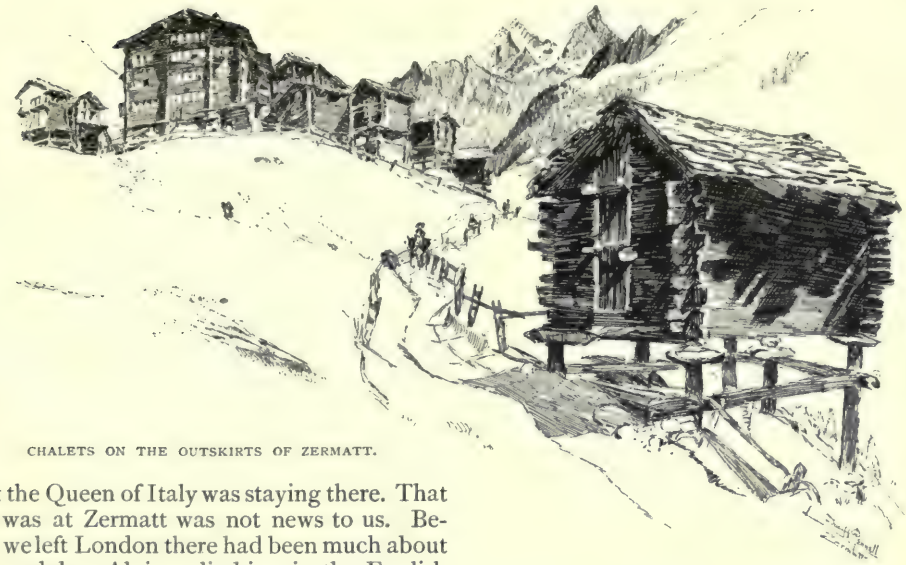
We arrived one rainy August day at Visp, a town you reach by railway, going up the Rhone in a train the speed of which is rivaled only by that of the slow-plodding mule of the country.

At the station three gorgeous porters in gold-laced caps invited us in fluent English to ride for nothing to their hotels. But we had sent our baggage, as we had been advised, to the post-office, where we at once went. The bag which we wished to post to Zermatt seemed to us very heavy, but scythes and barrels and bundles of old iron, labeled and addressed, were lying on the floor, and we supposed it must be all right, though the postmistress, as soon as we had paid our money, turned away without giving us stamps or receipt, and had nothing more to do with us. We need not have worried, for the Swiss post-office takes anything and everything that the express companies at home would carry; and if one does not bother about his baggage, it is as certain to turn up at his journey's end as it would be to disappear in England, if one ventured to let it take care of itself.

We got off the next morning about seven, for, though the rain had stopped, it looked as if it might begin again at any minute. From Visp to St. Nicholas, half-way up the valley, there was only a bridle-path on the mountain-side, though probably by this time the railroad on which we saw men working has been opened. We passed through Neubrücke, a tiny village which, with its high-pointed, one-arched bridge spanning the deep river-bed, might have been the composition of an old landscape-painter; and later, an hour and a half from Visp, we lingered for a while at Stalden, which was crowded with tourists, and like a great German beer-garden; and at last reached St. Nicholas in the rain.

The talk at lunch was all about Zermatt and the difficulty of getting rooms at its hotels now

THE CHURCH AT STALDEN.



CHALETS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ZERMATT.

that the Queen of Italy was staying there. That she was at Zermatt was not news to us. Before we left London there had been much about her and her Alpine climbing in the English papers, which indeed had encouraged us to come. What she could do we thought most certainly we could too. As several English families who had telegraphed for rooms had been answered that there were none, almost every one decided to pass the night in St. Nicholas. This made us hope that there might be more chance for us, especially as the inn kept filling with people coming down the valley; so, without telegraphing, we left as soon as we had lunched.

From here there was a carriage-road the rest of the way, and the gold-laced porter ordered out one of the two-seated wagons — the native *chars* — drawn up in front of the hotel, and brought a ladder by which we mounted into it. For driver we had a delightfully picturesque little fellow, with gold rings twinkling in his ears, and with a broad-brimmed felt hat into which a feather was stuck. The afternoon was indescribably dreary. The rain poured in torrents, the clouds fell lower and lower, and the farther we went the colder it seemed to grow, for even here, it must be remembered, we were as high as the top of Mount Washington or of Snowdon. At Randa, a village by the way, of which all that I remember, indeed all that I saw, was the hotel, we waited an interminable half-hour while the mule and his driver had something to eat. Another carriage drove up behind us, and we knew that if it got to Zermatt first there would be one chance the less for us. For relief we turned to our Baedeker. But our view, between the steady drops of rain, was bounded by an horizon apparently about twenty-five feet off in the clouds, and a few yards of mist and streaming rain were all we had to look at for the rest of the afternoon.

We had been driving for an eternity, it seemed to us,— in reality for about five hours,— when a slight descent brought us to a level stretch. "It is Zermatt," our driver said, and he took off his blanket, emptied the water from the brim of his hat, and jumped into the carriage. A few black masses developed into chalets; one or two large, gray, shadow-like forms became hotels, with dreary tourists looking out of the windows; and then an enormous pile began to shape itself into a huge barrack with windows and a long porch, and "Hotel Mont Cervin" painted in big letters on its face. A group of men in broad-brimmed hats, hands in their pockets, pipes in their mouths, were lounging at the door as we drove up. Madame the manager came running out.

AN OFF DAY AT ZERMATT.

A STREET IN ZERMATT.

"Has Monsieur telegraphed?"

"No."

"Then there is nothing for Monsieur." And she simply turned and left us.

We drove on, jolting up and down over the vilest cobbles, through a narrow street, between black chalets with water pouring in streams from the spouts which stick out like gargoyles from their eaves, to a small, low building with "Hotel Mont Rose" over its door. Again a madame ran out to meet us.

"Has Monsieur telegraphed?"

"No."

"Then,"—but very polite and sympathetic,—"I regret that Monsieur can be given nothing."

Opposite, with a wide open space between, was a third hotel, the Zermatt, and here, when we were again asked, "Has Monsieur telegraphed?" we began to wish ourselves back in St. Nicholas and royalty anywhere but in the haunts of common men. But madame, standing for a minute in the rain, seemed to feel sorry for us, and, though there was nothing, she promised us a salon for the night and sent us to her own room in the mean time.

It cleared during the night, and the next morning when we went out we could see that the little green plain of Zermatt formed the arena of a vast amphitheater of mountains, many with dense pine forests almost to their apparent summits, others with little patches of yellowing grain on their lower slopes, though not anywhere were there signs of the pleasant orchards and vineyards which ascend from the Lake of Geneva far up the hillsides, and border the rocky bed and wild swamps of the Rhone. So completely did the heights shut in the plain that they hid from it the loftier peaks men have risked their lives to conquer, save at the upper end of the valley, where the mighty Matterhorn towered alone.

It was a reminder of what had brought us here to the very heart of the High Alps, and at once we took our boots for the orthodox supply of nails to one of two rival cobblers who, just a little beyond the Monte Rosa Hotel, looked across the street at each other. We walked on to select good, sound alpenstocks from one of the half-dozen shops for tourists. Two or three carriages bumped past towards St. Nicholas; on the steps of the post-office Englishmen were reading the "Times" or the "Star"; the Swiss army, in the shape of one soldier in red and black uniform, was chasing a goat round a corner; women with handkerchiefs over their heads were carrying huge bundles of hay or fagots of wood into the black chalets; the guides with the broad-brimmed hats now touched them to us as we came to the Mont Cervin Hotel, in front of which they still lounged; and tourists went by on mules or on

foot, the iron points of their alpenstocks clanging in time with their steps.

To climb in shoes and without nails would have been too amateurish, and so our first day was spent in waiting for our boots. We found some young French Anglomaniacs playing tennis in front of the hotel; and on the porch men in knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets suggestive of Highland moors, and girls in

THE COBBLERS OF ZERMATT — ON THE MAIN STREET.

approved Thames costume, were grouped about a telescope which was directed towards the Matterhorn and balanced by an empty bottle hanging from it. Every minute the crowd increased, and parties crossed from the Monte Rosa to look, for a man and his two guides, the first to venture after a heavy snowstorm, could be seen upon the great peak. In the course of the morning we managed to have one peep each, but just as with much difficulty I had discovered three black things like ants crawling over the snow, I had to give way to the next in the long line waiting. All day long the interest never wavered. Men smoked their cigarettes, women wrote their letters, close to the telescope, while whoever had his eye at the glass played the showman. "Now they 're on the snow. They 're going up the shoulder. The poor fellow 's on all fours; the first guide is away ahead, but the second keeps very close. You can't see them now; they 're behind the rocks. There they come again. Oh, dear! what a hard time he 's having!" And so on, and on, and on, in a ceaseless stream. For a little while at lunch the porch was deserted, but the afternoon brought back as large an audience as ever. Either the snow made it really difficult, or the poor climber was as exhausted as he looked, but certainly at half-past six, when we went to dinner, instead of being back in Zermatt, as he should have been, he was but two-thirds of the way down to the first hut, and excitement at the hotel was intense. For the time I was deeply impressed with the dangers of the Matterhorn; but the next day before noon thirteen men had been seen upon its summit.

In Zermatt the Matterhorn is not only the dominating feature in the landscape but the

great center of interest, the chief topic of conversation. Sometimes in the evening there was an attempt at dancing, and an Italian and his two daughters came with violins, guitar, and mandolin, but the dancers left the *salon* before the musicians. Sometimes during the day there were polite, languishing games of tennis. Few climbed, and the only other resource was to watch the man on the Matterhorn, who, in making the ascent, was therefore providing not merely for himself but for all below an occupation with a decided flavor of excitement. Nowadays every one who goes up anything goes up the Matterhorn, unless indeed he objects to its price: $50 for one day's climb, to say nothing of incidental expenses, is no light matter, and there are people who think the game not worth the candle. But this is the only consideration. Times have changed since every Alpine climb was a journey of discovery; and terrible as the cliffs of the Matterhorn still look from the valley, they have been shorn of their chief danger. Rocks have been blasted, chains and ropes hung, huts set up on its slopes, and a comfortable hotel built at its foot.

The street between the wall and the hotel was called the club-room of Zermatt, and it was there that my feelings of respect for the cliffs and precipices of the Matterhorn perished. For there I heard the story of the fat German hauled like a log up the peak by four guides, the rope tied around his waist and fastened to his feet with a slip-knot, and he swinging from rock to rock, suspended thousands of feet in the air, and they never bothering to look at him; and of the Italian count who made the ascent with seven guides in front, seven behind, and one man to keep his legs straight against the rocks; and of the boy of fourteen following in the train of the conqueror; and of the woman reaching the top, and then, as the guides literally ran her down, quietly sleeping all the way back from the lower hut until the bells of the little church in Zermatt awoke her. And yet even the cynics who laughed at these tales could be stirred into a show of enthusiasm, and more than once were we roused from our first sleep by the ringing cheers with which the men at the Monte Rosa greeted the return of the last hero of the Matterhorn. And, after all, there are certain perils which the exploiters of the Alps cannot wholly counteract.

THE CLUB-ROOM AT ZERMATT.

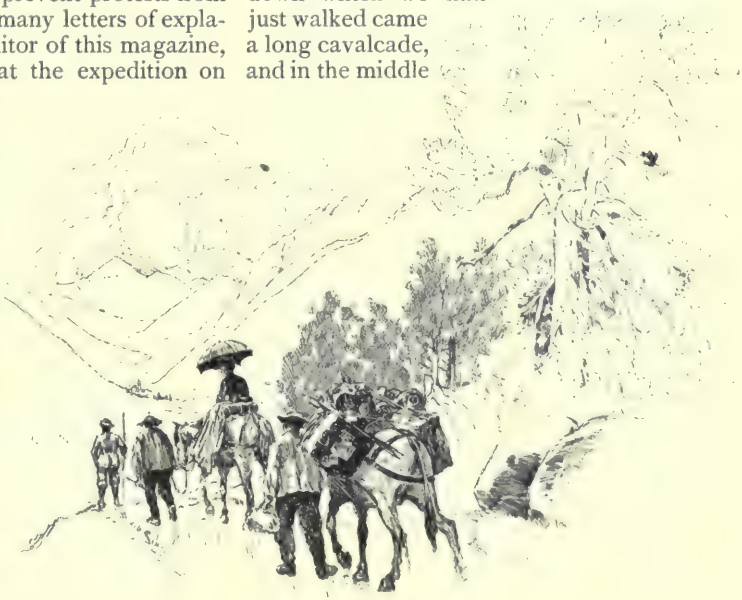
The second morning after our arrival our boots were in fine working order — at every step we left an impression of nails on the hotel floors, on the gravel paths in front, on everything but the cobbles. And so, with Baedeker in our pocket, and the Matterhorn lifting its peak in front of us, we started on our first Alpine ascent. We were going to the Riffel, but our Baedeker was four or five years old, and the directions not clear. We consulted some Germans, who explained at great length, pointing to the road straight ahead. As we could not understand a word, we relied upon

CHAISE À PORTEUR.

their gestures, and kept on until we crossed a little bridge over a stream that rushed down towards the Visp. And here most unaccountably we lost the mule-track, and made a path for ourselves up the green slopes of the mountain, apparently just below the Matterhorn. Here our climbing began. For me it ended above the last group of chalets, where the last tiny field of grain gave way to rough boulder-strewn pastures. But to prevent protests from the Alpine Club, or too many letters of explanation inundating the editor of this magazine, let me at once admit that the expedition on which I collapsed is usually taken comfortably on muleback by old ladies and small children, and that the point where I left off is thousands of feet below that at which the real climber begins.

From a sunny lichen-covered rock I looked down in sullen disgust on the great curve of the Gorner Glacier as it came sweeping round the opposite heights, where stood two hotels, one above the other, evidently those for which we thought ourselves bound; and beyond to the mountains I had gaily planned to climb. Far below, Zermatt, set out like a toy village in the midst of green fields, was shut in by its ramparts of hills, which from here I could see were separated from each other by the white lines of glaciers and of streams leaping from them, and were crowned by snowy peaks. And even as I looked, and listened to the cow-bells ringing sweetly from the near pastures, I wished myself back in London. And I wondered at the foolish infatuation of the people toiling up the foot-path, some with guides, and all with eyes fixed upon the ground. Where was the pleasure? J—— came back finally, and had an ascent to talk about. He had climbed, and climbed, and climbed, and made his way through snow quite two feet deep, until he was sure he was half-way up the Matterhorn, when suddenly he saw on a wild and desolate platform in front of him a big hotel with a sign bearing, in enormous letters, "Hotel Schwarz See, 8392 feet," while far above it, and seemingly but little nearer, the great peak sprang aloft into the blue air.

That very day we saw the Queen of Italy returning from a royal expedition. We had made another attempt to ascend the Riffel, for no sooner had I recovered my breath and my temper than I was eager to be mounting something else. Round a turn in the road down which we had just walked came a long cavalcade, and in the middle

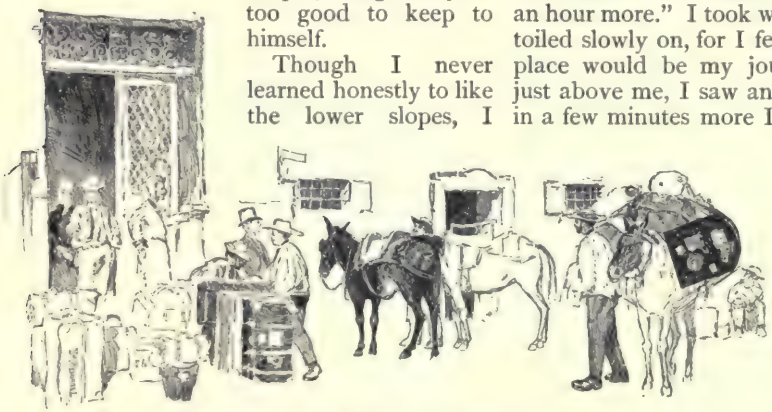


GOING TO THE RIFFEL.

a horse bearing the queen. But could this disheveled woman, with the big gray felt hat and draggled feather on the back of her head and suspicious streaks marking her face, hanging on with all her might and main to the railing of her saddle and bobbing up and down on her horse, be the same we had seen, so elegant, and handsome, and smiling, and perfectly dressed, driving through the streets of Rome? It was well Italian subjects did not see their queen. We stood and stared, and it was rather surprise at her ludicrous appearance than any latent radicalism which made J—— omit to take off his hat. But I do not know why she should have been so utterly demoralized, for she made her ascents on mules or in *chaises à porteur*. She was a perfect mine for guides and porters, who, for the time, deserted their usual lounging place in front of the Monte Rosa for the Mont Cervin, where she had her apartment. I only hope she proved as profitable to the proprietor, who has fought shy of royalty since the ex-Emperor of Brazil came to Zermatt. His majesty and suite, numbering twenty-five in all, had also taken possession of the Mont Cervin, and for them the whole place was turned topsy-turvy, and illuminations were given in their honor, and there were fine goings on, all of which were duly remembered when the time came to make out the bill. His majesty himself studied every item attentively, looking at the bill from beginning to end, and then handed it back to Seiler with twenty-five Cook's hotel coupons! And Seiler, who is no ordinary hotel-keeper, thought the joke too good to keep to himself.

CHOOSING A GUIDE.

Though I never learned honestly to like the lower slopes, I gradually got used to them. The very next day I managed to reach not only the Riffelalp, the first of the high hotels, but the Riffelhaus. When we started from the Hotel Zermatt we were given luncheon-coupons good in either, so we had the day before us. I let J—— go at his own pace, which was really very amateurish; it is only your novice who tears up a mountain. I walked as slowly as a guide or as a mule, though not as steadily, for I rested every half-hour or less. This gave me a chance to see, between the blighted and gnarled pine trees, on one side a dazzling stretch of glacier, on the other the far blue Oberland, as unsubstantial as the clouds above its summits. Up, up, up went the path, always through the woods, save for a little space where it skirted a grassy level. "How much farther is it?" in despair I asked a benevolent-looking middle-aged lady, in bonnet and dotted net veil, bound for Zermatt. She comforted me. "Only half an hour more." I took what hope I could, and toiled slowly on, for I feared my next resting-place would be my journey's end. At last, just above me, I saw an enormous hotel, and in a few minutes more I was on the wide terrace in front, where J—— was already established, a half-dozen guides were loafing, and an artist was painting the valley of the Visp, from which uprose one white church-spire, the center of a village, while the far horizon was bounded



AN ARRIVAL AT THE RIFFEL.

by the shadowy blue mass and faint white peaks of the Bernese Oberland.

It was so cold every one was sitting inside. When the lunch-bell rang, and I went to present our coupons, I found groups of women in heavy wraps on the glass-inclosed porch, and round the stove in the hall others were seated, only their faces showing out of a bundle of shawls. We had come too late. Every place in the large dining-room with its three long tables, every place in the small dining-room, was taken. "You can go up to the Riffelhaus," the waiter said. Of course I could, and die on the way. And people come to the Alps for pleasure!

There was nothing else to do, however. Behind the hotel the path continued its windings, though now above the trees, on the bare mountainside, where cows were grazing on the scant pasture, and snow lay in great patches. Up here the ground on every side was white with snow. One or two guides and porters waiting in the open space in front of the hotel were stamping their feet to keep them warm. Inside, women were lunching in their fur-lined cloaks, men in their ulsters. The porch in front, as at the hotel below, was inclosed with glass, and here after lunch we had our coffee. Once the place was literally invaded by a phenomenal French family, father, mother, five daughters, and four sons, all in white berets, chattering, laughing, shivering, enjoying themselves immensely and undisguisedly to the disgust of a group of solemn Englishmen in a corner. "All those who want coffee hold up their hands," said the father of the family when he gave his order.

Outside, when we ventured again into the cold, the clouds were falling, and a keen, sharp wind was blowing. It would have been as much fun to walk in a blizzard at home, and we turned back.

But the Alpine fever was upon us. I am sure I cannot explain the reason, but the more disgusted we were with one expedition, the greater always was our impatience to make another, and the next morning we were off on a long glacier walk. For this we took a guide, and as we conferred with him outside the hotel, just as we had seen the superior climbers confer with their guides, and followed him in single file, I flattered myself that we looked as if we meant business.

The first part of the journey was up the mountain side to the Schwarz See, but I was too impressed with our appearance to give up as on the first trial. Perren, the guide, kept us to the mule-track and made the pace, but he never volunteered to stop, and I noticed that Mr. U——, who was with us, and I were so delighted with the fine view of the Gorner Glacier and the snow-range beyond that now and then we stood in mute admiration, surreptitiously getting our breath, while the guide pointed out the different peaks. At the Schwarz See Hotel we lunched, and then went on, for a while still towards the Matterhorn, until we dropped down upon the Furgg Glacier, over the moraine, which from above always looks like a level pile of stones and rubbish, but which, once you are on it, develops into a succession of rough hills and rougher ridges of unsteady rocks and stones, to cross which is like climbing over the ruins of a city. The guide wound his way through the maze of crevasses which from the rocks had seemed only so many beautifully marked lines and curves on a smooth icy surface, but which now opened at our feet, sinking to profound depths, with polished walls of purest blue and green. Into them he threw stones in the approved fashion for amusing the tourist, and then, when we drew near the edge, pulled us away to inspire us with proper respect. Here and there he cut steps in an icy wall we had to scale, and at a miniature *bergschrund* which the Alpinist would have despised he even lifted me in his arms down to the lower side, and altogether did his best to give the walk an air of adventure. On the short dry grass of the slope above, where sheep were wandering, more pipes were smoked, and the guide showed us the book which every guide carries, and in which many

THE VILLAGE OF FINDELEN.

THE MATTERHORN FROM OUR WINDOW.

men had written compliments, especially upon his gallantry to ladies; and these, after the episode of the *bergschrund*, I could but reëcho.

After we had crossed the Gorner Glacier, and were on the road again, nearing Zermatt, the guide quietly fell behind for the first time. Among guides it is good form to lead when danger or, at least, work is ahead, but to let the tourist lead when only the glory of a successful home-coming awaits him.

This walk was our most enterprising so long as we remained in the valley. Another day we did manage to get up to the Findelen Glacier, one of the many gulfs of thawless ice between the heights which rise behind and beyond the mountains encircling Zermatt. And we walked up the Zmutt Thal to the Zmutt Glacier, just below the really inaccessible cliffs of the Matterhorn, to meet a friend — a hero — who was coming over the high snow-pass from Zinal, and who arrived an object of pity, with scarlet face, cracked nose and lips, and the stubby beard of a few days' growth, wearing clothes in which we would not have recognized him at home. We also took a rough climb along the footpath, hopelessly losing itself every now and then among the rocks, high above the Trift Glacier, on the mountainside where so often the long threads and wreaths of cloud lay quietly, and where edelweiss grew in rich velvety clumps.

It was the day after this climb that we moved up to the Riffelalp, all our belongings on a mule, while we followed on foot, as if merely out for an afternoon's walk. There we found many well-known faces from Visp, and St. Nicholas, and Zermatt — the Archbishop of Canterbury in knickerbockers, sack-coat, and low hat, with archiepiscopal suggestion in the turned-up brim and button in front; the young ladies with their sketch-books, vigorously attacking the Matterhorn; the guides loafing with the inexhaustible pipes in their mouths; the climbers, now revolving round the woman famous for losing her toes by a night spent at the bottom of a crevasse; the maiden ladies with Dorcas and missionary propensities writ large on their benevolent faces. The only foreigners were an elderly Frenchman and his young wife, who sat hand in hand under the trees, laughing ecstatically, and an Italian artist, who never worked, but spent his time exchanging cards with likely patrons in knickerbockers.

We had a delightful corner room with two windows and a balcony. When we jumped out of bed in the morning the first thing we saw, beyond the pines and the glacier and the snowfields, was the Matterhorn; and as we dressed for dinner we could watch its cloud-banner turn to gold, as the light of the unseen sunset fell upon it, or else, from the other window, we could look far down the valley of the Visp, where, perhaps, we had already watched the shadows slowly creeping up the mountains, which on each side stretched far away to the dim peaks of the Oberland. And when I blew out the candle at night, and there was a moon, the last object upon which our eyes rested was still the Matterhorn, pale but distinct in the soft silvery light.

From the Riffelalp I made my most enterprising expedition, and started for the second hut on the Théodule Pass, from which you look down into Italy. Our path led high up the mountainside above the Gorner Glacier, and then dropped steeply down upon it. A thin coating of ice still covered the little streams and pools, but gradually the hot morning sun melted it, though the wind blowing over the great snow-range was fresh and cold. One man with his guide overtook us and passed quickly out of sight, but we saw no one else. I hardly know what happened the rest of the way, for the mountain sickness, I suppose it was, seized upon me, and I wearily dragged one foot after the other, as step by step I felt the steeper rising of the glacier. I remember how for an hour or more the little Matterhorn seemed only a few paces in front of us, but we never got any closer to it; and then some one pointed to a white dot on the rocks to our right, which he said was the first hut, and I eagerly kept my eye on it; but we walked and walked,

and yet it grew no bigger. At last we were at the foot of the rocks, and Perren started up a wall as steep as a mansard roof, with loose stones and sand falling and slipping from it, and the higher we climbed the higher it seemed to rise above us, until suddenly — everything is seen suddenly in the Alps — in front of us I saw a little two-storied house, with smoke curling gaily out of its window, guides drinking at a table at its door, mules coming up round the other side of the rocks, and tourists putting on their gaiters. A man with a napkin over his arm at once stepped forward to ask what we would drink.

In the mean time the rest of our party had eaten lunch, and were now putting on their gaiters. I would not look at mine. And yet from here to the second hut was the part of the walk for which I had specially come, for between lay vast snowfields it was not safe to cross without being roped, and until the rope was tied round my waist I felt that I should have had no real Alpine experience. From my sunny bed on the rocks I saw the others walk off, and just above stop and rope themselves together; and I was left alone.

When the climbers came back they found me comfortably seated at a table in the sun, eating some excellent soup, and bread and butter. They had not only been to the second hut, but had scrambled up the Théodule Horn, and altogether had been so brave and energetic that I walked back to the Riffel more ashamed of myself than ever. Whatever woman may be at the polls, I am ready to prove her man's inferior on the Alps.

One cloudy day, with a large party, we followed the long, weary windings to the Riffelhaus, and then kept on, up the path beyond, to the Gorner Grat, the roads becoming rougher and rockier at every step, though never quite impassable for the mules. It was like going up stairs steadily for an hour and a half, but on the way were no rocks as steep as those below the Théodule hut, nor was the path even as steep as the road to the Riffel. It came to an end finally on a narrow, rocky ridge, every hollow filled with snow, a wooden hut on one side, and at its door a telescope through which a placard offered us a look for fifteen centimes. Several groups of men and women, coat-collars turned up, alpenstocks and ice-axes at their sides, were gathered round unpacked luncheon-baskets, and they turned to glare, as we arrived, as if daring us to intrude upon them. We went as far away as we could, unpacked our own baskets, bought some extra luxuries at the hut for a price which included the 10,289 feet elevation of the picnicking-ground and the view it commanded. And then we glared in our turn as another party of tourists threatened us; but it was no use.

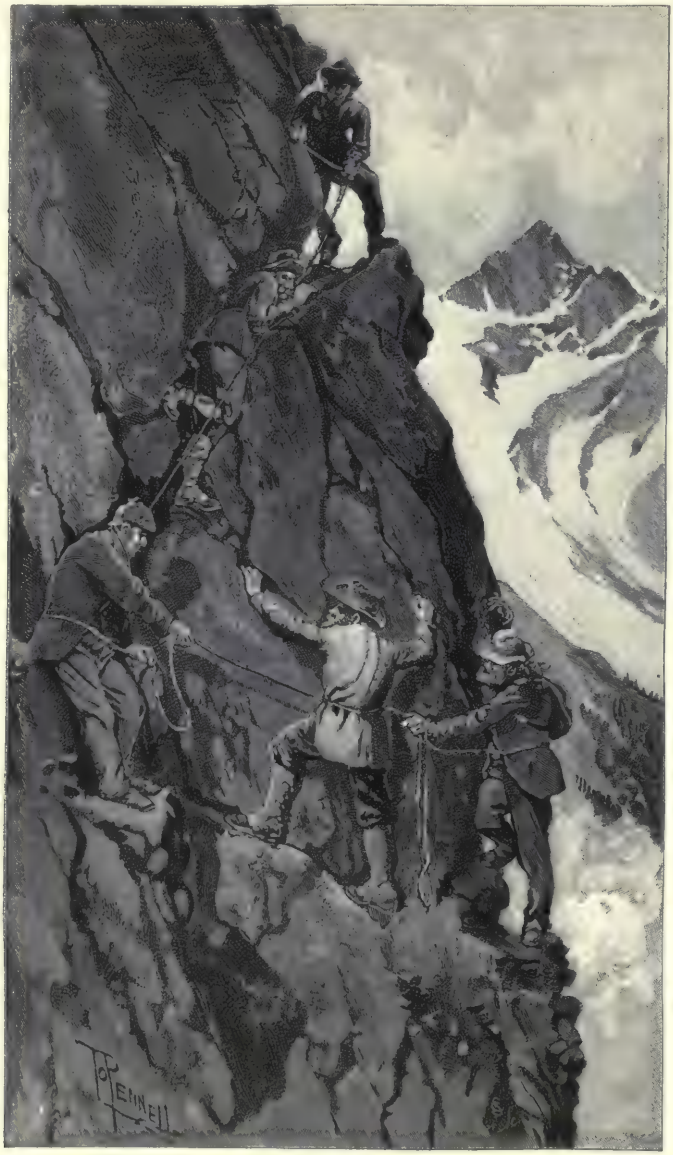
THE MATTERHORN AND THE RIFFELHORN FROM THE RIFFEL.

At last the clouds, which had been falling behind and over the Riffel all the morning, closed about us and blotted out the entire panorama. There being nothing more to eat or to see, we began our descent through the clouds.

"Some persons," Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "hold that every pleasure they cannot sympathize with is necessarily affectation." And the man who in the Alps is only happy on a mountain-top, or on the way to it, can hardly be expected to understand that there is real enjoyment left for those who sit all day long in the sun, or linger for hours in the pine woods,

or whose energies are exhausted by a three or four hours' journey. My only climbs were those of which I have just written, and yet no one could have felt more deeply the great charm of Zermatt and the Riffel. It seemed to grow greater with each day, and I think I never regretted leaving a place so much as the Riffelalp Hotel the September noon I made my last descent between the pine trees, when a keen sweet wind blew over the mountains, now arrayed in all their autumn glory of scarlet and gold, and on the plain men and women were cutting hay, its scent filling the pure air, and girls, minding a cow or a goat, were lying on the grass in the warm sunshine. If it were brave of us to journey to Zermatt in the beginning, let me be braver still in the end, and, risking the wrath of the Alpine Club, say that I know of no lovelier place to go for a month's holiday, as one at home goes to the mountains or to one of the many cities by the sea.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.



A DIFFICULT CORNER.

BREAKING THROUGH AN ICE-BRIDGE.

II. WORK.

"ALPS; yes," was the form of a cablegram which reached me one day last summer, and as soon as possible we were in Zermatt. For the first ten days I agreed perfectly with the eminent medical authority who, having climbed with his family on mules to the Riffel, on his return said that it was pure recklessness and foolhardiness to go up anything. But on the eleventh day a friend appeared. Now I have a very profound respect for him in many walks of life, but as an athlete my contempt for him was then unbounded.

The afternoon of the day on which he appeared he insisted on going off for a walk. He came out in a beautiful cap of an entirely new style, a most appropriate suit, a tremendous pair of hob-nailed boots,—they were ready long before he left London,—and a gorgeous ice-ax, which lived in a leather cover.

We went up to the Riffel, and on the way I did receive a lot of good advice. I discovered, for example, that one does not climb mountains at five miles an hour, and that there is very much to learn in the way of throwing your weight and placing your feet. Having secured rooms at the Riffel, he proposed that we should return by the Findelen Glacier, and in about an hour, over a good path, we reached the moraine, which from the distance looks like a winding brown ribbon, and which becomes a huge wall of loose rock the minute one gets on to it. From the top he pointed out the Rimpfischhorn miles away, up which we purposed later to climb. F—— half ran, half slid down the slippery mass of debris. I attempted to follow, but slid down altogether, and landed on my hands and knees on a great flat floor of dirty ice. Up the ice, which rose all around in front of us steeper than a church-roof, he walked with his ice-ax. I jammed my pole in, struggled up to it, went beyond it, and found myself fixed something like a V, the pole being one arm, my body the other. I endeavored to brace myself up, but suddenly sat down, and slipped backwards to the bottom. I then tried to crawl up, but only slid back again. F—— walked slowly down, seized me by the back of the neck, and with dignity, his ice-ax in one hand and me in the other, strode up to the top. I was beginning to have some respect for him. We came straight down over the end of the glacier, on which I now thought I was quite at home. I jumped on to a long, smooth dirt-covered slope in front of me, and in a

CROSSING A COULOIR.

second was yards below the place where I had started, up to my knees in mud, small rocks, and water. It was a slope of pure ice hidden under a layer of mud and loose stones, and the whole surface had given way with me; and as I tried to pull myself out of the bed of the small avalanche I had set in motion, I heard F—— calmly remark, "Well, have you broken your neck?" Then he came down by the rocks on the side. Save for several holes in my hands and clothes I was none the worse for it. The walking here was very much easier, and we came out on a still, black little lake,—one of two which lie one on each side of the Findelen,—struck a curious level path which seemed to go for a mile or more along the side of the mountain, and blocked out the bare rock above from the almost sheer grass-slopes below. We followed this until we were just above the high chalets of Findelen, which seem to be anchored on the mountainside. At Findelen the only native who could understand my French informed us that it would take two hours to reach Zermatt, while we knew dinner would be served in three-quarters. We scurried down the continuous zigzags for about fifteen minutes at a pace which scarcely gave the slow-going peasant time to touch his hat and get off the inevitable good evening, until I noticed a dry water-course running straight down the mountainside, with Zermatt apparently a quarter of a mile below at the foot of it. Without waiting for F——'s advice, I jumped into it. Stones, dirt, mud, branches of trees started off with me, and, sticking the point of my alpenstock into the ground behind me, I went with them at about a 2:30 gait. Sometimes I bounded for about ten or fifteen feet through the air, and then I would slide twenty or thirty, tearing out stones and rocks with my hands, trousers, and legs. Suddenly the alpenstock went over my head and began on its own account a race in which I was badly beaten, and before I could think where I was going I found myself close to the little white church on the Findelenbach, half a mile from Zermatt, and I heard a voice away up the mountain saying, "Are you down there?" And when I said, "Yes," I saw another avalanche coming, and in a few minutes out of the bottom of it emerged F——, covered with mud and dirt from head to foot, and remarking, "What in the mischief did you come down such a place as that for?" To which the one obvious answer was, "Why did you do it yourself?" And a sermon on the dangers of sliding down unknown water-courses was cut short. But it seemed to me that doing

a two-hours' walk in about twenty minutes ought to be considered quite a feat. However, a few minutes afterwards we were in Zermatt togged up as if we were in London, with the addition of some ornaments in the shape of sticking-plaster, and I had made up my mind to go in for anything.

After this we went to work regularly; that is, we loafed two days, and then climbed one. We saw all those sights which E—— has described, and we did a lot of other things which she has not. By the end of another week I was considered a fit subject to be dragged up the Rimpfischhorn. We had been successful in many attempts, and were quite certain that we had enjoyed ourselves as much as the men who had done the Matterhorn, and we were happy, though we were deemed worthy only of the withering contempt of all respectable climbers.

The night before we were to start for the Rimpfischhorn, up which S——, who had planned everything for the whole trip, determined we should go, I went to bed as soon as it was dark, leaving the other two to arrange with old Perren the guide to get the lunch, to see to the rope, to find another guide — in fact to look after the endless details of such an expedition. I was to be called at twelve, and we were to start before one. Some time during the night I was awakened by a furious thunder-storm, but I went to sleep again, only

GETTING UP TO THE ROCKS.

THE MATTERHORN.

to be aroused by unceasing peals of nearer thunder on the bedroom door. I was dressed in a few minutes, and wandered downstairs. Soon a lightly tripping step announced the approach of F—— in his stockings, while an unusual amount of crashing in the upper stories told us that S——, who was near-sighted, was making his way down. I was beginning to chaff them for being late, when they silenced me by saying, that we were away behind time, that we ought to have started before the thunder-storm, that it was now after four, and that it was very doubtful if we ever got anywhere.

Breakfast did not take long. In the middle of it, Perren, looking rather sleepy and muttering about the weather, came in for the lunch, and as soon as we went outside we found him and Imboden stowing away into their sacks the things which the yawning, automatic waiter had given them. We started off in single file, suggesting Rembrandt's "Night Watch," though we were not so picturesque. In a comparatively short time we had gotten to the moraine of the Findelen Glacier, and crossed it. I had nearly upset the whole party by slipping down among them, and to save time was

ignominiously jerked up in front by Perren, and shoved from behind with the top of Imboden's ice-ax. The lantern had been left behind, concealed in a hollow tree by the path, for the morning was coming on, not with the Alpine glow, but with an increase of grayness, with here and there a watery star high over us in the heavens. We walked in a straight line up the glacier, here hardly crevassed, and almost a perfectly smooth incline nearly to the ice-fall. A few tacks around crevasses, and we crossed a small medial moraine; a few more tacks on very smooth ice, where Perren had to cut some steps for a foothold, a rapid slide down a steep slope, and a jump over a little *bergschrund*, and we stood on a ledge at the base of the great lateral moraine. As we were leaving the moraine we stopped for a minute and looked around. Down by the Riffelalp, behind and now considerably below us, a thunder-storm was again raging. In front of us the mountain of loose rock which hid the Rimpfischhorn stood up darkly against a clear sky. Between Monte Rosa and the Breithorn was rising that thick, heavy gray cloud out of which at home always comes a heavy snow-storm. Nobody said anything, and we went on. We came down off the moraine on to the last patch of grass, wound around a quiet little lake, and began to climb a mountain which was simply a mass of loose boulders. We wound around and over and under, and swarmed up these boulders, always coming out sooner or later on a little pile of stones topped by a bottle. By what sense Perren always struck these bottles was a mystery. We began a long process of skipping from one block to another, or rather Perren and Imboden skipped, and we jumped and stumbled about and fell in between them, rising a foot with almost every stone. A few flakes of snow began to fall, the wind, which had been slight, died away entirely, and the clouds crept up from Zermatt and poured over the sides of Monte Rosa and down the peak in front of us. And all at once long winding sheets of vapor gathered around us and spread from one mountain to another, completely shutting us in, and the snow fell thick and fast.

Perren led steadily onward across a small snowfield which we did not see until we were on it, and up a tower of loose rock which loomed momentarily out of the storm. Just below the top two great boulders, standing side by side and covered with a flat stone, made a natural shelter large enough to hold all five of us, and here we had our breakfast. Between seven and eight o'clock a furious roaring began up above us; the snow fled away before it, and a burst of sunshine followed and chased it down the valley up which we had come, until even the Matterhorn glittered in the distance.

As we wound around the corner of the rock, the wind, blowing almost level and carrying with it sleet out of the now clear sky, struck us full in the face. Mufflers, gloves, and goggles went on, and we dropped straight down on to another glacier. As we crossed this, the clouds came down again, only to be whirled away, giving us marvelous glimpses of jagged coal-black peaks above us, or a momentary peep down the valley, miles away and thousands of feet below. Then we began to ascend slowly and steadily; the ice became snow covered with a crust, through which, as the ascent grew steeper, we began to break. Then for an hour it was plod, plod, plod, up an ever-steepening slope in a thick mist through which we could not see at all. Gradually the mist began to lighten; suddenly Perren stopped, and said, "Look up!" and right above, seemingly almost over us, came a great snow-peak, rushing out of the mist as if to fall upon us. Then we came to some rocks which from the Riffel look like a mere stain on the snow, but which form a huge ledge, sheeted with ice, up which one has to crawl. Stretching to the base of the Rimpfischhorn, which we had not yet reached, was a snowfield, curving over into a beautiful cornice fringed on its under side with icicles, and above the curve of the cornice a sharp ridge, or *arête*, led right into the midst of the peaks of the Rimpfischhorn. All below us now was perfectly clear, though the higher peaks were still hidden, and as the snow was soft, we went steadily forward to the foot of the arête. To mount this was like going up the roof of a house. The mist came down again, and it began to rain, every drop freezing as it fell, and we could not see ten feet on either side of us. But after many grunts and protests from F—— as to the pace, to which Perren paid absolutely no attention, we reached the rocks. These Perren began to climb at once, while the rest of us stood still, he having to knock the newly formed ice off each rock before he could scale it.

The rocks sloped away upward in the mist, the strata lying like stairs, only the steps were so broken that merely two inches or so of foothold remained of each step, and sometimes for four or five feet these would be broken away altogether. Perren would climb the ten or twelve feet of his rope, and steady himself; I, who was next, would yell, "*Êtes-vous* sure?" A grunt would come back; I would begin to climb; my ice-ax would begin to slip; and then, with a wild tug at my waist, though we kept the rope tight all the time, I would be nearly jerked into space, and find myself alongside of him. The same thing would happen with the rest, except the placid, puffing Imboden, who had a most provoking way of walking

up these places without much regard to anybody. Then more snowy slopes and more rocks, the latter getting steeper all the time. Finally we reached a sheer smooth bit of rock ten or twelve feet high. I came up to Perren, who showed me where to put my hands and feet, and told me to stand firm. I looked up this face of rock; there was apparently nothing beyond it, and below I could see nothing. Perren took my ice-ax, and put the head of it firmly into a crack in the rock as high as he could reach. He then told me to brace myself, stepped on my knee, then on my shoulder, clambered to the top of the ice-ax, and then this lively old boy of sixty-five made a spring for the top of the rock, grabbed it, and disappeared over the other side. The rest of us, even Imboden, came up very much like bags of bones to a ledge decorated with two broken champagne bottles. Was this the top? It was hardly the bottom, and the clouds kindly blew away and showed us peaks almost over us. There was a drink all around, and then we started on again, one at a time. Just a little ahead was seemingly the last of it, but when we got there the face of the rock fell sheer away into the mist, and twenty or thirty feet beyond was another peak still towering above us. We had struck the top of a *couloir*. Connecting the two masses was a perfectly smooth sheet of ice thinly covered with snow, evidently leading down to the glacier we had left two hours before. Perren turned right towards it, swung his ax two or three times, and stuck one foot into the niche he had cut. He made two or three more niches, and came to the end of his rope. He swung his ax round with all his might and buried the point deep down into the slope above him. On this he rested his weight, and, turning round as far as he could, looked at me. "*Allons!* Courage!" If ever I needed courage, if ever I wished to be out of a mess, it was at that minute. F—— said, "Stick your ax in like his. Are you right? Step out!" As I put my foot into the step a piece of ice broke off and began to slide, picking up the snow with a queer hissing sound. I looked at it for a moment, and then over the other side; I shut my eyes, and began trying to sit down. But I at once heard the most complicated oaths in three or four languages, and was nearly jerked out by the tightening of the rope in front and behind me. Still it was no place for a lecture, and Perren cut another step, and I took another; F—— came on, and then S——, and then Imboden. And, strangely enough, after that first step I felt perfectly easy. There really is no more difficulty in standing in a little niche on a steep wall of ice a thousand feet high than there is in putting your feet together and standing on the floor. The only necessity is confidence in yourself and the people you are with. Some more rocks, another couloir, up, and not across, which we cut, one or two balancing steps on the top of it, with only clouds about us, another bit of rock, a yodel from Perren, and we were on the summit—a flat space a few feet around, a few stones, a little cairn, or stone man, some more bottles, and nothing to see. So we looked at one another. It was hailing hard, and our hair, eyebrows, and whiskers were coated with ice. F—— had become a Father Christmas; every one of Perren's wrinkles was outlined in ice. Icicles formed on the brims of our hats and on the tails of our coats; the rope was frozen stiff. And we were 13,700 feet up in the air. We filled a cup with snow, and, pouring wine into it, ate the mass. Perren put my name into the empty bottle. In less than five minutes we were chilled through and through, and we turned about and started down, Perren now being last.

One at a time we came down, our backs to the rocks, each one, even Perren, dropping his ice-ax, all but harpooning those below, for the rocks were now sheeted with ice like glass. The wind fell, and the snow descended in a cloud so heavy that by the time we reached the first couloir not a step that we had cut was to be seen. The long Imboden hacked out a new flight with all his might, but they were of the flimsiest description, and just as Perren, who hung on to the rocks in the rear as long as he could, had warningly said, "You must not slip here," F—— quietly remarked, "My step is breaking." Perren gave a fearful yell; Imboden, who was cutting, drove his ax in, burying the top in the ice. As the rope was almost perfectly taut between all of us save S—— and F——, who were stepping, F—— only slid about a foot, and hung against the slope, while he cut a new step for himself. Had not the rope been taut, as it should be, the papers at the beginning of last September would have been filled with the accounts of another horrible Alpine accident. As it was, although we came down much more slowly than we went up, we gradually reached the flat, smooth rock where S—— and F——, who had been leading by turns since Imboden had stopped his step-cutting, became perfectly blind with the snow beating in their eyes and filling up their glasses. Perren gave Imboden a longer bit of the rope, we let him out over the face of the rock, and he disappeared into space, the rope swaying about wildly two or three seconds. The ice-axes in a bundle next went down, F—— and S—— also disappeared, and it was my turn. I looked over one side before I started into the clouds; the rocks seemed simply to stick up right into the air. Perren asked if I was ready; he began to pay out the rope slowly, and, helplessly claw-

ing at the icy face with my fingers and toes, I was let down.

Each one struggled on down the rocks, and at last, with a howl and a rush, we came out upon the top of the arête, and tore down what we had so painfully toiled up in the morning. When we came to the next mass of rocks the whole upper world, which had been perfectly quiet save for the noise we made, suddenly became filled with a sound not unlike that made by a telegraph-wire in a wind. The heads of our ice-axes had a curious feeling, and in a minute every one of us knew that we were in the middle of a thunder-cloud, and were acting as lightning-conductors. Though we all felt this to be rather a risky position, we hurried on, and presently the sound ceased, and we knew that we had come out of the cloud. Out again, on to another snow-slope, and there it was as black as night. We walked ahead until we found ourselves going uphill; as we could not see from one end of the rope to the other, we turned back, and crossed a fairly level plain. The plain got steeper, the guides began to talk in *patois;* the plain curved rapidly over, and Imboden suddenly yelled wildly, "Halt!" Right in front of him the vapor broke away, and we now saw that we were traveling rapidly towards the edge of a mighty precipice. Perren turned straight about, and we slowly climbed the long stairway we had so quickly descended. When, after nearly an hour of climbing, we reached the top, every one sat down, for the moment thoroughly done. Some Alpinists may say that we had bad guides, but the fog was as thick as a London one, and I do not see that they were to blame for missing the track, as it was buried under nearly half a foot of snow. But we found our track at last, and passed on to our shelter in the morning. We tore on as fast as we could, sometimes breaking through nearly to our waists, and clapping our hands and rubbing our ears to keep up some sort of circulation, for it was bitterly cold. Once or twice, despite all Imboden's sounding with the pole of his ax, one of us would break through into a hidden crevasse; but we were pulled out by the tightening of the rope, though the wind was almost knocked out of us by the process. The snow soon got hard again, and we tramped silently along. At our shelter the rope came off, and the climbing was over. We had been about ten hours on the peak.

The rest of the provisions were eaten, and two or three pipes smoked, while we waited vainly to see if the drizzle which had now set in would stop. Instead, it turned to heavy rain, and in this we scrambled down our mountain of boulders, and at last came out on a sort of spongy hillside, where one could run without thinking about every step. The path seemed endless, but at last Perren took to the glacier and, slipping, sliding, running, every man for himself, we crossed it, and gained the little hut just beyond, where, soaking as we were, the guides insisted on stopping. Then on down the path, now turned into a water-course, stumbling over stones, tripping over roots, and sometimes almost falling in the darkness. Perren came to the lantern, and found a dry match somewhere about him; and at last, around one of the flanks of the mountain, the lights of Zermatt came in sight away below us, though they never seemed to get nearer, and the mountain buttresses never seemed to come to an end, until, when we were thoroughly sick of it, the lights of the Riffelalp showed through the trees. Into the hall we passed, leaving a trail of water and mud behind us, and here we aroused enough interest for one of the real Alpinists to ask where we had been. As I turned away I heard him say to another over his coffee, "What, to-day? I don't believe it."

And the worst of it was that the men who were below us on the Strahlhorn said that they had hardly been in a cloud!

Joseph Pennell.

IN SHADOW.

FROM the town where I was bred
I have been so long away,
In its streets I met to-day
Both the living and the dead.

Though the upland paths we trod,
Long ago, are overgrown,
When to-day I walked alone
Your step sounded on the sod.

Long I climbed the eastern hill
Till the woods lay at my feet;
In my heart your own heart beat,
On my hand your touch lay still.

Nothing there had changed; and there,
Through that hushed and shadowed place,
I passed, meeting face to face
My old fancies everywhere.

In still valleys I walked through,
My heart's throbbing deafened me:
Suddenly I seemed to see
Jealous Death's dim shape of you.

L. Frank Tooker.

A GIRL WITHOUT SENTIMENT.

BSERVE the dotted quarter notes, and mark the time carefully. All ready! One—two—three, one—two—sing!"

As the choir-leader began this exordium, the wheezy bellows was heard, packing the wind-chest against the time of need, and at the word of command organ and voices took up the strain of melody which in the morrow's service should lift heavenward the aspirations of devout, church-going hearts.

The choir of the Battleford Orthodox Church was led by Jared Ames, the teacher of the village high school. The voices, though in the main harmonious, were the untrained voices of a country chorus, to which almost any recruit is welcome without being required to pass a strict civil-service examination.

As the rehearsal proceeded the words sung were those of devotion, but some of the singers seemed not fully charged with devotional feeling. The leading basso cast a resentful look over his note-book at the chorister. Amateur sportsman, as well as amateur musician, he had that afternoon umpired a match game of ball, and, as autocrats soon come to brook no interference, a mild criticism from Mr. Ames had roused his ire. The prima donna, whose full, expressionless voice now waked the echoes in the distant corners of the ark-like auditorium, had just before been confiding to the contraltos near her some extremely amusing bit of gossip, and the laughter had not yet died from her jolly face as the rout of voices turned the corner of the third line and came in upon the homestretch in tolerably good form.

As the verse concluded, Tom Tanner, or "Tom Tenor," as he was usually called, leaned over to the yonkers in the bass row in front of him, and resumed his oracular remarks where they had been broken off.

"When you sing tenor," said Tom, "the better you sing the more of a discord it seems to you, and you think you are 'way off the key. That 's why it 's so hard a part to sing."

Most country boys who are musically inclined take naturally to the bass part when their voices "change," and, until they have been encouraged to attempt it, tenor is to them an object of awe. The Battleford boys had many a time looked admiringly upon Tom as agony followed contortion in his facial expression, and as his eyes bulged with his effort to reach the high notes of his score. Tom enjoyed at that day a local reputation as a singer, and by his present auditors his astonishing statement, being the dictum of an expert, was accepted as fact.

Richard Temple, from the bass row, acknowledged the confidence of the tenor oracle by a quick, backward look towards Tom's face. His glance in the circling return to his music-book paused to focus for an instant in the direction of the front soprano row, where gleamed in partial profile the bright faces of the girls who supported the *première*.

Had you followed his gaze, a bright bit of color might have held your eye; red cheeks and red-gold curls under a natty hat—a milliner's "creation" in blue. Doubtless you would have thought that it must have been this bright-hued flower that young Temple's light-winged glance had hovered over. But as the hymn rose again, had your ear been adept at following each strand of the chord of harmony, you might have forgotten Bell Creighton's curls and pink cheeks in listening to the voice of her nearest neighbor. Not powerful, nor fully trained, but clear and pure as the soul of a saint was the voice of Winifred Barton, as against the blank wall of the first soprano's full song her finer notes stood in relief like the graceful vine of a sweetbrier rose.

Wholly unconscious of auditors or observers was the possessor of the voice. Her hat lay beside her, and her well-rounded head was crowned with hair warm brown in color, and wavy and abundant. So intent was she upon the music that from the rear seats it was not easy to catch a view of her face, but a chance turn might have shown you a well-cut profile, a forehead neither high nor low, a piquant nose,—hardly straight enough for a Grecian model,—a mouth firm but delicate, the lips not too thin for good nature.

Her eyes were brown, and deep, and honest—good eyes to see with, and pleasant to look into. Failing to see them, you would have missed the chief charm of a most attractive face.

Just now the eyes could be seen to best advantage by one who stood, as Mr. Ames did, leaning against the gallery rail and facing the singers. Possibly the young leader appreciated his ground of vantage, being a person of taste in the matter of eyes and other feminine attractions.

As the choir was dismissed there was the usual hurry and scurry incident to departure. Some of the more stolid of the young men sauntered unconcernedly out of the gallery and down the stairs, each sure that he would a moment later meet at the outer door the one girl whom he considered his peculiar property, and would thence proceed in orderly fashion with the damsel tucked under his arm.

Not so philosophical was Richard Temple. The blue eyes of pretty Bell Creighton had flashed saucily at him as the rehearsal closed, and his cheeks had flushed at the challenge, which implied that the village beauty would not say nay were he to proffer his escort. Why not thankfully take the rose he might most surely win, rather than seek the violet which might be refused him?

Winifred Barton's usual escort had not appeared, a cousin with whom she had had some sort of convenient compact. The flush in Richard's brown cheeks deepened as he noted Jim Barton's absence and realized how favorable was the opportunity for a long-meditated venture. He had long admired Winifred Barton, and had come to know her well, but he had never acted as her escort, and, to the shy, conscious youth, to ask for the privilege was a bold undertaking.

A young soldier advancing into the open, for the first time under the enemy's guns, might feel the same curious tremor and panic which Richard felt as he stood at the great doorway while the stream of jolly, chattering girls eddied round the turn, rippled down the gallery stairs, and advanced across the vestibule. Winifred was between two girl friends. Dare Richard attempt to capture a prize so safely convoyed and defended? He could feel the thumping of his heart as the trio approached; and he stood hesitant, wishing that the two too many were anywhere but there. And then his delay had almost cost him dear, for suddenly from the other side he heard the voice of Mr. Ames.

"Will Miss Barton allow me the pleasure?" Here indeed was a "discourager of hesitancy," and Richard's was gone in an instant.

How he dared he hardly knew, but his hand just touched her arm, and he had hastily said, "Miss Winifred!" before the easy flow of the teacher's request had reached its conclusion. Winifred had turned with some surprise to see the professor's handsome face; then in the same instant she had felt the slight touch upon her arm, and, turning towards it, had heard her name so eagerly uttered, and had met a pair of appealing gray eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Ames; will you kindly excuse me to-night?" she said, with a grave sweetness which took the sting from her refusal.

To Richard Temple's excited imagination she seemed almost too rare and sweet for human fellowship, as, without a word, she put an ungloved hand within his arm, and they went down the granite steps into the moonlit summer night.

He could have been content to walk silent, but they talked, as young people will, of a thousand trivial things—the moon, the weather, the midday heat which had been, the high-school reception which was to be. As they passed his boarding-place, Richard relieved himself of the burden of his music-books and a volume of "Addison on the Law of Contracts," by depositing them under an evergreen tree, until he should return. Thence, by the way, an early passer abstracted them the next morning, and through the medium of the waste-paper man they found their way back to the paper-mill to be ground over.

Down another street Richard and Winifred passed, chatting of the informal party which both had attended Tuesday night. Light clouds flecked the sky, the moon now feigning to hide behind their convenient curtain, now brazenly observant, ever curious to watch the ways of young people. As the wise old moon's face peered cautiously out, the little white hand gleamed on Richard's arm. The sight of it was not needed to assure the young man of its presence, for he could not become more conscious of it than he had every moment been, as he felt its light weight and had drawn with timid pressure her arm against his heart. Some of its traditional witchery must have been in the moon's beams, for at length, as they walked and talked, Richard's disengaged right hand stole over in the most casual fashion, and the moon must have lost sight of the white hand on account of a brown one which intervened. Not for long, however. A moment the brown hand rested there undisturbed, and then the smaller hand was quietly withdrawn and a voice said hesitatingly, but with gathering resolution:

"You ought not to do that, Richard."

"Why not?"

"Because—it 's—flirting."

The curious moon, finding a convenient rift in the fleecy cloud-curtain, was again peering through. The face it saw looking up at Richard was sweet and girlish, but it was a very determined little face, and the brown eyes in the dim light were very grave. Richard flushed, and turned the talk into its former inconsequent channels, but he felt the reproof and chafed under the imputation. Whatever had been his boldness, whatever his indiscretion, he believed himself guiltless of any intention of flirting; but he clearly saw that he could not justify himself without making a confession which he felt would be premature.

Through all the random talk which followed

a little constraint had fallen upon their comradeship. As for Richard, the strife raged hot within him. How could he bear to be considered a flirt by Winifred Barton? For weeks he had been tortured by anxiety lest, before he should have won her love or even have become able to avow his own, some more fortunate fellow should seize the prize. What fearful odds would lie against him were his cause to be still further handicapped by his being adjudged a common trifler, and on what seemed the best of proof!

At last he could refrain no longer.

"What do you call flirting, Miss Winifred?" he said.

She was at some loss to define what seemed so obvious.

"Why — *flirting*. Doing what you did — paying a girl such attentions which mean nothing."

"If they mean nothing," said Richard, tentatively, "what 's the harm?"

The girl's brown eyes flashed as they looked up again.

"I choose to accept no such attentions, sir, even were there no harm," she said. "Luckily, I 'm not one of the sentimental sort, but some poor girl may come to lose and break her foolish heart through such meaningless attentions, while, fancy-free, you go your thoughtless way."

Her personal resentment had become merged in the championship of her sex.

In the early banter of their walk her eyes and voice, laughing in merry unison, had charmed him with their witchery. If the girlish features had lacked a line of strength, his lover eyes had not taken note of it; but when now he stole a look at the womanly little face, flushed and indignant, the dignity of a gracious womanhood had transfigured it. He could not repress a humorous expression of his admiration.

"I ought to be abashed," he said, "but I can't look down. You are too pretty."

He went no further, for her hand was suddenly pulled from his arm, and, turning, she faced him. So he was just a trifler, and her kindness had been thrown away. Her eyes were ablaze, and one trimly shod foot struck the pavement with a decisive little stamp.

"Mr. Temple," she said, "I will excuse you from further attendance. I prefer to go on alone."

Richard's head was bare in an instant; his face had turned suddenly grave and earnest. His gray eyes looked frankly into hers, where anger and trouble were blent. He put out his hand in deprecation and manly apology.

"Forgive me, Miss Barton, if I seemed rude; I care for no friendship if I lose yours."

He seemed so like his old, deferential self, and so truly penitent, that she could not refuse his propitiation, and they walked on.

"It was because I, too, have valued our friendship," Winifred said, "that I resented your change of manner. You have seemed so different from most boys, and your manner with ladies has been so deferential and — nice — that to have you take to flirting and making foolish speeches was too bad. I could have cried with vexation."

And, in fact, the brown eyes were full as she spoke, like those of a grieving child. How could she know that her words would compel him to justify himself?

"It is almost worth having been misunderstood," he said, "to know that you cared."

"Friends are not so plenty," she rejoined, "that one can give them up without caring. I always liked you even before I knew you, you seemed so manly and so free from sentimental folly. I suppose I hate sentiment because I have n't a bit myself."

Richard, with a touch of masculine effrontery, took advantage of her evident compunction.

"Was it," he said in raillery, "to balance the over-credit of your former good opinion, that you were unfair to me just now?"

"Wh-what?" she stammered. "I do not understand you."

"Was it quite fair, Miss Barton, to condemn a friend so summarily?"

Her eyes were round with astonishment. Had she not been magnanimity itself in her forgiveness?

"Was I not justified?" she cried.

"If I had been what you thought me, yes; If I paid such attentions to other girls, yes; Oh," he cried impetuously, "I can't bear to have you think I was flirting. Instead of meaning nothing, it meant that I coveted even the touch of your hand! O Winifred, do you not see that to me you are the one woman in all the world and that with all my heart I love you?"

As he uttered the avowal of his love he felt a slight tremor in the arm within his own, and with eager eyes searching her face he read there, even in the dim light, pain and dismay.

"O Richard!" she said, "I wish — oh, I ought to have prevented this!"

"I have frightened you," he said remorsefully. "I ought to have been less precipitate."

They had reached the Barton homestead, and Winifred's hand was upon the gate.

"I thought," she said, "that I could help you by my friendship, and it has only led you into trouble. And I — I wanted a friend." She looked at him ruefully. "I did n't want a lover."

"But don't reject me out of hand," he said. "I have been too quick. Give me time to win your love—or—let me be just what you say—the friend you wanted. You shall be free; and if you find you never want a lover—" his manly voice trembled a little as he corrected himself—"if you find that you never want me for a lover—even then—even then—I shall thank God always that I knew you and loved you."

Winifred Barton had declared herself to be a girl without sentiment. Young as she was, it had been her fortune, good or bad it matters not to say, to hear once before words of love spoken to her, but she had had no doubt or question of her answer, and had utterly rejected and refused to listen. But as Richard Temple had made his appeal, she had been conscious of a certain indefinable impression produced upon her. She said afterward that it seemed as if her heart had been an empty room into which his words had been spoken, and their vibrant echo there had thrilled her, even though she felt that she could not accept his love. The brown eyes were full of compassion and motherly pity for this youth whom she must reject. He was a manly fellow too: she could not lightly cast away the love of such a friend.

"I wish I could have answered as you wished," she said; "I fear delay can only make it harder for us both, and if I defer my final answer as you ask, it is not that I can give you ground for any hope. I know that you have offered me a true man's love. Believe me, it makes me proud,"—a little exultant thrill would rise in her heart,—"but it makes me very humble too. O my friend, do not grieve! My love is not worth a heartache. Good night!"

He had silently clasped her extended hand, and she had traversed the short walk, and was already part way up the steps, when he recovered his voice. The closing of the door after her, such was his fancy, would bar out his hope forever.

"Winifred!"

She turned upon the porch and looked down at him, her white draperies fluttering in the fitful evening breeze.

"The night is so pleasant," he said, "won't you walk down to the park bridge? I will say no more of this. You can trust me."

What a pretty, white-robed casuist it was that he looked up to, as she considered the propriety of again putting herself in the way of this young man's appealing influence. She felt, almost guiltily, that even in deferring his rejection she had abandoned the outwork of her defenses, but she was sure that the citadel itself was impregnable. Even while she looked down upon him like a benignant spirit, she fortified her resolution anew.

But how miserable he seemed! If her walking with him could soften her refusal of his love, ought she to deny him that small comfort? Surely it was a duty to be kind to the sorrowful. She would go, but she would be, oh, so very careful that he should understand that she could be only his friend.

So sternly practical was the maid, so absolutely devoid of sentiment, that her gentle heart almost ached with the intensity of her resolve and purpose to be to his solitary young manhood the best friend that youth ever had.

As they walked down the shaded street they talked of many things, but never of what had just passed between them. Appropriate to some chance allusion, Richard had briefly recounted some adventure of his boyhood, and Winifred, unconsciously fascinated by that which pertained to his former personality, had questioned him in regard to the life in that borderland hill country of New Hampshire in which his boyhood had been spent. Led on by her questions to recount his youthful experiences, they had given the action to dramatic pictures with grand mountains for their background, those mountains whose silent reserves had strengthened in him the self-reliance and boyish independence that had first commended him to Winifred's appreciation.

Bits of hardy adventure and mountain craft he told her simply, wondering at her interest in such uneventful tales. The girl listened and questioned with eager zest. This revelation of a phase of life hitherto unknown came to her like a cool breeze from off his native hills. The world seemed to have grown wider; her breath came with deeper inspirations. In thought she saw the summer snow upon the mountain top, the green mazes of the trackless woods, the unaffected touch of nature in the simple village ways. She caught glimpses, too, of the home life in that country parsonage, unconventional, pure, and generous.

When she asked him about his parents, he said: "My father came of an old Bay State family who intended him for the law, but he chose the ministry. He is the most unselfish man I ever knew, and the truest gentleman."

She cast a sweet side glance at him as she thought of the old adage, "Like father, like son."

"After graduating at Andover," Richard continued, "to qualify himself further, father engaged in city mission work in Boston. Singularly, it was in that work that he met my mother, a Beacon street girl, daughter of a great merchant. You see charitable work is not so very new a fad for society girls after all. Ill-sorted as their stations seemed, they

fell in love, with prospects of next to nothing a year. Mother's family were furious. They had protested against her mission work; they drew the line at marrying a poor minister. She must choose between him and them.

"How disgraceful!" said Winifred, flushing.

"She did choose. They were married in the little mission chapel, and moved to New Hampshire, where father had been settled over a country parish; and there we children—three of us—were born. Will is at Yale, and Betty has just entered Wellesley."

He took a little photograph-case from his pocket. They had come to where the street crossed Tumbledown Brook by an open bridge of single span. Richard opened the case. The moonlight fell unobstructed, but the small pictures showed but dimly.

"I wish it was lighter," he said, fumbling in his vest pocket. "Here is a match, luckily."

He scratched the match upon the guard-rail of the bridge, and, by its momentary flash and glare, the girl bent over the miniatures.

"Here are father and mother," said Richard.

"What good faces, and how sweet your mother is," she said.

"Mother was very pretty when a girl, they say. If I had another match, I could have shown you Betty and Will. We are very proud of our collegians. They will make their mark yet, for they are both bright and both ambitious. They 've been such a comfort to father and mother."

She glanced at him archly, adding, "While the elder son must have been a continual disappointment."

He smiled appreciatively. "How good they are," he said, "not to twit me with it."

From the wooded heights on the left the brook descended, trickling from shelfy ledges and gurgling over the stones in its steep and rocky bed. Densely shaded, its course was for the most part unseen, but here and there a ripple glinted and gleamed in a patch of moonlight. Close to the bridge, indeed, a level shallow spread, through which a lowly side-track ran, for the convenience of watering horses, after the primitive fashion. Under the bridge the water ran smooth and still, as if abashed by the bridge's frowning shadow, but once beyond, and freed from restraint, it sped away, leaping and frisking along its wild course through Battleford Park, the narrow but pretty bit of wooded sward which slopes here from the street to the river.

Here on another July night more than a century ago, in the old French and Indian War, occurred the fight which gives name to the town. From where rises that slender shaft of granite, dimly seen through the trees, the wily redskins opened their deadly fusillade; and the ford, whose level reach now glimmers white and still beneath the moon, answered angrily then to the patter of leaden hail, and was streaked with the red of patriot blood. That was long years ago, but public spirit had raised this monolith as a lasting memorial of the fight.

Village tales had it that belated travelers, by night, along this way, had sometimes seen, upon the anniversary of the battle, the shadowy reënactment of the tragedy in ghostly pantomime of surprise, conflict, and battle-smoke. However that may have been, the shaded park was a favorite resort on warm afternoons, when the wood might be filled with merry children, and the benches occupied by mothers knitting, or by white-capped nurse-maids and their infant wards. In the evening it was usually deserted, and so far was it from the center of the town, which had clustered about the factories at the falls farther up, that the bridge had few passers at this hour.

As Richard and Winifred leaned upon the low parapet the only sounds beside their own voices were the babble of the brook and the incessant disputation of the katydids in the maple trees.

There had been Bartons in the old fight, so Winifred proudly said, as she told the story of the ambush, and the cruel attack which stubborn courage had at length repelled. She spoke in a hushed voice of the tales of ghostly reappearance, and he laughed at mankind's proneness to superstition, gently bantering her upon her own respect for the old traditions.

"My grandfather saw the vision once," said the girl, quietly, "and his grandfather was in the fight."

"You are plainly in the line of succession, then," said Richard, "and if this were one of the muster-nights, your eyes could not fail to see the wonder; but mine are alien,"—he turned their laughing gaze upon her fondly,—"and perhaps too unbelieving." Though he had laughed, she seemed to him only the gentler and more womanly that she had no jest for the supernatural.

In its sweet unfolding her girlhood had not been impoverished by being kept from the dear old fairy lore. Nymph and brownie, fay and water-sprite, had lived in her childish fancy. Old tales of Araby, which had delighted the ears of Haroun the Just, had done their part, and so had the weird Bible silhouette of the Witch of Endor, and even reverent thoughts of the risen Christ.

These all had stimulated her imagination, and wakened the poetry of her nature, in spite of the material environment of a factory town.

And yet she liked Richard none the less that, child though he was of the mysterious mountains, he did not believe in ghosts.

Dreamily she looked out upon the park. "How pretty," she said, "the flecks of moonlight are upon the grass."

"They remind me," said Richard, "of Wiles's picture, 'Noon,' which I saw at one of the New York exhibitions. It was just a row of roughly drawn house fronts, and a pavement shaded by bordering trees. But one could feel the sultry noontide; the shade was palpable reality; while the vivid patches of sunlight on the paving fairly glowed and flickered before one's eyes. Walking close to see how such effects of light and shade could have been produced, I found that the sunlight was — what do you think? — nothing but splashes of white, as flat as if they had been put on by a house-painter!"

"But how could such simple strokes produce such realistic effects?"

"Ah, that 's the art! Rightly to put together the simple strokes and the flat white splashes — is n't that the secret of all genius? Just think of poetry and literature: all the words are in the dictionary, — free to all, — but only — "

His preachment came to a sudden close. Winifred had laid a hand upon one of his, which grasped the bridge-rail. Looking down, he smiled whimsically at this reversal of his ill-received attention, and resisted an impulse to remind his companion that this was sometimes called flirting. As he turned instead for explanation, the girl was mutely pointing along the glade towards the ford.

Dimly seen across the river, where shallow and shore met, vaporous forms, white and indistinct, seemed entering the stream. The eyes of the watchers upon the bridge grew large and fixed. To the minds of both the old tales recurred. Were they true, then? Without taking her gaze from the river, Winifred moved closer to Richard's side. Not an audible splash in the stream such as living waders make, not a ripple disturbed its surface, yet steadily on, on, came the shadowy vanguard into midstream, and, indistinct behind, followed a straggling host.

In the awful hush louder sounded the tintinnabulation of the brook, shriller the harsh notes of the katydids. How the mind grasped at their tangible resonance, a welcome link to the world of the living, a lifeline of safety from the undertow of the supernatural.

The watching eyes were strained more clearly to define the lambent outlines; every alert sense was at its utmost tension. Suddenly the column wavered, as if their unsubstantial forms were shaken by the rising breeze. Did not one seem to stagger and to fall? And there another? Was that a puff of rifle-smoke? The scene grew cloudy and indistinct, as if with spreading smoke-wreaths. Suddenly, like the final signal of a weird transformation scene, an unearthly cry rent the noisy quiet with reverberant clangor. Winifred's overwrought intensity found relief in a little startled scream. With great rustle of leaves and crashing of small branches, a great bird disengaged himself heavily from his leafy covert near the monument, and flapped his way over their heads into the denser woods beyond.

Their eyes had followed the feathered brawler until his disappearance in the wood; when then they turned again towards the spectacle at the ford, neither ghostly veterans nor river could be seen. Whether apparitional battle-smoke or sublunary fog, a soft white curtain had shut out the shore from sight, and with deliberate insistence was rolling up the slope through the trees.

The air had grown chill and damp, and Richard suddenly awoke to his responsibility.

"I am not taking good care of you," he said.

Winifred suffered him to draw her light wrap more tightly about her. As she lifted her face to pin the soft folds at her throat her eyes burned clear and bright. Her bearing was that of a queen. It was not that she triumphed in the proof of the existence of the supernatural. She exulted that to her eyes had come this experience. She was a Barton, and Richard had said truer than he thought. She *had* been in the line of succession. She *had* seen; and this young man — was it not because of his love for her that he too should have seen the vision? As they turned townward, she said:

"It vexes me that just because I am a woman I should cry out as I did. You do not think I was afraid?" She looked up at him almost defiantly, but his demeanor reassured her. "I think I should not have been afraid even if I had been alone," she added; and then, more gently, "and yet I was glad that you were with me."

Richard drew her arm closer. "I don't wonder that you were startled. One is excusable for having excited nerves after such a sight."

"Then you did see it, Richard?"

"Yes." His own mind was in perplexity. Against his will he had seemed to see what his reason said was impossible. "But what it was that we saw I am not sure. Perhaps it was only the rising fog. I can not fully explain it so, but I think that may be the explanation."

"At the last," said the girl, "it did look like a mist, but before that how plain it was, even in its indistinctness — the travel-worn men, the wading passage, the waver of surprised attack, the answering volley." Her face was aglow. "I never saw a battle, but I think it must have happened so." To her the supernatural seemed the simplest explanation. "And remember,"

she added, "that others have seen the same thing before."

"Yes," replied Richard, gently; "whatever others saw, we must have seen. It may be that with just the right combination of circumstances — wind and water and air just right — the fog may first form and rise in such separate flamelike shapes. I should want to make some experiments before I testified as to what it was that we saw."

"I 'll wait for your report," she said. She was not unwilling to put the subject aside. Although strangely wrought upon by the incident at the bridge, her mind had held tenaciously through all to a line of inquiry she purposed to resume. A thought had come to her as they had talked of his family and home affairs which she desired to have explained.

"You are to be a lawyer, Richard, are you not?" she now said. "I have heard that you were studying law out of hours at the factory."

"I *am* a lawyer," he answered, with mock gravity, "and have been for nearly three whole days — passed my examination on Thursday."

She had planned her campaign.

"I should have thought that, choosing a profession, you would have gone to college. It seems to have been the family bent, too."

Her furtive scrutiny detected the shade which crossed his face, but he answered bravely:

"I should have been glad of a college course, but it did not seem best."

"Your father seems to have been able to send the others," she rejoined relentlessly; "why did he not insist on your going?"

"Country parishes don't pay large salaries as a rule," he said patiently; "and besides, — I did not tell you, — when I was ten years old my grandfather — the Boston merchant, you know — failed in business. He had a son, my uncle, a harum-scarum fellow, always in some scrape or other. To keep him from disgrace, after some especial escapade, father indorsed his note for a large sum. The note was not paid, of course, and the holder looked to father. You can imagine how much money a country minister had to pay with. Father had only to say that he had no money, as was true, and there would have been no property on which the creditor could have levied to collect the debt. But that was not father's way. He said he would pay as fast as he could, and he has paid it, little by little, though it has been a long pull and a hard one."

"He must have been heavily taxed to raise so much extra money."

"Oh, he has been. But never a complaint! Mother has economized and managed, and Will and Betty have figured expenses close. It has kept them all poor."

Winifred faced him triumphantly. Richard, with surprise, beheld her cheeks aflame and her eyes like stars.

"For how much sagacity, sir," she exclaimed, "do you give me credit? Who else has been kept poor, to eke out a country minister's salary, to pay other people's debts, and to keep your brother and sister at college? And you would not tell me about your share in the work; but don't I see what you have been doing? — you aggravating — unselfish — noble fellow!"

She had seized his hand in both of hers, and if the brown eyes had flashed as she turned towards him, they were suffused now and full of a tender light. Suddenly her clasp relaxed, and, dropping the hand she had held, she turned demurely to walk on again, her hand once more upon his arm.

"I came near being sentimental," she said, "over your — *faults!*"

Richard had blushed as his self-sacrifice had been brought home to him; now he said:

"Praise from you is very sweet, but I 've done no great thing. Father is the true hero. How could I do less — who have my life before me?"

She looked at him curiously.

"You 're a funny boy," she exclaimed. "Most young men claim great credit if they even pay their own way without help from their fathers."

Their eyes met. The girl's were full of a new and shy proprietorship in all his virtues.

"O Richard!" she said impulsively. Her eyes fell before his scrutiny as she continued, "It must seem very fickle in me, but I think I need wait no longer to know my own mind. I don't understand it, but it seems to me now as if I did love you, and had always loved you, even in those days of your boyhood, before I had ever even seen you." She was looking down now, as she uttered this confession, but she heard his quick "Thank God!" and she felt, rather than saw, his eager impulse as he turned towards her as if to clasp her to his heart.

She put up her free hand with a slight gesture of dissent. The impulses of her heart had indeed risen like a flood and broken bound, but already her mind was full of reactionary conflict.

After all her calm resolves, what had she done? Had she not surrendered the fortress without even waiting for the expiration of the truce? What had become of all those rules of prudent and judicial reserve which, in the meditation of her maidenhood, she had firmly decreed should govern her behavior when the "prince" should really come, and which should decide her consideration of his proposals when they should have been formally made?

Something like a pang of dismay seized her. Were her theories going all to pieces? And was she to prove as weakly sentimental as other engaged girls, whose folly had been her horror?

"But, Richard," she said, "people are sometimes mistaken, and discover after a time that they do not love each other after all. I think we ought to be very, very sure. And it will be best that no one should know yet that we are engaged."

"For how long, do you mean?"

"Oh, for some time. I can't tell. Maybe six months, maybe longer."

A cloud settled upon the young man's face.

"But, Winifred, I am afraid your plan is not practicable. Awkward mistakes will occur, and, besides, people will find us out, we shall be so much together."

"Oh, but we must n't be," she answered; "we must be very careful about that. It will be best that you should not come often to see me, and when we are in company together we must not look at each other, nor pay each other any attention."

Richard's heart felt like a weight in his breast. In their sauntering they had come round again to the Bartons' house, and stood talking. Winifred's quiet voice went on gravely:

"There is a deal of foolishness, too, that goes on between engaged people in the way of — kissing — and showing their affection. *I* could n't do it; I'm not demonstrative — and I don't come of a kissing family either. We girls shake hands, but we almost never kiss each other. When I came home from New York this spring father kissed me, but Sally only shook hands, while Meg simply said, 'Well, Winny, home again? Had a good time?'"

Richard looked ruefully at the girl across the gate now between them. Over his first exultant pride of conquest had come an undefined gloom of disappointment. He did not understand her. In vague search for precedent, his mind reverted to the heroines of romances he had read. Not a girl of them all had been so contradictory, not one had talked like this, nor been such a model of Platonic propriety. If she maintained these reserves, what should he do? He might as well be engaged to her grandmother. How utterly unreasonable it all was! If, now, Winifred had been homely, he thought in his resentment of fate, he would not have cared so much.

The girl's face was upturned, so that the moon lighted up the fluffy hair about her white forehead. The clear deeps of the brown eyes looked calmly into his troubled, wistful face. How pretty she was! If he might win her for his own, a lover might serve a lifetime for the right to kiss her.

Through the moody mists of his discontent, the thought flashed a ray of light and warmth to his heart.

He could wait. And proudly he thought that he would never claim the right till she had given it to him freely.

Winifred had not fully read his thoughts, but a wave of womanly intuition seemed to sweep across her face as she perceived the dim trouble in his eyes. In vain her resolution summoned her attention to her code, so carefully formulated, so prudently adopted. Even now, in rapid retrospect, she could find no fault with her system. The law was good. But here, she reasoned, was an exigency for which her rules had not provided. This young man was in great trouble. She discovered in herself a curious impulse to proffer him comfort.

Surely, when it was to relieve the distress of another, the relaxation of her rule could not count against her as a breach of self-discipline.

Suddenly, standing upon tiptoe, and reaching forward across the picketed gate, she clasped his face in both her hands, and with a quick movement drew him towards her.

"You dear boy!" she said with tender eagerness.

Before he had recovered from the shock of his surprise she had kissed him full upon his lips, and with a quick "Good night!" had turned, and, flashing up the steps, had disappeared from his sight.

Eugene Bradford Ripley.

AD ASTRA.

(A. C. L. B.)

UNTO the stars the light they lent returned.
Seer of celestial order,— soother, guide,—
Be still such influence, though undiscerned,
Swept onward with the white sidereal tide.

E. M. T.

HAROUN THE CALIPH, AND OTHERS.

I.

HAROUN the Caliph, walking by night in Bagdad, saw one standing without the great closed doors of the bazar of the gold-workers with naught upon him but his frail khamees, and it was cold. "Whose son art thou?" said the Caliph.

"I am a merchant of amulets," returned the man. "I am starving, and I sold my coverings one by one, as a tree in autumn letteth a fierce wind have its leaves, rather than fall a heap and die. I am a child of misery from my birth."

Then said the Caliph, "Take this, eat, drink, and be merry," and he gave the great ruby that men call the "Eye of Love," and went on his way in peace. The next night came again Haroun, and, finding the merchant of amulets about to die for need of food, cried, "Alas! why did not you sell my jewel, and live?"

Then answered the dying man: "Some said it was false, some said it was stolen, and none would buy. It is as when Allah gives a too great gift of soul to a lowly man—it getteth him only the food of mockery. But now I have the amulet called death, and I shall no more hunger or care."

Upon this the man died, and the Caliph took the "Eye of Love" from the clutch of death and went his way hand in hand with thought.

II.

A DERVISH, lazy and hungry, met a Sufi poet, and he begged of him alms; but the son of songs and the father of sayings said, "I have only the wisdom of God, the advice of the dead, and the songs of men."

"Will a song fill my paunch?" cried the other. To whom made answer the poet: "Sing a song of sixpence, and that will fill your pocket with rye; and scatter the rye, and that will fetch silly blackbirds to make for you a pie — and any girl will cook it."

"Thanks," said the man.

III.

A SUFI DERVISH, the father of sorrow and the son of grief, sat at night by the sea. The waves like sleek serpents writhed at his feet, and hissed forth, "Come, let us strangle thee and thy griefs, and make an end."

"Ah, welcome death!" he answered. Then a greater billow, rolling in, covered him, and went back, and the man was very wet. Thereupon he went home and dried his clothes.

IV.

AT noon prayer, on a Friday, in Ramazan, the Caliph looked from the Maksurah and saw the Khateb exhorting the many who were poor or sad by reason of death, and who daily went to and fro from the house of weeping to the grave of loss, and found neither peace in one nor forgetfulness in the other. At last, seeing that none shed their sorrows or sought comfort, but still slept on the bed of grief and watered the pillows of lamentation, the Khateb descended from his seat, and sat himself by the fountain in the courtyard, and one by one repeated the Hundred Sacred Names, and murmured "the words light on the tongues of men and heavy in the balance of God." Then came one, a teller of tales, and the son of a teller of tales, and the father of all such as listen to a tale and love it. And as the Khateb murmured and mumbled, the teller of tales lifted his voice to the faithful and said:

"Once in a strange land a king took a city and, meaning to destroy it, bade each dweller therein to carry away with him what most he valued. Some took gold and some food, but one a great sack. Said the king, 'What is that you carry?' And the man replied, 'It is full of laughter.' To him returned the king, 'You are wise. I have forgotten how to laugh. Divide with me.' Whereon said the man, 'Allah teacheth charity. Take what you will.' And the king took, and grew gay with the wine of mirth, and said, 'This shall ransom the city.' As for him who bore the sack, he made him lord over all who cannot smile."

Such as heard this story were moved to merriment and forgot to weep. But the saint cried, "When death taketh thy city, canst thou carry away a sack of laughter?"

"I know not," said the teller of tales; "Allah, who maketh all, is maker of mirth as of grief. Some say, 'Who wins, laughs'; but I, 'Who laughs, wins.' Therefore let us fill our mule bags with laughter and our camel bags with mirth, and wait for the king to destroy this city of earth."

V.

THE dead of a graveyard sat in their tombs, for now it was the feast of the Melad, when the dead are as alive and may walk the earth for a night, and neither the angel Moonkir questions, nor the angel Nekeer forbids.

But many missed their bones, and wailed with vain rattle of speech, till one, which was a miser, with dry laughter spake: "What need have I to walk? Here be bones to sell." Then a woman gave for a leg bone a ring, and another a fillet of gold for a hand; and thus there was soon left of him only a skull, and to that skull some treasures. These others stumbled away rejoicing, and as the muezzin sounded the first sunrise call to prayer clattered into their graves. But at morning came down from the palms monkeys, and took the miser's skull for a foot-ball. The gold and jewels a beggar found, and the fakir and Sufi speaker of verse, Ferishtah, who saw all this wonder, said, "As the living, so are the dead."

VI.

ONCE, at night, the Caliph, having lost his way, said to one standing where the roads divide, "I have lost my way." Cried the stranger, "How canst thou lose what thou hast never owned?" Then, seeing that he to whom he spake was ill at ease, he added, "Be not dismayed. As is the pig, so is the pearl. Allah hath made both.[1] What one man loses another finds. Thy grandson may be fortunate."

"O dervish, quickener of the soul," said Haroun, "I have found in thy mouth knowledge, but it does not help me to reach home; for, truly, to ask and to get are not as one, and kibobs of rubies fill not the empty belly."

"Thou art wise with such wisdom as is feeble in the knees," cried the stranger. "Thou hast a vain desire to get somewhere. Better is it never to arrive than to sit on the throne of satisfaction. In the bazar of the philosophies are no divans." "Alack," said the Caliph, "I am neither a pig nor a pearl";[2] and went his way.

Ferid el din Attar.

THE HOUSE WITH THE CROSS.

IT was a large red brick house on the outskirts of Flemington. Once it had been the dwelling of the Catholic priest; hence the white cross bricked above the doorway. But long ago the Catholic church had moved down to the river-bank, where the factories streamed flame and smoke into the sky, filth into the river, various products to the metropolis, and wealth and prosperity into the once small village of Flemington. The house stood many years untenanted, save for the rats which reveled in the damp rooms. Sun and frost, wind and rain and snow, worked their will upon it. And in the spacious garden, where the old priest had once culled his simples and dreamed his hours through, the weaker flowers died out, and the stronger ones entered into conflict with the rank weeds. In spring the town children rifled the lush leaves of the lily of the valley. After that the birds had it their own way.

At last came a change. One April morning there walked through Flemington streets a woman from no one knew where. The woman was not tall, but seemed to be, and, in spite of her shabbiness, "had an air about her," female Flemington said. She had a prematurely withered face, and black eyes which had surely been handsome in days of youth and innocence, but which were not now pleasant to look into. With one child she took up her abode in the priest's house — "The house with the cross" Flemington called it. There the two lived; how, no one knew, and no one cared — except Miss Cynthia Meeker.

Miss Cynthia Meeker was a person of ripe experience. For experience, as all know, ripens less of time than of intensity; and almost from babyhood Miss Meeker had lived, one might say, with her soul in her hand. Now, at the age of eighteen, she had reached the point of actual Flemingtonian, if not churchly, canonization. In her own breast there was no protesting conscience. Happy Miss Meeker! And into the satisfaction of her own attainment she honestly longed to bring the whole world. Come one, come all, poor, rich, young, old, Miss Meeker yearned to gather them about her little feet.

Now in a world where disease and dirt and dishonesty are unpleasantly rampant, such an aspiration has its drawbacks; or so Mrs. Meeker thought and emphatically asserted, Mrs. Meeker being herself uncanonized, and, in a measure, driven to uphold the practical, not to say the worldly, side of affairs. But undaunted in her wanderings among the highways and byways, Miss Cynthia stood one summer day in the priest's garden.

[1] This is a little obscure in the original prose. The Arabic of this date is often difficult.

[2] This again is obscure.

It was a drowsy place. Upon the rich undergrowth shadow and sunbeam slept in a maze as tangled as that of the unpruned, wanton branches overhead. All sorts of vagabond flowers flaunted their gay heads unabashed. The silence of years of neglect seemed heavy upon the spot. It might have been the garden of the Sleeping Princess, save for the face upturned to Miss Meeker.

A wan little face, and, staring out of it, a pair of unchildishly solemn eyes. Then, with a toss of her elf-locks, the girl sprang to her feet. "What — a — pretty — lady!" she said softly.

Miss Cynthia blushed, dimpled, and felt her heart go out to the child.

"Is your mother at home?" she smilingly said.

"No, ma'am; she 's working over at the Marstons' to-day."

"Then I will ask you. My dear, how old are you? What is your name?"

"Lee Mason."

"How old did you say?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know how old you are!" exclaimed the young lady. "Did n't you ever ask? I will set you down for ten, anyhow. Did you never go to school? Nor to Sunday-school either? Yet I see you can read. Who taught you?"

"Nobody. I always knew how."

"Always knew how," repeated Miss Cynthia, helplessly, looking down into the serious eyes. "And — and what were you reading?"

"Its name is 'Paradise Lost,'" answered the little creature, with a loving glance at the old vellum covers lying uppermost on the grass. "Mrs. Marston gave it to me because I liked it best. It 's a beautiful book. Though there are some dreadful parts; they frighten you so when you wake up in the night. But there 's the garden! Oh, don't you think" — with an eager gesture — "this garden must be something like it?"

Miss Meeker, who had taken the honors of Flemington Female Seminary with a mind quite unencumbered by the process, changed the subject.

"Lee, would you like to go to Sunday-school, and read the Bible, and learn to be a little Christian?"

"I don't — know," said the child. "Would I be with you?"

"Well, yes; I will have you put in my class. Come next Sunday morning, then, at nine o'clock. It is the large white church. You can just see the steeple between those trees. Ask for Miss Meeker. Now good-by, Lee. Don't forget."

It was, after all, Miss Meeker who forgot, and who was brought to a startled remembrance the following Sunday by the appearance of a disreputable little figure in the corner of her class, a target for the angry glances of the rest of the girls. It was really very awkward. Miss Meeker's girls were the young flowers of Flemington, and, in spite of their tender years, they knew it. However, she managed it nicely by placing a solitary armchair for the newcomer.

Apparently the child was satisfied. Her eyes rarely wandered from her teacher's face. Indeed so promising a pupil did she prove that the minister himself, one morning some six months later, approached Miss Meeker's class, and sat down beside the small figure in the big chair.

"My dear child, I have received most encouraging reports of you," he said, with a benevolent, careful smile. "Now tell your teacher and me freely, do you love the Lord?"

"Come, speak up, Lee," prompted Miss Meeker, somewhat anxiously. "You love the Lord Jesus Christ, don't you?"

"Oh, him, Miss Cynthy? Yes — I think so. But — I wish — I lived when he did in that country. I wish I could *really* see him and talk to him."

"Yes, yes, yes," nodded the minister; "that is quite right and beautiful, my dear little one. And you give yourself to him, do you not? and are resolved to walk in his ways?"

"You will do all he says, won't you, Lee?" prompted Miss Meeker.

The child dropped her head. Her face was scarlet.

There was a painful silence.

"Miss Cynthy, I can't. I 've tried, but it 's no use. I 've just cut that verse out of my Bible. I hate those girls."

The passionate anger leaping from the child's eyes to the half-tittering, half-terrified young ladies was awful to see. But in a moment it was gone, and the old melancholy came back with the old pallor.

"I don't want to love them. I don't want to bless them. I just want to punish them. I want to take off their beautiful things. I want their hair to be short and ugly. I want them to live in a cold, empty house. And I want the rats to come out every night and sit beside the bed, their eyes like coals —"

"Dear me, what a strange child! What a very strange child!" exclaimed the minister, rising to his feet with an undisguised shudder through his slim frame. "Miss Meeker, I am astonished, I must say I am astonished, that you should recommend for church-membership a child of such a description!"

It was Miss Meeker's face that was scarlet now. The light that gleamed through her tears of vexation was not saintly.

"Lee Mason, you are a wicked girl! You are a disgrace to your teacher! How could

you? I 'm sorry I ever took you into my class!" exclaimed Miss Meeker, exasperated by the tears which just then fell down to stain her pretty gloves and further to publish her humiliation. "I declare, I never want to see you again!"

The little face grew paler and wider-eyed.

"You don't want me in Sunday-school any more, Miss Cynthy?"

The young lady hesitated. But anger had now quite overwhelmed her better nature.

"No, I don't."

"Yes, ma'am," said Lee Mason, and slipped from her perch, and went softly down the long aisle and out of the house. So ended her Sunday-school record.

Nevertheless, the world did not end, though she thought it would. The broad, billowy fields behind Flemington went on with their rhythm of the blade, and the ear, and the full corn in the ear. The factory-wheels rang their refrain of man's need and man's greed. And human life kept time with the wheels — or mysteriously stopped. The pastor of the white church was dead. Flemington laid him away with honor, and immortalized his virtues on a marble tablet. Then a new minister came; a young man, a sincere one, consequently with the universe upon his shoulders. The whole town was freshened by this new life.

It was the fifth summer after Miss Cynthia Meeker's visit to the house with the cross, when Robert Carr, the young minister, one day found his way there. The old house had furbished up itself in these years, had curtained its windows, and tidied its dooryard. Was not some one calling him from that garden? Tall Egbert Carr strode over the grass.

A garden? The flowers rioted everywhere. The only path was this grassy glade, at the farther end of which a girl — or was it the genius of the place? — at that moment threw down her book and began gaily reciting:

> "Over hill, over dale,
> Thorough bush, thorough briar,
> Over park, over pale,
> Thorough flood, thorough fire,
> I do wander everywhere,
> Swifter than the moon's sphere,
> And I serve the fairy queen —"

and came whirling towards the gate and the unobserved visitor.

"Well done, Lee Mason! And who are you, sir?" said a thin, black-eyed woman who had silently come from the house. With a bow she added, "Ah, I see — the new minister out upon his visitations."

A glimmer in her eyes, the tone and manner of her salutation, galled the young man; but he tried to ignore it.

"This is Mrs. Mason, I presume," he said, with outstretched hand.

"Yes. What do you want with us, Mr. Carr? Shall I tell you? Lee, be quiet; go into the house. You would like to add us to the list of your successes. Do not trouble yourself. My daughter is, you see, quite happy alone in her garden. As for me, when I need counsel" — the smile upon her sallow face grew positively baneful. "Do not answer me!" Her fine gesture of command surprised him through his indignation. "Let me tell you something you may never have heard before. You are a minister of the gospel. Women weep over your beautiful sermons. The poor bless you. It is a sweet picture! But — there may be people who are beyond even such remedies. Good morning." And with the same smile upon her face, she went back into the house.

As she closed the front door her daughter left the rear one, sped across the intervening meadow, and stood in Egbert Carr's path as he strode villageward.

"Mr. Carr, Mr. Carr, I am so sorry!"

He did not recognize her at once, so changed was she from the bright genius of the garden. The change touched him, even to the point of self-forgetfulness.

"Never mind, my child," he said kindly. "Perhaps — let us hope — your mother will feel better disposed towards me another time."

"She is very unhappy," said the girl, simply, but with an intense gratitude in her eyes. "Do you know how hateful it makes people, being unhappy? I thought you would forgive her if you knew. And I wanted to say that I would like to go to your church, if I might."

"Why, of course you know the church is free to all."

She colored painfully.

"Not to me," she said, with an effort. "I used to go — to Sunday-school. But I was very bad, and they said I was not to go any more."

Her distress was so great that he forbore to question her.

"Well, I say you may," he responded brightly. "If you are so bad — which I do not believe — you must come and learn to be better, Lee." And then he shook her hand heartily, and left her.

That is, he left her bodily presence, standing there in the road and looking after him. But she went with him nevertheless. And suddenly, in his morning hours, she came dancing down his page, making his heart bound boyishly. In the twilight he heard again her quaint wisdom —"Don't you know how hateful it makes people, being unhappy?" and half turned to meet her beautiful eyes.

He saw much of her as time went on, and

she was one of his most regular hearers, and, later, a church-member. Being now a tastefully dressed, pretty-mannered young lady, she made a part of the church life, and won friends. The house with the cross was not shunned in these days. The objectionable mother was much less objectionable as a dawning pride in her daughter called back her earlier, better self. Moreover, Lee Mason had long been looked upon as a protégée of the fine old Quaker family of Marston.

It was in the Marston house, indeed, that the young minister best liked to meet the girl — in the low-ceiled sitting-room, where the spirits of just men made perfect, lettered and ranged for communion, filled the ample bookcases, and Dorothea Dix and Lucretia Mott kept serene watch and ward from their gilt frames, and busy Miss Martha stepped in now and then. The two always sat together — the aged mother of the family, in snowy cap and kerchief, and "the child," in the low chair with her needlework. He liked to hear her words weighed and approved by the fine old lady. He liked to see the simple but noble influences of the house wrapping about and framing in, as it were, this beautiful, enigmatical being.

For she was an enigma to him. He could have compounded his ideal of womanhood; so many parts of orderly home influence, so many more of gracious school and church culture, then just enough of social success and adoration to make up the perfect sum of — well, of a Cynthia Meeker, for example. Who was this child who had started up in his path, with her noble features, with the charm of her varying moods, with her fearlessness and frankness? How had she come by so much, she, the waif, sprung like a flower from corruption? In spite of his priesthood, the young man was but a materialist in the final analysis. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou . . . canst not tell whence it cometh . . ." This word was too hard for Egbert Carr.

Nevertheless, her image filled his days and nights. Her presence stirred within him new, strange impulses, mistrust them as he might. Divinity or wood-sprite, a word of hers had power to open to his startled eyes the secrets of earth and heaven.

There came a night of spring when the blossoms sent their fairy shallops afloat on every breeze, when the moonlight made enchanted bowers of the common Flemington streets. The spell of the season was in the young minister's blood. He had thrown aside his cautiousness, he had broken past the groups in the church-door, past even Miss Meeker, at her prettiest in her spring bonnet, and had walked boldly off with Lee Mason. Why should he not? And why should he not as boldly break through all conventionalities, defy his people's criticism, take for his very own this wonderful child, this child with God's warrant upon her being, even though it were only God's? He seemed to see his future open before him, and they two walking together down it as down this moonlit way. The impulse was upon him to hold her in his arms. "Lee, I love you!" The words were at his lips, when she drew her arm from his, and he saw with a chill of disappointment that they stood before the old house which was her home.

"How distinct it is to-night!" she said, her eyes upon the cross over the door. "Mr. Carr, I love this house."

"Love it!" he exclaimed almost petulantly. "I — I dislike it. It is a gloomy place for you." Indeed he spoke only half the truth. For he hated the place, as, with many a pang of conscience he did Lee's black-eyed mother. What had such things in common with the girl of his love?

"I first liked it through hearing about the old priest," said Lee, her eyes still upon the cross. "Mrs. Marston once told me that he was a good man, with a peculiarly bright smile. After that I used to fancy I saw him always coming back from other people's homes to his own empty house. I wondered how he could smile. I could not. I wanted everything myself. When I saw beautiful homes it drove me almost wild. But he always smiled, the good priest! 'You have all I had,' he seemed to say to me. 'I have left you my garden, and my cross over your door.'"

"You had learned the smiling when I first saw you," said the young man, half lightly. "How does it run? 'I do serve the fairy queen.'" Why, I took you for the fairy queen herself. How did you beguile the lonely ghost of his treasure?"

"I suppose I learned his secret. Mr. Carr, it does n't matter, does it, if you have not everything in the world, when your life is really full?"

"And has yours been full?" Egbert Carr's pulse was throbbing painfully. Child of want, meeting the want with that grateful heart! Child of scorn, fronting the scorn with that innocent brow! But from henceforth, forever, he would shield her; he would lay all things at her dear feet.

"Yes. Of course I have not had the — little things," she said, thinking her way slowly. "And I know I should have enjoyed them — very much. They say little things make up the sum of life. But that is only half true, after all. It is the great things that make life — friendship, books, nature, the spirit of God. Mr. Carr, I have sometimes thought that perhaps it is as well, for just me, that I have not had the rest.

MISS CYNTHIA MEEKER.

For I have noticed that sometimes, when people have so much, they become — entangled. I have no pride to bind me. I have no — no traditions of society, or family, or reputation, to shape my way to. When any call comes I have not to wait to deliberate whether it is safe, all things considered, to go God's way. Oh, from no virtue of mine; it is only a part of my lot. I am only Lee Mason — ready."

"God knows we are entangled," exclaimed Egbert Carr. "Miss Mason, you have n't an idea how we are bound by our traditions, as you say; by our shallow pride and ambition. The church itself, yes, the very men who would save the world — Oh, Jesus Christ knew it!" groaned the young minister. It was as though a flash of heaven's lightning had illumined his life, his work, his calculating love. They lay before him, a very meshwork of intrigue. He bent down and kissed her hand, passionately, reverently. "My child, my child, forgive me. I am not fit to touch you so — not yet. But I will be, God helping me, if any sincerity of a man's heart can make him fit for your heavenly purity." And he was gone.

What had happened? Had everything changed? Or was it but this night of wonder, and would life be quite the same when the plain sunlight should come again?

No; never again the same. A messenger came that night to the house with the cross. In the late morning, when Lee, alarmed, broke into her mother's room, a body lay there from which the soul had all but fled.

The doctor was summoned, but could do little. Kind friends came to help the girl in the long watch which now began, and which lingered on through weeks and months. But the one for whom she most looked came, even at the first, very rarely. When he was there he was strangely cold and silent. In truth, no sick-bed had ever had for Egbert Carr the horror of this one; the horror of the staring black eyes, which from their awful vantage-ground seemed to fasten upon him in the old mockery. In their dreadful presence he was not the same man, nor did Lee seem the same Lee. The fascination was gone; and again his timid soul, with its partial insight, was the prey of its doubts.

The blossoms of that night of moonlight had long since faded. Earth had forgotten them, was decking herself with fresh blooms, when the life which had so long flickered in the house with the cross went out.

Good Doctor Dobbs was alone with Lee. "My poor, brave girl!" he said, taking her into his arms with almost a father's affection. "Now leave everything to me. Only just set the day of the funeral. Thursday? But what minister will you have, then? Mr. Carr? What! don't know about his marriage? It 's to be on Thursday, so you 'll have to get some one else. Poor child, you 're faint, and no wonder. Here, lie right down, so. Now I 'll run off for Mrs. Murphy. She 's a splendid hand to have around at such times. And I 'll send for the undertaker too.

"Perhaps you don't know who the bride is," added Doctor Dobbs, coming back to thrust his bald head into the room. "It 's that pretty bit of sanctity, Cynthy Meeker. Tiptop match, is n't it? Everybody 's delighted — except the girls that could n't get him themselves."

A week later the blossoms were raining into the open window of the Marston sitting-room.

"Child, thee does n't pick up fast enough," said old Mrs. Marston, after a study of the face

before her. "Put down that sewing, and go out for a run in the sunshine, do."

"Please let me stay here. I feel best here," pleaded Lee, laying her cheek down on the soft, withered hand.

"Well, as it pleases thee. I really want to talk with thee this afternoon. Lee, does thee know that that wretched Allingham girl is back again in the town?"

"Back again!" Lee sat up, intent.

"Yes; in great distress, they say. She was with us so many years, thee knows. I 've been thinking about her all day, how she used to look, flitting about with her pink cheeks. She was more Martha's choice than mine. A plump, pert chit, who thought more of what she put on her back than of anything else. It surprised me in Martha, who never had any pink cheeks herself, nor any leaning to furbelows, so far as I know. But it was a dreadful shock to us all. With her innocent ways! Child, the depth of deception in the hussy! Does n't thee think so? Eh, Lee?"

"I think — in her — I should hardly call it deception," answered Lee, somewhat faintly, and stitching rapidly away. "Was there not weakness enough to account for it, and vanity, and love of excitement?"

"Weakness could never lead a girl so astray, to my mind," said the old lady, stiffly.

She settled back into the depths of her chair, her strong profile outlined against the light. But presently she turned again to Lee. "Does thee judge of her guilt in the same fashion?"

"Dear Mrs. Marston, do not let us speak of that," said Lee, almost imploringly. "What do I know about it? Who am I, that I should judge any one or any thing?"

"I merely want to know what thee thinks."

The girl laid her work down from her trembling hands.

"If I must, I will. For I have thought much about it in these two years since Maggie Allingham — went away. And, dear Mrs. Marston, I cannot think of her as you do. I wish I could. It frightens me that I cannot," went on the girl in a wild way. "For I know I am not like other people. What do I know of my father? or even of my poor mother? What evil may not be in me from my very birth, making me think lightly of sin? But for all, I must be honest, must I not? I must think as I do think. And Maggie was so thoughtless, so heedless, I have wondered whether she was really more of a castaway — oh, not from society, but from God! — than many a sinner whom the world — easily forgives."

For one moment Mrs. Marston was moved by the impassioned voice. But when she spoke, it was the more sternly for the weakness.

"Your doctrine has the merit of originality, for me, at least. It is a strange one for a young woman; strangest for thee. I am not pleased with it."

The sunlight stole across the carpet and was gone. It was a relief to the two in the quiet room when heavy steps were heard in the porch and Doctor Dobbs burst in.

"I 'm in trouble again, Mrs. Marston! It 's got to that — eh, Lee? — that the whole countryside just throws itself at you. It 's that Allingham woman," said the doctor, dropping with a sigh into a chair. "I told you how she looked. Well, to-night she 's the sickest woman I 've seen in one while. Typhoid fever, a wretched, low case. And she 's stark alone, and there 's not a soul will go near her."

Lee Mason slowly folded her work and laid it in the old lady's lap. Then she stood up.

"I will go, Doctor Dobbs."

"You? Why, nonsense! Sit down, child. Why, you 're too young. You 're not strong enough," remonstrated Doctor Dobbs, more excited than he liked to show. "Why, here 's old Mrs. Marston here can't spare you. Ask her. She won't let you go away."

"What is that?" cried Miss Martha, coming in with a lamp. "Lee going away? What is the matter? What has happened? Mother, tell Lee she must not go!"

Old Mrs. Marston's cap-strings quivered beneath her chin; but she spoke calmly.

"Must not, daughter, is not the word for me to speak, thee knows. I advise Lee not to go. This is no call for her. I will provide for this wretched woman; and I will let thee go, Martha, if Doctor Dobbs really cannot find any one else. But Lee ought not to go. She is not strong enough, and then — I fear it would be dangerous for her reputation."

The girl lifted her white face. As the lamplight fell upon it her expression silenced them all.

"Reputation? What is my reputation worth? Who would be surprised at the worst that I could do? Who would not expect it from the child of my mother? I have nothing to lose. In all Flemington there is no soul — not one — so free as I. And only I can feel for Maggie Allingham. Am I not akin to her? More akin to her than to the good Christian people of this town? O God! may we not have the same taint in our blood? We belong together. I am called — I am free — I will go."

In the same silence they saw her take her hat and cloak. Then, indeed, Miss Martha fell crying into her arms. But she put her gently aside, bent once above Mrs. Marston's hand, and went out with the doctor.

The next day all Flemington knew of it; knew of it with so many variations that before night the girl's best friends were asking anxiously, under their breath, "What is this about

Lee Mason? Turned out of the Marston house? Gone to Maggie Allingham? It is n't possible! We won't believe it! But, after all, what could one expect, poor thing, with such a mother?"

A few days later the story was better understood. Then some called her pretty names. Others did n't know. Most waited. They were still waiting when, after Maggie Allingham's death, she found employment in one of the factories. Certainly her expression was not inviting in those days. It made an atmosphere about her into which few cared to break. Then they began to call her queer. Fatal word! So she walked their streets apart. So she sat apart in their church. And it was the old story of Sunday-school days over again — of the disreputable little figure in the big chair.

She found new friends.

Was a girl looked at askance? Did her heart fail her? Did she shudder back from ruin, cry out for help? Here was one who also stood apart; but with what compassion in her eyes, what help in the clasp of her hand! Was the street cold? Were earth and sky pitiless? In the house with the cross was a leaping fire. All night long the door stood on the latch. And how a wanderer was welcomed! — welcomed, when charity was weary and outraged; forgiven, if only forgiveness was wanted, ninety times and nine; and loved always, unconditionally, forever, as our Father in Heaven loves.

As the years went by the house was recognized. There were even some rich people who, having long ago roundly satisfied their worldly desires, fumbled now at their purse-strings for the mite for Heaven, and laid money in Lee Mason's hands. She found ample uses for it. But she herself worked on among her factory girls.

AT THE MARSTON HOUSE.

One stormy winter night there came a sharp ring at the door-bell of the Reverend Egbert Carr. A messenger from Miss Mason. There was a girl dying at the house with the cross who wanted to see him.

"Egbert!" cried Mrs. Carr, running out in curl-papers, "you surely won't go — to that wretched place — on such a night — with your cold — and I so miserable!" whimpered poor little Mrs. Carr, peevish tears trickling down over the cheeks where the roses had faded. Plainly the trials of life at first hand had not proved favorable to her sainthood.

"I must, Cynthia," called back her husband, patiently.

He plunged fiercely through the drifting snow. There was help in the storm. Had it been a night of spring, when the dreams of a young man's heart arise in moonlight; had it been a summer afternoon, and flowers in this garden — this desolate garden, with its tangled skeleton things rattling in the wind. Summer would come again for it. But for him —

Lee Mason opened the door. "Ellen is al-

most gone," she said hurriedly. "I am thankful you are not too late."

He followed her into a pleasant room. Two girls by the fire turned and went shyly away. A figure on the bed started partly up and fell back with a groan. "Mr. Carr, don't you remember me — Ellen Day?"

"Why, my dear girl!" he exclaimed, shocked beyond control. "You were in my Bible-class when I first came to Flemington. I thought you had left the town."

"Seven years ago," cried the creature on the bed. "Seven awful years! And they are gone, and I 've not a day left, the doctor says; perhaps not an hour. Quick! Tell me one thing! I left Him. I refused Him. Now I 've got to go to Him just as I am. Don't tell me I can change. I can't, and I won't be fooled into thinking I can. Tell me what He will say?"

"My child, He comes here to you. He says, with all love, with all forgiveness, 'Go in peace, and sin no more.'"

"Yes, but I would, though!" she screamed, exhausting herself dreadfully in the effort. "This angel here, Miss Mason, has said that to me, oh, time and time again. And I 've gone every time and sinned. And so I would again, if I were off this bed. I know it, and He knows it!" Her voice went up in a shriek.

"Ellen, listen," said Lee Mason, on the other side of the bed. She folded the poor hands together. Her eyes held those wild ones. The dying girl lay still.

"Ellen, He takes the hands you hold up into His own strong hands, so. He looks down into your eyes, into your heart, and sees all the weakness, all the wickedness, better than you can tell Him. But you look up into His dear eyes — so loving, Ellen. You have never seen such loving, loving eyes. And you look and look — and look"—

"She is gone," said Lee Mason, laying the hands tenderly down — it might have been a mother with her babe. "Did you see her smile? Thank God for death! Life was too hard."

"Too hard!" Egbert Carr threw up his arms in a gesture as despairing as the dead girl's had been. "Flung into it with our tendencies, our weaknesses; taught only by our ruin! What am I, what are most of the people whom I — I — counsel, but wrecks of what we might have been, as truly, if not as shamefully, as this girl? O Lee, Lee! And I had the world's secret within my grasp!"

"Mr. Carr." Her touch upon his shoulder roused him. "God who made us knows us — tendencies, weakness, all. Go home to your wife, to your lovely little children, to your work — and thank him for everything."

"And you?" He lingered, his greedy eyes devouring the deepened beauty of her face, her slight figure, her toil-worn hands. He would have every detail to carry with him down the years.

"Would you be glad to know that I am happy? I am." Her eyes were sweet, as from some inner well of delight. "It sometimes seems almost wrong," said Lee Mason, thinking her way, "to be so happy in a world where there are others so miserable. But, Mr. Carr, while I live — and work — and grow — indeed, I cannot help it."

She lighted him to the door. "Good night," she said. Their hands met.

At the gate he turned. She stood holding the light. It shone downward on her face and upward to the cross above her head.

Florence Watters Snedeker.

AB ASTRIS.

I SAW the stars sweep through ethereal space,—
Stars, suns, and systems in infinity,—
Our earth an atom in the shoreless sea
Where each had its appointed path and place,
And I was lost in my own nothingness.
But then I said, Dost thou not know that he
Who guides these orbs through trackless space guides thee?
No longer, groveling thus, thyself abase,
For in the vast, harmonious, perfect whole
In infinite progression moving on,
Thou hast thy place, immortal human soul —
Thy place and part not less than star and sun.
Then with this grand procession fall in line,
This rhythmic march led on by power divine.

Anne C. L. Botta.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

SPRINGTIME.

FROM A PAINTING BY ERNEST L. MAJOR.

(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

"I SUPPOSE THIS IS MRS. CRISTIE."

THE SQUIRREL INN.—II.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VII.

ROCKMORES AHEAD.

IT was late in the afternoon of the day after Mrs. Cristie reached the Squirrel Inn that she slowly trundled the little carriage containing the baby towards the end of the bluff beneath which stretched the fair pastures where were feeding Mr. Petter's flocks and herds. All day she had been looking for the arrival of the young man who had promised to bring her some candidates for the position of child's nurse, and now she was beginning to believe that she might as well cease to expect him. It was an odd sort of service for a comparative stranger voluntarily to undertake, and it would not be at all surprising if he had failed in his efforts or had given up his idea of coming to the Squirrel Inn.

Having philosophized a little on the subject, and having succeeded in assuring herself that after all the matter was of no great importance, and that she should have attended to it herself, and must do it the next day, she was surprised to find how glad she was, when, turning, she saw emerging from the woodland road a one-horse wagon with Mr. Lodloe sitting by the driver, and a female figure on the back seat.

The latter proved to be a young person who at a considerable distance looked about fourteen years old, although on a nearer and more careful view she would pass for twenty, or thereabouts. She wore a round straw hat with a white ribbon, and a light-colored summer suit with a broad belt, which held a large bunch of yellow flowers with brown centers. She had a cheerful, pleasant countenance, and large brown eyes which seemed to observe everything.

As the wagon approached, Mrs. Cristie rapidly pushed her baby-carriage towards the house. Before she reached it the young girl had jumped to the ground, and was advancing towards her.

"I suppose this is Mrs. Cristie," said the newcomer. "I am Ida Mayberry"; and she held out her hand. Without a word Mrs. Cristie shook hands with the nurse-maid.

"I think," said the latter, "before we have any talk I would better go to my room and freshen myself up a little. I am covered with dust"; and then she turned to the driver of the wagon and gave him directions in regard to a medium-sized trunk, a large flat box, and several long packages tied up in brown muslin, which had been strapped to the back of the

wagon. When these had been taken into the inn, she followed them.

As Mr. Lodloe approached Mrs. Cristie, hat in hand, she exclaimed in a tone which she was not in the habit of using to comparative strangers, in which category sober reflections would certainly have placed the gentleman:

"Will you please to tell me what is the meaning of this? Who is that girl, and where did she come from?"

And the two having walked a short distance over the lawn, he continued:

"I really believe that I have done a very foolish thing, but having promised to do you a service I greatly disliked not to keep my word. I could find no one in Romney, and of course the only way to get you a girl was to go to New York; and so I went there. My idea was to apply to one of those establishments where there are always lots of maids of all grades, and bring one to you. That was the way the matter appeared to me, and it seemed simple enough. On the ferryboat I met Mrs. Waltham, a lady I know very well, who is a member of the Monday Morning Club, and a great promoter of college annexes for girls, and all that sort of thing; and when I asked her advice about the best intelligence office, she told me to keep away from all of them, and to go instead to a teachers' agency, of which she gave me the address, where she said I would be almost sure to find some teacher who wanted occupation during the holidays."

LODLOE IS INTRODUCED TO STEPHEN PETTER.

"Madam," said Lodloe, in a deprecatory tone, "I can scarcely pick up the courage to say so, but that is the nurse-maid."

"And you brought her to me?" exclaimed Mrs. Cristie.

"I did," he answered.

"Did you get her in Romney?"

"No," said Lodloe; "there was n't a girl of any sort or kind to be had there. I was obliged to go to New York for one."

"To New York!" cried the astonished Mrs. Cristie.

"Madam," said Lodloe, "let me propose that we retire a little from the house. Perhaps her room may be somewhere above us."

"A teacher!" cried Mrs. Cristie.

"Yes," said Lodloe; "and you may be sure

that I was as much surprised as you are. But Mrs. Waltham assured me that a great many women teachers found it necessary to make money during the summer, and were glad to do anything, just as college students wait at hotels. The more she talked about it the more she got interested in it, and the matter resulted in her going to the agency with me. Mrs. Waltham is a heavy swell in educational circles, and as she selected this girl herself I said not a word about it, except to hurry up matters so that the girl and I could start on an early afternoon train."

"Never in my life!" ejaculated Mrs. Cristie.

"Madam," interrupted Lodloe, "I beg you not to say what you intended. It is impossible for you to feel as badly about it as I do. Just to think of it stuns me. Did you see her baggage? She has come to stay all summer. There is no earthly reason to think she will suit you. I don't suppose she ever saw a baby."

Mrs. Cristie's mind was still filled with surprise and vexation, but she could not help laughing at Mr. Lodloe's comical contrition.

"I will see her presently," she said; "but in the mean time what are you going to do? There is Mr. Petter standing in the doorway waiting for your approach, and he will ask you a lot of questions."

"About the Germantown family, I suppose," said Lodloe.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cristie; "that will be one of them."

"Well, I don't know them," said Lodloe, "and that 's the end of it."

"By no means," said the lady, quickly; "Mr. Petter has on his most impressive air. You must go and talk to him, and it will not do to sneer at the Rockmores."

"If it is absolutely necessary to have credentials in order to secure quarters here," said Lodloe, "I don 't see what is to be done about it."

"Come with me," said Mrs. Cristie, quickly; "you have put yourself to a great deal of trouble for me, and I will see what I can do for you."

When Walter Lodloe and Mr. Petter had been formally introduced to each other, the brow of the latter bore marks of increased trouble and uncertainty. From the confidential aspect of the interview between Mrs. Cristie and the young man, the landlord of the inn had begun to suspect what his wife had suspected, and it galled his spirit to think of putting his usual test question to this friend of Mrs. Cristie. But he was a man of principle, and he did not flinch.

"Are you from Philadelphia, sir," he asked, "or its vicinity?"

"No," said Lodloe; "I am from New York."

"A great many Philadelphia people," continued the landlord, "or those from its vicinity, are well known in New York, and in fact move in leading circles there. Are you acquainted, sir, with the Rockmores of Germantown?"

Mrs. Petter now appeared in the doorway, her face clouded. If Mrs. Cristie had known the Rockmores she would have hastened to give Mr. Lodloe such advantages as an acquaintance in the second degree might afford. But she had never met any member of that family, the valuable connection being entirely on the side of her late husband.

"I did not know," said Lodloe, "that you required credentials of respectability, or I might have brought a lot of letters."

"One from Matthew Vassar?" asked Mrs. Cristie, unable to resist her opportunity.

"Were you acquainted with Matthew Vassar?" interpolated Mrs. Petter with energetic interest. "He was a great and good man, and his friends ought to be good enough for anybody. Now put it to yourself, Stephen. Don't you think that the friends of Matthew Vassar, the founder of that celebrated college, known all over the world, a man who even after his day and generation is doing so much good, are worthy to be accommodated in this house?"

Mr. Petter contracted his brows, looked upon the ground, and interlaced his fingers in front of him.

"The late Mr. Matthew Vassar," said he, "was truly a benefactor to his kind, and a man worthy of all respect; but when we come to consider the way in which the leading circles of society are made up—"

"Don't consider it at all," cried Mrs. Petter. "If this gentleman is a friend of Mrs. Cristie, and is backed up by Matthew Vassar, you cannot turn him away. If you want to get round the Rockmores you can treat him just as you treat Mr. Tippengray. Let him have the top room of the tower, which, I am sure, is as pleasant as can be, especially in warm weather, and then he will have his own stairs to himself, and can come in and go out just as Mr. Tippengray does, without ever considering whether the Squirrel Inn is open or shut. As for eating, that 's a different matter. People can eat in a place without living there. That was all settled when we took Mr. Tippengray."

An expression of decided relief passed over the face of Mr. Petter.

"It is true," he said, "that in the case of Mr. Tippengray we made an exception to our rule—"

"That 's so," interrupted Mrs. Petter; "and as I have heard that exceptions prove a rule, the more of them we have the better. And if

the top room suits Mr. Lodloe, I'll have it made ready for him without waiting another minute."

Mr. Lodloe declared that any room into which the good lady might choose to put him would suit him perfectly; and that matter was settled.

VIII.

MISS MAYBERRY.

About five minutes after Walter Lodloe had departed for his loft chamber Miss Ida Mayberry made her appearance in the front doorway. She had changed her dress, and looked very bright and fresh.

"Is n't this a pretty place?" she said, approaching Mrs. Cristie. "I think I shall like it ever so much. And that is your baby? Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy," was the answer.

"And his name?"

"Douglas."

"I like that sort of name," remarked Miss Mayberry; "it is sensible and distinctive. And now I wish you would tell me exactly what you want me to do."

Mrs. Cristie spoke nervously.

"Really," said she, "I am afraid that there has been a mistake. I want an ordinary nurse-maid, and Mr. Lodloe could not have understood —"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that," said the other. "I understand perfectly. You will find me quite practical. What I don't know I can learn. My mental powers need a change of channel, and if I can give them this change, and at the same time make some money, I am sure I ought to be satisfied."

"But it seems to me," said Mrs. Cristie, "that one who is by profession a teacher would scarcely —"

"Perhaps not, years ago," interrupted the other; "but things are different now. Look at all the young college fellows who work during vacation, and we are beginning to do it, too. Now you will find me just as practical as anybody. Nine months in the year I teach,— moral and mental philosophy are my special branches,— and during vacation I am not going to wear out my brain in a summer school, nor empty my purse by lounging about in idleness. Now what could be better than for me to come to a perfectly lovely place like this, which I fancy more and more every minute, and take care of a nice little child, which, I am sure, will be a pleasure in itself, and give me a lot of time to read besides? However, I wish you to understand, Mrs. Cristie, that I am never going to neglect the baby for the sake of study or reading."

"But have you thought seriously of the position in which this would place you?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "but that is a disadvantage that has to be accepted, and I don't mind it. Of course I would n't go to anybody and everybody, but when a lady is recommended by a friend of Mrs. Waltham's, I would n't hesitate to make an engagement with her. As to salary, I will take whatever you would pay to another nurse-maid, and I beg you will not make the slightest difference because I am a teacher. Is that bell for supper?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Cristie; "and perhaps you have not yet reflected that my nurse-maid must take care of my baby while I am at my meals."

"That is precisely and exactly what she is going to do. Go in to your supper, and I will push him about until you come out again. Then you can show me how to put him to bed."

"Is n't she coming in?" asked Mrs. Petter, looking out of the window as she took her seat at the table.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Cristie, in a tone which was intended to make an impression upon Mr. Lodloe; "my maids do not eat with me."

"But, goodnessfulme!" said Mrs. Petter, "you can't look upon that sort of a young woman as a servant. Why, I put her in one of the best rooms; though of course that does n't make any difference so long as there is nobody else to take it. I wonder if we could n't find some sort of a girl to take care of the baby while she comes to her meals."

At this even Stephen Petter smiled. He was pleased that one of his guests should have a servant of such high degree. It was like a noble lady in waiting upon a queen.

"She shall be entertained," he said, "according to her station. There need be no fear about that."

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Petter, "if here is n't Mr. Tippengray! Well, sir, I don't know when I 've seen you on hand at regular meal-time."

"Perhaps it is a little out of the common," said the Greek scholar; "but, after all," he continued, looking out of the window, "it appears I am not the last one to come in." And then, glancing around the table, he asked, "Am I taking her place?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Mrs. Cristie; "that is my maid."

Mr. Tippengray again looked out of the window; then he helped himself to butter, and said:

"Have you ever noticed, Mrs. Petter, that the prevailing style in wild flowers seems to vary every year? It changes just like our fashions, though of course there are always a few

old fogies among blossoming weeds, as well as among clothes-wearers."

The next morning Walter Lodloe came to Mrs. Cristie on the lawn.

"I have been waiting for some time," he said, "in order to tell you that I am ready at any moment to repair the unpardonable blunder that I made yesterday, and to escort back to New York the very unsuitable young woman whom I forced upon you."

"Oh, you need not think of doing anything of that kind," said Mrs. Cristie; "the young person is perfectly satisfied with the situation, and intends to stay. She gives me no possible excuse to tell her that she will not suit me, for she takes hold of things exactly as if she remembered what people did for her when she was a baby. She does n't know everything, but she intends to; that is plain enough. At present she is washing one of baby's frocks with my *savon de rose*, because she declares that the soap they gave her in the kitchen contains enough lye to corrode the fibers of the fabric."

"Then you think she may suit you?" said Lodloe.

"Oh, she will suit; she intends to suit: and I have nothing to say against her except that I feel very much as I suppose you would feel if you had a college president to brush your coat."

"My spirits rise," said Lodloe; "I begin to believe that I have not made so much of a blunder after all. When you can get it, there is nothing like blooded service."

"But you do not want too much blood," said Mrs. Cristie. "I wish she had not studied at Bryn Mawr, for I think she pities me for having graduated at Vassar. But still she says I must call her Ida, and that gives me courage."

There then followed a contention in which Lodloe was worsted about his expenses in the nurse-maid affair, and, this matter being settled, the young man declared that having shown what an extremely undesirable person he was to work for others, he must go and attend to his own work.

"What sort of work do you do?" asked Mrs. Cristie.

"I write," he answered—"novels, stories, fiction in general."

"I know that," said she, "having read your Vassar article; but I do not think I have met with any of your avowed stories."

"Madam," said Walter Ludloe, "there are so many people in this world, and so few of them have read my stories, it is no wonder that you belong to the larger class. But, satirize my Vassar article as you please, I shall never cease to be grateful to it for my tower room in the Squirrel Inn."

IX.

THE PRESERVATION OF LITERATURE.

WALTER LODLOE set out to go to his work, and on his way to the little garden at the foot of the staircase which led to his room in the tower he saw the Greek scholar sitting on a bench outside his summer-house smoking a large cigar.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Tippengray; "do you smoke?"

The tone of these words implied not only a question but an invitation, in case the young man did smoke, to sit down on that bench and do it. Lodloe understood the force of the remark, and, drawing out a cigar, took a seat by Mr. Tippengray.

"Before I go to my work," said the latter, "it is my habit to sit here and enjoy the scenery and a few puffs. I suppose when you come to a place like this you throw work to the winds."

"Oh, no!" said Lodloe; "I am a literary man, and I came here to write."

"Very glad to hear it," said the other; "very glad that that tower room is to have the right sort of occupant. If I had not this summer-house, I should want that room; but I am afraid, however, if I had it, I should look out of the window a great deal and translate a very little."

"What do you translate?" asked Lodloe, with interest.

"At present," said Mr. Tippengray, "I am engaged in translating into Greek some of the standard works of our modern literature. There is no knowing what may happen to our modern languages. In the course of a few centuries they may become as useless to the readers of that day as the English of Chaucer is to the ordinary reader of our time; but Greek will stand, sir, and the sooner we get the good things of the present day into solid Greek the better it will be for them and for the literature of the future."

"What work are you translating?" asked Lodloe.

"I am now at work on the 'Pickwick Papers,'" said the scholar, "and I assure you that it is not an easy job. When I get through with it I shall translate it back into English, after the fashion of Sir William Jones—the only way to do that sort of thing. Same as a telegraphic message—if it is n't repeated, you can't depend on it. If I then find that my English is like that of Dickens, I shall feel greatly encouraged, and probably shall take up the works of Thackeray."

Walter Lodloe was somewhat stunned at this announcement, and he involuntarily glanced at the gray streaks in the locks of the Greek

scholar. The latter perceived the glance, and, knocking the ashes from his cigar, remarked:

"Did you ever notice, sir, that an ordinary robin is perfectly aware that while squirrels and cats are able to ascend the perpendicular trunk of a tree, they cannot climb the painted pillar of a piazza; and consequently it is perfectly safe to build a nest at the top of such a pillar?"

Lodloe had noticed this, and a good many other intelligent traits of animals, and the two conversed on this interesting subject until the sun came round to the bench on which they were sitting, when they moved to a shady spot and continued the conversation.

At last Lodloe arose. "It must be nearly dinner-time," said he. "I think I shall take a walk this afternoon, and see some of the country."

"You ought to do it," said Mr. Tippengray. "It is a beautiful country. If you like I will go with you. I 'm not a bad guide; I know every road, path, and short cut."

Walter Lodloe expressed his satisfaction at the proposed companionship, and suggested that the first walk be to the village of Lethbury, peeping up among the trees in the distance.

"Lethbury!" exclaimed the Greek scholar. "Well, sir, if it 's all the same to you, I prefer walking in any direction to that of Lethbury. It 's a good enough place, but to-day I don't feel drawn to it."

"Very good," said Lodloe; "we will walk anywhere but in the direction of Lethbury."

About half an hour afterward, Mrs. Petter, having finished carving a pair of fowls, paused for a moment's rest in serving the little company, and looked out of the dining-room window.

"Upon my word!" she exclaimed, "this is too bad. When other boarders came, I thought Mr. Tippengray would begin to behave like other Christians, and come to his meals at the proper time. At supper last night and breakfast this morning he was at the table as soon as anybody, and I was beginning to feel real heartened up, as if things were going to run on regular and proper. But now look at that? Is n't that enough to make a housekeeper give up in despair?"

Mrs. Cristie, Lodloe, and Mr. Petter all looked out of the window, and beheld the Greek scholar engaged in pushing the baby-carriage backward and forward under the shade of a large tree while on a seat near by the maid Ida sat reading a book. Now passing nearer, Mr. Tippengray stopped, and with sparkling eyes spoke to her. Then she looked up, and with sparkling eyes answered him. Then together, with sparkling eyes, they conversed for a few minutes, evidently about the book. After a few more turns of the carriage Mr. Tippengray returned to the maid; the sparkling eyes were raised again from the book, and the scene was repeated.

"He has lent her a book," said Mrs. Cristie. "She did not take that one out with her."

"There 's a time for books, and there 's a time for meals," said Mrs. Petter. "Why did n't he keep his book until he ate his dinner?"

"I think Mr. Tippengray must be something of a philosopher," said Lodloe, "and that he prefers to take his books to a pretty maid when other people are at dinner."

"My wife does not altogether understand the ways of scholars," said Mr. Petter. "A gentleman giving most of his time to Greek cannot be expected to give much of his mind to the passage of modern times."

"If he gives some of his time to the passage of a good dinner to cold victuals it would help his dyspepsia. But I suppose he will come when he is ready, and all I have to say is that I would like to see Calthea Rose if she could catch sight of them this minute."

Mr. Petter sat at the end of the table where he had a view of his flocks and his herds in the pasture below.

"Well," said he, "if that estimable young woman wants to catch a sight of them, all she has to do is to step along lively, for at this present moment she is walking over the field-path straight to this house, and, what is more, she is wearing her bonnet and carrying a parasol."

"Bonnet and parasol!" ejaculated Mrs. Petter. "Fire in the mountains, run, boys, run! Debby, step out as quick as you can to Mr. Tippengray, and you need n't say anything but just ask if Miss Calthea Rose told him she was coming to dinner to-day, and tell him she 's coming over the field."

In about one minute the Greek scholar was in his place at the table and beginning his meal.

"Now, Mr. Tippengray," said Mrs. Petter, "I don't suppose you feel any coals of fire on your head at this present moment."

"Madam," said the scholar, "did you ever notice that when squirrels strip the bark from the limbs of trees they are very apt to despoil those branches which project in such a manner as to interfere with a view?"

"No, I did n't," said Mrs. Petter; "and I don't believe they do it, either. Debby, put a knife, fork, and napkin for Calthea Rose. If she is coming to dinner it is just as well to let her think that nobody forgot to bring the message she sent. She never comes to meals without sending word beforehand."

But Miss Calthea had not come to dinner. She sent word by Debby, who met her at the

front door, that she had had her dinner, and that she would wait for the family on the piazza.

"Bonnet and parasol," said Mrs. Petter. "She has come to make a call, and it 's on you, Mrs. Cristie. Don't eat too fast, Mr. Tippengray; she 's good for the rest of the afternoon."

"PASSING NEARER, MR. TIPPENGRAY STOPPED."

X.

ROSE VERSUS MAYBERRY.

MISS CALTHEA ROSE was a person of good height, originally slender, but gathering an appreciable plumpness as the years went on, and with good taste in dress when she chose to exert it, which on the present occasion she did. She possessed acute perceptions and a decided method of action. But whether or not the relation of her perceptions to her actions was always influenced by good judgment was a question with her neighbors. It never was, however, a question with herself.

When everybody but Mr. Tippengray had finished dinner, and he had desired the others not to wait for him as he would probably be occupied some time longer, the host and hostess went out to greet the visitor, followed by Mrs. Cristie and Lodloe. When Miss Calthea Rose turned to greet the latter lady her expression was cold, not to say hard; but when her eyes fell upon the gentleman by the side of the young widow, a softening warmth spread over her face, and she came forward with outstretched hands.

"Did you see that?" said Mrs. Petter, aside to her husband. "Jealous as she can be of Mrs. Cristie till she sees that she 's got a young man of her own; then as sweet as sugar."

When Miss Calthea Rose set about to be as sweet as sugar, it was very good sugar that she took for her model. She liked to talk, but was not a mistress of words, and although her remarks were not always to the point, they were generally pointed.

At last Mr. Tippengray came out on the piazza. He walked slowly, and he did not wear his usual ease of demeanor; but nothing could have been more cordial and reassuring than the greeting given him by Miss Calthea. If this were intended in any way to inspirit him, it failed of its effect. The Greek scholar stood apart, and did not look like a man who had made up his mind as to what he was going to do next; but Miss Calthea took no notice of his unusual demeanor. She talked with great graciousness to the company in general, and frequently directed remarks to Mr. Tippengray which indicated a high degree of good comradeship.

Under this general warmth Mr. Tippengray was forced to melt a little, and in a manner to accept the position thus publicly tendered him; but suddenly the maid Ida popped up the steps of the piazza. She had an open book in her hand, and she went directly and quickly to Mr. Tippengray. She held the book up towards him, and put her finger on a page.

"You were just here," she said, "when you had to go to your dinner. Now if you will

finish the explanation I can go on nicely. You don't know how you help me. Every word you say seems to take root"; and she looked up into his face with sparkling eyes.

But not a sparkle sparkled from the eyes of the Greek scholar. He stood silently looking at the book, his face a little flushed, his eyes blinking as if the sunlight were too strong for him.

"Suppose you walk out on the lawn with me," said the nurse-maid, "and then we shall not disturb the others. I will not keep you more than five minutes."

She went down the steps of the piazza, and Mr. Tippengray, having apparently lost the power of making up his mind what he should do, did what she wanted him to do, and followed her. They did not walk very far, but stood barely out of hearing of the persons on the piazza; her eyes sparkling up into his face, as his helpful words took root in her understanding.

At the instant of the appearance of the maid Ida Miss Calthea Rose stopped talking. Her subsequent glances towards this young woman and Mr. Tippengray might have made one think of steel chilled to zero. Mrs. Cristie looked at Lodloe, and he at her, and both slightly smiled. "She understands that sort of thing," he thought, and "He understands that sort of thing," she thought.

At this moment Mrs. Petter glanced at her two guests and saw the smile which passed between them. She understood that sort of thing.

"Who is that?" said Miss Calthea Rose, presently.

Mrs. Cristie, full of the humor of the situation, hastened to answer.

"It is my nurse-maid," she said, "Ida Mayberry."

"A child's nurse!" ejaculated Miss Calthea Rose.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cristie; "that is what she is."

"I expect," said Mrs. Petter, "that he is teaching her Greek, and of course it 's hard for her at the beginning. Mr. Tippengray 's such a kind man that he would do anything for anybody, so far as he could; but I must admit that I can't see how Greek can help anybody to nurse children, unless there is some book on the subject in that language."

"Greek!" scornfully ejaculated Miss Calthea, and, turning her steely glance from the couple on the lawn, she began to talk to Mr. Petter about one of his cows which had broken its leg.

Ida Mayberry was a young woman who meant what she said, and in less than five minutes, with a sparkling glance of thanks, she released Mr. Tippengray. That gentleman returned to the piazza, but his appearance elicited no more attention from the lady who had so recently brought into view their friendly relationship than if he had been the head of a nail in the floor beneath her. From Mr. Petter she turned to speak to some of the others, and if her words and manner did not make Mr. Tippengray understand that, so far as she was concerned, he had ceased to exist, her success was not what she expected it to be.

Although he had been amused and interested, Walter Lodloe now thought that he had had enough of Miss Calthea Rose, and wandered away to the little garden at the foot of his staircase. He had not reached it before he was joined by Mr. Tippengray.

"Look here," said the latter, with something of his usual briskness; "if you are still in the humor, suppose we walk over to Lethbury."

Lodloe looked at him in surprise. "I thought you did n't want to go there," he said.

"I 've changed my mind," replied the other. "I think this is a very good day to go to Lethbury. It is a pretty village, and you ought to have some one with you to show you its best points."

As soon as she thought etiquette would permit, Mrs. Cristie withdrew, pleading the interests of her baby as an excuse.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Miss Calthea Rose, the moment the young mother was out of hearing, "that she leaves her baby in the care of that thing with a book?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "Mrs. Cristie tells me she is a very good nurse-maid."

"Well," said Miss Calthea, "babies are troublesome, and it 's often convenient to get rid of them, but I must say that I never heard of this new style of infanticide. I suppose there is n't any law against it yet."

Mr. Petter looked uneasy. He did not like fault found with Mrs. Cristie, who was a great favorite with him.

"I am inclined to think, Miss Calthea," he said, "that you judge that young person too harshly. I have formed a very good opinion of her. Not only does she attend to her duties, but she has a good mind. It may not be a fine mind, but it is a good mind. Her desire to learn from Mr. Tippengray is a great point in her favor."

Here Mrs. Petter, who sat near her husband, pressed violently upon his foot; but she was too late, the words had been said. Mrs. Petter prepared herself for a blaze, but none came. There was a momentary flash in the Calthean eyes, and then the lids came down and shut out everything but a line of steely light. Then she gazed out over the landscape, and presently again turned her face towards her companions,

with nothing more upon it than her usual expression when in a bad humor.

"Do you know," she said abruptly, "that Lanigan Beam is coming back?"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Petter, "I thought he was settled in Patagonia."

"It was not Patagonia," said Mr. Petter; "it was Nicaragua."

"Well, I knew it was the little end of some place," said she; "and now he 's coming back. Well, that is unfortunate."

"Unfortunate!" said Miss Calthea; "it 's criminal. There ought to be a law against such things."

Again the host of the Squirrel Inn moved uneasily on his chair and crossed and recrossed his legs. He liked Lanigan Beam.

"I cannot see," he said, "why it is wrong for a man to return to the place where he was born."

"Born!" scornfully exclaimed Miss Calthea; "it 's the greatest pity that there is any place where he was born; but there 's no use talking about him. He has written to them at the hotel at Lethbury that he will be there the day after to-morrow, and he wants them to have a room ready for him. If he 'd asked them to have a grave ready for him it would have been much more considerate."

Mr. Petter now rose to his feet; his manner was very dignified.

"Excuse me, Miss Calthea," he said, "but I must go and look after my men in the cornfield."

Miss Calthea Rose sat up very straight in her chair.

"If there 's anything you want to do, Mrs. Petter, I beg you won't let me keep you."

"Now, Calthea," said Mrs. Petter, "don't work yourself into such a terrible stew. You know Stephen does n't like to have Lanigan pitched into; I 'm sorry for even what I said. But that about his grave was enough to rouse a saint."

Miss Calthea was on the point of retorting that that was something which Stephen Petter was not, by any means, but she restrained herself. If she quarreled with the Petters, and cut herself off from visiting the Squirrel Inn, a great part of the pleasure of her life would be gone.

"Well," said she, "we all know Lanigan Beam, and if there 's anybody who wants the peace of the community to vanish entirely out of sight, the responsibility 's on him, and not on me."

"Mrs. Petter," said Ida Mayberry, appearing so suddenly before that good woman that she seemed to have dropped through the roof of the piazza, "do you know where Mr. Tippengray is? I 've been looking all over for him, and can't find him. He is n't in his little house, for I knocked at the door."

"Does Mrs. Cristie want him?" asked Mrs. Petter, making this wild grasp at a straw.

"TEACH THE OLD HENS GOOD MANNERS."

"Oh, no," said Ida. "It is I who want him. There 's a Greek sentence in this book he lent me which I am sure I have not translated properly; and as the baby is asleep now, there could n't be a better time for him to help me, if only I could find him."

Self-restraint was no longer possible with Miss Calthea Rose. A red blaze shot into her face, and without deigning to look in the direction of the creature who had just spoken, she said in the sharpest tones of contemptuous anger:

"Greek to a child's nurse! I expect next he 'll teach French to the pigs."

The maid Ida lifted up her eyes from the book and fixed them on Miss Calthea.

"The best thing he could do," she quietly remarked, "would be to teach the old hens good manners"; and then she walked away with her book.

Miss Calthea sprang to her feet, and looked

as if she was going to do something; but there was nothing to do, and she sat down again. Her brow was dark, her eyes flashed, and her lips were parted, as if she was about to say something; but there was nothing to say, and she sat silent, breathing hard. It was bad enough to be as jealous as Miss Calthea was at that moment, but to be so flagrantly insulted by the object of her jealousy created in her a rage that could not be expressed in words. It was fortunate that she did not look at Mrs. Petter, for that good lady was doing her best to keep from laughing.

"Well!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak composedly, "this is too much. I think I must speak to Mrs. Cristie about this. Of course she can't prevent the young woman from answering back, but I think I can make her see that it is n't seemly and becoming for nursemaids to be associating with boarders in this way."

"If you take my advice, Susan Petter," said Miss Calthea, in a voice thickened by her emotions, "you will keep your mouth shut on that subject. If your boarders choose to associate with servants, let them alone. It simply shows what sort of people they are."

Calthea Rose did not like to hear herself speak in a voice which might show how she was feeling, and as there was no use of staying there if she could not talk, she rose to leave, and, in spite of Mrs. Petter's hospitable entreaty to make a longer stay, she departed.

When her visitor was well out of sight, Mrs. Petter allowed herself to lean back in her chair and laugh quietly.

"Leave them alone indeed," she said to herself. "You may want me to do it, but I know well enough that you are not going to leave them alone, Miss Calthea Rose, and I can't say that I wonder at your state of mind, for it seems to me that this is your last chance. If you don't get Mr. Tippengray, I can't see where you are going to find another man properly older than you are."

XI.

LANIGAN BEAM.

THAT evening about eleven o'clock Walter Lodloe was sitting in his room in the tower, his feet upon the sill of the large window which looked out over the valley. He had come up to his room an hour or two before, determined not to allow the whole day to pass without his having done any work; and now, having written several pages of the story on which he was engaged, he was enjoying the approbation of his conscience, the flavor of a good cigar, and the beautiful moonlighted scene which he beheld from his window.

More than this, he was thinking over the events of the day with a good deal of interest and amusement, particularly of his afternoon walk with Mr. Tippengray. He had taken a great fancy to that gentleman, who, without making any direct confidences, had given him a very fair idea of his relations with Calthea Rose. It was plain enough that he liked that very estimable person, and that he had passed many pleasant hours in her society, but that he did not at all agree with what he called her bigoted notions in regard to proprietorship in fellow-beings.

On the other hand, Lodloe was greatly delighted with Miss Calthea's manner of showing her state of mind. Quite unexpectedly they had met her in Lethbury,—to which village Mr. Tippengray had not thought she would return so soon,—and Lodloe almost laughed as he called to mind the beaming and even genial recognition that she gave to him, and which, at the same time, included effacement and extinction of his companion to the extent of being an admirable piece of dramatic art. The effect upon Lodloe had been such, that when the lady had passed he involuntarily turned to see if the Greek scholar had not slipped away just before the moment of meeting.

"When a woman tries so hard to show how little she thinks of a man," thought Lodloe, "it is a proof that she thinks a great deal of him, and I shall not be surprised —" Just then there came a tap at the window opposite the one at which he was sitting.

Now when a man in the upper room of a fairly tall tower, access to which is gained by a covered staircase the door at the bottom of which he knows he has locked, hears a tap at the window, he is likely to be startled. Lodloe was so startled that his chair nearly tipped over backward. Turning quickly, he saw a man's head and shoulders at the opposite window, the sash of which was raised. With an exclamation, Lodloe sprang to his feet. His lamp had been turned down in order that he might better enjoy the moonlight, but he could plainly see the man at the window, who now spoke.

"Hold hard," said he; "don't get excited. There 's nothing out of the way. My name is Beam — Lanigan Beam. I tapped because I thought if I spoke first you might jump out of the window, being turned in that direction. May I come in?"

Lodloe made no answer; his mind did not comprehend the situation; he went to the window and looked out. The man was standing on the sharp ridge of a roof which stretched from the tower to the rear portion of the building. By reaching upward he was able to look into the window.

"Give me a hand," said the man, "and

we 'll consider matters inside. This is a mighty ticklish place to stand on."

Lodloe had heard a good deal that evening about Lanigan Beam, and although he was amazed at the appearance of that individual at this time and place, he was ready and willing to make his acquaintance. Bracing himself against the window-frame, he reached out his hand, and in a few moments Mr. Beam had scrambled into the room. Lodloe turned up the wick of his lamp, and by the bright light he looked at his visitor.

He saw a man rather long as to legs, and thin as to face, and dressed in an easy-fitting suit of summer clothes.

"Take a seat," said Lodloe, "and tell me to what I owe this call."

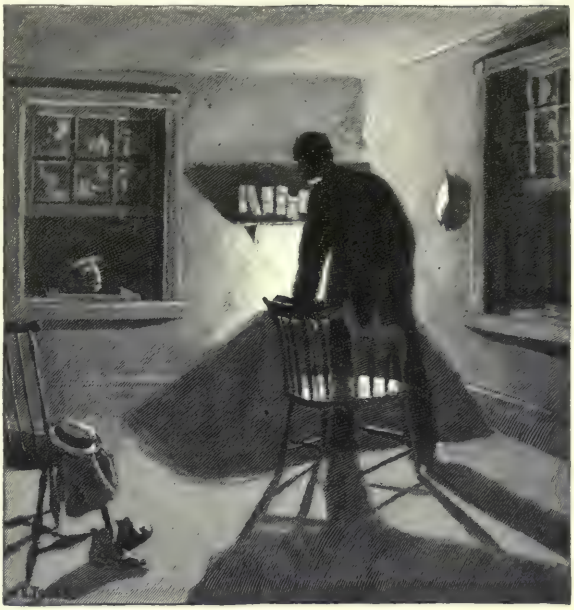
"To your lamp," said the other, taking a chair; "it was n't burning very brightly, but still it was a light, and the only one about. I was on my way to Lethbury, but I could n't get any sort of conveyance at Romney, so I footed it, thinking I would like a moonlight walk. But by the time I got to the squirrel on the post I thought I would turn in here and stay with Stephen Petter for the night; but the house was all shut up and dark except this room, and as I knew that if I woke Stephen out of a sound sleep he 'd bang me over the head with his everlasting Rockmores of Germantown, I determined to take a night's lodging without saying a word to him about it.

"There 's a room back here that you can only get into by a ladder put up on the outside. I knew all about it, so I went to the ice-house and got a ladder and climbed into the room. I put my valise under my head, and prepared to take a good sleep on the floor, but in three minutes I found the place was full of wasps. I could n't stay there, you know, and I was just getting ready to go down the ladder again when I happened to look out of a window that opened on the roof, and saw you in here. I could see only the back of your head, but although it was pretty well lighted, I could n't judge very well by that what sort of person you were. But I saw you were smoking, and it struck me that a man who smokes is generally a pretty good fellow, and so I came over."

"Glad to see you," said Lodloe; "and what can I do for you?"

"Well, in the first place," said Beam, "have you any liquid ammonia? The first notice I had of the wasps in that room was this sting on my finger."

Lodloe was sorry that he did not possess anything of the kind.



"DON'T GET EXCITED."

"If I 'm not mistaken," said the visitor, "there is a bottle of it on the top shelf of that closet. I have frequently occupied this room, and I remember putting some there myself. May I look for it?"

Permission being given, Mr. Beam speedily found the bottle, and assuaged the pains of his sting.

"Now, then," said he, resuming his seat, "the next favor I 'll ask will be to allow me to fill my pipe, and put to you a few questions as to the way the land lies about here at present. I 've been away for a year and a half, and don't know what 's going on, or who 's dead or alive. By the way, have you happened to hear any body speak of me?"

"I should think so," said Lodloe, laughing. "The greater part of this evening was occupied in a discussion on your life, adventures, moral character, disposition, and mental bias. There may have been some other points touched upon, but I don't recall them just now."

"Upon my word," said Lanigan Beam, putting his arms on the table, and leaning forward, "this is interesting. Who discussed me?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Petter had the most to say," answered Lodloe.

"I 'm glad to hear they 're alive," interpolated the other.

"And Mrs. Cristie, who knew you when her husband was alive."

"Dead, is he?" said Beam. "Very sorry to hear that. A mighty pretty woman is Mrs. Cristie."

"Miss Calthea Rose was not present," continued Lodloe, "but her opinions were quoted

very freely by the others, and sometimes combated."

"Calthea alive, is she?" ejaculated Beam. "Well, well, I ought to be glad to hear it, and I suppose I am. Anybody else?"

"Yes; there was Mr. Tippengray, one of the guests at the inn. There are only three of us in all. He had heard a great deal about you from Miss Rose. She seems to have been very communicative to him."

"Chums, are they?" cried Lanigan Beam. "Well, bless his soul, I say, whatever sort of man he is. Now what did they say about me?"

"It 's my opinion," answered Lodloe, smiling, "that it is a very unsafe thing to tell a man what other people say about him."

Lanigan sprang to his feet, and stood, pipe in hand, before the other. "Now, sir," said he, "I have not heard your name yet—Lodloe; thank you. Now, Mr. Lodloe, I have before me the greatest chance of my life. It almost never happens that a man has an opportunity of hearing a straightforward account of what people say about him. Now if you want to do the biggest kind of favor to a fellow-being, just tell me what you heard of me to-night. You are a perfect stranger to me, and you can speak out plainly about it without having the least feeling one way or the other."

Lodloe looked at him.

"Here is a chance," he said to himself, "that seldom comes to a man; an opportunity to tell a man exactly what his friends and neighbors think about him. It 's a rare experience, and I like it. I 'll do it."

"Very good," said he, aloud; "if you want to see yourself as others see you, I 'll turn on the lights and act as showman; but remember I have nothing to do with the painting. I have no prejudices one way or the other."

"All right," said Lanigan, reseating himself; "let the panorama move."

"About the first thing I was told," said Lodloe, "was that you were a good-hearted fellow, but the fact that your father was an Irishman had deprived your character of ballast."

"Umph," said Lanigan; "there are some people who are all ballast. I don't mind that."

"And then I heard that, although you were a wild and irresponsible youth, people generally expected that as you grew older you would gradually accumulate ballast; but instead of that you had steadily gone downhill from the moment of your birth."

"Now, then," said Lanigan, "I suppose I have no right to ask you, but I would like very much to know who said that."

"I don't object in the least to telling you," said Lodloe; "it is fitter that you should know it than that I should know it. That was a quoted opinion of Miss Calthea Rose."

"HAVE YOU HAPPENED TO HEAR ANY BODY SPEAK OF ME?"

"Good for you," said Lanigan; "you 'd be death to the members of a scandal-monger society. You would break up the business utterly."

"To this Mr. Petter remarked," said Lodloe, "that he thought in many ways you had improved very much, but he was obliged to admit that he could never think of anything that you had done which was of the least benefit to yourself or anybody else."

"Upon my word," cried Lanigan, "that 's a pretty wide sweep for old Petter. I shall have to rub up his memory. He forgets that I helped him to make the plans for this house. And what did Mrs. Cristie say about me?"

"She said she thought it was a great pity that you did not apply yourself to something or other."

"She is right there," cried Beam, "and, by George, I 'll apply myself to her. However, I don't know about that," he continued. "What else did Calthea say?"

"One remark was that having proved false to every friend you had here you had no right to return."

"That means," said Mr. Beam, "that having promised at least five times to marry her, I never did it once."

"Were you really engaged to her?" asked Lodloe.

"Oh, yes," said the other; "it seems to me as if I had always been engaged to her. Born that way. Sort of an ailment you get used to, like squinting. When I was a youngster Calthea was a mighty pretty girl, a good deal my senior, of course, or I would n't have cared for her. As she grew older she grew prettier, and I was more and more in love with her. We used to have quarrels, but they did n't make much difference, for after every one of them we engaged ourselves again, and all went on as before. But the time came when Calthea kept on being older than I was, and did n't keep on being pretty and agreeable. Then I began to weaken about the marriage altar and all that sort of thing, but for all that I would have been perfectly willing to stay engaged to her for the rest of my life if she had wished it, but one day she got jealous, kicked up a tremendous row, and away I went."

"Well," said Lodloe, "she must have considered that the best thing you could do for her, for Mrs. Petter said that she had heard her declare dozens of times that from her very youth you had hung like a millstone about her neck, and blighted her every prospect, and that your return here was like one of the seven plagues of Egypt."

"Mixed, but severe," said Mr. Beam. "Did anybody say any good of me?"

"Yes," answered Lodloe; "Mrs. Cristie said you were an obliging fellow, although very apt to forget what you had promised to do. Mr. Petter said that you had a very friendly disposition, although he was obliged to admit the truth of his wife's remark that said disposition would have been more agreeable to your friends if you had been as willing to do things for them as you were to have them do things for you. And Mrs. Petter on her own motion summed up your character by saying, that if you had not been so regardless of the welfare and wishes of others; so totally given up to self-gratification; so ignorant of all kinds of business, and so unwilling to learn; so extravagant in your habits, and so utterly conscienceless in regard to your debts; so neglectful of your promises and your duty; so heretical in your opinions, political and religious, and such a dreadful backslider from everything that you had promised to be when a baby, you would be a very nice sort of fellow, whom she would like to see come into the house."

"Well," said Lanigan Beam, leaning back in his chair, "that 's all of my bright side, is it?"

"Not quite," said Lodloe; "Mr. Tippengray declared that you are the first man he ever heard of who did not possess a single good point; that you must be very interesting, and that he would like to know you."

"Noble Tippengray!" said Mr. Beam. "And he 's the man who is chumming it with Calthea?"

"Not at present," said Lodloe; "she is jealous, and does n't speak to him."

Mr. Beam let his head drop on his breast, his arms hung down by his side, and he sank into his chair, as if his spine had come unhinged.

"There goes the last prop from under me," he said. "If Calthea had a man in tow I would n't be afraid of her, but now — well, no matter. If you will let me take that bottle of ammonia with me, — I suppose, by rights, it now belongs to the house, — I 'll go back to that room and fight it out with the wasps. As I have n't any good points, they 'll be able to put some into me, I 'll wager."

Lodloe laughed. "You shall not go there," he said; "I have more bed-covering than I want, and an extra pillow, and if you can make yourself comfortable on that lounge you are welcome to stay here."

"Sir," said Lanigan Beam, rising, "I accept your offer, and if it were not that by so doing I would destroy the rare symmetry of my character, I would express my gratitude. And now I will go down your stairs, and up my ladder, and get my valise."

XII.

LANIGAN CHANGES HIS CRAVAT.

EARLY the next morning, without disturbing the sleep of Walter Lodloe, Lanigan Beam descended from the tower, carrying his valise. His face wore that air of gravity which sometimes follows an early morning hour of earnest reflection, and he had substituted a black cravat for the blue one with white spots that he had worn on his arrival.

Walking out towards the barn he met Mr. Petter, who was one of the earliest risers on the place.

The greeting given him by the landlord of the Squirrel Inn was a mixture of surprise, cordiality, and annoyance.

"Lanigan Beam!" he exclaimed. "Why I thought —"

"Of course you did; I understand," said the other, extending his hand with a dignified superiority to momentary excitement in others. "You thought I would arrive at Lethbury in a day or two, and had no idea of seeing me here. You have reason, but I have changed my plans. I left New York earlier than I intended, and I am not going to Lethbury at

all. At least not to the hotel there. I greatly prefer this house."

A shade of decided trouble came over Mr. Petter's face.

"Now, Lanigan," he said, "that will not do at all; of course I don't want to be hard on you, and I never was, but my season is commenced, I have my guests, my rules are in full force, and I cannot permit you to come here and disarrange my arrangements. If for once, Lanigan, you will take the trouble to think, you will see that for yourself."

"I AM HERE FOR A PURPOSE."

"Mr. Petter," said the younger man, setting his valise upon the ground, "I have no desire to disarrange them; on the contrary, I would stamp them with fixity. And before we go any further I beg that you will be kind enough not to call me by my Christian name, and to endeavor to produce in yourself the conviction that since you last saw me I have been entirely rearranged and reconstructed. In order to do this, you have only to think of me as you used to think, and then exactly reverse your opinion. In this way you will get a true view of my present character. It does not suit me to do things partially, or by degrees, and I am now exactly the opposite of what I used to be. By keeping this in mind any one who knew me before may consider himself or herself perfectly acquainted with me now."

Stephen Petter looked at him doubtfully.

"Of course," he said, "I shall be very glad — and so will Mrs. Petter — to find that you have reformed, but as to your coming here —"

"Now then," said Mr. Beam, "I know you are not the man to allow trifles to stand in the way of important movements. I am here for a purpose, a great purpose, with which you will be in entire sympathy. I will say at once, frankly and openly, that my object is the improvement of Lethbury. I have a project which —"

"Now, now, now!" exclaimed Mr. Petter, with much irritation, "I don't want to hear anything more of any of your projects; I know all about them. They all begin with a demand for money from your friends, and that is the end of the project and the money."

"Stephen Petter," said the other, "you are not looking at my character as I told you to look at it. Every cent of the capital required for my operations I will contribute myself. No one will be allowed to subscribe any money whatever. This, you see, is exactly the opposite of what used to be the case; and when I tell you that the success of my plan will improve the business of Lethbury, elevate its moral and intellectual standard, exercise an ennobling and purifying influence upon the tone of its society, and give an almost incredible impetus to faith, hope, and charity in its moral atmosphere, — and all that without anybody's being asked to give a copper, — I know you will agree with me that a mere matter of residence should not be allowed to block this great work."

Since he had been assured that he was not to be asked to contribute money, Mr. Petter's face had shown relief and interest; but now he shook his head.

"This is my season," he said, "and I have my rules."

Lanigan Beam laid his hand upon the shoulder of his companion.

"Petter," said he, "I don't ask you to infract your rules. That would be against my every principle. I do not know the Rockmores of Germantown, but if it were necessary I would immediately go and find them, and make their acquaintance — I should have no difficulty in doing it, I assure you, but it is not necessary. I staid last night with Mr. Lodloe, who occupies the top room of your tower. Don't jump out of your boots. I went to him because there was a light in his room and the rest of the house was dark, and he explained to me the Rockmorial reason why he occupies that room while the rest of your house is nearly empty. Now you can do the same thing for me. Let

me have that upper room with no stairway to it; give me the use of a ladder, and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"But the room 's not furnished," said Mr. Petter.

"Oh, we can easily get over that little difficulty," replied Mr. Beam; "whatever furniture may be needed can easily be put in through the window. If there are any wasps up there I can fumigate them out. Now we call that settled, don't we? None of your rules broken, Lethbury regenerated, and nothing for you to do but look on and profit."

Mr. Petter gazed reflectively upon the ground.

"There can be no doubt," said he, "that Lethbury is in a stagnant condition, and if that condition could be improved, it would be for the benefit of us all; and considering, furthermore, that if your project — which you have not yet explained to me — should be unsuccessful, no one but yourself will lose any money, I see no reason why I should interfere with your showing the people of this neighborhood that your character has been reconstructed. But if you should lodge in that room, it would make a very odd condition of things. I should then have but three male guests, and not one of them literally living in my house."

"Ah, my good friend Petter," said Lanigan, taking up his valise, "you should know there is luck in odd conditions, as well as in odd numbers, and everything will turn out right, you may bet on that. Hello," he continued, stepping back a little, "who is that very pretty girl with a book in her hand? That cannot be Mrs. Cristie."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Petter, "that is her maid, who takes care of her child. I think the young woman has come out to study before beginning her daily duties."

"Upon my word," said Lanigan Beam, attentively regarding Miss Ida Mayberry as she daintily made her way across the dewy lawn to a rustic seat under a tree. And then suddenly turning to Mr. Petter, he said:

"Look you, my good Stephen, can't you let me go in somewhere and furbish myself up a little before breakfast?"

And having been shown into a room on the ground floor, Mr. Beam immediately proceeded to take off his black cravat and to replace it by the blue one with white spots.

Frank R. Stockton.

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER SONG.

AH! whither, sweet one, art thou fled —
My heart of May?
In vain pursuing I am led
A weary way.

The brook is dry; its silver throat
Rills song no more;
And not a linnet lifts a note
Along the shore.

Wilt thou return? — I ask the night,
I ask the morn.
The doubt that wounds the old delight
Is like a thorn.

Oh, come! I lean my eager ear
For laughter's ring;
Bring back the love-light cool and clear —
Bring back my Spring!

Clinton Scollard.

[*BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.*]

THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

XVII.

A FAITH CURE.

THE next day the cold wave had begun to let go a little, and there were omens of a coming storm. The forenoon Phillida gave to domestic industry of one sort and another, but in the afternoon she put on her overshoes against icy pavements, and set out for a visit to Wilhelmina Schulenberg, remembering how lonesome the invalid must be in wintry weather. There were few loiterers on the sidewalks on such a day, but Phillida was pretty sure of a recognition from somebody by the time she reached Avenue A, for her sympathetic kindness had made friends for her beyond those with whom she came into immediate contact as a Sunday-school teacher.

"O Miss Callender," said a thinly clad girl of thirteen, with chattering teeth, and arms folded against her body for warmth, rocking from one foot to the other, as she stood in the door of a tenement house, "this is hard weather for poor folks, ain't it?" And then, unable longer to face the penetrating rawness of the east wind, she turned and ran up the stairs.

Phillida's meditations as she walked were occupied with what Mrs. Frankland had said the day before. She reflected that if she herself only possessed the necessary faith she might bring healing to many suffering people. Why not to Wilhelmina? With this thought there came a drawing back — that instinctive resistance of human nature to anything out of the conventional and mediocre; a resistance that in a time of excitement often saves us from absurdity at the expense of reducing us to commonplace. But in Phillida this conservatism was counteracted by a quick imagination in alliance with a passion for moral excellence, both warmed by the fire of youth; and in all ventures youth counts for much.

"Dat is coot; you gomes to see Mina wunst more already," said Mrs. Schulenberg, whom Phillida encountered on the second flight of stairs, descending with a market-basket on her arm. She was not the strong-framed peasant, but of lighter build and somewhat finer fiber than the average immigrant, and her dark hair and eyes seemed to point to South Germany as her place of origin.

"Wilhelmina she so badly veels to-day," added Mrs. Schulenberg. "I don' know," — and she shook her head ominously, — "I vas mos' afraid to leef her all py herself already. She is with bein' zick zo tired. She dalk dreadful dis mornin' already; I don' know." And the mother went on down the stairs shaking her head dolefully, while Phillida climbed up to the Schulenberg apartment and entered without knocking, going straight over to the couch where the emaciated girl lay, and kissing her.

Wilhelmina embraced her while Phillida pushed back the hair from the pale, hard forehead with something like a shudder, for it was only skin and skull. In the presence of sympathy Wilhelmina's mood of melancholy desperation relaxed, and she began to shed tears.

"O Miss Callender, you have from black thoughts saved me to-day," she said in a sobbing voice, speaking with a slight German accent. "If I could only die. Here I drag down the whole family already. I make them sorry. Poor Rudolph, he might be somebody if away off he would go wunst; but no, he will not leave me. It is such a nice girl he love; I can see that he love her. But he will say nothing at all. He feel so he must not anyway leave his poor sister; and I hate myself and my life that for all my family is unfortunate. Black thoughts will come. If, now, I was only dead; if I could only find some way myself to put out of the way wunst, for Rudolph it would be better, and after a while the house would not any more so sorry be. Last night I thought much about it; but when falling asleep I saw you plain come in the door and shake your head, and I say, Miss Callender think it wicked. She will not let me. But I am so wicked and unfortunate."

Here the frail form was shaken by hysterical weeping that cut off speech. Phillida shed tears also, and one of them dropped on the emaciated hand of Wilhelmina. Phillida

[1] Copyright, 1891, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. All rights reserved.

quickly wiped it away with her handkerchief, but another took its place.

"Let it be, Miss Callender," sobbed Wilhelmina; "it will surely make me not so wicked."

She looked up wistfully at Phillida and essayed to speak; then she turned her eyes away, while she said:

"If now, Miss Callender, you would—but may be you will think that it is wicked also."

"Speak freely, dear," said Phillida, softly; "it will do you good to tell me all—all that is in your heart."

"If you would only pray that I might die, then it would be granted already, maybe. I am such a curse, a dreadful curse, to this house."

"No, no; you must n't say that. Your sickness is a great misfortune to your family, but it is not your fault. It is a greater misfortune to you. Why should you pray to die? Why not pray to get well?"

"That is too hard, Miss Callender. If now I had but a little while been sick. But I am so long. I cannot ever get well. Oh, the medicines I have took, the pills and the sarsaparillas and the medicine of the German doctor! And then the American doctor he burnt my back. No; I can't get well any more. It is better as I die. Pray that I die. Will you not?"

"But if God can make you die he can make you well. One is no harder than the other for him."

"No, no; not if I was but a little while sick. But you see it is years since I was sick."

This illogical ground of skepticism Phillida set herself to combat. She read from Wilhelmina's sheepskin-bound Testament, printed in parallel columns in English and German, the story of the miracle at the Pool of Bethesda, the story of the woman that touched the hem of the garment of Jesus, and of other cures told in the New Testament with a pathos and dignity not to be found in similar modern recitals.

Then Phillida, her soul full of hope, talked to Mina of the power of faith, going over the ground traversed by Mrs. Frankland. She read the eleventh of Hebrews, and her face was transformed by the earnestness of her own belief as she advanced. Call it mesmerism, or what you will, she achieved this by degrees, that Wilhelmina thought as she thought, and felt as she felt. The poor girl with shaken nerves and enfeebled vitality saw a vision of health. She watched Phillida closely, and listened eagerly to her words, for to her they were words of life.

"Now, Mina, if you believe, if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, all things are possible."

The girl closed her eyes a moment, then she opened them with her face radiant.

"Miss Callender, I do believe."

Already her face was changing under the powerful influence of the newly awakened hope. She folded her hands peacefully, and closed her eyes, whispering:

"Pray, Miss Callender; pray!"

Phillida laid down the Bible and solemnly knelt by the invalid, taking hold of one of her hands. It would have been impossible to listen to the prayer of one so passionately sincere and so believingly devout without falling into sympathy with it. To the bed-ridden and long-despairing Wilhelmina it made God seem something other than she had ever thought him. An hour before she could have believed that God might be persuaded to take her life in answer to prayer, but not that he could be brought to restore her. The moment that Phillida began to pray, a new God appeared to her mind—Phillida's God. Wilhelmina followed the action of Phillida's mind as a hypnotized subject does that of the dominant agent: as Phillida believed, so she believed; Phillida's confidence became hers, and the weak nerves tingled all the way from the nerve-centers with new life.

"Now, Wilhelmina," said Phillida at length, slowly rising from her knees and looking steadily into her eyes, "the good Lord will make you whole. Rise up and sit upon the bed, believing with all your heart."

In a sort of ecstasy the invalid set to work to obey. There was a hideous trick of legerdemain in the last generation, by which an encoffined skeleton was made to struggle to its feet. Something like this took place as Mina's feeble arms were brought into the most violent effort to assist her to rise. But a powerful emotion, a tremendous hope, stimulated the languid nerves; the almost disused muscles were galvanized into power; and Wilhelmina succeeded at length in sitting upright without support for the first time in years. When she perceived this actually accomplished she cried out: "O God! I am getting well!"

Wilhelmina's mother had come to the top of the stairs just as Phillida had begun to pray. She paused without the door and listened to the prayer and to what followed. She now burst into the room to see her daughter sitting up on the side of her couch; and then there were embraces and tears, and ejaculations of praise to God in German and in broken English.

"Sit there, Mina, and believe with all your heart," said Phillida, who was exteriorly the calmest of the three; "I will come back soon."

Wilhelmina did as she was bidden. The shock of excitement thus prolonged was overcoming the sluggishness of her nerves. The mother could not refrain from calling in a neighbor who was passing by the open door, and

the news of Mina's partial restoration spread through the building. When Phillida got back from the Diet Kitchen with some savory food, the doorway was blocked; but the people stood out of her way with as much awe as they would had she worn an aureole, and she passed in and put the food before Wilhelmina, who ate with a relish she hardly remembered to have known before. The spectators dropped back into the passageway, and Phillida gently closed the door.

"Now, Wilhelmina, lie down and rest. To-morrow you will walk a little. Keep on believing with all your heart."

Having seen the patient, who was fatigued with unwonted exertion, sleeping quietly, Phillida returned home. She said nothing of her experiences of the day, but Millard, who called in the evening, found her more abstracted and less satisfactory than ever. For her mind continually reverted to her patient.

XVIII.

FAITH-DOCTOR AND LOVER.

THE next day, though a great snow-storm had burst upon the city before noon, Phillida made haste after luncheon to work her way first to the Diet Kitchen and then to the Schulenberg tenement. When she got within the shelter of the doorway of the tenement house she was well-nigh exhausted, and it was half a minute before she could begin the arduous climbing of the stairs.

"I thought you would not come," said Wilhelmina with something like a cry of joy. "I have found it hard to keep on believing, but still I have believed and prayed. I was afeard if till to-morrow you waited the black thoughts would come back again. Do you think I can sit up wunst more already?"

"If you have faith; if you believe."

Under less excitement than that of the day before, Mina found it hard to get up; but at length she succeeded. Then she ate the appetizing food that Phillida set before her. Meantime the mother, deeply affected, took her market-basket and went out, lest somehow her presence should be a drawback to her daughter's recovery.

While the feeble Wilhelmina was eating, Phillida drew the only fairly comfortable chair in the room near to the stove, and, taking from a bed some covering, she spread it over the back and seat of the chair. Then, when the meal was completed, she read from the Acts of the Apostles of the man healed at the gate of the temple by Simon Peter. With the book open in her hand, as she sat, she offered a brief fervent prayer.

"Now, Wilhelmina, doubt nothing," she said. "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk!"

The invalid had again caught the infection of Phillida's faith, and with a strong effort, helping herself by putting her hand on Phillida's shoulder, she brought herself at length to her feet, where she stood a moment, tottering as though about to fall.

"Walk to the chair, dear, nothing wavering," commanded Phillida, and Mina, with much trembling, let go of Phillida's shoulder, and with sadly unsteady steps tottered forward far enough to lay hold of the back of the chair, and at length succeeded, with much ado, in sitting down without assistance. For years she had believed herself forever beyond hope of taking a step. She leaned back against the pillow placed behind her by Phillida, and wept for very joy.

"But, Miss Callender," she said after a while, "the man you read about in the Bible was made all well at once, and he walked and leaped; but I—"

"Perhaps our faith is n't strong enough," said Phillida. "Maybe it is better for us that you should get well slowly, like the man that Jesus cured of blindness, who, when he first saw men, thought they looked like walking trees. Let us be thankful for what we have, and not complain."

In a few weeks Wilhelmina's mental stimulation and graduated physical exercise had made her able to sit up nearly all day, to walk feebly about the house, and even to render some assistance in such affairs as could be attended to while sitting. The recovery, though it went no farther, was remarkable enough to attract much attention, and the fame of it spread far and wide among the people in the eastern avenues and those connected with the Mission.

This new development of Phillida's life increased her isolation. She could not speak to her family about her faith-cures, nor to Mrs. Hilbrough, and she did not like to confide even in Mrs. Frankland, who would, she felt sure, make too much of the matter. Most of all, it was not in her power to bring herself to say anything to Millard about it. The latter felt, during the three or four weeks that followed the treatment of Wilhelmina, that the veil between him and the inner life of Phillida was growing more opaque. He found no ground to quarrel with Phillida; she was cordial, affectionate, and dutiful towards him, but he felt, with a quickness of intuition characteristic of him, that there was some new cause of constraint between them.

"Phillida," he said one evening, a month after Phillida's work as a faith-doctor had begun, "I wish you would tell me more about your mission work."

"I don't like to speak of that," she replied. "It is too much like boasting of what I am doing." She had no sooner said this than she regretted it; her fierce conscience rose up and charged her with uncandid speech. But how could she be candid?

"I don't like to think," said Millard, "that so large a part of your life—a part that lies so near to your heart—should be shut out from me. I can't do your kind of work. But I can admire it. Won't you tell me about it?"

Phillida felt a keen pang. Had it been a question of her ordinary work in the months that were past she might easily have spoken of it. But this faith-healing would be dangerous ground with Millard. She knew in her heart that it would be better to tell him frankly about it, and face the result. But with him there she could not get courage to bring on an immediate conflict between the affection that was so dear and the work that was so sacred to her.

"Charley," she said slowly, holding on to her left hand as though for safety, "I 'm afraid I was not very—very candid in the answer I gave you just now."

"Oh, don't say anything, or tell me anything, dear, that gives you pain," he said with quick delicacy; "and something about this does pain you."

Phillida spoke now in a lower tone, looking down at her hands as she said, with evident effort: "Because you are so good, I must try to be honest with you. There are reasons why I hesitate to tell—to tell—you all about what I am doing. At least this evening, though I know I ought to, and I will—I will—if you insist on it."

"No, dear; no. I will not hear it now."

"But I will tell you all some time. It 's nothing *very* bad, Charley. At least I don't think it is."

"It could n't be, I 'm sure. Nothing bad could exist about you"; and he took her hand in his. "Don't say any more to-night. You are nervous and tired. But some other time, when you feel like it, speak freely. It won't do for us not to open our hearts and lives to one another. If we fail to live openly and truthfully, our little boat will go ashore, Phillida dear—will be wrecked or stranded before we know it."

His voice was full of pleading. How could she refuse to tell him all? But by all the love she felt for him, sitting there in front of her, with his left hand on his knee, looking in her face, and speaking in such an honest, manly way, she was restrained from exposing to him a phase of her life that would seem folly to him while it was a very holy of holies to her. The alternative was cruel.

"Another time, Charley, I mean to tell you all," she said; and she knew when she said it that procrastination would not better the matter, and in the silence that ensued she was just about to change her resolve and unfold the whole matter at once.

But Millard said: "Don't trouble yourself. I 'm sorry I have hurt you. Remember that I trust you implicitly. If you feel a delicacy in speaking to me about anything, let it go."

The conversation after this turned on indifferent matters; but it remained constrained, and Millard took his leave early.

XIX.

PROOF POSITIVE.

THE more Millard thought of the mysterious reserve of Phillida, the more he was disturbed by it, and the next Sunday but one he set out at an earlier hour than usual to go to Avenue C, not this time with a comfortable feeling that his visit would be a source of cheer to his aunt, but rather hoping that her quiet spirit might somehow relieve the soreness of his heart. It chanced that on this fine winter Sunday he found her alone, except for the one-year-old little girl.

"I let the children all go to Sunday-school," she said, "except baby, and father has gone to his meeting, you know."

"His meeting? I did not know that he had any," said Millard.

"W'y, yes, Charley; I thought you knew. Henry always had peculiar views," she said, laughing gently, as was her wont, at her husband's oddities. "He has especially disliked preachers and doctors. Lately he has got the notion that the churches did not believe the Bible literally enough. There were two Swedes and one Swiss in his shop who agreed with him. From reading the Bible in their way and reading other books and papers they have adopted what is called Christian Science. They have found some other men and women who believe as they do, and a kind of a Christian Science woman doctor who talks to them a little,—a good enough woman in her way, I suppose,—and they think that by faith, or rather by declaring that there is no such thing as a real disease, and believing themselves well, they can cure all diseases."

"All except old age and hunger?" queried Millard.

The aunt smiled, and went on. "But father and his woman doctor or preacher don't agree with your Miss Callender. They say her cures are all right as far as they go, but that she is only a babe, unable to take strong meat. The Christian Science woman in Fourteenth street, now, they say, knows all about it, and works

her cures scientifically, and not blindly as Miss Callender does."

This allusion to cures by Phillida set Millard into a whirl of feeling. That she had been doing something calculated to make her the subject of talk brought a rush of indignant feeling, but all his training as a man of society and as a man of business inclined him to a prudent silence under excitement. He turned his derby hat around and around, examining the crown by touch, and then, reversing it, he scrutinized the address of the hatter who did not make it. Though he had come all the way to Avenue C to make a confidante of his aunt, he now found it impossible to do so. She had rejoiced so much in his betrothal to her friend, how could he let her see how far apart he and Phillida had drifted? For some minutes he managed to talk with her about her own family matters, and then turned back to Phillida again.

"Tell me, Aunt Hannah, all you know about Miss Callender's cures. I don't like to ask her, because she and I disagree so widely on some things that we do not like to talk about them."

His aunt saw that Charley was profoundly disturbed. She therefore began with some caution, as treading on unknown ground, in talking with him about Phillida.

"I don't know what to think about these things, Charley. But in anything I say you must understand that I love Miss Callender almost as much as you do, and if anybody can cure by faith she can. In fact, she has had wonderful success in some cures. Besides, she 's no money-maker, like the woman doctor in Fourteenth street, who takes pay for praying over you, and rubbing your head, maybe. You know about the cure of Wilhelmina Schulenberg, of course?"

"No; not fully. We have n't liked to talk about it. Wilhelmina is the poor creature that has been in bed so long."

This mere fencing was to cover the fact that Millard had not heard anything of the miracle in Wilhelmina's case. But seeing his aunt look at him inquiringly, he added:

"Is she quite cured, do you think — this Miss Schulenberg?"

"No; but she can sit up and walk about. She got better day after day under Miss Callender's praying, but lately, I think, she is at a standstill. Well, that was the first, and it made a great talk. And I don't see but that it is very remarkable. Everybody in the tenement house was wild about it, and Miss Callender soon came to be pointed at by the children on the street as 'the woman doctor that can make you well by praying over you.' Then there was the wife of the crockery-store man in Avenue A. She had hysterical fits, or something of the sort, and she got well after Miss Callender visited her three or four times. And another woman thought her arm was paralyzed, but Miss Callender made her believe, and she got so she could use it. But old Mr. Greenlander, the picture-frame maker in Twentieth street, did n't get any better. In fact, he never pretended to believe that he would."

"What was the matter with him?" asked Millard, his lips compressed and his brows contracted.

"Oh, he had a cataract over his eye. He 's gone up to the Eye and Ear Hospital to have it taken off. I don't suppose faith could be expected to remove that."

"It does n't seem to work in surgical cases," said Millard.

"But several people with nervous troubles and kind of breakdowns have got better or got well, and naturally they are sounding the praises of Miss Callender's faith," added his aunt.

"Do you think Phillida likes all this talk about her?"

"No. This talk about her is like hot coals to her feet. She suffers dreadfully. She said last Sunday that she wondered if Christ did not shrink from the talk of the crowds that followed him more than he did from crucifixion itself. She is wonderful, and I don't wonder the people believe that she can work miracles. If anybody can in these days, she is the one."

Millard said nothing for a time; he picked at the lining of his hat, and then put it down on the table and looked out of the window. His irritation against Phillida had by this time turned into affectionate pity for her self-imposed suffering — a pity rendered bitter by his inability to relieve her.

"Do you think that Phillida begins to suspect that perhaps she has made a mistake?" he asked after a while.

"No. I 'm not so sure she has. No doctor cures in all cases, and even Christ could n't heal the people in Nazareth who had n't much faith."

"She will make herself a byword in the streets," said Millard in a tone that revealed to his aunt his shame and anguish.

"Charley," said Mrs. Martin, "don't let yourself worry too much about Miss Callender. She is young yet. She may be wrong or she may be right. I don't say but she goes too far. She 's a house plant, you know. She has seen very little of the world. If she was like other girls she would just take up with the ways of other people and not make a stir. But she has set out to do what she thinks is right at all hazards. Presently she will get her lesson, and some of her oddities will disappear, but she 'll never be just like common folks. Mind my words,

Charley, she 's got the making of a splendid woman if you 'll only give her time to get ripe."

"I believe that with all my heart," said Millard, with a sigh.

"I tell you, Charley, I do believe that her prayers have a great effect, for the Bible teaches that. Besides, she don't talk any of the nonsense of father's Christian Science woman. I can understand what Phillida 's about. But Miss what 's-her-name, in Fourteenth street, can't explain to save her life, so 's you can understand, how she cures people, or what she 's about, except to earn money in some way easier than hard work. There comes your uncle, loaded to the muzzle for a dispute," said Aunt Hannah, laughing mischievously as she heard her husband's step on the stairs.

Uncle Martin greeted Charley with zest. It was no fun to talk to his wife, who never could be drawn into a discussion, but who held her husband's vagaries in check as far as possible by little touches of gentle ridicule. But Mr. Martin was sure that he could overwhelm Charley Millard, even though he might not convince him. So when he had said, "How-are-yeh, and glad to see yeh, Charley, and hope yer well, and how 's things with you?" he sat down, and presently opened his battery.

"You see, Charley, our Miss Bowyer, the Christian Science healer, is well-posted about medicine and the Bible. She says that the world is just about to change. Sin and misery are at the bottom of sickness, and all are going to be done away with by spirit power. God and the angel world are rolling away the rock from the sepulchre, and the sleeping spirit of man is coming forth. People are getting more susceptible to magnetic and psy—psy-co-what-you-may-call-it influences. This is bringing out new diseases that the old doctors are only able to look at with dumb amazement."

Here Uncle Martin turned his thumbs outward with a flourish, and the air of a lad who has solved a problem on a blackboard. At the same time he dropped his head forward and gazed at Charley, who was not even amused.

"What are her proofs?" demanded Millard, wearily.

"Proofs?" said Uncle Martin, with a sniff, as he reared his head again. "Proofs a plenty. You just come around and hear her explain once about the vermic,—I can't say the word,—the twistifying motion of the stomach and what happens when the nerve-force gets a set-back and this motion kind of winds itself upwards instead of downwards, and the nerve-force all flies to the head. Proofs?" Here Uncle Martin paused, ill at ease. "Just notice the cases. The proof is in the trying of it. The cures are wonderful. You first get the patient into a state where you can make him think as you do. Then you will that he shall forget all about his diseases. You make him feel well, and you 've done it."

"I suppose you could cure him by forgetfulness easily enough. I saw an old soldier with one leg yesterday; he was drunk in the street. And he had forgotten entirely that one leg was gone. But he did n't seem to walk any better."

"That don't count, Charley, and you 're only making fun. You see there is a philosophy in this, and you ought to hear it from somebody that can explain it."

"I 'd like to find somebody who could," said Charley.

"Well, now, how 's this? Miss Bowyer—she 's a kind of a preacher as well as a doctor—she says that God is good, and therefore he could n't create evil. You see? Well, now, God created everything that is, so there cannot be any evil. At least it can 't have any real, independent—what-you-may-call-it existence. You see, Charley?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, then, sickness and sin are evil. But this argument proves that they don't really exist at all. They 're only magic-lantern shadows, so to speak. You see? Convince the patient that he is well, and he *is* well." Here Uncle Martin, having pointed out the easy road to universal health, looked in solemn triumph from under his brows.

"Yes," said Millard, "that 's just an awfully good scheme. But if you work your argument backwards it will prove that as evil exists there is n't any good God. But if it 's true that sin and disease have no real existence, we 'll do away with hanging and electrocution, as they call it, and just send for Miss Bowyer to convince a murderer that murder is an evil, and so it can't have any real independent existence in a universe made by a good God."

"Well, Charley, you make fun of serious things. You might as well make fun of the miracles in the Bible."

"Now," said Millard, "are the cures wrought by Christian Science miracles, or are they founded on philosophy?"

"They 're both, Charley. It 's what they call the psy-co-what-you-may-call-it mode of cure. But it 's all the same as the miracles of the Bible," said Uncle Martin.

"Oh, it is?" said Millard, gaily, for this tilt had raised his spirits. "Now the miracles in the Bible are straightout miracles. Nobody went around in that day to explain the vermicular motion of the stomach or the upward action of nerve-force, or the psychopathic value of animal magnetism. Some of the Bible miracles would stump a body to believe, if they

were anywhere else but in the Bible; but you just believe in them as miracles by walking right straight up to them, looking the difficulty in the eye, and taking them as they are because you ought to." Here Charley saw his aunt laughing gently at his frank way of stating the processes of his own mind. Smiling in response, he added: "You believe them, or at least I do, because I can't have my religion without them. But your Christian psychopathists bring a lot of talk about a science, and they don't seem to know just whether God is working the miracle or they are doing it by magnetism, or mind-cure, or psychopathy, or whether the disease is n't a sort of plaguey humbug anyhow, and the patient a fool who has to be undeceived."

"W'y, you see, Charley, we know more nowadays, and we understand all about somnambulism and hyp-what-you-may-call-it, and we understand just how the miracles in the Bible were worked. God works by law — don't you see?"

"The apostles did not seem to understand it?" asked Charley.

"No; they were mere faith-doctors, like Miss Callender, for instance, doing their works in a blind sort of way."

"The apostles will be mere rushlights when you get your Christian Science well a-going," said Charley, seriously. Then he rose to leave, having no heart to await the return of the children.

"Of course," said Uncle Martin, "the world is undergoing a change, Charley. A great change. Selfishness and disease shall vanish away, and the truth of science and Christianity prevail." Uncle Martin was now standing, and swinging his hands horizontally in outward gestures, with his elbows against his sides.

"Well, I wish to goodness there was some chance of realizing your hopes," said Charley, conciliatorily. "I must go. Good-by, Uncle Martin; good-by, Aunt Hannah."

Uncle Martin said good-by, and come again, Charley, and always glad to see you, you know, and good luck to you. And Millard went down the stairs and bent his steps homeward. As the exhilaration produced by his baiting of Uncle Martin's philosophy died away, his heart sank with sorrowful thoughts of Phillida and her sufferings, and with indignant and mortifying thoughts of how she would inevitably be associated in people's minds with mercenary quacks and disciples of a sham science.

He would go to see her at once. The defeat of Uncle Martin had given him courage. He would turn the same battery on Phillida. No; not the same. He could not ridicule her. She was never quite ridiculous. Her plane of motive was so high that his banter would be a desecration. It was not in his heart to add to the asperity of her martyrdom by any light words. But perhaps he could find some way to bring her to a more reasonable course.

It was distinctly out of his way to cross Tompkins Square again, but in his present mood there was a satisfaction to him in taking a turn through the square, which was associated in his mind with a time when his dawning affection for Phillida was dimmed by no clouds of separation. Excitement pushed him forward and a fine figure he was as he strode forward with eager and elastic steps, his head erect and his little cane balanced in his fingers. In the middle of the square his meditation was cut short in a way most unwelcome in his present frame of mind.

"It is Mr. Millard, is n't it?" he heard someone say, and, turning, he saw before him Wilhelmina Schulenberg, not now seated helpless in the chair he had given her, but hanging on the arm of her faithful Rudolph.

"How do you do, Miss Schulenberg?" said Millard, examining her with curiosity.

"You see I am able to walk wunst again," she said. "It is to Miss Callender and her prayers that I owe it already."

"But you are not quite strong," said Millard. "Do you get better?"

"Not so much now. It is my faith is weak. If I only could believe already, it would all to me be possible, Mr. Millard. But it is something to walk on my feet, is n't it, Mr Millard?"

"Indeed it is, Miss Schulenberg. It must make your good brother glad."

Rudolph received this polite indirect compliment a little foolishly, but appreciation from a fine gentleman did him good, and after Charley had gone he was profuse in his praises of "Miss Callender's man," as he called him.

XX.

DIVISIONS.

MILLARD went no further through the square but turned toward Tenth street, and through that to Second Avenue, and so uptownward. But how should he argue with Phillida? He had seen an indisputable example of the virtue of her prayers. Though he could not believe in the miraculous character of the cure, how should he explain it? That Wilhelmina had been shamming was incredible, that her ailments were not imaginary was proven by the fact of her recovery being but partial. To deny the abstract possibility of such a cure seemed illogical from his own standpoint. Even the tepid rector of St. Matthias had occasionally homilized in a vague way about the efficacy of faith and the power of prayer, but he

seemed to think that this potency was for the most part a matter of ancient history, for his illustrations were rarely drawn from anything more modern than the lives of the Church fathers, and of the female relatives of the Church fathers, such as Saint Monica. Millard could not see any ground on which he could deny the reality of the miracle in the Schulenberg case, but his common sense was that of a man of worldly experience, a common sense which stubbornly refuses to believe in the phenomenal or extraordinary, even when unable to formulate a single reason for incredulity.

After an internal debate he decided not to call on Phillida this afternoon. It might lead to a scene, a scene might bring on a catastrophe. But, as fortune would have it, Phillida was on her return from the Mission, and her path coincided with his, so that he encountered her in Tenth street. He walked home with her, asking after her health and talking commonplaces to avoid conversation. He went in — there was no easy way to avoid it, had he desired. She set him a chair, and drew up the shades, and then took her seat near him.

"I 've been at Aunt Martin's to-day," he said.

"Have you?" she asked with a sort of trepidation in her voice.

"Yes." Then after a pause he edged up to what he wished to say by adding: "I had a curious talk with Uncle Martin, who has got his head full of the greatest jumble of scientific terms which he cannot remember, and nonsense about what he calls Christian Science. He says he learned it from Miss Bowyer, a Christian Science talker. Do you know her?"

"No; I have only heard of her from Mr. Martin, and I don't think I ought to judge her by what is reported of her teaching. Maybe it is not so bad. One does n't like to be judged at second-hand," she said, looking at him with a quick glance.

"Especially when Uncle Martin is the reporter," he replied.

Meantime Phillida's eyes were inquiring whether he had heard anything about her present course of action.

"I saw Wilhelmina Schulenberg in Tompkins Square to-day," he said, still approaching the inevitable, sidewise.

"Did you?" she asked almost in a whisper. "Was she walking?"

"Yes. Why did you not tell me she was better?"

Phillida looked down. At this moment her reserve with her lover in a matter so personal to herself seemed to her extremely reprehensible.

"I — I was a coward, Charley," she said with a kind of ferocity of remorse. This self-accusation on her part made him unhappy.

"You?" he said. "You are no coward. You are a brave woman." He leaned over and lightly kissed her cheek as he finished speaking.

"I knew that my course would seem foolish to you, and I could n't bear that you should know. I was afraid it would mortify you."

"You have suffered much yourself, my dear."

She nodded her head, the tears brimming in her eyes at this unexpected sign of sympathy.

"And borne it bravely all alone. And all for a mistake — a cruel mistake."

Millard had not meant to say so much, but his feelings had slipped away from him. However, he softened his words by his action, for he drew out his handkerchief and gently wiped away a tear that had paused a moment in its descent down her cheek.

"How can you say it is a mistake?" she asked. "You saw Wilhelmina yourself."

"Yes; but it is all a misunderstanding, dear. It 's all wrong, I tell you. You have n't seen much of life, and you 'll be better able to judge when you are older." Here he paused, for of arguments he had none to offer.

"I don't want to see anything of life if a knowledge of the world is to rob me of what is more precious than life itself." Her voice was now firm and resolute, and her tears had ceased.

Millard was angry at he knew not what — at whatever thing human or supernal had bound this burden of misbelief upon so noble a soul as Phillida's. He got up and paced the floor a moment, and then looked out of the window, saying from time to time in response to deprecatory or defensive words of hers, "I tell you, dear, it 's a cruel mistake." Now and then he felt an impulse to scold Phillida herself; but his affectionate pity held him back. His irritation had the satisfaction of finding an object on which to vent itself at length when Phillida said:

"If Mrs. Frankland would admit men to her readings, Charley, I 'm sure that if you could only hear her explain the Bible —"

"No, thank you," said Millard, tartly. "Mrs. Frankland is eloquent, but she has imposed on you and done you a great deal of harm. Why, Phillida, you are as much superior to that woman as the sky is —" Millard was about to say, "as the sky is to a mud-puddle," but nothing is so fatal to offhand vigor of denunciation as the confirmed habit of properness. Charley's preference for measured and refined speech got the better of his wrath barely in time, and, after arresting himself a moment, he finished the sentence with more justness as he made a lit-

tle wave with his right hand—" as the sky is to a scene-painter's illusion."

Then he went on: " But Mrs. Frankland is persuasive and eloquent, and you are too sincere to make allowance for the dash of exaggeration in her words. You won't find her at a mission in Mackerelville. She is dressed in purple by presents from the people who hear her, and Mrs. Hilbrough tells me that Mrs. Benthuysen has just given her a check of a thousand dollars to go to Europe with."

" Why should n't they do such things for her? They hardly know what to do with their money, and they ought to be grateful to her," said Phillida with heat. " Charley, I don't like to have you talk so about so good a woman. I know her and love her. You don't know her, and your words seem to me harsh and unjust."

" Well, then forgive me, dear. I forgot that she is your friend. That 's the best thing I ever knew about her."

Saying this, he put on his hat and went out lest he should give way again to his now rising indignation against Mrs. Frankland, who, as the real author of Phillida's trouble, in his judgment deserved severer words than he had yet applied to her. But when he had opened the front door he turned back suddenly, distressed that his call had only added to the troubles of Phillida. She sat there, immovable, where he had left her; he crossed the room, bent over her, and kissed her cheek.

" Forgive me, darling; I spoke hastily."

This tenderness overcame Phillida, and she fell to weeping. When she raised her head a moment later Charley had gone, and the full confession she had intended must be deferred.

To a man who has accepted as of divine authority all the conventions of society, hardly anything that could befall a young woman would be more dreadful than to become a subject of notoriety. His present interview with Phillida had thoroughly aroused Millard, and he was resolved to save her from herself by any means within his reach. Again the alternative of an early marriage presented itself. He might hasten the wedding, and then take Phillida to Europe, where the sight of a religious life quite different from her own would tend to widen her views and weaken the ardor of her enthusiasm. He wondered what would be the effect upon her, for instance, of the stack of crutches built up in monumental fashion in one of the chapels of the Church of St. Germain des Près at Paris—the offerings of cripples restored by a Roman Catholic faith-cure. But he reflected that the wedding could be hardly got ready before Lent, and a marriage in Lent was repugnant to him not only as a Churchman but even more as a man known for sworn fealty to the canons of fashionable society, which are more inexorable than ecclesiastical usages, since there is no one high and mighty enough to grant a dispensation from them. It had long been understood that the wedding should take place some time after Easter, and it seemed best not to disturb that arrangement. What he wanted now was some means of checking the mortifying career of Phillida as a faith-doctor.

XXI.

MRS. HILBROUGH'S INFORMATION.

CASTING about in his thoughts for an ally, he hit upon Mrs. Hilbrough. In her he would find an old friend of Phillida's who was pretty sure to be free from brain-fogs. He quickly took a resolution to see her. It was too late in the afternoon to walk uptown. On a fine Sunday like this the street cars would not have strap-room left, and the elevated trains would be in a state of extreme compression long before they reached Fourteenth street. He took the best-looking cab he could find in Union Square as the least of inconveniences; and just as the slant sun, descending upon the Jersey lowlands, had set all the windows on the uptown side of the cross streets in a ruddy glow, he alighted at the Hilbrough door, paid his cabman a full day's wages, after the manner of New York, and sent up his card to Mrs. Hilbrough with a message that he hoped it would not incommode her to see him, since he had some inquiries to make. Mrs. Hilbrough descended promptly, and there took place the usual preliminary parley on the subject of the fine day, a parley carried on by Millard with as little knowledge of what he was saying as an automaton has. Then begging her pardon for disturbing her on Sunday afternoon, he asked her:

" Have you heard anything about Miss Callender's course as a faith-healer? "

Mrs. Hilbrough took a moment to think before replying. Here was a direct, even abrupt, approach to a matter of delicacy. There was a complete lack of the diplomatic obliquity to be expected in such a case. This was not like Millard, and though his exterior was calm and suave enough from mere force of habit, she quickly formed an opinion of his condition of internal ebullition from his precipitancy.

" I did not hear anything about it until Thursday, two weeks ago, and I only learned certainly about it yesterday," she replied, resting as non-committal as possible until the drift of Millard's inquiry should be disclosed.

" May I ask from whom? " He was now sitting bolt upright, and his words were uttered without any of that pleasing deference of manner that usually characterized his speech.

"From Mrs. Maginnis — Mrs. California Maginnis," she added for the sake of explicitness and with an impulse to relax the tension of Millard's mind by playfulness.

"Mrs. Maginnis?" he said with something like a start. "How does Mrs. Maginnis know anything about what takes place in Mackerelville?"

"It was n't the Mackerelville case, but one a good deal nearer home, that she was interested in," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "It 's too warm here," she added, seeing him wipe his brow with his handkerchief. She put her hand to the bell, but withdrew it without ringing, and then crossed the room and closed the register.

Millard proceeded in a straightforward, businesslike voice, "Tell me, please, what Mrs. Maginnis had to do with Miss Callender's faith-cures?"

"Her relation to them came about through Mrs. Frankland."

"No doubt," said Millard; "I expected to find her clever hand in it."

The mordant tone in which this was said disconcerted Mrs. Hilbrough. She felt that she was in danger of becoming an accomplice in a lovers' quarrel that might prove disastrous to the pretty romance that had begun in her own house. She paused and said:

"I beg pardon, Mr. Millard, but I ought hardly to discuss this with you, if you make it a matter of feeling between you and Phillida. She is my friend —"

"Mrs. Hilbrough," he interrupted, taking a softer tone than before, and leaning forward and resting his left hand on his knee, and again wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, "my whole destiny is involved in the welfare of Phillida Callender. I have n't quarreled with her, but I would like to show her that this faith-curing is a mistake and likely to make her ridiculous. You said that Mrs. Frankland —"

"Mrs. Frankland," said Mrs. Hilbrough, "through somebody connected with the Mackerelville Mission got hold of the story of the cure of a poor German girl somewhere down about what they call Tompkins Square. Is that the name of a square? Well, on Thursday, two weeks ago, when Phillida was not present, Mrs. Frankland told this story—"

"Trotted it out as a fine illustration of faith," broke in Millard, with something between a smile and a sneer, adding, "with Phillida's name attached."

"No, she did n't give the name; she spoke of her as a noble Christian young woman, the daughter of a devoted missionary to the heathen, which made me suspect Phillida. She also alluded to her as a person accustomed to attend these meetings, and again as 'my very dear friend,' and 'my beloved young friend.' Mrs. Maginnis listened eagerly, and longed to know who this was, for she had a little girl troubled with Saint Vitus's dance. She had just been to see Dr. Legammon, the specialist."

"Who always begins his treatment by scaring a patient half to death, I believe, especially if he has money," said Millard, who, in his present biting mood, found a grim satisfaction even in snapping at Dr. Legammon's heels.

"He told Mrs. Maginnis that it was an aggravated case of chorea, and that severe treatment would be necessary," continued Mrs. Hilbrough. "There must be eyeglasses, and an operation by an oculist, and perhaps electricity, and it would require nearly a year to cure the child even under Dr. Legammon; and he did n't even give her much assurance that her child would get well at all. He especially excited Mrs. Maginnis's apprehension by saying, 'We must be hopeful, my dear madam.' Mrs. Maginnis, you know, is strung away up above concert-pitch, and this melancholy encouragement threw her into despair, and came near to making her a fit patient to the doctor's specialistic attentions in a private retreat. She could n't bring herself to have the eyes operated on, or even to have electricity applied. It was just after this first visit to the doctor, while Mrs. Maginnis was in despondency and her usual indecision, that she heard Mrs. Frankland's address in which the cure of the poor girl in the tenement-house was told as an illustration of the power of prayer."

"Mrs. Frankland worked up all the details with striking effect, no doubt," said Millard, with an expression of disgust.

"Well, you know Mrs. Frankland can't help being eloquent. Everybody present was deeply affected as she pictured the scene. As soon as the meeting closed, Mrs. Maginnis, all in a sputter of excitement, I fancy, sailed up to Mrs. Frankland, and laid her troubles before her, and wondered if Mrs. Frankland could n't get her young friend to pray for her daughter Hilda. Phillida, by solicitation of Mrs. Frankland, visited the Maginnises every day for a week. They sent their carriage for her every afternoon, I believe. At the end of a week 'the motions disappeared,' as Mrs. Maginnis expressed it."

"I believe it is n't uncommon for children to get well of Saint Vitus's dance," said Millard.

"You could n't make Mrs. Maginnis believe that. She regards it as one of the most remarkable cures of a wholly incurable ailment ever heard of. The day after Phillida's last visit she sent her a check for three hundred dollars for her services."

"Sent her money?" said Millard, redden-

ing, and contracting his brows. "Did Phillida take it?" This last was spoken in a low-keyed monotone.

"Has n't she told you a word about it?"

"Not a word," said Millard, with eyes cast down.

"She sent back the check by the next postman, saying merely that it was 'respectfully declined.'"

"And Mrs. Maginnis?" asked Millard, his face lighting up.

"Did n't understand," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "These brutally rich people think that cash will pay for everything, you know. Mrs. Maginnis concluded that she had offered too little."

"It was little enough," said Millard, "considering her wealth and the nature of the service she believed to have been rendered to her child."

"She thought so herself, on reflection," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "She also had grace enough to remember that she might have been a little more delicate in her way of tendering the money. She likes to do things royally, so she despatched her footman to Mrs. Callender with a note inclosing a check for a thousand dollars, asking the mother to use it for the benefit of her daughter. Mrs. Callender took the check to Mrs. Gouverneur, and asked her, as having some acquaintance with Mrs. Maginnis, to explain that Phillida could not accept any pay for religious services or neighborly kindness. Mrs. Gouverneur"—here Mrs. Hilbrough smiled—"saw the ghosts of her grandfathers looking on, I suppose. She couched her note to Mrs. Maginnis in rather chilling terms, and Mrs. Maginnis understood at last that she had probably given offense. She went to Mrs. Frankland, who referred her to me, as Phillida's friend, and she called here yesterday in a flutter of hysterical importance to get me to apologize, and to ask me what she *could* do."

Millard was almost amused at this turn in the affair, but his smile had a tang of bitterness.

"She explained that she had not understood that Miss Callender was that kind of person," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "She had always supposed that ministers and missionaries and their families expected presents. When she was a little girl her father used to send a whole hog to each minister in the village every fall when he killed his pigs. But it seemed Miss Callender and her mother held themselves above presents. Were they 'people of wealth'? That is her favorite phrase. I told her that they were one of the best old families in the city, without much property but with a great deal of pride, and that they were very admirable people. 'You know, these very old and famous families hold themselves rather above the rest of us, no matter how rich we may get to be,' I said, maliciously.

"This seemed almost to subdue her. She said that she supposed people would expect her to do something at such a time. It was always expected that 'people of wealth' should show themselves grateful. What could she do that would not offend such touchy people?

"I suggested that Hilda should buy some article, not too expensive, for a love token for Miss Callender. 'Treat her as you would if she were Mrs. Van Horne's daughter,' I said, 'and she will be content.' 'I don't want to seem mean,' she replied, 'and I did n't think so pious a girl would carry her head so high. Now, Mrs. Hilbrough, do you think a Christian girl like Miss Callender ought to be so proud?' 'Would you like to take money for a friendly service?' I asked. 'Oh, no! But then I — you see, my circumstances are different; however, I will do just what you say.' I warned her when she left that the present must not be too costly, and that Hilda ought to take it in person. She was still a little puzzled. 'I did n't suppose people in their circumstances would feel that way,' she said in a half-subdued voice, 'but I 'll do just as you say, Mrs. Hilbrough.'"

This action of Phillida's was a solace to Millard's pride. But one grain of sugar will not perceptibly sweeten the bitterness of a decoction of gentian, and this overflow into uptown circles of Phillida's reputation as a faith-doctor made the matter extremely humiliating.

When Mrs. Hilbrough had finished her recital Millard sat a minute absorbed in thought. It occurred to him that if he had not spoken so impetuously to Phillida and then left her so abruptly he might have had this story in her own version, and thus have spared himself the imprudence and indecorum of discussing Phillida with Mrs. Hilbrough. But he could not refrain from making the request he had had in mind when he came, and which alone could explain and justify to Mrs. Hilbrough his confidence.

"I came here to-day on an impulse," he said. "Knowing your friendliness for Phillida, and counting on your kindness myself, I thought perhaps you might bring your influence to bear — to — to — what shall I say? — to modify Phillida's zeal and render her a little less sure of her vocation to pursue a course that must make her talked about in a way that is certain to vulgarize her name."

Mrs. Hilbrough shook her head. She was flattered by Millard's confidence, but she saw the difficulty of the task he had set for her.

"Count on me for anything I can do, but that is something that I suppose no one can accomplish. What Phillida thinks right she

will do if she were to be thrown to the wild beasts for it."

"Yes, yes; that is her great superiority," he added, with mingled admiration and despondency.

"You, who have more influence than any one else," said Mrs. Hilbrough, "have talked with her. I suppose her mother has said what could be said, and Agatha must have been a perfect thorn in the flesh to her since the matter became known at home."

"Yes," said Millard, ruefully; "she must have suffered a great deal, poor child!"

"I don't suppose Mrs. Gouverneur let her off cheaply," continued Mrs. Hilbrough. "She must have made Phillida feel that she was overthrowing the statues of her great-grandfathers, and she no doubt urged the unhappiness she would cause you."

Millard saw at this moment the origin of Phillida's sensitiveness in talking with him.

"I don't care for myself, but I wish to heaven that I could shelter her a little from the ridicule she will suffer." He was leaning forward with his hand on his knee and his eyes cast down.

Mrs. Hilbrough felt herself moved at sight of so much feeling in one not wont to show his emotions to others.

"I will see if anything can be done, Mr. Millard; but I am afraid not. I 'll ask Phillida here to lunch some day this week."

The winter sunshine had all gone, the lights in the streets were winning on the fast-fading twilight, and Mrs. Hilbrough's reception-room was growing dusk when Millard slowly, as one whose purposes are benumbed, rose to leave. Once in the street, he walked first toward one avenue and then toward the other. He thought to go to his apartment, but he shrank from loneliness; he would go to dinner at a neighboring restaurant; then he turned toward his club; and then he formed the bold resolution to make himself welcome, as he had before, at Mrs. Callender's Sunday-evening tea-table. But reflecting on the unlucky outcome of his interview with Phillida, he gave this up, and after some further irresolution dined at a table by himself in the club. He had small appetite for food, for human fellowship he had none at all, and he soon sought solitude in his apartment.

XXII.

WINTER STRAWBERRIES.

KNOWING that Phillida was a precipice inaccessible on the side of what she esteemed her duty, Mrs. Hilbrough was almost sorry that she had promised to attempt any persuasions. But she despatched a note early Tuesday morning, begging Phillida's company at luncheon, assigning the trivial reason, for want of a better, that she had got some winter-grown strawberries and wished a friend to enjoy them with her. Phillida, fatigued with the heart-breaking struggle between love and duty, and almost ready sometimes to give over and take the easier path, thought to find an hour's intermission from her inward turmoil over Mrs. Hilbrough's hothouse berries. The Hilbrough children were fond of Phillida, and luncheon was a meal at which they made a point of disregarding the bondage of the new family position. They seasoned their meal with the animal spirits of youth, and, despite the fact that the costly winter berries were rather sour, the lunch proved exceedingly agreeable to Phillida. The spontaneous violence which healthy children do to etiquette often proves a relish. But when the Hilbrough children had bolted their strawberries, scraped the last remainder of the sugar and cream from the saucers, and left the table in a hurry, there came an audible pause, and Mrs. Hilbrough approached the subject of Phillida's faith-healing in a characteristically tactful way by giving an account of Mrs. Maginnis's call, and by approving Phillida's determination not to take money. It was a laudable pride, Mrs. Hilbrough said.

"I cannot call it pride altogether," said Phillida, with the innate veracity of her nature asserting itself in a struggle to be exactly sincere. "If I were to take pay for praying for a person, I 'd be no better than Simon, who tried to buy the gift of the Holy Ghost from Saint Paul. I could n't bring myself to take money."

"And if you did, my dear, it would mortify your family, who have a right to be proud, and then there is Mr. Millard, who, I suppose, would feel that it would be a lasting disgrace." These words were spoken in a relaxed and indifferent tone, as though it was an accidental commonplace of the subject that Mrs. Hilbrough was settling.

Phillida said nothing. Here she was face to face with the old agony. If her faith-healing were only a matter of her own suffering she need not hesitate; she would take the cross with all her heart. But Mrs. Hilbrough's words reminded her again that her sense of duty forced her to bind Charley Millard for the torture. A duty so rude to her feelings as the half-publicity of it made faith-healing, ought to be a duty beyond question, but here was the obligation she owed her lover running adverse to her high aspirations. The questions for decision became complex, and she wavered.

"Your first duty is to him, of course," continued Mrs. Hilbrough, as she rose from the table, but still in an indifferent tone, as though

what she said were a principle admitted beforehand. This arrow, she knew, went straight to the weakest point in Phillida's defense. But divining that her words gave pain, she changed the subject, and they talked again of indifferent matters as they passed out of the room together. But when Phillida began her preparations for leaving, Mrs. Hilbrough ventured a practical suggestion.

"I suppose you 'll forgive an old friend for advising you, Phillida dear, but you and Mr. Millard ought to get married pretty soon. I don't believe in long courtships. Mr. Millard is an admirable person, and you 'll make a noble wife."

"We have long intended to have the wedding next spring. But as to my making a noble wife, I am not sure about that," returned Phillida. "I am engaged with my work, and I shall be more and more talked about in a way that will give Charley a great deal of suffering. It 's a pity—"

She was going to say that it was a pity that Charley had not chosen some one who would not be a source of humiliation to him, but she could not complete the sentence. The vision of Millard married to another was too much even for her self-sacrifice. After a moment's pause she reverted to Mrs. Hilbrough's remark, made at the table, which had penetrated to her conscience.

"You said a while ago that my first duty is to Charley. But if I am wrong in trying to heal the sick by the exercise of faith, why have I been given success in some cases? If I refused requests of that kind would I not be like the man who put his hand to the plow and looked back? You don't know how hard it is to decide these things. I do look back, and it almost breaks my heart. Sometimes I say, 'Why can't I be a woman? Why am I not free to enjoy life as other women do? But then the poor and the sick and the wicked, are they to be left without any one to care for them? There are but few that know how to be patient with them and help them by close sympathy and forbearance. How can I give up my poor?"

Her face was flushed, and she was in a tremor when she ceased speaking. Her old friend saw that Phillida had laid bare her whole heart. Mrs. Hilbrough was deeply touched at this exhibition of courage and at Phillida's evident suffering, and, besides, she knew that it was not best to debate where she wished to influence. She only said:

"It will grow clearer to you, dear, as time goes on. Mr. Millard would suffer anything — I believe he would die for you."

Phillida was a little startled at this assumption of Mrs. Hilbrough's that she knew the exact state of Millard's feelings regarding herself.

"Have you seen him lately?" she asked.

"Yes; he called here after four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and he spoke most affectionately of you. I 'm sorry you must go so soon. Come and spend a day with me some time, and I 'll have Mr. Millard take dinner with us."

As Phillida rode downtown in the street car she reasoned that Charley must have gone straight to Mrs. Hilbrough's after his conversation with her. When she remembered the agitation in which he had left her, she could not doubt that he went uptown on purpose to speak with Mrs. Hilbrough of his relations with herself, and she felt a resentment that Millard should discuss the matter with a third person. He had no doubt got Mrs. Maginnis's story from Mrs. Hilbrough, and for this she partly reproached her own lack of frankness. She presently asked herself what Charley's call on Mrs. Hilbrough had to do with the luncheon to which she had just been invited? The more she thought of it, the more she felt that there had been a plan to influence her. She did not like to be the subject of one of Mrs. Hilbrough's clever manœuvers at the suggestion of her lover. The old question rose again whether she and Charley could go on in this way; whether it might not be her duty to release him from an engagement that could only make him miserable.

He called that evening while the Callenders were at six o'clock dinner. He was in evening dress, on the way to dine at the house of a friend, and he went straight to the Callender basement dining-room, where he chatted as much with Mrs. Callender and Agatha as with Phillida, who on her part could not show her displeasure before the others, for lovers' quarrels are too precious to be shared with the nearest friend. He left before the dinner was over, so that Phillida did not have a moment alone with him. The next evening she expected him to call, but he only sent her a bunch of callas.

That night Phillida sat by the fire sewing after her mother and Agatha were asleep. During the past two days she had wrought herself up to a considerable pitch of indignation against Millard for trying to influence her through Mrs. Hilbrough, but resentment was not congenial to her. Millard's effort to change her purposes at least indicated an undiminished affection. The bunch of flowers on the table was a silent pleader. If he did wrong in going to Mrs. Hilbrough for advice, might it not be her own fault? Why had she not been more patient with him on Sunday afternoon? The callas were so white, they reminded her of

Charley, she thought, for they were clean, innocent, and of graceful mien. After all, here was one vastly dearer to her than those for whom she labored and prayed — one whose heart and happiness lay in her very palm. Might she not soften her line of action somewhat for his sake?

But conscience turned the glass, and she remembered Wilhelmina, and thought of the happiness of little Hilda Maginnis and her mother. Was it nothing that God had endowed her with this beneficent power? How could she shrink from the blessedness of dispensing the divine mercy? Her imagination took flame at the vision of a life of usefulness and devotion to those who were suffering.

Then she raised her head and there were the white flowers. She felt an impulse to kiss her hand in good night to them as she rose from her chair, but such an act would have seemed foolish to one of her temperament.

She went to bed in doubt and got up in perplexity. She could not help looking forward to Mrs. Frankland's Bible-reading that afternoon with expectation that some message would be providentially sent for her guidance. The spirit perplexed is ever superstitious. Since so many important decisions in life must be made blindly, one does not wonder that primitive men settled dark questions by studying the stars, by interpreting the flight of birds, the whimsical zigzags of the lightning bolt, or the turning of the beak of a fowl this way or that in picking corn. The human mind bewildered is ever looking for crevices in the great mystery that inwraps the visible universe, and ever hoping that some struggling beam from beyond may point to the best path.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

A MINER'S SUNDAY IN COLOMA.

(FROM THE WRITER'S CALIFORNIA JOURNAL, 1849–50.)

THE principal street of Coloma was alive with crowds of moving men, passing and repassing, laughing, talking, and all appearing in the best of humor: Negroes from the Southern States swaggering in the expansive feeling of runaway freedom; mulattoes from Jamaica trudging arm-in-arm with Kanakas from Hawaii; Peruvians and Chilians claiming affinity with the swarthier Mexicans; Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians fraternizing with one another and with the cockney fresh from the purlieus of St. Giles; an Irishman, with the dewdrop still in his eye, tracing relationship with the ragged Australian; Yankees from the Penobscot chatting and bargaining with the genial Oregonians; a few Celestials scattered here and there, their pigtails and conical hats recalling the strange pictures that took my boyish fancy while studying the geography of the East; last of all, a few Indians, the only indigenous creatures among all these exotics, lost, swallowed up — out of place like

"rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

It was a scene that no other country could ever imitate. Antipodes of color, race, religion, language, government, condition, size, capability, strength and morals were there, within that small village in the mountains of California, all impressed with but one purpose,— impelled with but one desire.

A group of half a dozen Indians especially attracted my attention. They were strutting about in all the glory of newly acquired habiliments; but with this distinction — that one suit of clothes was sufficient to dress the whole crowd. The largest and best-looking Indian had appropriated the hat and boots, and without other apparel walked about as proudly as any city clerk. Another was lost in an immense pair of pantaloons. A third sported nothing but a white shirt with ruffled bosom. A fourth flaunted a blue swallow-tailed coat, bespangled with immense brass buttons. A fifth was decked with a flashy vest; while the sixth had nothing but a red bandana, which was carefully wrapped around his neck. Thus what would scarcely serve one white man just as effectually accommodated six Indians.

The street was one continuous din. Thimble-riggers, French monte dealers, or string-game tricksters were shouting aloud at every corner: "Six ounces, gentlemen, no one can tell where the little joker is!" or "Bet on the jack, the jack's the winning card! Three ounces no man can turn up the jack!" or "Here 's the place to git your money back! The veritable string game! Here it goes! Three, six, twelve ounces no one can put his finger in the loop!" But

rising above all this ceaseless clamor was the shrill voice of a down-east auctioneer, who, perched on a large box in front of a very small canvas booth, was disposing of the various articles in the shebang behind him, "all at a bargain." What a ragged, dirty, unshaven, good-natured assemblage! — swallowing the stale jests of the "crier" with the greatest guffaws, and bidding with all the recklessness of half-tipsy brains and with all the confidence of capacious, well-stuffed bags. Behind a smaller box, to the left of the Yankee, was a Jew in a red cap and scarlet flannel shirt, busy with his scales and leaden weights, to weigh out the "dust" from the various purchasers. There was no fear of the weights being heavier than the law allows, or that the tricky Jew by chance should place the half-ounce on the scales when there was but a quarter due. That there should be a few pennyweights too many made no difference; it is only the hungry purse that higgles about weights or prices. A little bad brandy and a big purse made a miner wonderfully important and magnanimous; and he regarded everything below an ounce as unworthy of attention.

This German Jew was also barkeeper. Beside him were a few tin cups, and a whole army of long and short necked, gaily labeled bottles, from which he dealt out horrible compounds for fifty cents a drink. His eye brightened as he perceived coming up the street a crowd of rollicking, thirsty, sunburned fellows, fresh from their "diggins" among the hills. But the quick eye of the auctioneer also singled them out and read their wants.

"Here 's a splendid pair of brand-new boots! cowhide, double-soled, triple-pegged, waterproof boots! The very thing for you, sir, fit your road-smashers exactly; just intended, cut out, made for your mud-splashers alone; going for only four ounces and a half — four and a half! and gone — for four and a half ounces; walk up here and weigh out your dust."

"Wet your boots, old boy!" sang out the companions of the purchaser.

The barkeeper, with his weights already on the scales, exclaimed, "Shtand back, poys, and let de shentlemens to de bar."

The newcomers approached, crowding tumultuously around their companion of the boots, who, drawing out a long and well-filled buckskin bag, tossed it to the expectant Jew with as much carelessness as if it were only dust.

"Thar 's the bag, old feller! weigh out the boots and eight lickers. Come, boys, call for what you like; it 's my treat — go it big, fellers! all one price."

"Vat ye takes?" asks the barkeeper, after weighing out the amount due and handing the purse back to its owner.

"Brandy straight," "brandy punch," "brandy sling," "gin cocktail," and thus they went on, each one calling for a different drink.

Then the bargaining began. Butcher-knives for crevicing, tin pans, shovels, picks, clothing of all colors, shapes, and sizes; hats and caps of every style; coffee, tea, sugar, bacon, flour, liquors of all grades in stiff-necked bottles — in a word, almost everything that could be enumerated — were disposed of at a furious rate so that in an hour's time the contents of the little grocery were distributed among the jolly crowd.

Suddenly there was a great noise of shouting and hurrahing away up the street, and, the crowd heaving and separating upon either side, on came a dozen half-wild, bearded miners, fine, wiry, strapping fellows, on foaming horses, lashing them to the utmost, and giving the piercing scalp-halloo of the Comanches. They suddenly halted in front of Winter's hotel, and while the greater number dismounted and tumultuously entered the bar-room for refreshment a few of the remainder made themselves conspicuous by acts of daring horsemanship — picking up knives from the ground while at full gallop, Indian-like whirling on the sides of their steeds, then up and off like the wind and, while apparently dashing into the surrounding crowd, suddenly reining in their horses upon their haunches, and whirling them upon their hind legs, then without a stop dashing off as furiously in the opposite direction. These few proved to be Doniphan's wild riders, who even excelled the Mexican caballero in their feats of horsemanship. At last, all together once more they came sweeping down the street, apparently reckless of life and limb. As they passed, the scurrying footmen cheered them on with great good nature. The crowd closed again and in a brief time everything was as restless as ever.

Passing up the street, I came to a large unfinished frame-house, the sashless windows and doorway crowded with a motley crew apparently intent upon something solemn happening within. After a little crowding and pushing I looked over the numberless heads in front, and saw — could I believe my eyes? — a preacher, as ragged and as hairy as myself, holding forth to an attentive audience. Though the careless and noisy crowd was surging immediately without, all was quiet within. He spoke well and to the purpose and warmed every one with his fine and impassioned delivery. He closed with a benediction but prefaced it by saying: "There will be divine service in this house next Sabbath — if, in the meantime, I hear of no new diggin's!"

The audience silently streamed out, the greater part directing their steps to a large, two-story frame-house across the street. This was

AN AUCTION IN COLOMA.

the hotel *par excellence* of the town; one could easily perceive that by its long white colonnade in front, and its too numerous windows in the upper story.

A large saloon occupied the whole front of the building. Filling up the far side of the room was the gaudy and well-stocked bar, where four spruce young fellows in shirt-sleeves and flowing collars were busily engaged dealing out horrible compounds to thirsty customers strung along the whole length of the counter. The other three sides of the saloon were crowded with monte tables, each one of which was surrounded with a crowd of old and young so that it was almost impossible to obtain a glimpse of the dealers or their glittering banks. There was a perfect babel of noises! English, French, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Kanakas, Chilians, all were talking in their respective languages. Glasses were jingling, money was rattling, and, crowning all, two fiddlers in a distant corner were scraping furiously on their instruments, seemingly the presiding divinities of this variegated pandemonium!

Crowding, inch by inch, into one of these motley groups, I found myself at last in front of a large table, neatly covered with blue cloth, upon which was a mass of Mexican silver dollars piled up in ounce or sixteen-dollar stacks. Immediately facing me was the banker; a well-dressed, middle-aged, quiet little man, with one of the most demure countenances imaginable. Beside him was the croupier, a very boy, whose duty it was to rake in the winnings and pay out the losses, which he did with wonderful dexterity.

Fronting the dealer, and dividing the silver into two equal portions, was a large Chinese box of exquisite construction. Upon it were ranged half a dozen packs of French and Spanish cards, several large masses of native gold, and a dozen or more buckskin bags of all sizes and conditions containing dust. Dollars and half-dollars were piled upon these purses — some with a few, others with a greater number thereon. One unacquainted with the game might guess for a day and not be able to hit upon the object of this arrangement, but a close observer might read elation or depression in the anxious eyes of the players, as the weight upon these bags was either diminished or increased. These purses were in pawn; the dollars and half-dollars were the counters wherewith the banker numbered the ounces or half-ounces that might be owing to the bank.

"There 's another millstone on the pile," groaned a thin-faced, watery-eyed little fellow in a hickory shirt and walnut pantaloons, as he saw another dollar added to his dust-bag.

"Take off two o' them air buttons," laughed a fat-faced man in red shirt and Chinese cap. "I won two ounces on the deuce; another bet like that, and my bag 's not for your mill, old feller!"

The cards were all out, and the "old feller" was shuffling them for a new deal; during which operation he cast a furtive glance about the table to see if there were any new customers to bite at his game, or, perhaps, to note if any of those who had bitten seemed to be cooling off — a weakness which he hastened to counteract by singing out: "Barkeeper!" and inquiring "What will the gentlemen take to drink?" This invitation was given in such a quiet and insinuating manner that one hesitated to decline for fear of wounding the delicate sensibilities of the banker. Each called for what he wished, and all concluded to "fight the tiger" a little while longer. The sprightly barkeeper was back in a twinkling, with a large waiter covered with glasses. These he distributed with wonderful dexterity, remembering perfectly what each one had ordered; so that, much to the player's surprise, he found his own glass chosen from among twenty and placed before him. That barkeeper had a niche in his brain for every man at the table.

The drinking over, the glasses were whisked away, and all hands were again ready for the game.

"It 's your cut," said the banker, reaching the cards towards our watery-eyed acquaintance.

"Jack and deuce! Make your bets, gentlemen."

The jack appeared to be the favorite; ounce after ounce was staked upon it; two more cards were thrown out.

"Seven and ace. Come down, gents; come down!" The seven was the favorite by odds.

"All down, gents?" inquired the dealer, as he rapped his knuckles on the table.

"Hold on!" exclaimed a shrill, puerile voice, as if coming from under the table. Every one looked down; and there was apparently a curly-headed boy, whose mouth was little above the level of the bank. He cautiously, coolly and methodically thrust forth a small hand, and laid down two dimes upon the ace. Every one laughed — all but the dealer, who with the same placidity thrust back the dimes and dampened the little fellow's ardor by observing:

"We don't take dimes at this bank."

But no, the little fellow had spunk; he was not so easily dashed. Picking up his dimes, his hand suddenly reappeared, this time holding a very weighty buckskin bag apparently filled with the yellow dust. This he tossed upon the ace, exclaiming:

"There! I guess you 'll take that. Six ounces on the ace!"

Every one was astonished. All looked around

THE FARO PLAYERS.

to see if he had any relatives or friends in the crowd. He appeared to be entirely alone and a stranger to every one; but the play began—and, strange to say, the ace won!

"Good!" "Bully!" "Lucky boy!" were the exclamations on every side. The fortunate little gambler pocketed his bag and placed upon the deuce the six ounces he had just won.

"Bar the porte!" shouted the boy as the dealer was about to turn the cards. It was well for him that he cried out in time, for the jack was in the door. It was a narrow escape, but the little fellow was safe for this time. The cards were brushed aside and others took their places. The betting went bravely on. The boy laid his money on the deuce and, wonderful to say, it won! He was now the gainer by twelve ounces. He was the hero of the table; all eyes were upon him; and it was seen that he was not as young as he seemed—an old head upon a child's shoulders! For the remainder of the deal old players regulated their bets by his, and he carried them along upon the wave. The bank looked a little sickly from this bleeding.

The deal being out, the banker, the same cool imperturbable figure, chose another pack of cards, and shuffled and cut and reshuffled them until the patience of the crowd was almost exhausted. It was the boy's cut, and a lay-out was made.

"Jack and queen. Come down with your dust. Gentlemen, make your bets."

The little fellow was very much puzzled; it was a hard matter to choose between the jack and the queen. Another lay-out was made: the deuce against the seven.

"Twenty-five ounces on the deuce," said the little man, piling all his winnings around the card. But few other bets were made; the older hands were afraid this sudden luck would change, and they all held back. The plucky lad was pitted against the man of fifty—youth, enthusiasm and a dare-all luck arrayed against the craft and cunning of an experienced gambler! How our sympathies were warmed by the fearlessness of the boy! The play began; the deck was faced; and, as I live, the deuce was in the door! The boy won the full amount of his bet.

The successful urchin was the least excited person in the room. He hauled in his winnings as carelessly as if those stacks of dollars were only chips. Another shuffle, and another lay-out was made. The field was now given up entirely to the two antagonists. The ace and the five were the cards; against all our hints the boy staked his fifty ounces on the five. We were breathless with fear; the dealer himself paused a little before drawing the cards,—but at length the deck was faced, and slowly and cautiously the cards were drawn, one by one—deuce, tray, king, queen, and seven appear in succession—and then—the five! The boy was again victorious: his fifty ounces were now one hundred. The last round made a huge chasm in the appearance of the bank, and the table immediately in front of the little hero was absolutely covered with money.

The banker was as cool and methodical as ever; taking a fresh pack he shuffled it carefully and made another lay-out. The boy bet his hundred ounces and was again victorious! Two hundred ounces were now piled up before him. We advised him to desist, not to tempt his luck too far; but he coolly replied: "I 'll break that bank or it 'll break me!"

Did any one ever hear of such determination, even in a man? He increased in our estimation, and we liked him all the better for his grit. More than half the bank was his already, a fortune in itself! but the little, round, gray eyes of the boy were not upon his winnings, but were feeding eagerly upon the moiety that was not yet his.

"Queen and tray. Come down," said the dealer.

"How much have you in the bank?" asked the boy.

"A hundred and fifty ounces."

"I tap the bank upon the queen."

This would decide the game. A stillness as of death was upon the crowd; our breath was hushed; our very hearts almost ceased to beat; the suspense became painful; even the banker paused, and wiped the cold drops from his brow.

The deck was faced at last, and calmly, steadily, and without hurry the cards were drawn, one by one. One—two—three—four—five—he had lost! The queen had thrown him; and his entire winnings were ruthlessly swept away by the sharp croupier beyond.

Dizzy and sick with the result, we turned our eyes upon the loser; he bore himself bravely, and did not seem to feel the loss half as sensibly as ourselves. He looked about with a stern, defying air, as if to chide us for our sympathy. As yet he had lost nothing; his large buckskin bag was still intact. Laying it upon the table, with the air of a Cæsar, he put his all upon the throw, defying fate to do her worst! Our pity was suddenly changed to admiration. We felt that he was lost; but we were sure he would die game.

The cards were again shuffled and cut. The seven and the king were laid out; the boy chose the king. The cards were drawn, slowly and steadily; at last the seven appeared; and the game was ended. He saw his well-filled purse stowed away along with many others within that Chinese box and, whistling "O Californy," turned his back upon the scene. The

crowd parted sympathetically to let him through; and he strutted out with all the importance of a noted hero, the eyes of the astonished and admiring assemblage following him to the door.

I passed out silently after him and joined him in the street. I could scarcely find words to express my sympathy for his loss. He looked

COLOMA IN 1857. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. SIMAS, FROM AN EARLY PICTURE.)

[The site of the Marshall Monument is on the hill back of the town on a line vertical with the bridge. The site of Sutter's mill, which was torn down in 1856, is at the extreme right of the picture where the race is shown.]

at me furtively with one eye, without ceasing to whistle. I took his arm and, leading him around the corner of the house, begged to know the amount of his loss, and if he had any money on which to come and go. He did not cease his whistling, but planted himself firmly before me and looked up. I took out my purse, and offered him a part; the whistling instantly ceased; his face swelled out into a broad and homely grin. Looking cautiously around for fear of being overheard, he whispered:

"Mum 's the word; I believe you 're a good egg! You want to know how much was in that bag? Well, I 'll tell you; just four pounds of duck-shot mixed,—and—nothing more; what a swa'rin' and a cussin' when they open it!" and the little imp laughed till the tears were in his eyes. I, too, tried to laugh, but my sympathies were shocked; and I turned away from that premature scamp and strode off with a heavy weight upon my spirits. But I had not gone far until the trick was even too much for my feelings; and I laughed long and heartily at its audacity.

At the next corner I stopped for a few minutes to watch the manœuvers of a tall, slim man, who was explaining the mysteries of thimble-rigging to a crowd of lately arrived gold hunters. He was young, and had a long, high-bridged nose, blue eyes, a florid complexion, and thin flaxen hair, without even the slightest appearance of a beard upon his chin. From his language I saw that he was English—"a Sydney chap," no doubt, fresh from the galleys; there were thousands like him in the country. He was standing with his left foot upon a low box, so as to make a table of his thigh, on which were three small wooden thimbles and a little pellet of paper, with the movements of which he completely mystified his audience. With what dexterity he moved the little joker from cup to cup! and yet so slowly that every one could see it in its passage. Now you would be willing to swear it was safely ensconced under the farthest thimble, for you saw it distinctly when the cup was raised; but you might as well give up your money at once as to stake it on the movements of the little joker, who was the very genius of the thimble; even, like him of Aladdin's lamp, becoming visible or invisible as its owner willed. In vain did he invite a bet; no one was bold enough to risk six ounces. Then the thimble-rigger changed his tactics; he saw there were many willing and anxious to bet, were they but half assured there was no hidden trickery in this

manual dexterity. His movements, therefore, became slow and careless, as though he supposed there was no one there disposed to risk his money on the game. He was so absent-minded as to turn his head away, as though looking for some one beyond the crowd, but still moving his thimbles and the joker so carelessly that the little pellet was at last left outside of one of the cups, when it should have been totally concealed within. The gambler's mind was evidently not on his game, or he never would have made this mistake, which might be taken advantage of by some of his sharp-sighted auditors. A black-eyed little fellow had been intently watching him for some time past. He had the dress and appearance of a miner, but his hands were soft and delicate—a fact you noted as, taking advantage of the thimble-rigger's carelessness, he cautiously reached forward, and very dexterously swept the joker from the gambler's thigh, without the latter being aware of his conduct. This trick created a marked sensation among the bystanders; so much so, that the Englishman's attention was recalled to his game.

There was now an evident willingness to bet on the part of three or four of the lookers-on, but a swarthy miner, with his face covered with an immense black beard, got the start of all the rest and, trembling with excitement, exclaimed:

"I 'll bet you ten ounces the 's no ball under thar at all."

"Put down your dust," replied the gambler. The miner drew a well-filled buckskin bag from his pocket, but, before he staked his money, had the foresight to declare that the gambler must not touch the thimbles, that he himself must have the privilege of lifting the cups. The Englishman assented to this. Without the least hesitation the miner put down his dust. We all circled closer, laughing within ourselves at the evident discomfiture of the careless gambler. The miner raised the nearest thimble, the ball was not there; he lifted the second, it was not there; he laid his fingers on the third and last and, with a triumphant laugh at his evident good luck, lifted it likewise. But his laugh was suddenly changed to a short, quick, smothered cry of astonishment. We all looked down; and there, lying as cozy as an egg in its nest, was the wonderful little joker!

The miner had been completely fooled. There had been two little paper pellets, and the dark-eyed man was a confederate.

Leaving the thimble-rigger, I passed along under the colonnade of the hotel, my ears almost deafened by the rattling of money and the hubbub of various dialects; and, piercing all, like the shrieking of termagants, came the noise of the tortured fiddles. The saloon was filled with a mass of men, laughing, talking, gambling, drinking, and all apparently in the best of humor. It was no use trying for admittance, so I stepped down to the next house, where there was another large assemblage filling up half the street and intently watching something that was happening in the midst of them.

Edging my way with a good deal of difficulty, I at last saw a long, slab-sided, sleepy-looking Yankee, who was expatiating on the wonders of a small brass padlock, which he held up to the admiration of the crowd, declaring it to be "the wonder of the world," "the very essence of mechanical ingenuity," and "a thing that puzzles the scientific, considerable." And, as a voucher for the truth of his statement, he was willing and ready to wager any amount from ten ounces to a hundred that no man in the crowd could open it within the space of two minutes.

The crowd was agape with wonder; the lock was passed from hand to hand; it was twisted, turned, and tried in a hundred different ways, but all to no purpose,—it withstood the most rigid scrutiny. Some were willing to give it up in despair; but there were others whom the very difficulty of the undertaking impelled to still greater exertions. At last it fell into the hands of a rough, hairy, raw-boned fellow with the mouth and jaw of a bulldog, every feature of whose countenance showed an inflexibility of purpose to overcome every obstacle, whether for evil or for good. He twisted and turned the miniature lock into every conceivable position, searching for the hidden spring. At last he found it. He was astounded at his own success. He gave a furtive look at the owner, to see if he had been observed; but the Yankee was absorbed in conversation with a neighbor, to whom he was narrating the history of the wonderful lock, and did not even appear to know that this bulldog fellow had it in his possession. The latter, now satisfied with his success, gave his neighbor, a thick-headed German, a nudge with his elbow. The two withdrew somewhat from the crowd, and there, in a measure secure from observation, he showed his companion the hidden spring, and advised him to bet twenty ounces on the result, and agreed to "go his halves." The German eagerly accepted the proposition; and the two reëntered the ring with the triumph of discovery in their faces. The German laid down his bag, and on the top of it the Yankee piled his twenty Spanish doubloons. The gambler drew out his watch to note the time; and handing the wizard lock to his opponent, told him to begin.

The German took the lock, and with a smile

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON SPORT.

of derision put his finger on the spring; and lo! the lock was still a lock. Perhaps he mistook the knob whereon to press; but no! that was the boss that but a moment since unhasped the lock. He pressed it again with a firmer hand; but it was of no use, the clasp was still unclasped. The German felt dimly that he had been victimized; the two minutes were rapidly passing away; large drops of perspiration oozed from his forehead,—his hands trembled with excitement,—every knob on the brazen puzzle was convulsively pressed,—but all in vain. The time was up—and his money lost! With a pitiable countenance he turned to his partner in misfortune, but he had gone! His spirit sank within him. He must bear the loss himself! His missing partner was of course a confederate of the Yankee's, and before the money was staked had quietly neutralized the spring upon which the German had so confidently relied.

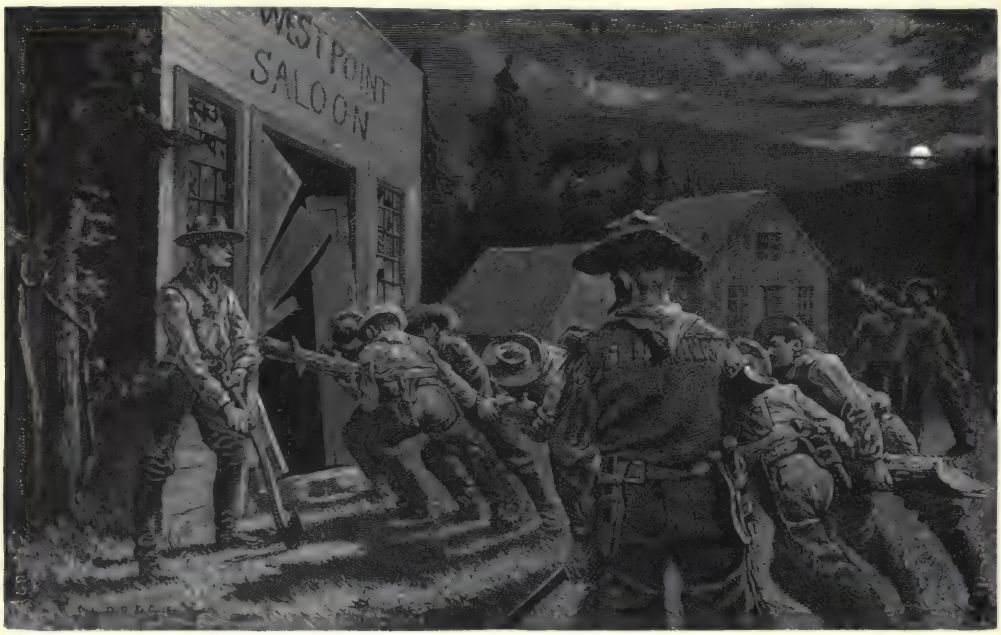
By this time my appetite began to warn me of the near approach of noon. There were any number of eating-houses and booths, but which to choose I could not tell. However, suffering myself to be guided in a measure by the crowd which was now streaming to the other side of the river, I soon found myself in front of "Little's Hotel," the largest frame building on the right bank of the river, serving in the treble capacity of post-office, store, and tavern. Here I found all my acquaintances, who, like me, were on the search for a good dinner; and who had been induced to go there by the encomiums of "older hands," who every Sunday had made a custom of visiting Coloma for the express purpose of having one good dinner in the week. The first sounding of the gong had already brought a hungry crowd, apparently large enough to carry away the whole building. They were assembled in front of the closed door of the long dining-room, anxiously awaiting the second signal, when they were to be admitted.

While awaiting the opening of the door, my attention was directed to a diminutive, middle-aged Irishman, who was busily engaged narrating to a companion the various wonders and mysteries that "complately bothered him in this wondther of a place." After many famous adventures he had found himself on the bank of the river, hunting for a "quicksilver masheen," when the gong sounded for dinner; and he thus continued his narrative:

"An' do ye see, Dinnis, I jist went down be the wather to indivor to git a sight of a quicksilver masheen; for I niver seen the loike in this counthry yit; an' I had a great inclination to luck at one, ef it was oney to see the shape ov it, but I did n't see ony thing like the quicksilver masheen at all, at all; but a man that was there prospectin' tould me for to come up to the tavern, an' there wos wun there sittin' out ov doors jist forninst the house. Jist thin I heerd a clatherin' as ov that big mounthin wos tumblen down on us. I did n't know the manen'

ov it far a long time; whin it sthruck me right strate — it wos nothin' but the quicksilver masheen. So I hurried up the bank, an' thin I saw evry wan runnin' up this way, as ef it wos a rale Irish foight they were goin' to see, an' not the quicksilver masheen at all. Whin I sees thim all runnin' like pigs afther pratee skins — stir your stumps, Condy, says I, or you 'll niver git near the baste. An' thin, I run loike the rist ov thim; an' whin I got to where the noise come from,— what do you think I seen, Dinnis? Why, nothin' but a big nagur batin' the tamboreen!"

We had scarcely time enough to laugh at Condy's disappointment in search of the



"ROUGHS IN TOWN." (ADAPTED FROM A SKETCH BY HUBERT BURGESS OF AN INCIDENT IN THE MINES.)

"quicksilver masheen" when the "tamborine" again sounded; the door flew open, and in a few minutes the long, narrow, dining-room was crowded with at least three hundred miners, seated at a well-furnished table and enjoying the unusual luxury of a chair to sit on, with silver-plated forks and spoons, and other little knickknacks of civilized society. The dinner was really excellent, and every one appeared heartily to enjoy it.

When the edge of my appetite had in a measure been ground away, I took occasion to look up and down the table, and I could but wonder how I happened among such a collection of uncouth men. The contrast was certainly startling between the snow-white tablecloth, china dishes, silver forks and spoons, and the unwashed, half-famished, sunburnt crowd of hungry and bearded miners. At home, one would associate such a crowd with the deck of a Mississippi steamboat, or the platform of an Alleghany River raft, with iron forks and spoons, and tin plates spread on a rough pine board for a table; but here they lorded it over every luxury that money could procure. There was not a single coat in the whole crowd, and certainly not over half a dozen vests, and neither neckties nor collars. But then, to make amends for these deficiencies, there were any number and variety of fancy shirts, from the walnut-stained homespun of the Missourian to the embroidered blouse of the sallow Frenchman. Never before was I so fully impressed with the truth of the old adage that "dress makes the man," for I doubt if the whole world could present to a stranger's eye a crowd of rougher or apparently lower characters than were then seated around that hospitable table. And yet many of these men were lawyers and physicians, and the rest principally farmers and mechanics from the "States"; who now with their long beards and fierce mustaches looked anything else than the quiet citizens they were at home. Men who formerly were effeminacy itself in dress and manners were here changed into rough and swaggering braves, with a carelessness of appearance and language that a semi-civilized condition of society alone could permit.

Men pocketed their pride in California in those days. I met in the mines lawyers and physicians, of good standing at home, who were acting as barkeepers, waiters, hostlers,

and teamsters. An ex-judge of oyer and terminer was driving an ox-team from Coloma to Sacramento. One man who had been a State senator and secretary of state in one of our western commonwealths was doing a profitable business at manufacturing "cradles," while an ex-governor of one of our southwestern States played the fiddle in a gambling saloon. These things were hardly remarked. Every one went to the Slope with the determination to make money; and if the mines did not afford it, the next inquiry was what pursuit or business would the sooner accomplish the desired end. Thousands who had not the necessary stamina for the vicissitudes of a miner's life, nor yet the means of going into any of the various channels of trade, were for a time compelled to serve in capacities far beneath their deserts, until time and means should justify them in choosing for themselves.

Charles B. Gillespie.

"BROKE."

CALIFORNIANA.

ANECDOTES OF THE MINES.

BY HUBERT BURGESS.

One Way of Salting a Claim.

To "salt a claim" is to sprinkle gold dust about it in certain places in order to deceive those who may be seeking investment. In this way in the early days of California worthless claims were made to appear rich, and were often sold for large sums of money. In the course of time this practice became so common that purchasers were always on their guard, and it was necessary to exercise much ingenuity in order to deceive them. I know of one instance where solid earth was removed to the depth of six feet and, after coarse gold had been mixed with it, was replaced and covered with rubbish in such a way as to look firm and natural. Soon after, a party came along who wished to buy, and judging from appearances they selected the very place for prospecting which had been salted for them, deeming it less likely to have been tampered with than the rest of the claim. Of course they thought they had "struck it rich," but they realized only the salt. Sometimes claims were pronounced worthless before sufficient work had been done on them. When these were salted and sold to persevering miners they frequently netted large fortunes to those who had unwittingly purchased them.

In 1851 a party of American miners had been working a claim near Columbia, Tuolumne County, California, and not having even found the "color" they became discouraged; the more so as a company of Chinamen a short distance above them were doing very well. The Americans having expressed a willingness to sell, one day three Chinamen went to look at the claim. They talked it over among themselves and finally asked the owners at what price they would sell. Of course the Americans made it out rich and put a high figure on it, though in fact they were resolved to sell out at any price, being sure that the ground was worthless. It was decided that the Chinamen should bring their picks and pans next day to prospect, and if they were satisfied they would buy at the figure agreed upon.

The miners, thinking it would probably be their last chance to sell, determined to salt the claim. It was a large piece of ground and the trouble was where to put the "salt." One of the men soon hit upon a very ingenious plan. He took his gun and went, as he said, to get a quail or two, but in reality to kill a snake. As there were a great many about the place, he soon killed a large gopher-snake, which resembles the rattlesnake in appearance but is perfectly harmless to man. Putting his game into a bag, he returned to camp.

On being asked by his companions what he had brought back for supper, he shook out the snake and explained his idea thus:

"Now, boys, when the Chinamen come to-morrow, they won't allow any of us to be too near, because they 're afraid of 'salt.' Well, Jim, you walk along on top of the bank and have that dead snake in your pocket. Bill and me will stay talking to the Johns, I 'll have my gun over my shoulder as if I was going for a rabbit, only you see I 'll put 'salt' into the gun instead of shot. We 'll find out where they 're going to pan out next, and you be looking on, innocent like, with the snake ready to drop where I tell you. When them fellers start to walk there, just slide him down the bank, and when we all get there, I 'll holler 'Hold on, boys!' and before they know what 's up, I 'll fire the 'salt' all around there and make believe I killed the snake. How 'll that do?"

Next morning four Chinamen came prepared for work. They tried a few places, but of course did not get the "color." The Americans kept at a distance so that there could be no complaint.

"Well, John," said the schemer, "where you try next, over in that corner?"

The Chinamen were suspicious in a moment. They were familiar with salted claims and were well on their guard. "No likee dis corn'. Tlie him nudder corn'," pointing to the opposite one.

Jim, with his hands in his pockets, was above on the bank, many feet away, watching; when he saw them point in that direction, his partner gave a nod and he pitched the snake on the ground near the place. The leader exclaimed, "Hold on boys!" and fired before they could tell which way to look. Going up to the snake, he pushed the gun under it and carried it away hanging over the barrel. Jim walked off and Bill sat on a wheelbarrow on the opposite side from where they were at work. The Chinamen had no suspicion. They carried away several pans of dirt to wash in a stream near by, and when they returned Bill felt pretty sure they had struck some of the "salt," but the Chinamen said nothing except, "Claim no good. Melikin man talkee too muchee."

The Americans, knowing the game, refused to take less than the specified price, which the Chinamen finally paid and in two days the sellers were off to new diggings.

The strangest part of the story is that the claim turned out to be one of the richest in the district. The Chinamen made a great deal of money, sold out and went home.

"Hold on boys, till I make this shot."

In 1851 Mokelumne Hill was one of the worst camps in California. "Who was shot last week?" was the first question asked by the miners when they came in from the river or surrounding diggings on Saturday nights or Sundays to gamble or get supplies. It was very seldom that the answer was "No one."

Men made desperate by drink or losses at the gambling table, would race up and down the thoroughfares, in single file, as boys play the game of "follow my leader," each imitating the actions of the foremost. Selecting some particular letter in a sign they would fire in turn, regardless of everything but the accuracy of the aim. Then they would quarrel over it as though they were boys, playing a game of marbles, while every shot was likely to kill or wound some unfortunate person.

The gambling tents were large and contained not only gaming tables but billiard tables. At one of these I was once playing billiards with a man named H——. A few feet from us, raised upon a platform made for the purpose, were seated three Mexican musicians, playing guitars; for these places were always well supplied with instrumental music. The evening seldom passed without disputes, and pistols were quickly drawn to settle quarrels. Upon any outbreak men would rush from all parts of the room, struggling to get as near as possible to the scene of action, and often they paid the penalty for their curiosity by being accidentally shot. While H—— and I were engaged in our game, we could hear the monotonous appeal of the dealers, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game. Red wins and black loses." Suddenly *bang, bang, bang* went the pistols in a distant part of the tent. The usual rush followed. *Bang, bang*, again, and this time the guitar dropped from the hands of one of the unoffending musicians, who fell forward to the ground with a bullet through his neck. His friends promptly undertook to carry him past us to the open air. Our table was so near the side of the tent that only one person at a time could go between it and the canvas. H—— was standing in the way, just in the act of striking the ball with his cue, when one of the persons carrying the wounded man touched him with the request that he move to one side. He turned and saw the Mexican being supported by the legs and arms, the blood flowing from his neck; then with the coolest indifference he said, "Hold on, hold on, boys, till I make this shot," then, resuming his former position, he deliberately finished his shot.

These events occurred so constantly that residents of the place became callous, and although at the sound of the pistol crowds rushed forward, it was with no deeper feeling than curiosity.

Sometimes in the newer communities property as well as life was in danger. I remember that one night in West Point, Calaveras County, a party of roughs "cleaned out" the leading saloon because the proprietor would not furnish them free whisky.

A little later law and order began to assert their claims in the community. Several families from the East came in, and a protest was made against the sway of the gamblers. The result was that the card business did not pay so well; miners grew more careful of their money, and the professional "sports" left the place in great numbers. One of them as he packed up his chips remarked: "They 're getting too partickler. If a feller pulls his pistol in self-defense and happens to blow the top of a miner's head off, they haul him up before a jury. The good old times are about over here, and the country 's played out!"

"The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite."

Editor of the Century Magazine: My communication in the December number of The Century on "The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite" has brought to me several letters, including one from a writer from California who quotes a statement made by George Coulter, the founder of Coultersville, corroborating in detail the circumstances as narrated in my communication, *except in the one essential particular*. He is quoted as saying that the party I met at his store did not go so far into the mountains as the Yosemite, but made their attack upon the Indians in a cañon on the north fork of the Merced *below* the Yosemite. I accept his statement, as reported, and am pleased to withdraw all contention of the claim made by Doctor Bunnell that he was the original discoverer.

Montclair, March 27, 1891. *Julius H. Pratt.*

THE CRY OF RUSSIA.

(Let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee.)

WHERE all the Russias sweep northward and eastward,
League on and league on, the black land, the white,
We in our misery, sorrowful prisoners,
Send up our voice through the deep winter night.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

From the foul mine, from the gray, squalid prison,
Where the chained wand'rers toil onward to die,
Over the whip-crack and over the death-shot,
Rises to heaven our desolate cry.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

We that were men, once the stately, the stalwart,
Chief's blood and king's blood aflame in our breast,
Broken now, shattered now, sinking and dying,
Still, while the life holds, our cry shall not rest.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

We that were women, once delicate, beautiful,
Nursed amid roses, on lily leaves laid,
Naked now, bleeding now, scourged and tormented,
Cry with a strong voice, and are not afraid.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

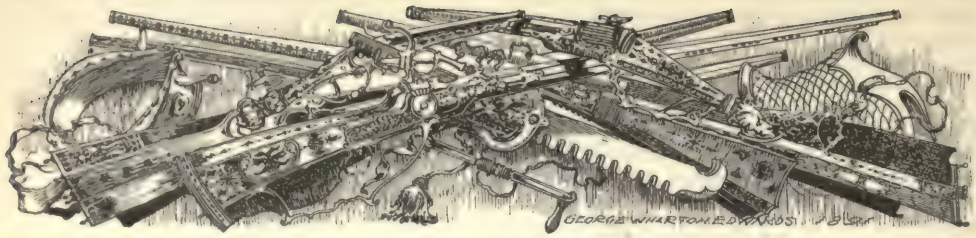
Still for a moment, ye saintly ones glorified —
Still your clear voices that sing round the throne!
Once, only once, on the silence of blessedness
Let our keen anguish fall, sobbing alone.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

Nay, but the earth hears. From southward, from westward,
Where men breathe freedom, nor faint with the bliss,
Over the freemen's sea, sweeping resistlessly,
Comes a deep murmur our ears cannot miss.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

Murmur of pity, of anger, of sorrow,
Murmur of comfort, of brotherly cheer;
Saying they weep for us, they, the glad-hearted,
Saying they work for us, free, without fear.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

Courage, O brothers! O sisters of steadfastness,
Look up once more through the anguish, the pain!
Where love is there is God, mighty, all-merciful.
Now are our tears and our blood not in vain.
Thou *dost* hear, Lord God!

Laura E. Richards.



AT THE COURT OF THE CZAR.

MINISTER DALLAS IN ST. PETERSBURG.—II.[1]

THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

Friday, 20th April, 1838.—A stranger, who has not witnessed, can scarcely imagine the ardor with which the lower class of this city give themselves during the present week, immediately following the long *carême*, to the most childish sports. They are encouraged, too, by all sorts of military and police arrangements. During the last three days of the week, and particularly in the afternoon, immense crowds collect at the common rendezvous in the square fronting the Admiralty, where have been erected temporary playhouses, circus, juggler's booths, menageries, whirligigs of all kinds, flying horses, swings, &c., &c. During this afternoon, I should suppose there assembled no fewer than fifty or sixty thousand people, and the whole machinery of amusement was in full exercise. The throng of carriages, whose circuits are carefully directed and supervised by mounted dragoons and whose multitudes and equipments are equally countless and showy, all in regular and unceasing motion, give to the *coup d'œil* the effect of a most magnificent panorama. The pervading silence forms, however, a forcible and eloquent contrast to the noise and bustle which would accompany such a scene in the United States. Scarcely anything is heard but the sound of the driving carriages, the bands of music within the theaters, or an occasional wild and monotonous song from the women who are swinging with great velocity. Real and loud hilarity is not discernible; nor, indeed, is it possible to find in any of this dense mass the slightest disposition to quarrel or to controversy; the great occupation of those who meet seeming to be, notwithstanding beards, moustaches, whiskers and dirt, to exchange kisses on each side of the mouth.

Sunday, 22d April, 1838.—The exhibition before the Admiralty has been eminently showy and amusing to-day, the last of the carnival. I went with Philip on foot, while the ladies crowded the carriage. The multitude exceeded any assemblage I ever before saw; men, women, and children, all dressed with cleanliness and finery, and carriages without number, most of which were splendid equipages with four horses and gaudy liveries. Without the slightest tincture of exaggeration, I should say that there were collected not less than two hundred thousand human beings. The usual perfect order prevailed. The carriages, which moved in several regular lines in front of the space appropriated to diversions, were divided into as many concentric circles, and proceeded in a walk; had they formed in one straight line they must have extended seven or eight miles. At about half-past five, while I stood on the terrace of the Admiralty admiring the spectacle, I noticed the composed and slow progress of a high military officer on horseback, in what might be termed the center aisle between the rows of carriages; he was distinguished by a broad blue ribbon, and was soon joined by another whom I recognized as the Prince of Oldenburg. There was obviously now some ceremony preparing, and I waited for it. In a short time the Emperor, in a brilliant uniform of scarlet and white, mounted on a fine bay charger, appeared at one extremity of the aisle, accompanied by the Grand Duke Michael in a hussar uniform and the Czarovitz in scarlet and white, with a throng of about a hundred aides-de-camp in the same glowing dress; the cavalcade passed up to the right extremity at which the Emperor formed it in a line. The Empress then, with her daughters, in an open barouche drawn by six grays, with three postillions clothed like jockeys in white satin jackets with light-blue satin sleeves and white breeches, and with silk cap and tassel, drove into the aisle and passed in front of His Majesty by whom she was formally saluted; several carriages followed her with her maids of honor

[1] This paper concludes the extracts from the late Vice-President Dallas's journal. For the first instalment see THE CENTURY for May.— EDITOR.

and a crowd of officers attended. The glistening of the uniforms, the nodding of plumes, the richness of the equipages, the caracoling of the beautiful horses, and all combined with the immensity of the crowd and the universal devotion to amusement and hilarity, produced an effect altogether beyond description. The imperial cortege rode up and down in the manner I have described, several times.

THE EMPEROR'S DRAUGHT FROM THE NEVA.

I MET the Emperor this morning on the English quay. He was alone, stopped, shook me cordially by the hand, and after a little chat, informed me that he had received news from Lake Lagoda which rendered it probable that the ice in the Neva would break away in the course of two or three days.

Thursday, 26th April, 1838.— Bets on the departure of the ice in the Neva are numerous and heavy. The Emperor himself gambles on this event. It has been expected to move for several days, but remains firm, and one unacquainted as I am with the effects and operation by which it is secretly governed would deem it stationary for ten days or two weeks more under almost any condition of atmosphere.

Saturday, 28th April, 1838.— The ice in the Neva gave way and started on its downward course at about ten o'clock to-day. At about five in the afternoon the usual ceremony was performed by the Emperor drinking a tumbler of the water, filling the tumbler with pieces of gold for the benefit of the officer who handed it, and ordering him to cross the river in his barge. The barge proceeds, cannons are fired when it is half-way and again when over, and thence forward the people are at liberty to use their wherries. The intercourse to-day between the city and the islands was suspended for about eight hours; between 6 and 7 P. M., but few cakes of ice were perceptible. The bridge of boats was swung on one side at about noon and will probably not be restored before to-morrow morning.

Thursday, 4th December, 1838.—Mr. Soltikof while spending this evening with us narrated several anecdotes with great spirit, which it may be worth while to preserve. He is a man about sixty-five years of age, of immense wealth and of great talent as he said. He was formerly high in Imperial favor, but owing to some personal indiscretion in his manners at Court he was obliged to retire at least from intimacy. It is a fact remarkably illustrative of the little attention which the United States receives from European savants that Mr. Soltikof, although unquestionably eminent for ability and erudition, and though he has a copy of the Declaration of Independence with autograph signatures hanging up in his library, did not know that General Washington had ever been President, but thought that he had retired wholly from public affairs, from the peace of '83 to the period of his death! He would hardly believe me when I assured him that he had been our chief magistrate for eight years under the existing Constitution. Mr. Soltikof says that the inundation of the Neva, in 1824, was very sudden and inconceivably disastrous in its effects; he occupied the house in which he now lives in the Small Moscoy, and was sitting at his office table sealing some letters and packages; he had felt an unusual coldness in his feet: he rang the bell for his servant, and ordered him to take some letters to the post-office, and to his utter amazement he received for answer that it was impossible as the waters were six feet high in the streets, and still rushing upwards. He had scarcely been told this before the floor on which he stood burst and opened and the waters rose in his apartment up to his own middle; this swell lasted for about six hours. The Emperor Alexander was born in 1777, a year memorable by a similar inundation; and when that of 1824 occurred he said it announced his approaching end, and became an altered man. Soltikoff describes the change as striking and distressing; the calamity seemed to be forever present in all its horror to his mind, and to weigh him down; one melancholy incident he particularly dwelt upon, that of an old woman whom he saw while he was wandering about to relieve the sufferers, and who was eagerly searching for the corpse of a young and only grandson. The Emperor offered her ten thousand rubles which she declined receiving, saying she wanted nothing but the body and continued to weep and search, when suddenly she espied the object of her pursuit covered with dirt and rubbish, and rushed to it frantic with delight, and embracing and clinging to it in prolonged delirium.

SOLTIKOF'S RECOLLECTIONS OF 1814.

WHEN in the campaign of 1814 the allies entered Paris, the Emperor Alexander separated himself from his staff and, in the confidence of good intentions towards the French people, confidently rode alone and in advance. He was stopped by a knot of *poissardes*, one of whom advanced and presented him a handsome bouquet of flowers, saying that he was the only one of the monarchs whom they loved.

During his stay at Paris, Alexander was in the habit of almost daily visiting the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, and, indeed, it was owing to his energetic friendship at the Congress of Vienna that Eugène Beauharnais,

Duke of Leuchtenberg, was allowed to retain Bavaria. On one occasion driving out to see the ex-Empress in his carriage with four horses abreast, and galloping as usual, he met a French officer in a rich curricle and pair; the Frenchman would not yield the road, but cried out, "Give way, give way!" and the consequence was that when the two equipages encountered the curricle was overturned and broken to pieces; its horses knocked down and much wounded, and their owner thrown out, rendered perfectly furious with rage; the Emperor alighted immediately, begged the officer's pardon, hoped he was not hurt and ascribed the disaster to the carelessness of his coachman. "No!" was the reply. "You are doubtless one of those who have conquered our capital and you think to ride rough-shod over us, but I will not submit to such indignities and wrongs. I demand the satisfaction due to an insulted man; there is my address, and I expect to see you by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning." "Agreed," said his Majesty, "you shall be satisfied." Early the next day the Emperor sent General Kissilieff to the Frenchman with a splendid curricle and two of his finest horses, requesting him to accept them in lieu of the injured ones; at first the Frenchman haughtily declined, saying that he waited the personal presence of General Kissilieff's friend and associate, and would receive nothing but the satisfaction of an apology or a duel: he was thunderstruck, says Mr. Soltikoff, and overwhelmed when Kissilieff replied: "That is impossible, my friend is His Majesty the Emperor of Russia."

Thursday, 6th December, 1838.—I do not recollect to have seen the following anecdote, which is given me as illustrative of the political finesse of the Empress Catharine II., but which is probably an invention. Charles J. Fox had for some time been very hostile to Russia and its sovereign, in the House of Commons; the Empress gave a large entertainment at the Hermitage, to which she invited several distinguished Englishmen who happened to be here at the time. In one of the rooms there was a plaster cast of Fox, which was surrounded by busts of Cicero, Demosthenes, etc., and in this apartment and near the busts the Empress had engaged herself at whist; in the course of the evening her English guests sauntered into her neighborhood, and seeing the cast expressed aloud to each other their surprise; the Empress paused, listened for a moment, and then said to them: "What! gentlemen, are you surprised to see that bust in the midst of the greatest orators? Do you think me incapable of doing justice to an enemy? I can give Mr. Fox the rank to which his wonderful ability entitles him even while I suffer under its exertions." These words were carefully reported to Fox, who soon afterwards became the parliamentary friend and eulogist of Catharine; the plaster cast soon gave way to one of marble and another of bronze.

THE HEIR'S OATH OF ALLEGIANCE AND A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

Thursday, 13th December, 1838.—At half-past ten went to a ball at Count Levaschoff's, it was exceedingly brilliant. Prince Hohenlohe apprised me that the diplomatic body would be invited to attend the ceremony of affiancing the Grand Duchess Marie and the Duke of Leuchtenberg on Sunday next, with their respective ladies. This necessarily involves a special and unexpected expenditure of at least two hundred and fifty dollars, which I can no more avoid than I could avoid returning the Emperor's salute as I pass him in the street, and yet I am expected to meet all such charges out of my salary!

Friday, December 18, 1838.—In the course of the evening Mr. Kaiserveldt made himself very entertaining by a number of anecdotes of his own personal experience. His description of the scene which took place at the Imperial chapel when the young Grand Duke became of age, and took the oath of allegiance, gave a delightful impression of the domestic feelings of the autocrat and his family. He says that the church was thronged with the high prelates of the church and dignitaries of State; a small table was placed in the center on which were placed the Bible, some religious emblems and the written draft of the oath to be taken; after some prefatory ceremonies the Emperor led his son to the desk and bade him read attentively and aloud the oath before he signed it. The young man began audibly and distinctly; but when he came to that part which imported that he vowed obedience and love to the Emperor, his father, his voice faltered, choked and finally ceased; he seemed to be overpowered by his feelings and wept profusely; the Emperor who stood close by remained motionless and gave no symptom of agitation except two heavy tears which rolled down his cheeks; a second time did the son endeavor to proceed, but again failed under the tenderest emotions about his father; the Czar allowed some minutes to elapse that he might master himself, and then with all the apparent unmoved dignity of the monarch pointed again to the scroll. As soon as he had completed the oath, the Grand Duke threw himself into his father's arms, where he sobbed aloud for an instant, when recollecting his mother to be at the side of the church he rushed toward her and was received with an affecting and prolonged em-

brace. The Emperor unable further to control himself went to them while thus clinging to each other, and encircling them both with his arms gave way to a paroxysm of emotion. In this scene, says Mr. Kaiserveldt, there was no acting; it was a sudden and obviously wholly unexpected overflow of parental love, it drew tears from all who beheld it.

Sunday, 16th December, 1838.— At eleven o'clock this morning I went accompanied by Mrs. Dallas and Mr. Chew, all *en grande tenue*, to the Imperial palace of the Hermitage. The accumulation of equipages on the river front probably induced our being invited to alight and enter at the door in the Milione, as we were driving on; the British ambassador and ambassadress had just preceded us. We passed through several rooms until we came to the one temporarily converted into a chapel, and crossing that we were ushered through two lines of brilliantly equipped officers, along the Vatican gallery or corridor, and into the apartment appropriated to the reception of the diplomatic corps. We were early, none of our colleagues, but Clanricarde and his suite being there, and the customary guard of grenadiers not stationed until ten or fifteen minutes afterwards. Lady Clanricarde was handsomely and tastefully dressed in a silk of deep blue, fronted with a costly show of point lace, and having an expansive train bordered with the same and richly worked with Roman pearls; her head glistened with a coronet of diamonds whose luster however seemed to fade when contrasted with those of the Russian court. Our associates soon arrived. The ambassadress of France wore a gorgeous but obviously old dress, white with a profusion of gold tinsel and a train of crimson velvet embroidered in gold. Countess Schimmelpennink was overwhelmed with finery of all sorts and of all colors; silver and gold tinsel, jewels of every description, a train fringed with silver, an upper gown of gauze fretted with golden stars, and a half-turban. Contrasted with these, the white satin gown with light pink satin train flounced with tulle and a headdress of a few flowers (the costume of Mrs. Dallas), unadorned by a single jewel of any sort, struck me as exceedingly modest, peculiarly suited to an American lady and withal really much the prettiest. The English and Austrian ambassadors wore their military uniforms of scarlet and white, only differing in the collocation of the colors, the first having scarlet coat and white trousers, the latter having white coat and scarlet trousers. Baron Barante was in civil dress richly covered with embroidery, Baron Blome, the Dane, resembled the Englishman, except that he glittered with some crosses and ribbons. Count Rossi, the Sardinian (whose wife is not yet out of her room), wore a remarkably becoming dress of green and gold, turned up with white. Count D'Appony, the Austrian attache exhibited his fanciful and favorite costume of the Hungarian nobleman and ranger. The ceremonies began by the ambassadors and ministers (without their ladies or secretaries) being conducted in due order of rank to the large and lofty square apartment arranged into a chapel, and stationed along one side of it, with their chief, Count Ficquelmont nearest the door at which it was known the Imperial family would enter. A screen of the necessary size, with the external panels beautifully painted with saints and scriptural subjects, its parts movable on hinges and having two doors in front was fixed on the eastern side of the room and formed the retiring and preparing recess of the priests. Between its two doors was the altar, and on both sides of this screen, within a small, low railing, were the Court choir. Directly in the center, and at a short distance from the screen was a platform about ten feet square raised, say a foot or more, from the floor, and covered with crimson velvet bordered with gold lace. A small table was on this platform and the rest of the apartment was divested of furniture in order to make room; the large glass chandelier in the middle was illuminated, and when we entered, there were assembled only a few of the highest civil and military officers. About thirty of the clergy officiated, three of whom were of the highest rank, and one of these the very old gray-haired and enfeebled Metropolitan: three others were of a secondary rank, the bonnets or miters of these six were worn during most of the ceremony, and were ornamented with miniatures, pearls and other jewels in great abundance. The robes of all who officiated were of a material which resembles rich, thick, cut velvet of a glowing crimson color—with golden crosses worked in it in every direction, and with broad stripes of gold embroidery sunk as it were in the velvet. The manner in which these robes are adjusted is rather clumsy; they seem to be thrown over the shoulders, as one would throw a sheet or tablecloth, when intending that it should conceal the whole figure, without regard to grace or fitness. We had not been long in this apartment when we heard the customary suppressed "hush" which on such occasions preceded the Imperial family, and we of course fell into our line. The *fourriers*, *chambellans*, etc., etc., in double file and in their richest liveries, passed in at the northern door and went out at the southern one; the Grand Master of Ceremonies, and the Grand Marshal of the Court, with two or three other high dignitaries, bearing large golden square staves, surmounted with crowns in brilliants or gold

work, quitting the lengthened procession and stationing themselves at the extremity of the diplomatic line and in front of the velveted platform. Then entered the Emperor, Empress, their second son Constantine, their two other sons, the Grand Duke Michael and his Grand Duchess Helen, the Grand Duchesses Marie, Olga and Alexandra, and the betrothed (or "promis") the Duke of Leuchtenberg. At the threshold the Imperial party were met by the whole of the clergy, the Metropolitan at their head, bearing a sumptuous silver cross, with a golden full length image of the crucified Saviour upon it, and another carrying the chalice of holy water, drops of which were scattered by a sort of short bouquet of green leaves. Each of the Imperial family kissed the cross, held up for that purpose by the Metropolitan and his hand also; and each, bowing forward as if to approach the chalice of holy water received a few drops from the bouquet on the palm of the hand, which they carried to their lips. They then crossed the room and ranged themselves immediately opposite to us, the Emperor leaning his back against the edge of the open door, through which could be seen an endless vista of magnificently dressed ladies unable to get accommodations in the chapel. Directly behind the Imperial family, I was unexpectedly pleased to find that the ladies of the foreign ministers followed. My friend Count Schimmelpennink had not noticed this, and when the throng of maids of honor had passed and had (as many as could) arranged themselves throughout the room, he abruptly turned to me and said, "I believe I will go home!" "What for, Count?" "This neglect of our ladies is not to be borne; you perceive that they have been left with the secretaries and attaches in that remote antechamber." Had such been the fact and had I, as probably I should, encouraged the Count by the slightest assenting movement, we must have had an agreeable little flare-up. As it was, I relieved my colleague by pointing out to him his own wife, safely ensconced by my own, close to the Imperial family. The betrothment began by His Majesty's conducting his daughter Marie and the Duke to the platform, the latter being placed on the right of the former, and the Emperor returning to his former position. A lighted wax taper was then placed by two of the priests in the hands of each of the affianced. Religious exercises followed in the Greek form, of which I could understand nothing. Two priests brought, on large golden plates, the wedding rings, and deposited them on the small table; that of the Grand Duchess, which I could distinctly scan, was a very large diamond of extreme brilliancy. The Metropolitan with some ceremony placed each ring on the finger of its owner; and after other recitations the Empress went forward, took the ring off the hand of Marie and placed it on that of the Duke, and the ring off the hand of the Duke and placed it on that of Marie; at this instant, as if the artillery had actually witnessed the movement, a roar of guns issued from the fortress on the opposite side of the Neva, exceeding in number one hundred. The venerable Metropolitan administered to each of the parties the promise or engagement, reading it from one of their sacred volumes; and they in turn manifested their assent by kissing the golden cross he held up. They then descended from the platform; the Grand Duchess threw herself into her father's arms, and remained some seconds, clinging to him under the influence of strong emotions; they were embraced by all the Imperial circle in succession, and here seemed to terminate the special act of affiancing. The priests however proceeded with their performances, during a short part of which it was very inconveniently necessary for all who were present to kneel. The hymn for the safety of the Emperor, in which the choir joined with great effect, was delightfully executed. When the whole closed the Imperial family passed out at the door through which they entered, bowing to us as they passed, and were followed by the almost endless train of maids of honor, chamberlains, etc. The ladies of the foreign ministers went in the current and in the order they came; while the ministers themselves were detained in the chapel for some time, preparatory to their being led in the direction opposite to that taken by the court, the whole way round through the interminable saloons of the palace until they came to a large and richly ornamented one overlooking the river, where they again marshaled themselves in line awaiting the coming of the affianced couple, to whom they in due solemnity tendered their felicitations. Here we had been joined by the secretaries and attaches; our ladies being left in the apartment in which they were originally placed to receive first the visit of the Duke and his future Duchess. This ceremony gave me the first opportunity I have had to form any sort of opinion of the young man so suddenly exalted by the Emperor by incorporation into his domestic circle and into the highest grade of his honors and services. His appearance is prepossessing, though certainly not handsome nor striking.

COURT GOSSIP.

Tuesday, 15th January, 1839.—The Marquis Clanricarde made himself uncommonly agreeable. He described Queen Victoria to me; she was a little lady, with fine large gray eyes that

turned up impressively and a peculiarity of bearing and manner which would make her remarked in any company; when she is gay her joyousness is that of an open-faced girl, but the instant she is serious she draws down the corners of her mouth, drops her eyes and looks intent; she sings well and reads admirably, filling the largest hall with a voice and enunciation as distinct as a bell without the least exertion.

Monday, 27th February, 1839.— Prince Hohenlohe told me the following anecdote. Some ten or twelve years ago, Jerome Bonaparte, now called Count de Montfort, at a soirée of his own, played cards with great vehemence; he lost all the money he had about him, then pledged his rings, and finally laid his watch upon the table. It was a small gold one, the back of which opened by a spring. A lady overlooking the game admired the watch and took it up to examine; on her attempting to open the back, Jerome immediately clasped it, and said: "That must not be done." His wife, who stood by, insisted upon knowing what was in it — grew angry, reproached him with having some keepsake of a favorite there, and finally bursting into tears quit the room. Jerome then opened the watch, showed to all present that it contained a beautiful miniature of his first wife (Betsey Patterson) with the remark: "You see, I hope, that I could not with propriety let her look at it!" The Prince says that it was notorious that he remained deeply attached to his first wife long after their separation.

THALBERG.

Wednesday, 6th March, 1839.— Sigismund Thalberg gave his first concert in St. Petersburg this evening at the Assembleé de la Noblesse. I had obtained four tickets out of the nine hundred sold, which were at fifteen rubles or three dollars per ticket. We went half an hour earlier than the appointed time, in order to get convenient seats, but we found the saloon already crowded. Many had gone as early as five in the afternoon, to wait patiently till eight. Everybody of ton and distinction was there, and the Imperial box was graced by the three Grand Duchesses, Helen, Marie, and Olga, attended by Baroness Fredericks and Kitty Tschitcherine.

A great poet, a great orator, a great painter, and a great musician (composer as well as performer) are scarcely to be separated on the scale of intellectual power and interest. Thalberg is the first musical genius I have ever seen. I had anticipated much but he more than satisfied me. He executed on the piano three of his own pieces, and made the instrument speak in tones I never imagined it capable of. The vast and discerning audience testified in tumults of applause to his triumph. He seems a young man of twenty-five, of rather slender figure, florid complexion, light chestnut hair, and a distinct Grecian profile. His personal deportment was modest, deferential but perfectly self-composed and calm. Dressed in full black, with white cravat and maintaining a mild but imperturbable serenity, he took his seat at the piano, with the preoccupied air of a young clergyman full of his most interesting sermon. His first touch carried conviction of his excellence. It involved a delicacy, a certainty, an entirety which made the note fall in its utmost perfection upon the ear. As he proceeded, this exquisite distinctness accompanied him through all the mazes of his elaborated composition. The instrument seemed like a wonderful combination of the richest, clearest and sweetest human voices.

In coming away, the sudden rush through the ante-chambers was rather alarming. We got, however, in the advanced group with Count Nesselrode (whose little rake-hat made him look as if he had already been squeezed to death, and who kept screaming for his weeping and terrified daughter Marie) Princess Soltikoff, Countess Kreptovitch, etc., etc., and were able to reach our carriage with no mishap, except the loss of a breastpin.

Tuesday, 12th March, 1839.— At half-past ten we went to Princess Hohenlohe's, and remained till half-past two. I played chess with the representative of Don Carlos, the Duke of Medina Sidonia and Marquis of Villafranca, giving him a castle and a knight, and then beating him. The company was numerous and gay. Thalberg made his appearance as a guest, and seemed very much courted by some of the younger married ladies. He declines playing at such parties, unless engaged for the purpose and then his fixed price is 1000 rubles or two hundred dollars for the evening, during which he executes two or three pieces. Hohenlohe is not up to such extravagance; but the pianist finds himself in pretty constant demand. What orator, statesman, lawyer, poet, or even novelist has ever been paid at this rate?

Thursday, 14th March, 1839.— At half-past four went with Mrs. Dallas to the splendid dinner of Prince Youssoukoff. There were about fifty guests. The extent of this palace and the magnificence of its furniture and arrangements struck us as forcibly as ever. The Prince has his band of music (the only private one of which I am aware) and it played at a short distance from the company, changing its position when the dinner was announced, during the whole of the entertainment. He has also a theater attached to the establishment, and his household servants number five hundred.

I sat at table between Prince Mensikoff and Madame Paliansky, both of whom were agree-

able: the Minister of the Marine very shy about the actual condition and number of the Russian navy, and the lady amazed to hear of a country in which husbands were faithful to their wives; she thought she would send her daughters to marry in America.

TRIALS OF THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR.

Friday, 23d March, 1839.—The Princess Shakoffsky, who spent the *avant* soiree with us, gave an animated account of the recent Persian ambassador at this court. He was a young man, scarcely one and twenty. He dressed in the rich and magnificent costume of his own country, with a number of what we would call "morning gowns" which he would often remove, one by one, as he felt himself, while visiting, getting too warm. He could not bear to see ladies and gentlemen dancing together, considering it offensive to modesty, and at balls kept his eyes studiously upon the floor; and yet he esteemed all women as mere objects of sale, and on one occasion, at the theater, struck by the extraordinary beauty of the Countess Zavadowski he sent round to inquire at what price she could be purchased. He was passionately devoted to chess, and obliged the young men of his suite to play with him, and always to be beaten, morning, noon, and night. Once at a large party, Princess Shakoffsky challenged him to a game; he seemed to think it impossible for a lady to have any skill. She asked him whether she was bound not to win finally: he replied that he would not play unless she promised to exert herself to conquer; and they began. In a short time she checked his king and queen, and took the latter; he became excessively agitated and summoned to his assistance his four secretaries, who became themselves apparently much disquieted. The company clustered round the board, and took sides, and the Princess received so much and such various advice as to each move, that she ceased to think for herself and lost the game. Early next morning she was waited upon by the four secretaries, who believed she had purposely lost the game, and who came to thank her, as had she won it, they would probably have undergone imprisonment for a month! He was in the practice of walking about with his eyes shut or bandaged, saying that he wanted to accustom himself to live and move without seeing, as he presumed he should one day be deprived of his vision. Since his return to Persia, for some real or supposed offense, he has had his eyes torn out.

SONTAG SINGS FOR CHARITY.

Tuesday, 26th March, 1839.—At seven Mrs. Dallas, my daughters and I repaired to the grand concert given by the Society of Patriotic Ladies for the benefit of their schools. On reaching the magnificent hall, the Salle de la Noblesse, we found it crammed with about fifteen hundred visitors, but seats had been set apart for the diplomatic corps, which we managed to attain by passing across the elevated platform appropriated to the music to the opposite side of the room very nearly *en face* of the Imperial box. Nothing could exceed the splendor of the scene. All that is noble and fashionable and elegant and tasty were assembled, the military and ladies richly dressed. The whole of the Imperial family (except the Grand Duchess Helen, who is unwell) were present. The Empress, Marie, and Olga, clothed in white, their foreheads glittering with diamonds, with the two boy grand dukes, Baroness Fredericks and Prince Volkonski were stationed, like the gorgeous figures of a superb tableau, on the crimson velvet-lined and curtained recess, or rather small room just in front of us; while the Emperor and Grand Duke Michael found their way at an open door close by, and stood tranquilly in the crowd. Here were certainly at a *coup d'œil* to be seen the elite of St. Petersburg if not of all Russia. All the dames and demoiselles d'honneur and ladies of distinction occupied the first ten or twelve benches nearest the music; all the general officers with their dazzling epaulettes and swords were clustered about, standing; all the Imperial Council and the Senate and the État-Major were collected. Nobody seemed to be absent whose presence could add to the brilliant *tout ensemble*.

This concert which takes place annually is one of the contributions of the nobility to charitable purposes; its performances are executed by the most distinguished ladies and the instruments are managed chiefly by amateur gentlemen. At the head, however, of the songstresses was the magnet of the evening, the celebrated and incomparable Sontag, now Countess Rossi. She had been persuaded to run the risk of reviving past recollections, to forget that she had stepped from the boards of the opera into the rank of a minister and the arms of a count, and to lead the flower of Russian noblesse and fashion on this benevolent occasion. What a splendid triumph did a single gift of nature seem to obtain! Her voice overwhelmed competition, and by its wonderful volume and sweetness produced a sort of enchantment which made you for a while insensible to anything else. The Czar, his court and his army, all seem to lose their prestige and their power, while that magical voice domineered the ear. She sang twice—first the finale of Donizetti's opera, "Anne Bolena," and was in this accompanied by Madame Bastinieff and Madame Krudener and three gentlemen, second Bellini's

"Norma." The effect of the last song was beyond description, and the applause was vehement and protracted. It recalled Malibran to my mind, and yet seemed superior by the addition to her voice of that of her father, Garcia. Nothing could be richer, nothing could be clearer, nothing could be vaster, nothing could be softer, nothing could be deeper, nothing could be more delicate, and nothing could be more decided. I might go on multiplying epithets, without describing a bit more distinctly. On the whole I think it was the best singing I ever heard, and as good as can be. The manner of the Countess was perhaps a little constrained in the effort to avoid relapsing into the cantatrice, and on two occasions instead of confining her curtsy to the Empress, she for an instant bent to the applauding audience. I doubt much whether this taste of the glory of past times was not more really delightful to her than any of the rank or other results of her marriage. She was sent for by the Empress at the close of her song—an act which is the common courtesy shown to professional songsters, and which has been constantly shown to Taglioni; I thought the discriminating delicacy of Her Majesty might have avoided on this occasion.

POSTAL SPIES.

Thursday, 4th April, 1839. . . . The discreditable practice of opening letters as they pass through the post-office, a practice said to be universal, and of which I have had convincing proofs, is attested by several anecdotes current here, of which I note the two following: Not long ago one of the foreign ministers complained in person to Count N. that he had received a bundle of dispatches through the post-office, rumpled, torn, and obviously having been opened. The Count coolly observed: "It must have been done very carelessly; I will give instructions against such negligence in future." On another occasion the Swedish minister, meeting the Director-General of the post-office, casually said to him that his subordinates ought to be more careful in their process of examining his letters. The director gravely protested that nothing of the sort was done: "Oh, I don't mind it," said the Baron, "but as in their hurry they sent me my dispatches from Stockholm with the seal of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Holland, I think they want lecturing." The director only replied with the exclamation: "Is it possible!"

THE NEW WINTER PALACE.

Wednesday, 10th April, 1839.—The reoccupation of the Winter Palace has been signalized by splendid "gratifications" from the Emperor to those who have contributed to its reconstruction. General Klein-Mihel has received a loan of one million of rubles with which to purchase an estate, and the Order of St. Andrews, with a gold medal surrounded by brilliants. Count Cernicheff received as a gift three hundred thousand rubles and it is supposed will be sent ambassador to Vienna, a post for which Benkendorff and Klein-Mihel were his competitors. All the subordinate laborers on the palace have received a silver medal and now parade them on their breasts at the Cachelles. At this season of every year, it is customary to distribute more or less of these imperial favors.

The mortality among the workmen engaged in rebuilding the Winter Palace is represented to have been frightful. As the emperor has undertaken to re-enter during the feasts of Easter, immense heat was kept up in the interior to dry the walls, etc., and this produced all sorts of fatal disorders. Of course this effect of his will was not communicated to his majesty.

Sunday, 14th April, 1839.—The court circle, intended to have been held at the Winter Palace on Tuesday last, was deferred, owing to the fatigue and indisposition of the Empress, to this day, at noon. I reached the diplomatic reception room, without traversing much of the residue of this magnificent newly-finished structure. The basement affords accommodation for any crowd of servants, and the white marble stairway leading to the upper story, with its lofty, painted and gilded ceiling, and its ornamental statuary, is vast, striking, and beautiful. The apartment assigned to the foreign ministers was one in which a small and handsome throne occupied the center of a large recess, immediately in front of a painting of Peter the Great guided by Wisdom: its walls were of crimson velvet studded with gold double-headed eagles somewhat larger than a man's hand. From the vaulted ceiling hung the richest and tastiest chandelier of solid silver, chased and worked into oak wreaths encircling Russian eagles, the immense size of which surprised me. Against the walls a number of lusters of the same rich and solid material, each six or eight feet high, exquisitely elaborated were attached, and in two piers stood wide tables of pure silver. The mixture of gold and silver, though it seemed to increase the gorgeous display, detracted from the taste of the ensemble. The steps and floor of the platform on which the throne stood were carpeted with rich crimson velvet; the rest of the floor was figured and waxed wood.

Monday, 15th April, 1839.—I procured tickets for the admission of my family to explore

the Winter Palace, and we repaired thither at one o'clock. We entered by the great central door on the river side, and mounted the noble marble staircase, whose solid, carved and polished banisters of the same material particularly struck us. . . . In surveying the endless elaboration of work of all kinds, bestowed upon this building, one is utterly at a loss to comprehend how it could be executed by human means in the course of the brief interval between the conflagration and the present moment. An exclamation to this effect involuntarily escapes the lips as you enter each one of the more important chambers. . . . Nothing more exquisitely luxurious, costly and refined can be imagined than the private apartments of the Empress. They remind one of the descriptions in Lalla Rookh, of the Moorish Alhambra, of Sardanapalus, and of the Arabian Nights. . . . There was a striking and agreeable difference between these apartments and those of the Autocrat. In the latter nothing was feminine, everything elegant, commodious, nothing useless or trifling. He has no bed, he has no carpets, he has no toilet table, he has no knick-knackery. Such also were the rooms of the Grand Duke. The Grand Duchesses's, on the contrary, partook of the delicacy and luxury of the Empress's. . . . In the chambers of the younger children was a room provided with a small sentry-box, two small muskets, and the posts usual in front of guard-houses as props for arms; this is the military closet of the two Grand Dukes, In one of the rooms of the Empress I was pleased with the apparent lightness and finish of the sofas, chairs, and tables; they were of iron highly polished, and looked like the most fragile ebony.

PRINCELY STYLE.

Wednesday, 17th April, 1839. . . . At eight o'clock, expecting to meet all the Imperial family, we went to the ball of Prince Youssoupoff's. The Emperor and Grand Duke Michael attended, but the Empress excused herself by sending word that her physician advised her staying at home, and all the Grand Duchesses remained with her. The interest of the evening to me arose from the presence of Marshal Paskevitch, with whom I had several agreeable chats. He is a younger man than I had supposed, has a lively air, and is frank and agreeable in conversation. He told me he was fifty-five. His decorations, crosses and orders were extremely brilliant, glittering on his left breast and from around his neck like a huge mass of diamonds. The Czar, after his usual kind shake of the hand, said he had not been to a party for nine weeks; that he wanted to induce his wife whose health was bad to stay at home by setting the example. Everybody agreed in considering the entertainment the most splendid which could be given by any person below royalty. Nothing could transcend the magic of the supper: its groves of orange trees towering eight or ten feet above the heads of the guests and laden with fruit and flowers; its gorgeous arbor prepared for the Empress, over which hung in clusters ripe, red, white, and purple, intermingled with leaves, grapes of the largest and most luscious appearance; its gorgeous and glittering table ornaments, its golden chandeliers; its dazzling company and still more dazzling liveried servants. When from these two rooms, the eye passed to the adjoining ones, to the antechambers, the refreshment saloon, the endless suite of halls and galleries devoted to paintings and sculpture, the card-rooms, and the expansive branching stone staircase flanked with marble statues and fragrant with exotics, it was difficult to suppose the whole the creation and property of a private subject. He is said however to enjoy an incalculable revenue. He is, however, sufficiently noted already in the diary. I could not help thinking that the Empress stayed away, not because of any real malady, for she walked on the English quay this morning, but in order to avoid witnessing or countenancing a fête that approached too near the Imperial style to be agreeable in a subject. The poor Princess, who had hoped to make it worthy of her mistress and her guest, looked the picture of despair when told that she could not come.

Saturday, 20th April, 1839.—The evening spent at the soirée dansante of Countess Schimmelpenninck. Among the gentlemen were Villafranca and General Danieleffsky. I had with the latter a long and interesting conversation on the condition and history of Russia, and the characters of the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas. His mind is turned closely to these subjects; and he is now actually preparing for the press a work on the campaigns and policy of the late Autocrat. He accompanied Alexander as confidential secretary throughout all his great movements from the year 1804.

. . . Among other matters I remarked to Danieleffsky, that I felt surprised at their retaining, in a country like this, the law for the equal distribution of intestate estates, abolishing primogeniture; that their aristocracy must inevitably become poor and lose their consequence, and that we regarded such a law as the very cornerstone of our republicanism. He replied simply: "This is a despotism; our Senate now merely records after attesting the Imperial ukases. Peter the Great once made an ukase establishing *Les Majorats* or the right of primogeniture. The nobles soon felt their independence, and in less

than twelve years the Senate, while recognizing Peter's title to the throne, had advanced so far in their pretensions that they presented for his signature a written Constitution of Government! The law was certainly not the exclusive cause of this — great political results require a combination of causes — but it was the leading cause — and Peter abolished it without delay." Thus when the object is the same, the abasement or destruction of aristocracy, a republic and a despot must pursue the same course.

THE EMPEROR'S WHIMS.

Thursday, 2d May, 1839.— The Emperor met young Meyendorff with a companion near the boulevard the other day. He was on horseback, they walking on foot. Having been long absent from Russia, the young men did not know the person of the sovereign, and of course, omitted the customary bow. His Majesty immediately dismounted, went up to them, and reprimanded them sternly; they in vain pleaded their ignorance of his figure; he ordered them to proceed forthwith to the guard house, and upon their remaining stationary, not knowing where the guard house was, he called up a sentinel and directed him to accompany them to the prison. They were extremely alarmed, wept bitterly, and were immured for some hours in a wretched cell. At the expiration of that time, a guard announced to them that the Emperor had ordered them to be escorted to the Anischkoff palace; they went, expecting little short of Siberia or decapitation. When at the palace, they were stationed near a corner of one of the apartments, and then left to themselves. They were surprised to notice that several young ladies now and then, popped their heads in at the door, and looking at them for an instant, retreated laughing. At last the Emperor came in, and walking towards them said: "Young gentlemen, you have had lesson enough for the present; I am sure that you will know me hereafter, wherever you may see me; and now to remove the impressions of the day come and dine with my family and myself."

As an illustration of the extent to which the most important matters are subject here to Imperial whims, I give the following from young Count——. The Empress having written a letter to her father gave it to a servant to put into the hands of a courier then waiting to start; the servant, misunderstanding the order, deposited the letter in the post-office, and the mistake was not discovered until five or six hours had elapsed; in the meanwhile the regular mail for Prussia, and indeed all Western Europe was made up and dispatched. As soon as she was told what had been done, the Empress sent an express to command the whole mail, bag and baggage, back to St. Petersburg: about fifteen hours were lost, everything was reopened, the Imperial missive recovered and placed in the courier's care, and then, but not till then, the mail allowed to resume its journey.

Friday, 7th June, 1839.— Rose this morning, after long and serious reflection, under the solemn conviction that it was my duty, at all hazards to take my family home this summer, and if my recall were not sent before I reached there, to abide the decision of the President whether I should return here myself or not. I accordingly inquired into the best modes of quitting, and found that my most convenient and economical course will be to proceed hence to Havre on board the steamer, the *Paris*, on the 24th of July next. I must set about preparing for this.

AN IMPERIAL DUCHESS'S TROUSSEAU.

Tuesday, 9th July, 1839.— Having received our "billets d'entree" we went this afternoon to see the trousseau of the Grand Duchess Marie. It is displayed in the Salle Blanche of the Winter palace. The throng of visitors was immense, producing a heat and a pressure nearly insupportable. Our party got broken into detachments, and we were obliged to move along with the dense tide without being able to see all that was exhibited, or to examine anything closely. The court dresses with their rich, embroidered trains were the most conspicuous objects, and were certainly very splendid. I counted in all one hundred and forty dresses most of them exceedingly elegant; and some of them morning wrappers trimmed with lace. The four sets of jewelry were in two large glass desks. The toilet-tables, and their ornaments, one of chased silver, and the other highly worked silver gilt were strikingly beautiful; the former purchased as a present for his sister from the Grand Duke Alexander on his recent visit in England. Nothing could surpass the collection of furs, the cashmere shawls, the countless bonnets, the laced and worked pocket-handkerchiefs; and all the etceteras of a fashionable toilette. The services of porcelain and of silver, and of silver gilt, each of great taste and execution, and apparently calculated for the largest scale of entertainment, formed to my eye, the richest part of the display. Glass in its most attractive shapes and in vast quantities loaded several tables. The tablecloth, napkins, doilies, etc., were endless. Even the culinary apparatus was admirable. Indeed it was impossible to imagine an article of use or ornament, with which a bride should be provided, that was not here in its utmost perfection and in exhaustless quantity. The whole was truly Imperial, and upon a moder-

ate estimate must have cost very little, if at all, short of a million of dollars.

VISIONS OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

Friday, 12th July, 1839.—In speaking upon the progress of human discovery and science, Count Michel Woronzoff, [the Governor of Odessa] remarked that the application of steam to propelling vessels through the water was, in fact, very far from being a modern idea; that he himself read a passage in an old Spanish author named Vilarete in which it was as clear as language could make it that an ingenious mechanic had undertaken the experiment before Charles V., and that though he failed its practicability was asserted by the historian, though he alleged that the machinery would be always liable to burst. So, also, he said that during the reign of Louis XIV. a Frenchman was visited at an insane hospital by a celebrated English nobleman who afterwards claimed the merit of discovering the steam engine; that the alleged madman was so-called and treated simply because he had over and over again pestered the chief of the Department of Marine with earnest entreaties for pecuniary assistance to enable him to show how vessels could be navigated by steam, and the count mentioned an authoress in whose works the whole of this last statement was made. The great merits, however, of Fulton were admitted as unquestionable.

AN IMPERIAL WEDDING.

Sunday, 14th July, 1839.—At twelve o'clock, accompanied by Mrs. Dallas, I went to the Winter Palace, agreeably to invitations, to witness the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie and the Prince Maximilian of Leuchtenberg. The foreign ministers and ladies, after waiting with the general company for some time were escorted by Count Woronzoff to the chapel, and arranged on the two sides nearest the chancel, forming an alley for the imperial cortege. We noticed that two pairs of pigeons entered at the open windows, and alighted, after flying around the dome, over the altar; an incident that may have been accidental, but which many conceived to be the result of design. The Metropolitan and a concourse of twenty or thirty priests, robed in rich vestments of crimson thickly crossed with gold embroidery and with miters glittering with jewels and enamel pictures,—some bearing the sacred image, and others carrying wax lights, stationed themselves at the grand entrance to receive the Imperial party. Everybody wore their richest clothing, all the ladies having long trains, and all except the diplomatic ones having the Kakoshnick brilliantly studded with diamonds or otherwise ornamented. The bride wore a superb diadem of diamonds, and on the very top of her head, a crown of the same description. Her train was an immense one of crimson velvet, deeply bordered with ermine. Of the religious ceremonies I could understand nothing; they were exceedingly tedious. There was an interchange of rings between the bride and groom, effected through the agency of the Metropolitan; they sipped the consecrated wine from the same golden goblet, and during part of the proceeding, for about twenty minutes, while the Metropolitan was reading to them, golden crowns were held over the heads of the couple; over that of the Grand Duchess by her brother the hereditary Grand Duke Alexander, and over that of the Prince by Count Pahlen. At one time the couple were led, with their hands united, by the Metropolitan, three times round the altar. At the close of the ceremony, the groom led his bride to the Emperor by whom he was directed to embrace her, and then followed the family felicitations and kissing. The court choir performed the great Te Deum most effectively and the cannon of the fortress aided by peals from all the huge bells of the innumerable churches sent forth a deafening and yet exhilarating uproar. After kissing a number of the priests in succession, the Imperial circle left the Greek chapel, and went to where a temporary Roman Catholic chapel had been constructed in some interior apartment and the marriage ceremony was here performed again. We got home as expeditiously as we could at about four o'clock.

At eight o'clock we repaired to the *bal paré* at the palace. La Salle Blanche, an apartment of extraordinary magnificence; its one hundred and twelve Corinthian columns and the balustrades above them with its immense chandeliers having, since we were last in it been most richly gilt. Here also, all the ladies wore trains. No dancing was executed but the Polonaise; there were no refreshments; and the ceremony lasted only for about two hours; the fatigues of the day being too much for the strength of the Empress. Among the remarkable costumes seen on this occasion were those of the Sultan of Kirghis, with his retinue, come to make presents to the Emperor on the marriage of his daughter, and of a Queen of Georgia.

Monday, 15th July, 1839.—We were bound to be at the great theater *en gala* at eight o'clock. I was assigned by the Director a box in association with Count Rossi. The performance was a dull ballet only relieved by one capital scene representing a theater crowded with spectators before whom a danseuse was

making her début, while we were supposed to be behind the scenes. Nothing, however, could equal the brilliancy of the *coup d'œil* presented when the whole audience rose to greet the entrance of the Imperial family into their box. The Grand Duchess Marie, as the bride, came in first, and was saluted with vociferous acclamations; then her husband, then the Empress, and lastly the Emperor. By the by, I had noticed yesterday that during the wedding ceremonial there appeared to be an air of abstraction or preoccupation in His Majesty, and I found it to have been caused by the arrival of news of the death of the Sultan Mahmoud, who has by will directed his son, only eighteen years of age, to be under the guardianship of one of his sons-in-law until he attains twenty-five, and who directed the other son-in-law to be forthwith strangled. Nicholas seemed to-night to have, in a measure, recovered his spirits.

LEAVE-TAKING.

Tuesday, 23d July, 1839.—Count Woronzoff apprized me that the Emperor was in his cabinet to grant me an audience of leave. I shall never cease to remember this conference with pride and delight; it convinced me I had not lived in Russia without doing public service and without achieving the reputation I desire. The Emperor was cordial, kind and full of feeling. He first addressed me, after we had shaken hands, upon my personal motives for returning to the United States "at the moment," he said, "when we all have learnt to appreciate you and your family, and when my whole court, without exception, are cherishing the best dispositions for you." I answered with the undisguised frankness due to such an inquiry from such a man; told him that my private affairs, the education of my children, and my limited resources compelled me to quit him, and that I felt deep regret at a necessity which I could not control. He again seized me by the hand, and assured me that he heard it with sincere pain and sorrow, and hoped that, if ever fortune should improve my ability, I might again visit Russia and desired me to be sure of a hearty welcome. I told him that I derived some consolation in the reflection that I left him *au comble du bonheur;* that I could distinctly perceive in the happy marriage of his daughter a source to him of unbounded and unalloyed gratification, and that all I had had the happiness to see and hear of the Prince of Leuchtenburg satisfied me that his confidence was well founded. He received this remark with apparent delight and grasped my hand anew, and said: "I believe him to be an admirable young man, worthy of everything I am doing for him, and that he will make my child perfectly happy. You are right in thinking me, at this moment, as happy as a father can be." I then indulged in the trite reflection that the period of attaining such contentment was the one at which philosophy told us we should, in this unstable world, be most prepared against change and adversity. This thought seemed congenial to his mind. His countenance varied its expression from joy to melancholy, and he replied, giving it at once a special direction: "Yes, the ill health of my wife gives me much anxiety; I cannot persuade her to omit anything she deems a duty, and to refrain from exposure or fatigue. She becomes daily more feeble, and now she insists upon going through the distractions of this fête, its intense and crowded heats and all its labors, as if her health were perfect."

He then returned to our political relations; was happy to know that between him and the United States there could exist no sentiments but those of the most friendly character, and hoped that I went away under the same impression. I told him that my attention to the subject had produced a conviction that our highest interests as a nation were identified with those of Russia. "Not only are our interests alike," said he, "but (with emphasis in his tone), our enemies are the same." We recurred freely to the fact that the political institutions of the two countries were radically and essentially different; "but" he remarked, "they tend in each to the happiness and prosperity of their respective inhabitants; and I am engaged in introducing some liberal ameliorations, particularly in the department for the administration of justice, which I hope will be attended by most salutary effects." I commented upon the necessity, however, of his having an eye to everything, and he said *that*, under the circumstances of Russia, was a vital duty.

I handed him my letter of recall which, he observed, he very reluctantly received, and he laid it on his desk without breaking the seal. We again shook hands, and I left him. Count Woronzoff met me, in great haste, saying that the Empress was waiting to receive me. Mrs. Dallas and my two daughters had just taken leave of her. There was obvious impatience all round to commence the ceremonies or gaieties peculiar to the evening, and I went through as rapidly as was consistent with respect.

I then put off my sword, and put on my Venetian or domino, and entered the *bal masqué*. A more absolute jam of human beings of all sorts, conditions, grades, forms, physiognomies, gaits, costumes and tongues cannot be conceived. The heat in the halls was intense. The polonaise immediately began, led off by the sovereigns, before whom as they advanced, turning in every zigzag direc-

tion, the compact mass gave way and opened an avenue for the brilliant train of courtiers, officers and fashionables, almost as if by magic. On one occasion as the glorious file came forward, I found myself screwed tight and motionless between two Kirghese Khans, some Chinese, and one or more Russian serfs, but falling back resolutely, I caught the eye of the Emperor, who saw my predicament and effort and exclaimed aloud in clear English; "I beg your pardon, sir!" to which I had no time for replying except by a bow of the head and a smile. Shortly afterwards, I perceived him approach Mrs. Dallas and with the polite inquiry "Oserais-je vous demander pour une polonaise," lead her repeatedly by the hand through the apartments. He congratulated her upon her intended visit to Paris, said it was a magnificent capital and that many years ago he had attended one of the most magnificent balls given there; and he repeated to her the regret he felt to part with us.

A splendid supper was served apart from the crowd, at about nine o'clock, and the chamberlains having arranged the parties which were to occupy the several *lignes* classified numerically, each carrying eight persons and the number being about thirty, destined for the principal persons of the court, we left the table and hurried, amid some confusion and mud and wet, to the equipages. Ours was number three, superintended by Count and Countess Borke: all being comfortably seated the Czar and Czarina in the van gave the order to proceed, and off we went for a drive of an hour through all the labyrinths of illumination and amid the finest display of water-works I ever beheld. The scene was as wonderful as any of the creations of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. There could not have been less than 500,000 lights, arranged in every possible form, creating a bright day, shining in reflection from the beautiful lakes, and glistening behind cascades, extending into dazzling alleys of a quarter of a mile in length, forming obelisks of vast heights, or spanning in arches the rivulets which intersected the walks. The great *jet d'eau*, the Samson or Hercules, with countless others in all directions, sparkled and rumbled most musically, while a host of festive frolickers, estimated by Count Borke at 200,000, opened into avenues, as the cavalcade advanced, in front of the tents which were pitched for their enjoyment and accommodation within the open spaces of the gardens. Fine bands struck up at certain distances from each other; and in one of the widest and longest alleys of glowing fire, the court cortége, in order as it were to heighten their pleasure by seeing and saluting each other, turned round and passed repeatedly. It is however impossible, adequately to describe the details or wonders of this extraordinary spectacle. To me and mine it was perfect enchantment, realizing and surpassing all we had read or anticipated.

We drove to our quarters about one in the morning, and bent upon achieving our regulated plan we hastily changed to our traveling dresses, packed up our finery, bade adieu to our friends, among whom we must ever affectionately remember the Barantes, the Hohenlohes, the Butaras, the Rossis, etc., etc., and pushed forward for St. Petersburg. Here, however, began a fresh and exhaustless source of surprise and amusement. The entire road from Peterhof to the capital was crowded with vehicles of every possible kind, forming three and sometimes four lines and occasionally coming to a dead standstill. The droshky, the kibitka, the telega, the omnibus, the caleche, the carriage, the huge diligence, were all in succession before us, and apparently without end, crowded by men, women, and children, in all sorts of motley wear, and with all the ludicrous appearance which follows fatigue after frolic. We laughed especially and heartily at the infinite variety of dozing, nodding, and drunken drivers. As our chasseur was on the box, our coachman found his way with ease and safety. We got home at four o'clock, pretty considerably exhausted, but unwilling to retire or lie down until a finishing hand was put to packing trunks and boxes for the departure at noon.

George Mifflin Dallas.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE,

AFTER A RUSSIAN LITHOGRAPH OWNED BY MISS DALLAS.

EMPRESS ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA, WIFE OF NICHOLAS I.

LOVE AND THE WITCHES.

IT was a little, fearful maid,
Whose mother left her all alone;
Her door with iron bolt she stayed,
And 'gainst it rolled a lucky stone —
For many a night she 'd waked with fright
when witches by the house had flown.

She swiftly shot the iron bar,
And rolled the lucky stone away,
And careful set the door ajar —
"Now enter in, Sir Love, I pray;
My mother knows it not, but I have watched
for you this many a day."

DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH. ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

To piping lute in still midnight,
Who comes a-singing at the door,—
That showeth seams of golden light,—
"Ah, open, darling, I implore"?
She could not help knowing 't was Love,
although they 'd never met before.

With fan and roar of gloomy wings
They gave the door a windy shove;
They perched on chairs and brooms and things;
Like bats they beat around above —
Poor little maid, she 'd let the witches in with
Love.

Mary E. Wilkins.

CLOUGH HALL.

WOMEN AT AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY.

NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE great educational movement for women which was seriously begun some twenty-five to thirty years ago was not the outcome of a moment's impulse; it was rather the result of opinions, which had been slowly working their way through society since the beginning of the century. But it was not until 1848 that Professor Maurice, with the help of Charles Kingsley and others, succeeded in obtaining a royal charter for the foundation known as Queen's College, London. This and Bedford College, opened a year later, were the first two institutions where advanced lectures were delivered to women. After this, however, and for some twenty years or so later, little progress seemed to be made; but, in reality, much good work was quietly being done; and all who were interested in the higher education of women were encouraged to persevere by the support and sympathy of John Stuart Mill, Mrs. Browning, Mary Somerville, and Harriet Martineau, and others whose writings gradually prepared the public for what was to follow.

The year 1867 is a memorable one for women. During the previous years Miss Emily Davies had worked hard to induce the university of Cambridge to open its local examinations for boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen, to girls of the same ages, and the school-mistresses had formed themselves into an association to improve the system of school-teaching. Advanced lectures to women had been delivered experimentally, and had proved successful. All was now ripe for a further advance. In that year, 1867, the North of England Council was formed, which undertook to provide for women advanced lectures given by university men, in all the chief towns of England. In that year, too, the university of Cambridge first admitted girls formally to its local examinations; and it is interesting to note that it was in that year that John Stuart Mill presented to Parliament a petition for the political enfranchisement of duly qualified women, signed by 1499 women.

The North of England Council, besides pro-

MISS J. A. CLOUGH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. BELL, AMBLESIDE.)

viding the advanced lectures spoken of, was the agency through which the university of Cambridge was induced to provide in 1868 a "higher local examination" for women over eighteen years of age; and this led later on in the same year to the establishment of a college for women at Hitchin, under Miss Emily Davies, the lecturers attending from Cambridge and London. This was the beginning of university life for women, for in the following year — twenty-one years ago — an organized committee of university men provided lectures in Cambridge especially for women; and they were so successful that applications from women came from all parts of England, asking if arrangements could not be made to enable them to enjoy the same advantages. As an outcome of this a house was taken by Professor Sidgwick, and opened for the reception of women students. It was placed under the management of Miss Clough, who had been most energetic in promoting the higher education of women. This was the origin of Newnham College. About the same time the college at Hitchin, which had grown rapidly, was moved to Girton, near Cambridge, and became known as Girton College.[1]

Thus there are two colleges for women students at Cambridge. Girton College which is a fine, handsome building with extensive grounds lying about three miles out of the town and Newnham College, which, together with the principal colleges of the university, lies within the precincts of the town, only a few minutes' walk from the lecture rooms and laboratories.

Students multiplied so rapidly at Newnham that, in four years' time (1875) Newnham Hall was built. This is the present Old Hall; it is a red brick building in the Queen Anne style. It was long presided over by Miss Clough, now the principal of Newnham College. This hall was soon found to be too small to accommodate all the students, and in 1880 Sidgwick Hall was built (then known as North Hall). This hall was presided over by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick for a couple of years, when she was succeeded, in 1882, by Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the statesman, who is still there as vice-principal of Newnham College. In 1888 a third structure was added — Clough Hall — named after the principal, who now resides there.

Clough and Sidgwick halls adjoin each other, and there is a covered passage between the two. Old Hall lies opposite them. Each building contains a dining-hall, that of Clough Hall being the largest. It is very lofty, and is beautifully decorated; it has a gallery at the end, and along one side of it, which is used by strangers who come to the college meetings. It is not used as a common dining-hall, for, except on special occasions, the students prefer to dine in their respective halls. Each hall possesses a newspaper room and a music room. In Old Hall is the college library, duplicate books only being placed in the other halls; in the grounds of Old Hall, also, are the gymnasium and the chemical laboratory.

The college has ample grounds; those of Old Hall are specially delightful, and are much favored by the students, who on a fine summer's day may be seen basking full length

[1] In 1879 two halls — "Somerville" and "Lady Margaret" — for the reception of women students were opened at Oxford. And before this date the London University had thrown open its degree examinations to women. At Oxford, however, the women are only examined "by courtesy," whereas, at London, they are entitled to receive both the degrees and the honors of the university. At the University of Cambridge women are entitled to take the university examinations, and the class obtained is duly stated, but a certificate is granted instead of a degree.—E. F.

on the lawn watching the tennis players, or curled up under the trees with a book, wandering arm in arm up and down a shady avenue, or forming cozy little tea parties in sheltered nooks.

There are about a hundred and forty students in residence.[1] All students must reside in college unless they are living with their parents, or are over the age of thirty, when special permission may be granted for their becoming out-students. The average age of the students is from about twenty to twenty-two; some are much older than this, some younger. No student is allowed to enter under the age of eighteen, unless her case is exceptional, and has had special consideration.

dents are allowed a great deal of liberty, but there are rules which have to be observed.

The following are the few restrictions imposed upon them: In the summer terms the doors are closed at 8 P. M.; in the winter terms at 6 P. M.; if students wish to go out after this hour they have to give in their names, and they are then expected to be in by 11 P. M., unless under very special circumstances, when they may perhaps receive permission to stay till later. Students are expected not to absent themselves from lecture.

Out of lecture hours the students are free to go where they will, but if they boat or ride they must provide themselves with a chaperon. In the spring and summer terms the students en-

CLOUGH HALL — DINING AND ASSEMBLY HALL.

It appears difficult for an outsider to realize the conditions of student life at Newnham or Girton College; some seem to imagine that the student has absolute freedom; others, on the contrary, that college life is a second edition of school life — that a student must not go out without leave, that she has certain tasks to prepare, and that there is some one to see that she prepares them. The reality is neither the one thing nor the other. Certainly the students joy a good deal of boating. It is not unusual for them to make up a party and row down the river to some little inn or cottage where they have tea before returning.

At first women students used to work for the Cambridge higher local examinations, and sometimes to enter, informally, for the final examinations of the university; but, in 1881, the Senate of the University of Cambridge agreed to admit women, formally, to their honor examinations, so that now the majority read for an honor or tripos examination — that is for the same examination as the men. They attend the same lectures, and work

[1] The year 1890. In 1886 there were seven American students and two from South Africa in residence. In 1882–84 the two daughters of the poet Longfellow were in residence.— E. F.

under exactly the same conditions; the only difference being that whereas the men have a degree conferred on them, which entitles them to use the letters B. A., the women have to content themselves with a certificate which states the class obtained, but does not confer any title on the owner. The woman graduate has no hood, nor does she wear any distinctive dress as an undergraduate. It is not compulsory to work for the tripos examinations; some

MISS GLADSTONE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. BRIGGS, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON.)

still work for the higher local examinations, though they are then supposed to stay at college for a couple of years only. Students are permitted to work with no examinations in view, but in this case they are only allowed to be in residence so long as the authorities are satisfied that they are doing good work.

Three years is the usual time allotted for preparing for a tripos examination, though some may be taken after a residence of two years. If a student fail to keep the stated number of terms the examinations cannot be taken.

That women are able to make good use of these privileges is amply proved by the results of the examinations. Even in classics and mathematics, subjects in which they are usually handicapped by not having enjoyed the same training as the men before going up to college, they have taken extremely good places from time to time; and in those subjects in which they start fair, they have always come well to the fore. Among the women who have done remarkably well are Miss Scott, of Girton, who was eighth wrangler, and who is now Professor of Mathematics at Bryn-Mawr College, near Philadelphia; Miss Chamberlain (Newnham), who was senior of the modern languages tripos, 1886, and is now also teaching at Bryn-Mawr College; Miss Moberly and Miss Hughes (Newnham), who were seniors of the moral sciences tripos in the years 1881 and 1884 respectively; Miss Rolleston (Newnham), history tripos, bracketed senior, 1886; Miss Ramsay (Girton), senior of the classical tripos, 1887, and lastly Miss Philippa Fawcett (Newnham), who in 1890 held the anomalous position of being "above the senior wrangler."[1]

Each student has her own room or rooms. The college supplies these with all necessary furniture; the decorations are left to the taste and ingenuity of the student; and in most cases they are made to look very charming. If the student has only one room her bed is made in the daytime to resemble an ordinary couch.

One very characteristic article of furniture in every Newnham room is the oak bureau — "burry" — which besides serving as a writing table possesses the most astonishing capacity for receiving anything and everything.

It is not all work and no play at Newnham; and the hours are admirably arranged to afford plenty of opportunity for both. A gong sounds at 8 A. M. for prayers; as a rule the majority of the students appear, though attendance is not compulsory. At about twenty minutes past eight breakfast is served, and at this time any one peeping in would look upon a very animated scene. Every one seems bright in the morning, and the gayest laughs are heard every minute from one or other of the merry parties which are congregated at the various little tables studded over the dining-hall. At 9 A. M. breakfast is cleared away, and, as a rule, there is a grand rush made by the late comers just at the last. If students are tired or unwell they may have the meal taken to their own rooms.

From 9 A. M. to 12.30 P. M., from 3.30 to 6.30 P. M., and from 8 to 10 P. M. are work hours, during which students are expected to be as quiet as possible, and there are justices of the peace (students nominated by their colleagues) to maintain order. Luncheon is an informal meal; it is ready at half-past twelve and students drop in as they like up to about two o'clock. In the interval between 12.30 and 3.30 P. M. the students set off for long walks, or they crowd to the tennis and fives courts; wet or fine, every one tries to go out somewhere.

[1] Twenty years ago, when Miss Fawcett was only a year and a half old, one of the first meetings held to discuss the establishment of Newnham College met in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing-room, in Cambridge, and was presided over by Professor H. Sidgwick.— E. F.

On wet days the gymnasium is a great resort. There are numbers of tennis courts, both of grass and cinder. The latter dry so quickly that students are able to play all the year round.

Afternoon tea is laid in the dining-halls and is obtainable from 3 to 4.30 or 5 P. M. Some prefer to have it in their own rooms; they then provide it themselves, and often ask friends from the town to join them.

The hours from 3.30 to 6.30 P. M. are considered the best time for work. During the morning a great deal of time is taken up with lectures; these generally cease at 1 to 2 P. M.; few are given in the afternoon.

Of course it is quite optional whether students work during "work hours" or not — they suit their own convenience; many prefer, especially during the summer months, to take the whole afternoon to themselves, and work only morning and evening. It depends a good deal on the subject the student is reading. Some subjects require more hours than others. As a rule mathematical students are able to read a much shorter time than those who are taking natural science or history, and they have consequently more time at their disposal. As a general rule the average number of hours devoted to reading is about six; many students work eight hours a day, particularly those who have to spend much time in the laboratories; others only four or five.

Dinner, the formal meal of the day, is served at 6.30 P. M., and the students are all expected to assemble at once. Though evening dress is not *de rigueur*, most of the students endeavor to appear in a change of dress. The students have no special places allotted to them; they may sit where they like; but in each hall there is "the high table," where the principal or vice-principal sits, and to which it is considered an honor to be invited.

The other larger dining-tables are, as a rule, presided over by resident lecturers; this is a capital arrangement, for it gives the students an opportunity of becoming intimate with them.

Immediately after dinner, especially in the winter terms, most of the societies hold their meetings. These are numerous and various; some are small, and include a few students from one hall, such as the Browning Society; some are larger, and include all the students from one hall, such as the Musical Society of Old Hall; others include all the students belonging to the college. Of these last the most conspicuous are the Debating Society and the Political Club. Debates are held usually twice a term, and, as a rule, the whole evening is devoted to them. The subject to be discussed is known to the students some days before the debate takes place. As a rule abstract questions are the favorites; but now and then a very practical subject is brought before the house — such, for instance, as on the bringing up of children. The following are a few of the subjects of debate during the past year, together with the majorities by which the proposals were carried:

1. That the influence of fashion is morally, intellectually, æsthetically, and socially wrong. Carried by 4.
2. That it is well for most people to cultivate a good opinion of themselves. Carried by 39.
3. That people with one-sided views only are necessary to the accomplishment of any great reform. Lost by 46.
4. That in order to think more we should read less. Lost by 54.

About once a year an intercollegiate debate is held between Girton and Newnham, and there is generally great excitement on the occasion.

The Political Club meets once a week during the winter terms; it is the most flourishing of all the societies. At present, I believe, there is a very strong Conservative element in the House; but in my time the Liberals were in an overwhelming majority. The House is supposed to sit only from 7 to 8 P.M., but often the excitement becomes so great that it does not break up till later. Visitors may obtain an entrance by procuring a card of admission from a member of the Cabinet. While I was at Newnham arrangements were made for any special news to be telegraphed direct to the college, so that the students might not have to wait until the morning papers came in. This was often the cause of a good deal of excitement. One evening during one of the meetings of the Political Club, news arrived of the fall of Kartoum. The confusion and dismay which followed are not to be described.

KING'S COLLEGE BRIDGE, OVER THE CAM.

To become a cabinet minister is a very serious undertaking, as it often means devoting evening after evening to the consideration of some important measure. Once a week the interval between dinner and tea, 7 to 8 P.M., is devoted to dancing. The largest hall is laughing and talking. This is the great time for social gatherings—"cocoas," as they are called. The hostess provides cocoa and cakes, and the guests amuse themselves according to taste. As a rule serious discussions are tabooed, and games and songs are the order of the day.

SIDGWICK HALL. OLD HALL.

cleared, and is nearly always well filled. The dance is looked forward to with great pleasure, and the students seem to enjoy it most thoroughly. A large room, perfect floor, good music, and a partner whose step suits one's own exactly—surely these afford scope for real enjoyment, even though the said partner does not wear a black coat.

The Newnham College Choral Society sets apart one evening in the week for a practice which is conducted by Dr. Mann, organist of King's College, Cambridge. The society generally entertains the students with a small concert once or twice a year, and in the Lent term a larger one is given, to which friends of both sexes are invited.

From 8.30 to 10 P. M. silence reigns. At about ten minutes to ten bells ring out from the neighboring colleges, Selwyn and Ridley, and this is usually the signal for a general closing of books. At ten o'clock precisely, the lights in the corridors are turned out; there is a general opening and shutting of doors, and most of the students are seen hurrying along in their dressing-gowns (which are usually elaborate and more like tea-gowns) towards some room from whence proceed lively sounds of Sometimes, in the midst of one of these lively gatherings the guests are suddenly dispersed in all directions by the sound of the fire-alarm. Some belong to the fire-brigade, and have to be at their posts in an instant; the rest have to fly to their rooms to shut the windows and doors. The fire-brigade practises two or three times a term, but it is only very occasionally that an "alarm practice" is held, and then, fortunately, it occurs during the evening, and not in the early morning.

At 11 P. M. all is quiet again. Students are now supposed to retire to their rooms; or, if they do remain with their friends, they are expected to talk very quietly. Of course it frequently happens during the course of the day that a student wishes to remain undisturbed in her room; in this case she pulls out a little card with "Engaged" on it, which is fitted in her door. No one attempts to go near so long as this is out.

A tennis tournament is held between Newnham and Girton once or twice a year; and in the long vacation Girton and Newnham play against Lady Margaret and Somerville of Oxford. As a rule this university match is held in the vicinity of London; one year,

I know, it was held at Croydon, and another at Harrow.

Such, then, is the general every-day life of Newnham College; but it is rare for a week to pass without bringing some fresh interest in its train. If nothing particular takes place outside the college walls (there are generally lectures, political meetings, or concerts to go to in the town), the students are not slow to make amusements for themselves. For instance, let them come down some Friday morning feeling that things have been rather dull for the last few days, and on looking at the notice-board on their way to breakfast they will find that for the next few hours their ingenuity will be taxed to the utmost in preparing a costume for "A fancy dress ball, to be held on Saturday evening at ten o'clock"—short notice! But it is purposely arranged that the students should not devote too much time, thought, or money to the affair. When the night itself arrives, it is quite astonishing how wonderfully well every one looks.

If students feel they want a change at any time, they are quite at liberty to visit their friends in the town. They are also allowed to invite a friend to stay with them in college for a few days, at a small nominal charge; or they may invite one to dinner under the same conditions. A great feature in Cambridge social life is, of course, the "kettledrum." The "dons" of the various colleges are quite adepts in the art of holding these afternoon teas; it seems natural to see them put out their cakes, brew their tea, and then preside over the table. They frequently invite the Newnham and Girton students to join their parties, and such invitations (which may be accepted if there is a duly qualified chaperon present) usually mean a very pleasant afternoon, for, if in the summer time, the hour or so after tea is usually spent in wandering through the college grounds, which are for the most part really delightful—with their long, shady avenues and beautifully kept lawns sloping gradually down to the river.

Once a year, February 24, the students assemble to commemorate the day on which "the graces" were granted to the college—the day on which women were formally admitted to the university examinations. This is a grand occasion; after dinner the students rise *en masse* to cheer the names of the founders of the college, and of those most active in promoting its interests. There is generally a concert or dance during the evening, and the festivities close with a verse of "Auld Lang Syne" sung with a will.

There are no special rules as to the way Sunday should be kept, though the principal prefers to know whether students attend any place of worship, and if so, which one they go to. On Sunday morning the majority attend King's College Chapel, which is kindly thrown open to the women students. A great many also go to the afternoon services held in the same chapel. At one time there was a current opinion that the women students of Cambridge possessed few, if any, religious beliefs. That is certainly not the case now, nor was it so when I first went there six or seven years ago. Certainly, students are thrown greatly upon their own resources; which is one reason why very young girls should not be sent to college. Questions are raised, and points discussed, which, if one is not sufficiently experienced to deal skilfully with, are apt to puzzle and overwhelm. Still, in the majority of cases I fancy the student feels all the stronger for being obliged to think matters out for herself; and we must all agree that we cannot go through life without, sooner or later, being brought face to face with vital problems, which, whether at college or at home, have to be dealt with alone. To those who fancy that at college questions such as I have referred to are dealt with roughly, I simply say that such is not the case; they are treated as reverently as elsewhere.

What strikes one as most characteristic of Newnham is the ease with which the students turn from work to play, from play to work, and the energy they throw into both. At one moment the halls are alive with sounds of music and laughter; the next moment a dead silence reigns.

One is frequently met with the question: "Well—but what is the good of all this advanced education—to what does it all tend—what do the students do after they have left college?"

Is not this question a short-sighted one? Is it not through the exertions of those who have the higher education of women most at heart, that the entire school system of Great Britain and Ireland has been improved? Is it not from the chief centers of the advanced education movement that well-trained women are drawn to fill the schools, not only at home, but abroad, in India, Australia, the United States, South Africa, and Japan—whose teaching influences not only the children themselves, but, indirectly, society at large?

Besides taking up the profession of teaching, women are entering the fields of medicine, of art, and literature. The peculiar fitness of women for certain medical work is being gradually acknowledged; only recently two women doctors have been appointed medical officers to the female post-office clerks of London and Liverpool. Some of the women graduates have devoted themselves to research, and the Royal Society has accepted and printed papers writ-

ten by them. A year or two ago a number of university women formed a settlement at Southwark, in the southeast of London. Here they endeavor to provide teaching and amusement for the poor children of the district. But it is not necessary that a woman graduate should enter upon public duties in order to make the most of the advantages she has enjoyed. There is a wide field for quiet, unobtrusive work at home; a capable woman, trained to habits of self-control and self-reliance, must always be a useful member of society.

A great deal is said about the overstrain of college life, and about the ill-health which the higher education of women engenders. During a residence of four years at Newnham College I was particularly struck with the average good health enjoyed by the students. Since then a most careful census has been taken of students past and present, which goes far to prove that the higher education is not detrimental to health; and, indeed, the arrangements at the large colleges provide such opportunities for recreation that it is only very exceptional students who are likely to overwork. And surely, all will agree that a regular life, with plenty of occupation and good healthy pursuits, must be an enviable one; and that it must be more beneficial than otherwise for once in a lifetime to have to work steadily on towards one goal, to reach which all the best energies must be concentrated in one honest effort.

Eleanor Field.

NOTE ON THE HEALTH OF WOMEN STUDENTS.

THE Sixteenth Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor contained some interesting data, furnished by the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, in regard to the health of American female college graduates. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the Superintendent of the Bureau, summed up the statistics in these conservative words: "It is sufficient to say that the female graduates of our colleges and universities do not seem to show as the result of their college studies and duties any marked difference in general health from the average health likely to be reported by an equal number of women engaged in other kinds of work." At that time the only data relating to the health of a distinct class of women, that were available for purposes of comparison, were a report on the working women of Boston. Five years have passed since this report appeared, and we are now presented with some English statistics on the same subject, which in some respects are more valuable than the American report which suggested them.

"Health Statistics of Women Students of Cambridge and Oxford, and their Sisters," is the title of a pamphlet issued by the University Press, Cambridge, 1890, and edited by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, the secretary of a special committee which undertook to secure scientific data as to the "effect of a university course of study on the health of women." For good reasons, not in any way detracting from the results, the inquiries were confined to students of Newnham and Girton Colleges at Cambridge, and of Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls at Oxford. These students fall into four classes: first, and most important those who have resided in college three or more years, and have read for Tripos Examinations at Cambridge, and for Final Examination Schools at Oxford; these "*honor students*" may fairly be compared to those who were put down in the American report as having "studied severely"; second, students who resided for three years or more, but did not try for honors; third, students who resided for two years; fourth, students who resided for one year. There are three terms in a year at the English universities, and students who took less than three terms were omitted altogether.

To these picked women, the majority of them devoted both before and after college life to intellectual work of a more or less laborious nature, schedules were sent containing, besides the direct query, "Has your health been *a* excellent, *b* good, *c* fair, *d* poor, *e* bad, between the ages of three and eight years, eight and fourteen years, fourteen and eighteen years, at the time of entering college, during college life, and since leaving college," tabulated queries as to family health, as to individual history before going to college, as to conditions of college life, and as to history after leaving college. The object of these questions was mainly to throw light on all causes other than study that might have affected health.

An identical schedule of questions (omitting those about college life) was also sent to each student to be filled up by, or for, *the sister* (or lacking a sister, a first cousin) *nearest her in age*, who had attained the age of twenty-one and had not been to college. In this way was obtained "a parallel series of statistics, with which to compare those about the students—a feature in our inquiry which we think greatly adds to its value."

Elaborate and detailed tables (41 in number) have been carefully made up from the 562 answers received to the 663 schedules sent out. The answers received in the United States amounted to a little over half of those solicited, so that our English sisters have shown a commendable willingness to have the question looked into as thoroughly as possible. Indeed, of the 136 women honor students from Newnham, 130 answered; furthermore, in order to show that the percentage of answers withheld would not have materially affected the average, the Secretary was able, from her personal knowledge of the six women who made no answer, to give the missing health facts in their special cases.

The following condensed and representative table, showing the percentage who have enjoyed different degrees of health at different periods, will, we believe, sufficiently indicate the character of the investigation, and illustrate the comparative position which college training may be claimed to hold among influences that affect the health of women:

ALL HONOR STUDENTS. TOTAL NUMBER 269.

	Excellent or good, per cent.	*Fair, per cent.*	*Poor, bad or dead, per cent.*
From 3 to 8 years of age..	71.26	16.86	11.80
From 8 to 14 " " ..	69.78	20.15	10.07
From 14 to 18 " " ..	66.54	23.79	9.67
At time of entering college..	74.35	17.47	8.18
During college life	67.66	22.68	9.66
Present health	74.72	18.96	6.32

SISTERS OF ALL HONOR AND OTHER THREE YEAR STUDENTS. TOTAL NUMBER 264.

From 3 to 8 years of age..	65.87	12.70	21.43
From 8 to 14 " " ..	65.12	18.60	16.28
From 14 to 18 " " ..	56.44	29.17	14.39
From 18 to 21 " " ..	60.61	24.62	14.77
Present health	60.99	27.65	11.36

It appears from this table that throughout life the students in the aggregate maintain a higher standard of health than their sisters. Of this fact, two possible explanations are suggested, that a higher average of physical vigor is implied in the desire to go to college, and that the healthier members of a family are, on the average, expected to obtain remunerative work, and accordingly to prepare themselves for it. But how are we to account for the temporary depression of average health at college? For although the health of students is better than that of their non-college sisters, it shows a deterioration from their own standard, both before and after the period of college life. There seems little doubt that a large part of this loss must be ascribed to the effect of "*worry* over personal and family affairs." A similar connection between health and worry was indicated in the American Statistics.

No part of the report is more interesting than that portion dealing with the occupations of both the students and their sisters. It does not seem unreasonable to assert that a very positive relation exists between congenial intellectual occupation and good health, and that there is an equally direct although subtle one between desultory and untrained (even when ardent) efforts and much of the indifferent health of women of the upper and middle classes. The tables prove that 77 per cent. of all the students and 83 per cent. of the honor students have engaged in educational work since leaving college, while less than one-half the proportional number of their sisters have done so, and "for a much larger number of sisters than of students no regular occupation at all is reported."

The difference in the rate of marriage of students and of their sisters is unimportant, if we take the end of the college life of the former as the starting-point for the comparison, as a certain number of the sisters marry while the students are at college. Taking the students and the sisters together, as a fairly representative group of women from the English professional classes, we must face the serious conclusion that a large proportion of these women do not marry at all. We find, however, that there are fewer childless marriages among the students than among the sisters, that there is a slightly larger proportion of still-born children among both than among the average population, but, "on the other hand, that the proportion of deaths among children born alive is smaller than ordinary, especially in the case of the children of students." Of the married students nearly 78 per cent. enjoy excellent or *good* health, whereas but 62 per cent. of their married sisters are equally fortunate, and the students' children are healthier than those of the sisters. Although such a statement may seem superfluous in this age of physical culture, the report reveals the fact that among the women of both divisions, those who during their school life enjoyed much out-of-door exercise and amusements showed the benefit of such robust physical preparation for the stress and strain of mature life, by a better standard of health.

Of course broad and certain conclusions cannot be drawn from tentative and numerically small statistics. Nevertheless, such are the facts so far collated. That any serious alarm as to the effect of University education on the health of women is groundless, is clearly shown by the fact that the net amount of increase in good present health, as compared with health between fourteen and eighteen years of age, is greater in the health of students than of their sisters.

A final word of comparison between the English and American statistics:

The average health of the American college student seems to be higher than that of her English compeer (probably accounted for by certain college physical conditions), but the American student who has "studied severely" does not appear to recover as high a tone after leaving college as the English woman. The proportion of Americans who report *bad* health on entering college is 25 per cent., of English women only 8 per cent. Such figures throw a side-light on the ordinary hygienic condition of American well-to-do homes. While a large proportion of American college graduates marry, a larger proportion are childless. A smaller proportion of them are engaged in educational work — in other words, more American college-bred women are absorbed in the home and philanthropic work of the nation, and so act as an invaluable leaven.

Catherine Baldwin.

A SPRING ROMANCE.

THE yellow March sun lay powerfully on the bare Iowa prairie, where the plowed fields were already turning warm and brown, and only here and there in a corner or on the north side of the fence did the sullen drifts remain, and they were so dark and low that they hardly appeared to break the mellow brown of the fields.

There passed also an occasional flock of geese, cheerful harbingers of spring, and the prairie-chickens had set up their morning symphony, wide-swelling, wonderful with its prophecy of the new birth of grass and grain and the springing life of all breathing things. The crow passed now and then, uttering his resonant croak, but the crane had not yet sent forth his bugle note.

Lyman Gilman rested on his ax-helve at the wood-pile of farmer Bacon to listen to the music around him. In a vague way he was powerfully moved by it. He heard the hens singing their weird, raucous, monotonous song, and saw them burrowing in the dry chip-dust near him. He saw the young colts and cattle frisking in the sunny space around the straw-stacks, absorbed through his bare arms and uncovered head the heat of the sun, and felt the soft wooing of the air so much that he broke into an unwonted exclamation:

"Glory! we 'll be seeding by Friday, sure."

This short and disappointing soliloquy was, after all, an expression of deep emotion. To the western farmer the very word "seeding" is a poem. And these few words, coming from Lyman Gilman, meant more and expressed more than many a large and ambitious spring-time song.

But the glory of all the slumbrous landscape, the stately beauty of the sky with its masses of fleecy vapor, were swept away by the sound of a girl's voice humming "Come to the Savior," while she bustled about the kitchen near by. The windows were open. Ah! what suggestion to these dwellers in a rigorous climate was in the first unsealing of the windows! How sweet it was to the pale and weary women after their long imprisonment!

As Lyman sat down on his maple log to hear better, a plump face appeared at the window, and a clear girl-voice said:

"Smell anything, Lyme?"

He snuffed the air. "Cookies, by the great horn spoons!" he yelled, leaping up. "Bring me some, an' see me eat; it 'll do ye good."

"Come an' get 'm," laughed the face at the window.

"Oh, it 's nicer out here, Merry Etty. What 's the rush? Bring me out some, an' set down on this log."

With a nod Marietta disappeared, and soon came out with a plate of cookies in one hand and a cup of milk in the other.

"Poor little man, he 's all tired out, ain't he?"

Lyme, taking the cue, collapsed in a heap, and said feebly, "Bread, bread!"

"Won't milk an' cookies do as well?"

He brushed off the log and motioned her to sit down beside him, but she hesitated a little and colored a little.

"O Lyme, s 'pose somebody should see us?"

"Let 'em. What in thunder do we care? Sit down an' gimme a holt o' them cakes. I 'm just about done up. I could n't 'a' stood it another minute."

She sat down beside him with a laugh and a pretty blush. She was in her apron, and the sleeves of her dress were rolled to her elbows, displaying the strong, round arms. Wholesome and sweet she looked and smelled, the scent of the cooking round her. Lyman munched a couple of the cookies and gulped a pint of milk before he spoke.

"Whadda we care who sees us sittin' side b' side? Ain't we goin' t' be married soon?"

"Oh, them cookies in the oven!" she shrieked, leaping up and running to the house, looking back as she reached the kitchen door, however, and smiling with a flushed face. Lyme slapped his knee and roared with laughter at his bold stroke.

"Ho! ho! haar – whoop! did n't I do it slick? Ain't nothin' green in *my* eye, I guess." In an intense and pleasurable abstraction he finished the cookies and the milk. Then he yelled:

"Hey! Merry — Merry Etty!"

"Whadda ye want?" sang the girl from the window, her face still rosy with confusion.

"Come out here and git these things."

The girl shook her head, with a laugh.

"Come out an' git 'm, 'r by jingo I 'll throw 'em at ye! Come on, now!"

The girl looked at the huge, handsome fellow, the sun falling on his golden hair and beard, and came slowly out to him — came creeping along with her hand outstretched for the plate which Lyme, with a laugh in his sunny

blue eyes, extended at the full length of his bare arm. The girl made a snatch at it, but the giant's left hand caught her by the wrist, and away went cup and plate as he drew her to him and kissed her in spite of her struggles.

"My! ain't you strong!" she said half-ruefully and half-admiringly as she shrugged her shoulders. "If you 'd use a little more o' *that* choppin' wood, dad would n't 'a' lost s' much money by yeh."

Lyme grew grave.

"There 's the hog in the fence, Merry; what 's yer dad goin' t' say —"

"About what?"

"About our gitt'n' married this spring."

"I guess you 'd better find out what *I 'm* a-goin' t' say, Lyme Gilman, 'fore you pitch into dad."

"I *know* what you 're a-goin' t' say."

"No, y' don't."

"Yes, but I *do*, though."

"Well, ask me and see, if you think you 're so smart. Jest as like 's not you 'll slip up."

"All right; here goes. Marietty Bacon, ain't you an' Lyme Gilman goin' t' be married?"

"No, sir, we ain't," laughed the girl, snatching up the plate and darting away to the house, where she struck up "Weevily Wheat," and went busily on about her cooking. Lyme threw a kiss at her, and fell to work on his log with startling energy.

William Bacon was one of the richest farmers in Cedar County, and held half a dozen farms in Dry Run township. He was a giant in strength even now when his hair was getting grizzled, and his voice, like that of Jephthah, would quell a lion. Lyman, therefore, looked forward to his interview with the "old man" with as much trepidation as he had ever known, though commonly he had little fear of anything.

Marietta was not only the old man's only child but his housekeeper, his wife having long ago succumbed to the ferocious toil of the farm. It was reasonable to suppose, therefore, that he would surrender his claim on the girl reluctantly. Rough as he was, he loved Marietta strongly, and would find it exceedingly hard to get along without her.

Lyman mused on these things as he drove the gleaming ax into the huge maple logs. He was something more than the usual hired man, being a lumberman from the Wisconsin pineries, where he had sold out his interest in a camp not three weeks before the day he began work for Bacon. He had a nice "little wad o' money" when he left the camp and started for La Crosse, but he had been robbed in his hotel the first night in the city, and was left nearly penniless. It was a great blow to him, for, as he said, every cent of that money "stood fer hard knocks an' poor feed. When I smelt of it I could jest see the cold frosty mornin's and the late nights. I could feel the hot sun on my back like it was when I worked in the harvest-field. By jingo! It kind o' made my toes curl up."

But like the brave fellow that he was he went out to work again, and here he was chopping wood in old man Bacon's wood-yard, thinking busily on the scene which had just passed between him and Marietta.

"By jingo!" he said all at once, stopping short, with the ax on his shoulder. "If I had n't 'a' been robbed I would n't 'a' come here — I never 'd met Merry. Thunder and jimson root! Was n't that a narrow 'scape?"

And then he laughed so heartily that the girl looked out of the window again to see what in the world he was doing. He had his hat in his hand and was whacking his thigh with it.

"Lyman Gilman, what in the world ails you to-day? It 's perfectly ridiculous the way you yell and talk t' y'rself out there on the chips. You beat the hens, I declare if you don't."

Lyme put on his hat and walked up to the window, and, resting his great bare arms on the sill, and his chin on his arms, said:

"Merry, I 'm goin' t' tackle dad this afternoon. He 'll be settin' up the new seeder, and I 'm goin' t' climb right on the back of his neck. He 's jest *gut* t' give me a chance."

Marietta looked sober in sympathy.

"Well. P'raps it 's best t' have it over with, Lyme, but someway I feel kind o' scarey about it."

Lyme stood for a long time looking in at the window, watching the light-footed girl as she set the table in the middle of the sun-lighted kitchen floor. The kettle hissed, the meat sizzled, sending up a delicious odor, a hen stood in the open door and sang a sort of cheery half-human song, while to and fro moved the sweet-faced, lithe, and powerful girl, followed by the smiling eyes at the window.

"Merry, you look purty as a picture. You look just like the wife I be'n a-huntin' for all these years, sure 's shootin'."

Marietta colored with pleasure.

"Does dad pay you t' stand an' look at me an' say pretty things t' the cook?"

"No, he don't. But I 'm willin' t' do it without pay. I could jest stand here till kingdom come an' look at you — Hello! I hear a wagon. I guess I better hump into that wood-pile."

"I think so too. Dinner 's most ready, and pap 'll be here soon."

Lyme was driving away furiously at a tough elm log when farmer Bacon drove into the yard with a new seeder in his wagon. Lyme whacked away busily while Bacon stabled the team, and

in a short time Marietta called in long-drawn, musical fashion —

"Dinner-r-r!"

After sozzling their faces at the well the two men went in and sat down at the table. Bacon was not much of a talker at any time, and at meal-time, in seeding, eating was the main business in hand; therefore the meal was a silent one, Marietta and Lyme not caring to talk on general topics. The hour was an anxious one for her and an important one for him.

"Wal, now, Lyme, seedin' 's the nex' thing," said Bacon as he shoved back his chair and glared around from under his bushy eyebrows. "We can't do too much this afternoon. That seeder 's got t' be set up an' a lot o' seed wheat cleaned up. You unload the machine while I feed the pigs."

Lyme sat still till the old man was heard outside calling "Poo-ee, poo-ee" to the pigs in the yard, then he smiled at Marietta, but she said:

"He 's got on one of his fits, Lyme; I don't b'lieve you 'd better tackle him t'-day."

"Don't you worry; I 'll fix him. Come, now, give me a kiss."

"Why, you great thing! You — took —"

"I know, but I want you to *give* me 'em. Jest walk right up to me an' give me a smack t' bind the bargain we 've made."

"I ain't made no bargain," laughed the girl. Then feeling the force of his tender tone, "Will you behave, and go right off to your work?"

"Jest like a little man — hope t' die!"

"*Lyme!*" roared the old man from the barn.

"Hello!" replied Lyme, grinning joyously and winking at the girl, as much as to say, "This would paralyze the old man if he saw it."

He went out to the shed where Bacon was busy as serene as if he had not a fearful task on hand. He was apprehensive that the father would "gig back" unless rightly approached, and so he waited a good opportunity.

The right opening seemed to present itself along about the middle of the afternoon. Bacon was down on the ground under the machine tightening some burs. This was a good chance for two reasons. In the first place the keen, almost savage, eyes of Bacon were no longer where they could glare on him, and in spite of his cool exterior Lyme had "jest as soon not" have the old man looking at him.

Then, besides, the old farmer had been telling about his "river eighty," which was without a tenant; the man who had taken it, having lost his wife, had grown disheartened and had given it up.

"It 's an almighty good chance for a man with a small family. Good house an' barn, good land. A likely young feller with a team an' a woman could do tiptop on that eighty. If he wanted more, I 'd let him have an eighty j'inin' —"

"I 'd like t' try that m'self," said Lyme, as a feeler. The old fellow said nothing in reply for a moment.

"Ef you had a team an' tools an' a woman I 'd jest as leef you 'd have it as anybody."

"Sell me your blacks, and I 'll pay half down, the balance in the fall. I can pick up some tools, and as fur a woman, Merry Etty an' me have talked that over to-day. She 's ready to — ready to marry me whenever you say, now."

There was an ominous silence under the seeder, as if the man could not believe his ears.

"What 's — what 's that?" he stuttered. "Who 'd you say? What about Merry Etty?"

"She 's agreed to marry me."

"The —— you say!" roared the old bear as the truth burst upon him. "So that 's what you do when I go off to town and leave you to chop wood. So you 're goin' to get married, hey?"

He was now where he could see Lyme, glaring up into his smiling blue eyes. Lyme stood his ground.

"Yes, sir. That 's the calculation."

"Well, I guess I 'll have somethin' t' say about that," nodding his head violently.

"I rather expected y' would. Blaze away. Your privilege — my bad luck. Sail in ol' man. What 's y'r objection to me fer a son-in-law?"

"Don't you worry, young feller. I 'll come at it soon enough," went on Bacon as he turned up another bur in a very awkward corner. In his nervous excitement the wrench slipped, banging his knuckle.

"Ouch! Thunder-m-m-m!" howled and snarled the wounded man.

"What 's the matter? Bark yer knuckle?" queried Lyme, feeling a mighty impulse to laugh. But when he saw the old savage straighten up and glare at him he sobered. Bacon was now in a frightful temper. The veins in his great, bare, weather-beaten neck swelled dangerously.

"Jest let me say right here that I 've had enough o' you. You can't live on the same acre with my girl another day."

"What makes ye think I can't?" It was now the young man's turn to draw himself up, and as he faced the old man, his arms folded and each vast hand grasping an elbow, he looked like a statue of red granite, and the hands resembled the paws of a crouching lion; but his eyes smiled.

"I don't *think*, I know ye won't."

"What 's the objection to me?"

"Objection? What 's the inducement? My hired man, an' not three shirts to yer back!"

"That 's another; I 've got four. Say, old man, did you ever work out fer a living?"

"That 's none o' yer business," growled Bacon, a little taken down. "I 've worked, an' scraped, an' got t'gether a little prop'ty here, an' they ain't no sucker like you goin' to come 'long here, an' live off me, an' spend my prop-'ty after I 'm dead. You can jest bet high on that."

"Who 's goin' t' live on ye?"

"You 're aimin' to."

"I ain't, neither."

"Yes, y' are. You 've loafed on me ever since I hired ye."

"That 's a——" Lyme checked himself for Marietta's sake, and the enraged father went on.

"I hired ye t' cut wood, an' you 've gone an' fooled my daughter away from me. Now you jest figger up what I owe ye, and git out o' here. Ye can't go too soon t' suit *me*."

Bacon was renowned as the "hardest man in Cedar County to handle," and though he was getting old, he was still a terror to his neighbors when roused. He was honest, temperate, and a good neighbor until something carried him off his balance; then he became as cruel as a panther and as savage as a grizzly. All this Lyme knew, but it did not keep his anger down so much as did the thought of Marietta. His silence infuriated Bacon, who yelled hoarsely:

"Git out o' this!"

"Don't be in a rush, ol' man—"

With a curse Bacon hurled himself upon Lyme, who threw out one hand and seized his assailant by the collar, stopping him, while he said in a low voice:

"Stay right where you are, ol' man. I 'm dangerous. It 's fer Merry's sake—"

The infuriated father struck at him. Lyme warded off the blow, and with a sudden wrench and twist threw him with frightful force to the ground. Before Bacon could rise, Marietta, who had witnessed the scene, came flying from the house.

"Lyme! Father! What are you doing?"

"I—could n't help it, Merry. It was him 'r me," said Lyme, almost sadly.

"Dad, ain't you got no sense? What 're you thinking of? You jest stop right now. I won't have it."

He rose while she clung to him. It was the first time he had ever been thrown, and he could not but feel a certain respect for his opponent, but he could not give way.

"Pack up yer duds," he snarled, "an' git off'n my land. I 'll have the money for ye when ye come back. I 'll give ye jest five minutes to git clear o' here. Merry, you stay here."

The young man saw that it was useless to remain, as it would only excite the old man; and so, with a look of apology, not without humor, at Marietta, he went to the house to get his valise. The girl wept silently while the father raged up and down. His mood frightened her.

"I thought you had more sense than t' take up with such a dirty beggar."

"He ain't a beggar," she blazed forth, "and he 's just as good and clean as you are."

"Shut up! Don't let me hear another word out o' your head. I 'm boss here yet, I reckon."

Lyme came out with his valise in his hand.

"Good-by, Merry," he said cheerily. She started to go to him, but her father's rough grasp held her.

"Set *down*, an' stay there."

Lyme was going out of the gate.

"Here! Come and get y'r money," yelled the old man, extending some bills. "Here 's twenty—"

"Go to thunder with your money," retorted Lyme. "I 've had my pay for my month's work." As he said that he thought of the sunny kitchen and the merry girl, and his throat choked. Good-by to the sweet girl whose smile was so much to him, and to the happy noons and nights her eyes had made for him. He waved his hat at her as he stood in the open gate, and the sun lighted his handsome head into a sort of glory in her eyes. Then he turned and walked rapidly off down the road, not looking back.

The girl, when she could no longer see him, dashed away, and, sobbing violently, entered the house.

THERE was just a suspicion of light in the east, a mere hint of a glow, when Lyman walked cautiously around the corner of the house and tapped at Marietta's window. She was sleeping soundly and did not hear, for she had been restless during the first part of the night. He tapped again, and the girl woke without knowing what woke her.

Lyman put the blade of his pocket knife under the window and raised it a little, and then placed his lips to the crack, and spoke in a sepulchral tone, half groan, half whisper.

"Merry! Merry Etty!"

The dazed girl sat up in bed and listened, while her heart almost stood still.

"Merry, it 's me—Lyme. Come to the winder." The girl hesitated, and Lyman spoke again.

"Come, I hain't got much time. This is yer last chance t' see me. It 's now 'r never."

The girl slipped out of bed and, wrapping herself in a shawl, crept to the window.

"Boost on that winder," commanded Lyman. She raised it enough to admit his head, which came just above the sill; then she knelt on the floor by the window.

"Lyme, what in the world do you mean —"

"I mean business," he replied. "I ain't no last year's chicken; I know when the old man sleeps the soundest." He chuckled pleasantly.

"How d' y' fool ole Rove?"

"Never mind about that now, they 's somethin' more important on hand. You 've got t' go with me."

"O Lyme, I can't!"

He thrust a great arm in and caught her by the wrist.

"Yes, ye can. This is y'r last chance. If I go off without ye t'-night, I never come back. Why do ye pull back? Air ye 'fraid o' me?"

"N-no; but — but —"

"But what, Merry Etty?"

"It ain't right t' go an' leave dad all alone. Where ye goin' t' take me, anyhow?"

"Milt Jennings let me have his horse an' buggy; they 're down the road apiece, an' we 'll go right down to Rock River and be married by sun-up."

The girl still hesitated, her firm, boyish will unwontedly befogged. Resolute as she was, she could not at once accede to his demand.

"Come, make up your mind soon. The old man 'll fill me with buck-shot if he catches sight o' me." He drew her arm out of the window and laid his bearded cheek to it. "Come, little one, we was made fer each other; God knows it. Come! It 's him 'r me."

The girl's head dropped, consented.

"That 's right! Now a kiss to bind the bargain. There! What, cryin'? No more o' that, little one. Now I 'll give you jest five minutes t' git on your Sunday-go-t'-meetin' clo'es. Quick, there goes a rooster. It 's gittin' white in the east."

The man turned his back to the window and gazed at the western sky with a wealth of unuttered and unutterable exultation in his heart. Far off a rooster gave a long, clear blast — would it be answered in the barn? Yes; some wakeful ear had caught it, and now came the answer, but faint, muffled, and drowsy. The dog at his feet whined uneasily as if thinking all not well. The wind from the south was full of the wonderful odor of springing grass, warm, brown earth, and oozing sap. Overhead, to the west, the stars were shining in the cloudless sky, dimmed a little in brightness by the faint silvery veil of moisture in the air. The man's soul grew very tender as he stood waiting for his bride. He was a rough, illiterate man, yet there was something fine about him after all, a kind of simplicity and a gigantic leonine tenderness.

He heard his sweetheart moving about inside, and thought: "The old man won't hold out when he finds we 're married. He can't get along without her. If he does, why, I 'll rent a farm here, and we 'll go to work housekeepin'. I can git the money. She sha'n't always be poor," he ended, with a vow.

The window was raised again, and the girl's voice was heard low and tremulous:

"Lyme, I 'm ready, but I wish we did n't —"

He put his arm around her waist and helped her out, and did not put her down till they reached the road. She was completely dressed, even to her hat and shoes, but she mourned:

"My hair is every which way; Lyme, how can I be married so?"

They were nearing the horse and buggy now, and Lyme laughed. "Oh, we 'll stop at Jennings's and fix up. Milt knows what 's up, an' has told his mother by this time. So just laugh as jolly as you can."

Soon they were in the buggy, the impatient horse swung into the road at a rattling pace, and as Marietta leaned back in the seat, thinking of what she had done, she cried lamentably, in spite of all the caresses and pleadings of her lover.

But the sun burst up from the plain, the prairie-chickens took up their mighty chorus on the hills, robins met them on the way, flocks of wild geese, honking cheerily, drove far overhead towards the north, and, with these sounds of a golden spring day in her ears, the bride grew cheerful, and laughed.

At about the time when the sun was rising, Farmer Bacon, roused from his sleep by the crowing of the chickens on the dry knolls in the fields as well as by those in the barnyard, rolled out of bed wearily, wondering why he should feel so drowsy. Then he remembered the row with Lyme and his subsequent inability to sleep with thinking over it. There was a dull pain in his breast, which made him uncomfortable.

As was his usual custom, he went out into the kitchen and built the fire for Marietta, filled the tea-kettle with water, and filled the water-bucket in the sink. Then he went to her bedroom door and knocked with his knuckles as he had done for years in precisely the same fashion.

Rap — rap — rap. "Hello, Merry! Time t' git up. Broad daylight, an' birds a-singin'."

Without waiting for an answer he went out to the barn and worked away at his chores. He took such delight in the glorious morning and the turbulent life of the farmyard that his heart grew light and he hummed a tune which sounded like the merry growl of a lion. "Poo-ee, poo-ee," he called to the pigs as they swarmed across the yard.

"Ahrr! you big, fat rascals, them hams o' yourn is clear money. One o' ye shall go t' buy Merry a new dress," he said as he

glanced at the house and saw the smoke pouring out the stove-pipe. "Merry 's a good girl; she 's stood by her old pap when other girls 'u'd 'a' gone back on 'im."

While currying the horses he went all over the ground of the quarrel yesterday, and he began to see it in a different light. He began to see that Lyme Gilman was a good man and an able man, and that his own course was a foolish one.

"When I git mad," he confessed to himself, "I don't know anythin'. But I won't give her up. She ain't old 'nough t' marry yet—and, besides, I need her."

Having got his chores done as usual, he went to the well and washed his face and hands, then entered the kitchen — to find the tea-kettle boiling over, and no signs of breakfast anywhere and no sign of the girl.

"Well, I guess she felt sleepy this mornin.' Poor gal! Mebbe she cried half the night."

"Merry!" he called gently at her door. "Merry, m' gal! Pap needs his breakfast."

There was no reply, and the old man's face stiffened into a wild surprise. He knocked heavily again, and got no reply, and with a white face and shaking hand he flung the door open and gazed at the empty bed. His hand dropped to his side; his head turned slowly from the bed to the open window; he rushed forward and looked out on the ground, where he saw the tracks of a man.

He fell heavily into the chair by the bed, while a deep groan broke from his stiff and twitching lips.

"She 's left me! She 's left me!"

For a long half-hour the iron-muscled old man sat there motionless, hearing not the songs of the hens or the birds far out in the brilliant sunshine. He had lost sight of his farm, his day's work, and felt no hunger for food. He did not doubt that her going was final. He felt that she was gone from him forever. If she ever came back it would not be as his daughter, but as the wife of Gilman. She had deserted him, fled in the night like a thief; his heart began to harden again, and he rose stiffly. His native stubbornness began to assert itself, the first great shock over, and he went out to the kitchen, and prepared as best he could a breakfast, and sat down to it. In some way his appetite failed him, and he fell to thinking over his past life, of the death of his wife, and the early death of his only boy. He was still trying to think what his life would be in the future without his girl when two carriages drove into the yard. It was about the middle of the forenoon, and the prairie-chickens had ceased to boom and squawk; in fact, that was why he knew that he had been sitting two hours at the table. Before he could rise he heard swift feet and a merry voice. Then Marietta burst through the door.

"Hello, pap! How you makin' out with break—" She saw a look on his face that went to her heart like a knife. She saw a lonely and deserted old man sitting at his cold and cheerless breakfast, and with a remorseful cry she ran across the floor and took him in her arms, kissing him again and again, while Mr. John Jennings and his wife stood in the door.

"Poor ol' pap! Merry could n't leave you. She 's come back to stay as long as he lives."

The old man remained cold and stern. His deep voice had a raucous note in it as he pushed her away from him, noticing no one else.

"But how do you come back t' me?"

The girl grew rosy, but she stood proudly up.

"I come back a wife of a *man*, pap; a wife like my mother, an' this t' hang beside hers"; and she laid down a rolled piece of parchment.

"Take it an' go," growled he; "take yer lazy lubber an' git out o' my sight. I raised ye, took keer o' ye when ye was little, sent ye t' school, bought ye dresses,—done everythin' fer ye I could, 'lowin' t' have ye stand by me when I got ol',—but no, ye must go back on yer ol' pap, an' go off in the night with a good-f'r-nothin' houn' that nobuddy knows anythin' about—a feller that never done a thing fer ye in the world —"

"W'at did you do fer mother that she left *her* father and mother and went with you? How much did you have when you took her away from her good home an' brought her away out here among the wolves an' Indians? I 've heard you an' her say a hundred times that you did n't have a chair in the house. Now why do you talk so t' me when I want t' git—when Lyme comes and asks for me?"

The old man was staggered. He looked at the smiling face of John Jennings and the tearful face of Mrs. Jennings, who had returned with Lyman. But his face hardened again as he caught sight of Lyme looking in at him. His absurd pride would not let him relent. Lyme saw it, and stepped forward.

"Ol' man, I want t' take a little inning now. I'm a fair, square man. I asked ye fer Merry as a man should. I told you I 'd had hard luck, when I first came here. I had five thousand dollars in clean cash stole from me. I hain't got a thing now except credit, but that 's good fer enough t' stock a little farm with. Now I wan' to be fair and square in this thing. You wan' to rent a farm; I need one. Let me have the river eighty, or I 'll take the whole business on a share of a third an' Merry Etty, and I to stay here with you jest as if nothin' 'd happened. Come, now, what d' y' say?"

There was something winning in the whole

bearing of the man as he stood before the father, who remained silent and grim.

"Or if you don't do that, why, there 's nothin' left fer Merry an' me but to go back to La Crosse, where I can have my choice of a dozen farms. Now this is the way things is standin'. I don't want to be underhanded about this thing —"

"That 's a fair offer," said Mr. Jennings in the pause which followed. "You 'd better do it, neighbor Bacon. Nobuddy need know how things stood; they were married in my house —I thought that 'u'd be best. You can't live without your girl," he went on, "any more 'n I could without my boy. You 'd better —"

The figure at the table straightened up. Under his tufted eyebrows his keen gray eyes flashed from one to the other. His hands knotted.

"Go slow!" went on the smooth voice of Jennings, known all the country through as a peacemaker. "Take time t' think it over. Stand out, an' you 'll live here alone without chick 'r child; give in, and this house 'll bubble over with noise and young ones. Now is short, and forever 's a long time to feel sorry in."

The old man at the table knitted his eyebrows, and a distorted, quivering, ghastly smile broke out on his face. His chest heaved, then he burst forth:

"Gal, yank them gloves off an' git me somethin' to eat — breakfus 'r dinner, I don't care which. Lyme, you infernal idiot, git out there and gear up them horses. What in thunder you foolin' around about hyer in seed'n'? Come, hustle, all o' ye!"

And then they shouted in laughter, while the cause of it all strode unsteadily but resolutely out towards the barn, followed by the bridegroom, who was laughing — silently.

Hamlin Garland.

TALLEYRAND REPLIES TO HIS ACCUSERS.

THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.[1]

TALLEYRAND AND THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

[THE young Duc d'Enghien, grandson of the Prince de Condé, was seized by order of Napoleon at his residence in Baden, hurried across the frontier, tried by court-martial in Vincennes, executed for treason the next morning, and buried in a grave which had been dug for him in anticipation of the verdict before the trial began. Talleyrand gave a ball the same night.

At St. Helena, Napoleon said: "The Duc d'Enghien only perished because Talleyrand feared the return of the Bourbons; and to-day the wretch is Prime Minister of Louis XVIII." Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," says that Napoleon, in a council of ministers, denounced Talleyrand for the death of the Duc d'Enghien. Talleyrand stood immovable, with his back against the chimneypiece, while Napoleon exclaimed with lively gesticulations, "You have pretended that you had nothing to do with the death of the Duc d'Enghien. Do you forget, then, that you advised it in writing?" Many French writers of the time have insisted on Talleyrand's complicity — among them Méneval, "Napoléon et Marie-Louise, souvenirs historiques"; Rœderer, "Mémoires"; and Nougarède de Fayet, "Recherches historiques sur le procès et la condamnation du Duc d'Enghien."

In this case, for the first time in the "Memoirs," Talleyrand makes a serious and detailed reply to an accusation against himself. The reply is a denial without proof, save in the way of adroit and plausible argument. The case is thus reduced almost to a choice between the word of Napoleon and the word of Talleyrand — a dilemma which only the gravity of the subject preserves from becoming ludicrous.

In the same chapter Talleyrand deals with the accusation of complicity in the plot for the assassination of Napoleon, but with scarcely more success. The evidence against him is certainly fragmentary and inconclusive; and he has probably succeeded in breaking down the credibility of Maubreuil. But the fact remains that the most amazing orders were given, putting practically the whole army under the orders of the agent of this plot whenever he chose to call on it. Who was powerful enough in the government at that time to give such orders over Talleyrand's head or without his knowledge? — WHITELAW REID.]

PARIS, January, 1824.

I FIND myself obliged to add some sentences to these memoirs with regret at having to recall a cruel and painful event which I was unwilling even to mention in the foregoing pages.

I have never deigned to answer the lying and injurious accusations which, in such times as those wherein I have lived, could not fail to be leveled at all who devoted themselves to great public matters. But there is some limit to this disdain, and when it is a question of

[1] Extracts from the Memoirs, printed in advance of the volumes by arrangement with Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., the English publishers. (See also THE CENTURY for January and February.)

(Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.)

blood, silence — at least to posterity — is no longer possible. The vile and shamefully self-confessed crimes of my accusers would in ordinary cases be a sufficient denial of their accusations. But in the present case the nature of the events, their historic importance, the modicum of truth in these accounts, the greatness of the persons involved, the honor of my name and of my family, all force me to repel the crimes of blood with which passionate hatred and cupidity would bespatter me.

I have been accused by M. Savary, Duc de Rovigo, of being the instigator, and therefore the author, of the hideous crime of which he confesses himself to have been the instrument, and which was committed twenty years ago upon the person of Mgr. le Duc d'Enghien. Monsieur le Marquis de Maubreuil on his part pretends that I attempted to bribe him in 1814 to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon while on his way to the island of Elba. Madmen have strange hallucinations! This is all I ought to say about this last accusation, which is so ridiculous and senseless that it could only have been invented by a fool or a madman; but M. Savary is neither the one nor the other, and him I will first answer.

All the accusations which M. Savary makes are, indeed, lost in those of which he has accused himself. No man charged with a crime has ever more imprudently or more shamefully revealed himself. Shall we follow him to the depths into which he has voluntarily sunk to answer his foolish and false allegations? But these allegations fit in with some statements from another source. Writings coming from, or alleged to have come from, St. Helena have been published with the sole purpose of restoring a great and lost reputation by means of passionate and studied defamation of all contemporaneous celebrities. I find myself flattered by seeing my name continually associated with those of all the princes and all the ministers of our time. I can only feel proud that such a large part is reserved for me in the expressions of resentment whose dominant motive was to satisfy implacable and jealous hatreds, and to punish France for its past glory, its recent misfortunes, its present prosperity, and the hopes of its future. Nothing in these formless compilations, silly conversations, speeches full of vanity, pedantic dissertations, and defamatory calumniations can be brought as proof against any one in the world.

In these writings, as in the pamphlet of M. Savary, two letters of mine have been quoted. They are not faithfully reported. I will give them verbatim as they must be in the archives, and I still hold myself responsible for them. These letters do not represent the painful part of the duty I was then called upon to perform; I have nothing to hide in connection with this dreadful catastrophe, for my part in it has been made public, and if it inspires me with painful regret it leaves me with no remorse.

Let us recall the facts, which will be the best way to refute the lying imputations of M. Savary.

We know that at the end of 1803 and the beginning of 1804 there were several plots against the life of the First Consul.

In the first months of 1804 a suit was instituted against Georges, Pichegru, Moreau, and others. After investigations by the home police, some other plots were discovered abroad, and they naturally sought to make some connection between them. The Ministry of the General Police had been abolished for several months past, and one of the Councillors of State had the charge of this part of the administration and was thereby subject to the direction of the chief judge, Minister of Justice, M. Régnier. This minister made the following report to the First Consul on the 7th of March, 1804 (16 Ventôse, year XII):

CITIZEN FIRST CONSUL.

At Offenburg, Electorate of Baden, near the Rhine Provinces, there is a committee, paid by the British government. This committee consists of French *émigrés*, former general officers, chevaliers of St. Louis, etc. Its object is to excite troubles in the Republic, by all possible methods.

Its principal agent is an émigré called Mucey, a person long known by his intrigues and the implacable hate he has cherished towards his country.

This wretch is charged by the committee with introducing into France and widely circulating the incendiary mandates of rebel bishops, as well as all the infamous libels which are manufactured in foreign parts to the detriment of France and its government.

A person called Trident, postmaster at Kehl, is the man employed by the committee to forward their correspondence to his associates in Strasbourg. These associates are known, and orders have been given for their arrest.

But I do not think that we should stop at this measure. Public peace and the dignity of the nation and its head demand the destruction of this hot-bed of intriguers and conspirators in Offenburg, who impudently insult the Republic and its government at its very gates. Both should be avenged by prompt punishment.

I therefore propose, Citizen First Consul, that you demand from his Serene Highness the Elector of Baden the immediate extradition of Mucey, Trident, and their accomplices.

Salutation and respect.

(Signed) RÉGNIER.

Certified according to law:

Secretary of State,
HUGUES MARET.

The First Consul in communicating this report to me ordered me to transmit it to the Elector of Baden, and to ask for the extradition

of the persons mentioned in it. This is the note which I addressed on this subject to the Baron of Edelsheim, Minister of Foreign Affairs to his Serene Highness the Elector of Baden:

PARIS, the 19 Ventôse, Year XII.

The undersigned, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the French Republic, has the honor to forward to the Baron Edelsheim a copy of a report made by the Grand Judge to the First Consul. He begs his Excellency to submit this important document to His Serene Highness the Elector of Baden. His Serene Highness will find therein new and conspicuous proofs of the kind of warfare waged by the British government against France, and will be painfully surprised to find that in his own state, at Offenburg, there exists an association of French émigrés who are among the most active workers in these wicked conspiracies.

The undersigned is charged with formally demanding that the persons composing the committee of Offenburg should be arrested and delivered at Strasbourg to the French officers charged with the duty of receiving them, together with all their papers.

The official demand which the undersigned submits in this connection is derived from the official text of the first article of the treaty of Lunéville. And when the subject is a state conspiracy, the well-known facts of which have already excited the indignation of Europe, the relations of friendship and neighborliness existing between France and His Serene Highness the Elector do not allow us to doubt that he will be anxious to comply with the demands of the French government in carrying out this main article of the treaty of Lunéville, and to aid in other ways in unveiling the plot which threatens at once the life of the First Consul, the security of France, and the peace of Europe.

The undersigned is charged to demand that, by a general and irrevocable order, all the French émigrés should be sent away from the countries forming the Electorate of Baden. Their residence in that part of Germany nearest to France can only be a cause of anxiety and an occasion of disquiet, and for themselves an incitement to form intrigues by which England profits and which she extends and directs according to her own wicked plans.

If it is taken into account that the émigrés who are still out of France are all men in league against the present government of their former country, men whom no circumstances, no change could reconcile, and who are in a constant state of war against France, it is evident that they are persons who by the terms of the treaty of Lunéville ought not to find refuge nor protection in the German states. It is therefore proper that they should be rigidly excluded. But the well-known sentiments and principles of His Serene Highness the Elector are alone an assurance that he will be glad to banish from his states such dangerous men, and give an additional proof of the value which he attaches to the perfectly friendly relations which so many circumstances have contributed to establish between France and the Electorate of Baden.

The undersigned awaits with all confidence the decision of His Serene Highness the Elector in regard to the demands which he has been charged with forwarding, and takes the occasion to renew the assurance, etc.

This note and the enclosed document show that it was only upon data furnished by the police that the French government demanded the extradition of certain persons and the expulsion of others from the Electorate of Baden, and we will see that in fact the Minister of Foreign Affairs was not the source of the information which was the cause of the proceedings against the Duc d'Enghien.

My note was dispatched the tenth of March. Some hours later, at his order, I went to the First Consul. I found him in a state of violent agitation; he was reproaching M. Réal, Councilor of State, charged with the general administration of police,— who was present,— with not knowing that the Duc d'Enghien was at Ettenheim with General Dumouriez plotting against the security of the Republic and against his own life and that these plots had their principal center at Offenburg. Soon turning upon me he reproached me in the same manner, demanding how it was that the chargé d'affaires of France at Carlsruhe had not reported upon such facts. As soon as I could get a hearing, which was not easy as his rage was so great that he left no time to answer, I reminded him that the presence of the Duc d'Enghien in the Electorate of Baden had been long known to him; that he had even charged me to inform the elector that the prince might reside at Ettenheim; that as to the intrigues which were going on at Offenburg, the chargé d'affaires at Carlsruhe, M. Massias, might not have been cognizant of them or might have neglected to mention them in his correspondence, either because he regarded them as of little importance or because he feared to compromise the Baroness de Reich, who was, they said, a relation or connection of his wife's. I tried in vain to allay the anger of the First Consul. He showed us the reports of General Moncey, first inspector of gendarmes, which announced the presence of Dumouriez at Ettenheim. These reports, as indeed all of this kind, were founded more upon induction than upon facts — all but the presence of Dumouriez, which was stated definitely and which nevertheless was not true. But the First Consul was very much impressed by them, and nothing could shake his belief that these intrigues were directly connected with the plots which were then being followed up in Paris. He therefore immediately formed the fatal resolution to have French soldiers on Baden soil arrest all the émigrés who were at Offenburg

and at Ettenheim. He dictated himself the order to the Minister of War to carry out this resolve, and the duty fell upon me to inform the Elector of Baden, after the fact, of the measure which he had thought necessary. I therefore wrote to the Baron of Edelsheim the letter which I here insert.

PARIS, 20 Ventôse, XII.
11 March, 1804, 3 A. M.

M. LE BARON:

I had just addressed to you a note, the object of which was to demand the arrest of the committee of French émigrés resident in Offenburg, when the First Consul, by the arrest of the brigands which the English government has vomited upon France, as well as by the progress and result of the examinations here, has fully discovered the share which the English agents in Offenburg have taken in the horrible plots against his person and the peace of France. He also learned that the Duc d'Enghien and General Dumouriez were at Ettenheim, and as it is impossible that they should both be in this town without the permission of His Serene Highness the Elector, the First Consul sees with the deepest sorrow that a prince whom he was pleased to honor with the especial friendship of France should give refuge to his most cruel enemies, and allow them quietly to hatch such terrible plots.

In these extraordinary circumstances the First Consul has considered it his duty to send two small detachments to Offenburg and Ettenheim, and to seize there the instigators of a crime which, by its very nature, places those convicted of it outside the law. General Caulaincourt is charged with the orders of the First Consul in this affair. You may be assured that he will use, in executing them, all the consideration which His Serene Highness the Elector can desire. He will have the honor to transmit the letter which I have been charged to address to Your Excellency.

Accept, M. le Baron, etc.

In sending this letter to General Caulaincourt I wrote to him the following lines:

PARIS, 21 Ventôse, XII.
11 March, 1804.

GENERAL:

I have the honor to forward to you a letter for the Baron of Edelsheim, Prime Minister to the Elector of Baden. You will be kind enough to transmit it to him as soon as your expedition to Offenburg is accomplished. The First Consul charges me to tell you that if you are unable to get your troops into the States of the Elector, and if you learn that General Ordener has not been able to enter, this letter shall remain in your hands and not be delivered to the Elector. I am charged to request you especially to seize and bring back with you the papers of Madame de Reich.[1]

I have the honor to salute you.

[1] The Baroness Reich had already been arrested at Offenburg by the Baden officials, who had given her up to the French authorities, and she had been taken to Strasbourg with her papers.

I have given these three letters entire because they constitute the real and only part which I had in the wretched affair of the Duc d'Enghien.

It is enough to examine these letters in order to see how much I had to do with the whole affair. The First Consul had long known the presence of the Duc d'Enghien in the Electorate of Baden. The French chargé d'affaires at Carlsruhe had informed us of it in the name of the Elector of Baden, and he had answered that the inoffensive conduct of the Prince, which he reported, made his further sojourn there unobjectionable. The Minister of Foreign Affairs had had nothing whatever to do with the investigation which the French police carried on then in the provinces next to our Rhine frontier. These investigations were directed either by the prefect of Strasbourg, by the order of Councilor of State Réal, in charge of the general police of the Republic, or by the officers of gendarmes of the towns under orders from the first inspector of gendarmes, General Moncey. Réal and Moncey delivered directly to the First Consul the reports as they received them. I knew nothing of these matters until the First Consul informed me of them, when he had orders to give me. As may be seen I transmitted to Baron Edelsheim the report of the Grand Judge, M. Régnier, in which there was as yet no mention of the Duc d'Enghien. When on new information, whose authority I sought to invalidate, I received the peremptory order to write again to the Baron Edelsheim, it is not possible that my letter could have any part in the arrest of the prince, since it was written to announce the arrest to M. d'Edelsheim, after the arrest should have taken place. The letter to General Caulaincourt attests, moreover, that I made provision in case of failure to carry out this violation of the Baden territory, which proves that I was ignorant that the order given to the Minister of War to send troops into the Elector's territory was precise, imperative, and to be obeyed absolutely. Still more was I ignorant of the bloody deed decided upon in the mind of the First Consul.

I insist upon these facts, sustained by all the published and unpublished documents, because they form a complete refutation of all the affirmations and evil insinuations of M. Savary. Beyond these letters I was left in the most complete ignorance, and M. Savary himself, without knowing it, and assuredly against his will, has taken pains to attest the fact. In one of the most important paragraphs of his libel he attempts to prove that at that time the inquiries of the police did not extend beyond the frontier, and that my ministry was alone charged with outside matters, and yet he tells

us further on that the First Consul was ignorant of the very name and existence of the Duc d'Enghien, not fearing to strip his whole story of plausibility by such an absurd statement. He goes on to tell in the greatest detail all that Councilor Réal and the chief of police had concocted in the way of police stratagems and methods to get exact information about the residence, the absences, connections, correspondences, and travels of the unfortunate Prince. It is upon their reports and those of their agents that the fatal and disastrous step was taken, and never did I myself, nor the agents of my department in foreign countries, appear either in the preliminaries or the execution of any of these measures.

Councilor Réal and the First Consul both knew very well that such things were not in accordance with my character or the principles of my diplomacy; that my assistance was useless, and that it would be better for me to be ignorant of the whole matter.

As to the letters which I addressed to Baron Edelsheim, I do not think they need an apology, but, if they do, it is to be found in the official post which I held at the time, in the difficult position that great events had created for France, and, lastly, in the entirely new relations which these events had formed between the newly made government and the other governments of the Continent.

I may be allowed here to make some comment on the duty of men in high position at those unfortunate periods in which Providence chooses to separate violently the personal destiny of kings from that of their peoples. The king is absent, his future is hidden, his personal servants are allowed to remain with him and follow his fortune, partake of his misfortunes, his dangers, and his hopes; in leaving their native land they espouse irrevocably his cause, and I respect and admire their generous choice.

But for others the country remains; it has the right to be defended and governed; it has without a doubt another right, that of demanding from them the same services which they owed to it and gave to it before the absence of the king. This is the light in which I have seen my duty and regulated my conduct.

At this moment France was again engaged in a war with England, while at peace with the rest of the world. The duty of the Minister of Foreign Affairs was to do everything in his power, within the limits of justice and law, to keep that peace.

In this respect, no one knows how complicated was such a duty. Placed between timid and suspicious governments, apprehensive of danger, and all more or less reconciled to each other — and a powerful sovereign whose genius, character, and ambition were only too well calculated to inspire them with distrust and disquiet, the Minister of Foreign Affairs had need to keep equal vigilance with regard to the policy which he was obliged to moderate and that which he had to combat. His relations with the government of which he was the minister were often much more difficult and strained than they were with the governments which it was his duty to placate.

The letter to General Caulaincourt, which I have given above, throws a strong light upon this subject and proves distinctly that the First Consul had taken precautions against this kind of negotiation; and this fact alone proves that I had done all I could to stave off events which must bring to my ministry a long series of inextricable difficulties. My letters to the minister of the Elector of Baden are the prelude, and it must not be forgotten, if their true sense is to be apprehended, that I fortunately had only to justify those measures of which I was aware.

To urge a feeble prince not to incur the enmity of a powerful neighbor; to send away from the French frontier assemblages of enemies which could accomplish nothing against the established government except by imprudent attempts, as fatal to the peace of Europe as to that of France; lastly, to prevent any cause of misunderstanding between the French government and the adjacent countries — such is the object of the first letter. The second, it is true, justifies weakly an act which strikes directly at one of the main principles of public justice, and this I admit to be wrong; but it is one thing to attempt to make a plausible excuse for, and quite another matter to counsel such an act or help to carry it out. In this latter case there is crime; in the former an unfortunate, a painful necessity. I use too strong a term in using the word crime in regard to a simple violation of a neighboring territory. In the course of this war, and of every other war, much more serious ones were committed by the enemies of France and by France herself, and the governments which commanded them were not branded as criminal any more than the ministers who were charged with excusing them. In the present case there was a crime committed, but it was in the final result contemplated in the violation of a foreign territory, and I am excused by my ignorance of this intention. Here the crime consists in the fatal consequences following this violation. But has the accuser any right to assert, without proof, that I foresaw these consequences? Such horrible foresight is only possible to an accomplice.

I must add to my words above on the subject of the duties of men in power at extraordinary epochs. A man finds himself obliged to live and to work under a government which has no other sanction than that of the events

which have raised it to power, and the need of the people for the safeguard furnished by that power. There may arise emergencies when a man must weigh his duties with regard to the position in which he is placed. Has the government which you obey commanded you to commit a crime? Doubtless you must unhesitatingly refuse at all hazards, run the risk of disgrace, and prepare to meet the consequences. But if this government, without your aid, has rendered itself criminal? Here is a double hypothesis. If the crime violates public order, if it brings the country into great danger, if it tends to social disorganization, the contempt of law, the ruin of the state — no doubt you must resist so far as to shake off the yoke, and take arms against a power which has henceforth become the enemy of the country and has lost all right to govern.

But if the crime is isolated, limited in its object and in its effect; if its general result is only to blast the name of him who has committed it, and to hold up to public infamy the names of those who made themselves his agents, his executioners, and his accomplices, then we must feel bitter and inconsolable sorrow, and weep over such a mixture of greatness and weakness, of nobleness and baseness, of energy and perversity which nature occasionally is pleased to combine in a single character. But we must leave it to the justice of posterity to apportion that share of glory or infamy which is due. There is nothing forfeited in such crimes but the reputation of those who commit them, and if the laws of the country, the public morals, the security of the state and public order are not subverted, you must continue to serve.

If it were not so, imagine a government suddenly abandoned by every man in the country of honor, capacity, intelligence, and conscience, and all its departments flooded by the scum and dregs of the nation. What terrible results would follow such a state of things! And where would be the blame if not in the refusal to adhere to the principle which I have set forth; which principle justifies the help that the most sincere enemies of illegitimate governments are obliged deliberately to accord to these very governments? This principle compels them also to remain faithful to these governments so long as the law of society and the defense of the nation's rights against foreign encroachments are the results of their fidelity.

This is the apology for the entire French administration at this epoch. It must never be forgotten that shortly before this time the social order of the country and the political system abroad had been in a state of anarchy. The French administration put a stop to these excesses, and fulfilled this noble enterprise with zeal and success. History will be tasked to tell all that was done then to calm excited spirits, to curb wild passions, to bring back into the different departments order, regularity, moderation, and justice. A correct financial system, the establishment of prefectures, the formation on a good basis of large armies, the maintenance of highways, and the publication of the Civil Code date from this time and bear witness to the excellent service rendered by all branches of the military and civil administrations of France. The Concordat, the Peace of Amiens, the political organization of Italy, the Swiss mediation, the first attempts at German federation, show the activity, the wisdom, and the good standing of the administration which I had formed and which I directed. The rules of prudence and moderation which I had been at the greatest pains to establish, to maintain, and to defend were later disregarded, and my determination to resign at that time will exonerate me in the eyes of posterity from all responsibility for those later mistakes. But what was possible in 1807 was not feasible in 1804; it would have been deserting the duties which I felt I owed to my country. Indeed my view of the matter was common to many besides myself, and it may be remembered that not a voice was raised in the whole country to protest against the dreadful outrage of which the Duc d'Enghien was the victim. It is sad to say this, yet it is true, and can only be explained by the fear that filled every one of seeing that government shaken which had saved France from anarchy.

Whatever may be thought of these reflections, which I considered well founded, let us sum up the different points which belong to and which caused this deplorable affair, and repeat what concerns myself:

1. That it was not through the Minister of Foreign Affairs, therefore not through me, that the First Consul was informed of the real or exaggerated plots which were being concocted the other side of the Rhine.

2. That I had nothing to do with the entire affair of the Duc d'Enghien except, first, to transmit to the minister of the Elector of Baden the report of the Minister of Justice, and later to inform him, after the act, of the orders given to Generals Ordener and Caulaincourt — orders with which I had nothing to do and which I could not influence.

Now as to the judgment and execution of the Duc d'Enghien, it will not be difficult for me to show that I had absolutely nothing to do with it. As Minister of Foreign Affairs I had nothing to do with appointing a council of war, nor with the execution of which M. Savary so boldly accepts the responsibility. To maintain that I played a part in this bloody drama it must be supposed that deliberately,

and for pure love of blood, I thrust myself into it. If my character and antecedents do not shield me from such an infamous and odious suspicion, I might ask my accuser a question which he could answer better than any one else, and demand what interest I would have in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien? I had no part in any of the crimes of the Revolution. I had given too many proofs of my devotion to the order of things established by the First Consul to find it necessary to influence his passionate anger in order to obtain a confidence which I had possessed completely for five years. Posterity can judge between me and M. Savary and all who, like himself, have one motive or another in trying to throw upon me the responsibility of a crime which I deny with horror. I have not accused any one, and will not; I only wrote to the king the following letter, to which I append the answer of M. de Villèle:

To the King, Louis XVIII.

SIRE:

I do not tell your Majesty any new thing in saying that I have enemies. I have them beside the throne, and far from the throne. Some cannot forget that I took a different view from them of the troubles of the Revolution, but whatever their judgment they must know that it is owing to the stand I then took that I could later, at the time marked out by Providence, so happily aid in the restoration of your throne and the triumph of legitimacy. This very restoration, this very triumph it is which my other enemies cannot forgive, and never will forgive. Hence all these libels, these voluminous souvenirs of Saint Helena, in which I am constantly insulted, defamed, by men who, vending the utterances, either true or imagined, of an illustrious dead man, speculate upon the greatest names of France, and by this disgraceful traffic make themselves the executors of the posthumous vengeance of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Sire, it is with these last that I must class a former minister of the Emperor, the only one whose name I do not venture to pronounce before your Majesty. This man in a moment of insanity has just pilloried himself as the executor of a vile assassination, happy if, by wallowing in blood, he can drag me with him and, by linking my name to his, blight in me the principal instrument of two restorations. Yes, Sire, of two restorations. In me they seek revenge for the 30th of March, 1814, and the 13th of April, 1815 — days of glory for me, of joy for France — days which linked my name to the founding of the constitutional order which we owe to your Majesty. But in vain envy, hate, and disappointed ambition join to deprive me of the esteem of my contemporaries and the justice of history; I know how to defend myself, and leave my honor intact to the inheritors of my name.

Amidst the storms of the past thirty years, calumny has poured many bitter lies upon my head, but there was one which I had so far been spared. No family had felt a right to demand of me the blood of one of its members; and behold a madman conceives the idea that, suddenly abandoning the gentleness of manners, the moderation of character which even my enemies have never denied, I should have become the author, the instigator of the most abominable assassination. I who never said a word, — and I thank Heaven for it, — not one word of hate, one counsel of revenge against any one, even my most bitter enemies — I had chosen for a sole exception, who? — a prince of the family of my king, as my victim, and thus to signalize my début in the career of an assassin. And this shocking crime, not only I am supposed to have counseled it but — using my power to remove the victim from the clemency of the First Consul — it is in opposition to Bonaparte, against the orders of Bonaparte, and at the risk of terrible and just responsibility, that I am charged with hurrying the judgment and the execution! And who is the man that dares to frame such horrors against me? My accuser has sufficiently exposed himself.

Nevertheless, Sire, my name, my age, my character, and the high dignity I owe to your kindness do not allow me to leave such an outrage unavenged. As a peer of France I cannot demand this reparation from the courts which are charged with the punishment of calumny. It is before the Chamber of Peers that I must summon my accuser, and from it I will demand an inquiry and a judgment. This trial, Sire, which I ask of your justice, you do not fear for me any more than I fear it for myself. Calumny will be confounded and its impotent rage will expire in the daylight of truth.

I am with most profound respect,

PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

PARIS, 8th November, 1823.

M. de Villèle to the Prince de Talleyrand.

PRINCE:

The King has read with attention your letter of the 8th of November. His Majesty orders me to say that he is surprised that you should have conceived the idea of asking for a solemn examination by the Chamber of Peers of France of the events of which M. le Duc de Rovigo has published an account.

His Majesty desires that the past should be forgotten, except the services rendered to France in his person.

The King therefore could not approve a step both useless and unusual, and which would bring up unfortunate debates and awaken painful remembrances.

The high rank which you retain at court, Prince, is a certain proof that the imputations which wound and afflict you have made no impression upon the mind of his Majesty.

I am, Prince, your Excellency's very humble and very obedient servant,

JOSEPH DE VILLÈLE.

PARIS, 15th November, 1823.

By this letter silence was commanded, and I was silent; and if I have thought it right to make the statements just expressed, it is that

they will see the light long after my death, and will establish the truth without provoking the scandals feared in 1823. The papers of the 17th November, 1823, contained the announcement: "The king has forbidden the Duc de Rovigo entrance to the Tuileries."

When soon after the letter of M. de Villèle, I presented myself at the château to pay my court to the king, his Majesty on seeing me said:

"Prince de Talleyrand, you and yours may come here without fear of painful meetings."

I have nothing to add to this account.

TALLEYRAND REPELS THE CHARGE OF ATTEMPTING TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON.

And now a word upon the accusation of M. de Maubreuil. This is so ridiculous that the very words of the author may be used to break it down. But first it is necessary to know who was M. de Maubreuil. Of an old and honorable family of Brittany, M. de Maubreuil entered military service under the Empire in 1807. After having served some time in the army which occupied Spain, he was turned out of the army at a moment when to be dismissed followed only the gravest misdeeds, for there was great need of soldiers. His name and the recommendations he managed to procure got him employment at the court of King Jérôme in Westphalia. This court was never considered very scrupulous in the choice of its servitors, as the selection of M. de Maubreuil after the Spanish incident may testify. Yet Maubreuil contrived to get himself driven away even from this court. Returning to Paris with a considerable fortune, Maubreuil plunged into business, the kind of business suited to men of his sort — army supplies. Whether from too great ability on his part or on the part of his associates, or bad faith on their side, he soon had troubles with the government, in consequence of which he says he had considerable losses which irritated him against the Emperor Napoleon. Such was his position at the time of the fall of the Empire. It is then, according to him, in the first days of the month of April, 1814, that he was several times called to my house by M. Roux Laborie, who at that time filled the position of secretary of the Provisional Government, and that he, in my name, proposed to him the assassination of the Emperor Napoleon. He was offered, he says, rewards for fulfilling this *secret mission*, as he calls it, and always by the intervention of M. Roux Laborie, for Maubreuil declares that he never spoke to me. These rewards were to be —I repeat his own words — "Horses, carriages, the rank of lieutenant-general, the title of duke, and the government of a province." He admits that he accepted it all and took measures for the execution of his *secret mission*. It seems that only after leaving Paris and already on the way, he was assailed by scruples and saw the horror of the deed he was about to commit. He immediately decides, generously, to give it up, and, as he wishes to signalize his return to virtue by a good action, he seizes the first opportunity. He meets on the road Queen Catherine, Princess of Würtemberg, wife of Jérôme Bonaparte, his sovereign in Westphalia. He stops her, seizes the wagon which follows her carriage, and robs her of all her money, clothes, and jewels, and returns triumphantly to Paris, where he is astonished at being arrested and prosecuted for highway robbery. This is an abridged history of my accuser M. de Maubreuil.

I ask if it is not of itself sufficient to refute the accusation?[1]

[1] The paragraphs that follow have not reached us as we go to press, and will be given later.

THE STARRY HOST.

THE countless stars which to our human eye
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
Forever bound to changeless points in space,
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,
And like a flock of birds still onward fly;
Returning never whence began their race,
They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face,
As though God bade them win Infinity.
Ah, whither, whither is their forward flight
Through endless time and limitless expanse?
What Power with unimaginable might
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?
What Beauty lures them on through primal night,
So that, for them, to be is to advance?

Episcopal Residence,
Peoria, Illinois.

J. L. Spalding.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Modern Cheap Money Panaceas.

IN the two numbers of THE CENTURY immediately preceding the present one we have set forth the details of two historical schemes for making money cheap and plentiful, that of the Land Bank in England in the latter part of the seventeenth century and that of the Paper Bank in Rhode Island at the close of the Revolutionary War. We intend now to consider some of the plans with similar purpose that are put forth by the leaders in various kinds of cheap-money movements which have gained headway in the Western States during the last few months. With this consideration in view we have been making a collection of plans as they have been advanced from time to time in speeches and interviews. We append the more striking of these, giving the exact language in each instance, numbering them for convenience of reference, but withholding the names of the originators in order that our subsequent remarks may be free from all appearance of personality.

1. I am not stuck on silver and gold as circulating mediums. A piece of paper is my ideal. Geologists have things so fine that they can estimate the quantities of silver and gold in the mountains, and the Government should issue silver certificates to an amount equivalent to that estimate. It would be far safer, as it would be easy for a foreign nation to capture the coin in the treasury vaults at Washington; but the mountains they could not remove, even by all the faith they could muster.

2. People do not care whether a silver dollar contains seventy cents worth of silver or not, so long as it will buy a dollar's worth of sugar or coffee. For fifteen of these [holding up a copper cent] a man can buy copper enough to make two dollars, yet it is good money.

3. We [speaking for the Farmers' Alliance] believe in the people making their own money; we believe in the Government, which is simply the agent of the people, issuing their money directly to them without going around Robin Hood's barn to find them.

4. If the people had twice as much currency in their pockets as now, their prosperity would be greatly increased.

5. I am in favor of more currency. We have n't enough currency *per capita* to do the business of the country. If we cannot increase the currency, I think somebody ought to issue more collaterals. There is usually enough money if a man has the collateral.

6. Under a free-coinage system I think people who have small quantities of silver would be more apt to deal directly with the Government, and the coin, flowing out of the mints to them in smaller individual amounts, would quickly find its way into the channels of ordinary trade. The rich speculators who now do most of the handling of the metal take their big sums that they receive from the Government, and use them in further speculation. Little enough of it ever gets out in petty sums for circulation among the masses of the people.

7. My monetary system eliminates from money both the element of intrinsic value and the power to limit or control the value of things of use. I propose that the Government only shall issue money for the public use. In order to do this, I would have it issue immediately 500,000,000 new treasury notes of the denomination of one dollar each. So much of this amount as was necessary the Government should loan to the people; ten per cent. of each loan to be paid back each year, nine per cent. to be applied to the extinction of the principal, and one per cent. covering the interest. In that way it would be possible to redeem every mortgaged farm in the land within fifteen years.

8. Banks should not be allowed to issue notes. These should be printed and put out by the Government. The tariff should be reduced till there is a deficit in the treasury, and then greenbacks should be printed and issued to pay all claimants. These should not be redeemable in metal money. Each bill should bear the legend, "One dollar, receivable for all dues and debts." This would make it receivable for all taxes and import duties, and a legal tender. This would keep it perpetually at par.

9. Tens of thousands of our farmers have been unfortunate, and can never get out of debt without special relief. I would enact a law stopping the big interest they have agreed to pay, and substituting a debt at one per cent. interest. It would be done in this way. Suppose I owe you $5000 and accumulated interest on my farm. This new law would direct you to add the interest to the principal, and go to the treasury of my county and file the mortgage and an abstract of the property, and get a check on the nearest bank for the entire debt. That would satisfy you. Then the county treasurer makes a draft on the United States treasurer for the money, and gets it in crisp, new bills. That satisfies him. The United States treasurer accepts the mortgage on the farm,— providing it is worth the amount of the mortgage,— and sends word to me when the one per cent. interest is due. Is not that simple? It is the first news I have had of the transfer of the debt. That ought to suit everybody.

These nine plans can be grouped into two general classes, those which preserve for the proposed cheap money some intrinsic value, and those which eliminate such value entirely. Of the former it is to be said that they are similar in character to the plans of the English Land Bank and the Rhode Island Paper Bank in that they propose the issue of money on land as security. The proposition for issuing notes against the estimated amount of silver and gold in a mountain is of course a proposition to issue them on the value of the land. They could be no more kept at par than the Rhode Island notes based on farm values could be, but would drop at once to a level of their own, which would inevitably be below the gold standard of value. As for the plans in the second group (those which favor paper money with nothing to fix its value save the Government stamp), they all contemplate a currency which the author of one of the plans (No. 8) says would be "perpetually at par"; that is to say, at par with itself. This was the peculiarity of the Continental, the Confederate, and the Rhode Island paper money, of the French assignats, and, in fact, of all inconvertible paper money ever issued. It is surely unnecessary, in view of unbroken human experience in testimony of the folly of such money, to enter into a formal argument against it at this late day. We shall continue to show its complete failure in practice in subsequent articles upon experiments with it in various countries.

When we come to examine carefully these various plans we find that the advocates of all of them are more or less perplexed as to the methods by which the money, when it shall have been made plenty by act of the Government, shall be got into the "pockets of the people." This is the shoal upon which many a fair cheap-money panacea has been wrecked. The primal cause of every cheap-money agitation is the same — a desire on the part of people who are suffering from a scarcity of money to possess more. They have nothing additional to offer in return for more,— that is, merchandise, or goods, or labor, or product of any kind,— but they imag-

ine that the scarcity from which they are suffering is due to the dearness of the money itself, or to the financial policy of the Government in limiting the amount issued, or to some other cause than their own inability to raise more, either by actual sale of something, or on credit. When they are asked how they are going to get possession of a share of the more plentiful supply, and are held down to a specific answer, their ingenuity is greatly taxed, and they turn to their leaders for a solution of the difficulty. The different ways in which the leaders, whose plans we have collected, have met this demand furnish most instructive material for study.

In the first and second plans this point is not touched upon. In the third the author says he favors issuing the money directly to the people, which seems to imply a free and unlimited distribution. In the fourth plan the incontrovertible assertion that "If the people had twice as much currency in their pockets as now, their prosperity would be greatly increased" is not accompanied with any suggestion as to how this doubling process can be accomplished. In the fifth — and this point we shall touch on later — the searching suggestion is dropped that perhaps an increase of collaterals is as much needed as an increase of currency. In the sixth the curious idea is brought forward that free coinage of silver would put money into the pockets of the people by enabling them to take what silver bullion they might happen to have on hand to the mints to be coined. In the seventh, eighth, and ninth plans an unlimited issue of inconvertible paper by the Government is advocated to be loaned to the people at one per cent., sometimes with land security and sometimes with none at all.

Of the relief which might come to the people by allowing them to have their own bullion coined, it is only to be said that it would depend entirely upon the amount of bullion which they had on hand and of the value of the silver dollars after they were coined. If the farmers of the west have bullion in considerable quantities stored about their premises, the fact is one which has not been suspected. Concerning the various plans for government loans of paper money at one per cent., the same comment can be made upon all of them. They would undoubtedly put money into the pockets of the people, but what would the money be worth? The farmers of Rhode Island had plenty of money put into their pockets in 1789, but they found that they could not buy anything with it save at heavy discount, could not use it in payment of mortgages and other debts, and that it paralyzed the commerce and industry of the State, and brought irreparable shame upon its honor. If the Government of the United States were to go into the business of lending money to the farmers in return for mortgage security, as some plans propose, or in return for no security, as others suggest, the only results would be that the entire farm mortgage debt of the country would be unloaded upon the Government, that farmers and all other people would have a lot of debased money in their pockets, and that in the end the credit of everybody, including that of the Government itself, would be undermined, if not completely destroyed.

The real need of the times is the one mentioned in the fifth plan; that is, for more collaterals. When the author of that plan says that "there is usually enough money if a man has the collateral," he shows that he has been a close and accurate observer. Collateral, as defined by "The Century Dictionary," is "anything of value, or representing value, as bonds, deeds, etc., pledged as security in addition to a direct obligation." An advocate of cheap money was once going about Wall Street complaining of the scarcity of money, and saying that all existing industrial, commercial, and financial woes came from a too small supply of currency. When he was told that there was plenty of money to be borrowed at low rates of interest, he retorted, "Ah, but that is only on first-class security." Money is always obtainable on that kind of security, and few people are ever to be found who wish to loan it on any other. The man who calls for more collaterals means to call for more first-class securities, for upon no others does any prudent man care to lend money. In other words, every man who has something of value to sell, or to lend, can get money of value in return. He can compel no man who has money to lend to lend it on any other than good security. As the value of the collateral goes down the rate of interest goes up, until it reaches the prohibitive point. If a loan which has been granted on condition of interest and principal being paid in sound or "dear" money be repaid, under legal authority, in "cheap" money, the inevitable effect is always to make it more difficult for any one to borrow on any except the most stringent terms thereafter; that is, on the best security, and with principal and interest payable in gold.

Judicial Control of Contested Election Cases.

THANKS to Senator Saxton, New York has the honor of leading American States in a most important reform movement. His resolution, providing for the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment removing from the legislature the power to decide contests over seats in its own body and vesting it in the courts, was passed by both branches of the legislature last March. It must be passed again by the next legislature and then submitted to the people of the State for adoption or rejection. As Mr. Saxton's proposed amendment is the first of its kind, so far as we know, to receive even partial approval in an American legislative body, its provisions are worth quoting, so far as they change existing law. The words of the State Constitution empowering each house of the legislature to be the "judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members" are stricken out and the following inserted:

> The election, return and qualifications of any member of either house of the legislature, when disputed or contested, shall be determined by the courts in such manner as the legislature shall prescribe, and such determination, when made, shall be conclusive upon the legislature. Either house of the legislature may expel any of its members for misconduct; but every person who receives a certificate of election as a member of either house according to law shall be entitled to a seat therein unless expelled for misconduct, or ousted pursuant to a judgment of a court of competent jurisdiction.

This is a very radical remedy, since it not only takes from the two houses the control of contested cases but deprives them of all power to reject the judicial decisions. In various bills, not amendments, which have been introduced in Congress, providing for such decisions, power has always been reserved for Congress to ac-

cept or reject them at its pleasure, on the ground that Congress could not divest itself of a power conferred by the Constitution. That could only be done through an amendment to the Constitution of the United States similar to that which Senator Saxton proposes to our State instrument. It has been urged by advocates of these Congressional bills that Congress does have the power to refer such cases to the courts for preliminary trial, and that by acquiescing in these judicial decisions for a time it would soon establish the practice of accepting them without question, and that thus the reform would be accomplished without the formality and delay of a constitutional amendment. For States, Senator Saxton's method is by all odds the most desirable, whatever may be thought best in Congressional procedure.

The constitutional right which all our legislative bodies have to determine their own membership was derived from the English, and dates back to a time in which there was no other place in which a power so susceptible of abuse could be lodged. As the Speaker of the last Congress, Mr. Reed, pointed out a few months ago in an interesting article in the "North American Review," the "crown could not have it, for the House of Commons often represented a people entirely antagonistic to the king, and always a people who on some points differed from him, and whose control over taxation could not be suffered in any way to be taken from them. The power could not be vested in the judges, for in those days the judges were but representatives of the king himself, doing his work by his appointment and holding office at his will. Hence there was in early days no place where the right to judge of the elections could be lodged except with the elected body itself."

As we derived the idea from the English, we cannot do better than to follow in their footsteps in reforming the abuses which have sprung from the use of it in practice. Previous to 1770 all contested election cases in the House of Commons were tried by the whole House and determined by majority vote, but in that year dissatisfaction with the method became so great, since nearly every contest was decided in a partizan manner, that what is known as the Grenville Act was passed, which selected by lot all committees for the trial of election petitions. A few years later the law was amended so as to have the jury for these cases obtained by taking a ballot for thirty-three members, then striking from this number eleven for each party, the remaining eleven constituting the elections committee with final power. This system was continued in use with slight changes till 1848, when dissatisfaction with it led to the adoption of a law which put all contests into the hands of a committee of six members appointed by the Speaker, subject to the approval of the House. The members of this committee were usually men of high character and attainments, yet after twenty years' experience with their findings the House of Commons was informed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1868 that this method of deciding contests was a failure, that expenditures had been increased, corrupt practices had not diminished, and decisions had been uncertain and contradictory. In concluding his statement the Chancellor struck for the first time straight at the root of the evil by saying, "There is something in the principle upon which the jurisdiction of the House in regard to election cases rests which is essentially vicious."

With this declaration as a guide the House of Commons went into a long debate upon the matter, the result of which was the passage of a law which transferred the jurisdiction of contested cases to the courts. Decision of all such cases was placed absolutely in the hands of judges, one from each of the great divisions of the law courts, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, others to be added in case of necessity. One judge without a jury was to sit in each case, and, if he saw fit, might conduct the investigation at the place at which the election occurred. The judges were to certify their decisions to the Speaker, and they were to be accepted as final. The system has been in use since 1868 and has given perfect satisfaction. The judges were averse to having the power vested in them, and protested against such disposition while the bill was pending, but they have used it with such complete freedom from partizan influences that their decisions are never questioned.

Our problem to-day is precisely what theirs was in 1868, and Mr. Saxton's proposition is the first step towards meeting it with a like remedy. All authorities agree that our present method of deciding contests, first by a partizan committee on elections, and afterward by a partizan vote of the whole House, is unsatisfactory. In fact, so partizan is the use made of it in all cases in which the party majority in a house is small, that we have by common consent fallen into the habit of calling it "seat-stealing." So high an authority as ex-Speaker Reed admits this. In the article from which we have quoted above he said: "The committee usually divide on the line of party, when they divide at all, and the House usually follows in the same way. To any thinking man this is entirely unsatisfactory. The decision of election cases invariably increases the majority of the party which organizes the House and which, therefore, appoints the majority of the committee on elections. Probably there is not a single instance on record where the minority was increased by the decision of contested cases." To comprehend the full significance of this testimony to the evils of the present method, it should be borne in mind that in the Congress of which Mr. Reed was the Speaker a majority of seven was increased to one of twenty-four by a series of partizan decisions of the character which he depicts. Equally emphatic testimony is furnished by the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, member of Congress from Massachusetts, who said in a newspaper interview, published in December, 1889:

> Indeed the House is rarely thoroughly and violently partizan except when it sits in a judicial capacity to try an election case. The present system offers a constant temptation to candidates defeated at the polls who happen to lose their election by a narrow margin to make contest on frivolous grounds, in the hope, too often fulfilled, that their party associates will be induced to seat them. To expect absolute impartiality from political representatives on questions which involve a gain or loss of votes in the House is to expect something of which human nature is not capable, and therefore it is desirable to substitute some less interested tribunal for the trial of these questions. To save the public time, to reach impartial decisions in election contests, and to reduce the number of such contests are the leading reasons for this measure, which I believe would be of very great benefit to the country as well as to the House. The courts to which we cheerfully confide the power of making decisions affecting the life, property, and character, which, as

we know, in all these grave matters render substantial justice, can certainly be trusted to decide impartially, in accordance with the law and the facts, conflicting claims to a seat in Congress.

In addition to the partizan consideration, there is also to be urged against the present method the expense and time which its operation involves. Mr. Reed estimates that the contests of the last eight Congresses have cost $318,000, an average of nearly $40,000 each, and that each contest consumed more than two days in the House, and much more in the committees.

It is clearly time for us to realize, as our English reformers in the same field realized in 1868, that there is something in the principle upon which our present method rests "which is essentially vicious." We ought to "reform it altogether," as they did, by removing the power of decision to the courts, leaving it there absolutely. That is what the Saxton amendment does. There is no reason for thinking that our courts would not be equal to the exercise of it with the same impartiality as the English courts have shown. In Congressional cases the circuit judges of the Supreme Court of the United States could be assigned in such numbers as were necessary for the duty. The recent increase in the number of these judges makes such service by them possible without serious interference with their regular duties. In the States the higher courts could be drawn upon. The danger of partizan influences affecting the decisions by such judges would be very small, even at the beginning of the practice, and would diminish with every successive case.

Law or Lynching.

WHY was it, when the news of the New Orleans lynching was sent over the country in March last, that nine people out of ten applauded the work of the mob, calling it justifiable and salutary? Why was it that so many law-abiding members of society were to be heard saying that if they had been in New Orleans they themselves would have joined the mob? Finally, why was it that in New Orleans itself a mob of such extraordinary character was collected, organized, and led to the execution of such barbarous work? The mass meeting from which it sprang was called together by a proclamation published in the newspapers and signed by the names of nearly one hundred prominent and respected citizens. The men who addressed the meeting were lawyers eminent in their profession. The mob itself was led by these same lawyers, and in its ranks marched other lawyers and merchants, men of wealth and position. This mob, so organized, composed, and led, marched to a prison, forced an entrance, seized and put to violent death eleven men. Its members then dispersed quietly to their homes. When their work was known, the entire press of the city, its exchanges and other organized bodies, and all other respectable elements of the city population, expressed approval. In the country at large the nearly unanimous voice of private approval was echoed in many reputable newspapers, and in London, the foremost representative of English public opinion, "The Times," gave the deed hearty commendation.

There was something so remarkable about this spectacle of civilized intelligence approving conduct which was a subversion of the laws of civilization and a reversion to those of barbarism, that an examination into its causes has been going on in thoughtful minds for the past few months. If it is true, as all approvers of the lynching contend, that this was absolutely the only adequate remedy for the case, how did it happen that it was the only remedy? If the legal machinery for dealing with crime and punishing criminals had broken down completely, what had been the causes of its breaking down?

These are questions which go to the root of the matter, and in seeking to answer them we shall touch upon points to which we have more than once called the attention of the readers of THE CENTURY. We published in this department of THE CENTURY, in April, 1884, an article under the title of "Mob or Magistrate," in which the tendency in certain parts of the country to resort to lynching when there had been a failure of criminal justice was discussed and deprecated. In that article we said: "It cannot be too often nor too strongly proclaimed that these lynchings themselves are crimes; . . . that they furnish a remedy which is worse than the disease. . . . Nevertheless, the failure of criminal justice, which makes room for mobs and lynching, is a greater disgrace than the savagery of the mobs." That article, which was in the main a condemnation of the methods of criminal lawyers in twisting and torturing the law into a protection for undoubted criminals from the just penalties of their crimes, had scarcely been published when the country was startled with the news of the court-house riot in Cincinnati — a riot more nearly resembling that at New Orleans than any other in our history. It was caused, it will be remembered, by the fact that there were twenty murderers in the city jail who had, for one reason or another, escaped trial. Out of seventy-one prosecutions for murder and manslaughter in the courts of the county during two years, four resulted in acquittal, two in quashed indictments, six in imprisonment, and fifty-nine were still pending. In the presence of such a paralysis of justice public indignation gradually reached the point at which it found vent in a riot, provoked thereto by the failure of a jury to convict a murderer of unusual brutality and undoubted guilt. The mob attacked the jail, burned the court-house, and filled the streets of the city with fighting and bloodshed for several days, killing none of the murderers, but causing the death of more than fifty innocent persons, destroying valuable records and property, and bringing the good name of the community into reproach the world over. This was due to the presence of a set of criminal lawyers, astute and unprincipled, who by means of an absurd jury law were able to prevent the conviction of almost any criminal.

Back of the failure of justice in New Orleans there looms one great cause which of itself makes the search for others unnecessary. The State has a reckless naturalization law which allows immigrants to vote in State elections as soon as they have declared their intention to become citizens. Here we put a finger upon the root of the evil of defective justice in every city in the land, for we find in this haste to get votes the corrupting and demoralizing touch of "politics." The Italian consul at New Orleans, after speaking of the large number of his countrymen who are orderly and useful citizens of Louisiana, goes on to say in an interview published shortly after the riot:

This does not exclude the fact that there are among them about a hundred criminals escaped from Italian prisons, most of them long since naturalized as Americans, mixed up in the city and State politics, and caressed and protected by politicians through whose support several have obtained important political places. Their especial occupation was to naturalize the newly arrived Italians here.

Is it any wonder that, under such conditions, the whole system of criminal detection and prosecution became so paralyzed that nothing but a mob could restore the reign of justice and order? And who was responsible for the power which the criminals had gained in the community? Was it the criminals or the men who had received them with open arms and nourished and petted them into power?

Here is the point for every American to consider, and to keep on considering until it shall arouse him to the necessity of bearing his part of the burden in the government of the community in which he lives. In how many of our large cities has the machinery of criminal regulation and prosecution escaped all taint of the same kind as caused the uprising in New Orleans? In how many does it poison every branch of the municipal service, beginning with the police and running up to the highest executive and judicial officers? Is it not notorious that "politics" is at the bottom of all our naturalization laws, and that if it were not for the greed of the politicians for more votes in elections, we should have far more stringent regulations for admitting foreigners to the suffrage? In how many of our cities is the police force absolutely free from the control of "politics," and is there any large city in which the contact between the political bosses and the criminal and semi-criminal classes is not so close as to compel, to a greater or less degree, the protection of the latter from the vigorous and fearless administration of the laws? In how many of our large cities are the police justices, who sit at the fountainheads of justice, upright and just and fearless magistrates, and in how many are they the agents of "politics," and the friends and protectors of the criminals whose support is valuable to politics?

Let us ponder these questions, and ask ourselves whether we are prepared to do in other cities what has been done in Cincinnati and New Orleans. Let us ask ourselves if we are prepared to tolerate the evils of misgovernment which we know to exist, and which we refuse to take a hand in correcting, until they so completely destroy our lawful methods of government as to force us to destroy them in turn by the unlawful and barbarous methods of riot and lynching. Shall we sit quietly and slothfully by and allow our boasted civilization to become a failure, and then try to set it right by hanging to the lamp-posts or shooting like dogs the miserable creatures whom our own negligence or indifference has permitted to get control over us?

These are the real lessons to draw from the New Orleans riot. It may be that our immigration laws are too lax or too poorly enforced; it may be that we ought to exclude more rigorously than we do the swarms of people who come to us from Europe, but our worst evils in government are not due so much to bad immigrants as to native indifference, or connivance, or cowardice, which permits or encourages ignorant or vicious immigrants to be put to base uses for political ends. If we are content to allow our cities to be governed by the least intelligent and least moral elements of their population, we must not complain if they make and administer laws to suit their own tastes; and we must be prepared to face, sooner or later, the crisis which will come when the laws cease to give the community that protection upon which its very existence depends. If we are going to do this, and are inclined to depend upon lynching to set us straight when the crisis arrives, it would be wise to have some system of martial law in readiness for use, for that would be at once a more effective and a more civilized method than that of a mob.

OPEN LETTERS.

Female Education in Germany.

ALTHOUGH the education of women has never been a subject of such widespread interest in Germany as it has been in western states, particularly England and America, a tendency towards reform is nevertheless present as a steady factor of the intellectual movement of the day. One small class of educational reformers, under the late jurist Holtzendorff, hold advanced and radical views as to the claim which the female population has upon the state for higher education. A larger and more moderate class, led by the famous and successful Lette, claim for German women such advantages as may be had in the common school, in special training schools, and in the domestic school. But the mass of Germans still hold to the conservative and traditional idea founded upon their belief that home is woman's true sphere. Between the three there are naturally many combinations. Giving the great majority of female schools over to the last-named class, there remain the Victoria Lyceum as a type of the extreme advance that reform has made in Germany,— an almost isolated case,— and the female industrial schools of Nöggerath and Clement, in Brieg and Berlin, the cooking-school in Cassel, the domestic school in Neviges, and the public household school for factory girls at Pforzheim, as examples of the successes that have followed in the wake of the Lette Union. The latter school, which was called into life in 1865 by the personal efforts and writings of the statesman and economist, President Lette, enjoys the patronage of the Universal German Women's Union and its numerous branch unions. The Victoria Lyceum is a separate and independent institution, like Vassar or Wellesley.

My own experiences as a student were gathered at the Victoria Lyceum and at the Empress Augusta Seminary, in Charlottenburg, Berlin,— an advanced conservative school,— after my graduation from a New Jersey female college. The earliest stages of a German girl's education I have not gone through, therefore;

but the observation which I have given to the methods and ideas of instruction, as I have seen them applied in families, has been considerable, and, as a housekeeper, I have had opportunities for detecting the results of the German common-school education on the lower classes of society.

The cultivated middle class is said to be the best educated, and I am willing to believe it, although it was in the family of a Göttingen professor that my Greek and Latin text-books fell under the denunciation of the father of the house, and I was directed to look to the daughters — who knew nothing but French and English, some history and music, a great deal of religion, and a little botany — as models of what females should be. Your German girl is taught to knit at her mother's knee. Knitting and sewing, indeed, are the earliest and the latest lessons which she takes and practises. Lessons are given regularly twice a week in knitting and sewing, and much time goes in practising, especially in the long evenings of north German winters. At the Empress Augusta Seminary the pupils, who had Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon, instead of the whole of Saturday, for a holiday, spent the time sewing and knitting; and in the evening, after study hour, each sat in her chair knitting, while a governess read aloud. I judge that we averaged nearly thirty hours a week in this employment, not counting Sunday afternoon and evening, when we sewed or knitted for ourselves. The result of the weight laid on sewing is a land full of skilful needlewomen — and likewise of debilitated girls.

Another principal factor in girls' education is held to be religion. Three hours a day are devoted to religious instruction during the eight years of education from the infant age of six years until confirmation. In the public, or state, schools priests instruct Catholic pupils, and rabbis teach Jewish girls, the instruction of the latter including the original Hebrew text of certain prayers and formulas. The American girl, who gets what she knows of religious history and dogmas from the Sunday-school, a course in Butler's "Analogy," and private reading, will wonder how so much time can be filled up, and what there is then to be learned. This religious course includes biblical history, the geography of Palestine, the histories of festivals, of the divisions of the canonical year, of church music, of the covenant, and of the Reformation, together with the committal to memory of a large number of hymns and psalms, of extracts from the Bible, Bible narratives, and Luther's catechism, which is explained. Confirmation is the closing act of a girl's schoolhood. The daughters of the poor are put through the catechism in herds. Often country girls walk long distances to the pastor, and, fasting, are catechized in the cold half-daylight of damp, stone vestries. Among the upper classes the mothers of families often accompany their children to the lessons of the pastor in order to talk the better with them on the subjects their minds are filled with. Very commonly, also, girls are sent for half a year or a year, or even two years, to a boarding school for completing the act in the society of congenial comrades. And pious natures often are stirred at this period with the profoundest and purest sentiments of their lives. Confirmation is the German revival — the only revival tolerated by opinion and conducted by the state.

After religion, the lessons which girls are taught most insistently are those in German. Since the political and military victories of 1866 and 1870, very great stress has been laid upon the German language in schools, and girls' seminaries include courses in German literature that are fuller than those in foreign literatures — an important advance over the old method, where French was more cultivated than the native tongue. In the prospectus of the Hirschberg Seminary, for instance, from four to eight hours per week are quoted as being devoted throughout the whole school course to German; that is, to reading, grammar, composition, and literary history. And here again a marked feature in opposition to the American method of literary instruction is the very considerable quantity of verse drilled into pupils' memories. During the course of a single year in Berlin we were examined on thirteen songs and odes, the long poem of the "Bells" by Schiller, and a portion of Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," besides forty or fifty other poems that had been committed in the lower classes. German girls do not quote more than American girls,— quoting has gone out of fashion here as elsewhere,— but they have a facility in writing verse that is astonishing. They also learn musical compositions by heart. And it is my opinion that the charm of family musical evenings in Germany is so complete chiefly because each member knows a full quantity of ballads, and knows them to the end. As I have never had a chambermaid who could not sew, so I have never found a nurse-girl, however low, who did not sing a modest stock of harmless songs. Indeed, among the lower classes, the hymns drilled into the memory in youth remain as a spiritual and sentimental solace to the end of life.

French is the branch that comes next in interest in the higher schools. Less time is devoted to English. But it is to be said of German instruction in the languages that, at the end, pupils are really practical masters of them. At the Empress Augusta Seminary a different language was spoken at each meal, and governesses saw to it that we spoke French during the hour of our daily promenade.

For the rest, however, German schools for girls offer little that is worth emulation. They cannot compare with most western models. The standard for attainment in mathematics and the sciences is low. Profit and loss and cube root are objects of instruction for the graduating class (see the catalogue of the normal school in Liegnitz). Algebra, geometry, and trigonometry are not taught, as a rule, even in their first elements. Botany is always a part of the plan of study; the elements of zoölogy and of chemistry are generally taught; philosophy rarely, geology extremely seldom, astronomy and philology almost never. Callisthenics are practised, and so are singing and drawing. The instruction in music is excellent.

The discipline in schools is severe, and in carrying it out several customs hold place that differ extremely from American ideas and ways.

The common school begins in winter at eight o'clock in the morning, in summer at seven, except in large cities and towns; and this rule is followed in families and in seminaries. A full hour of time is devoted to each lesson or exercise. In fact the German word *stunde* is identical for the two, lesson and hour. At

the Empress Augusta Seminary we rose in summer at six o'clock. Our beds stood in sections of large dormitories, and near them were iron washstands. A regulation existed as to how, and how much, we should be allowed to wash, and during the process a governess wandered constantly about to see that we followed it. We drew on our uniform dresses in silence, and at the next signal of the bell hurried into the main corridor. Here stood the directress. Each kissed her hand with a good-morning greeting,— according to the German code of manners the young must greet the old first,— and then took our given places in a file for marching down into the dining-hall. Here we stood at the back of our chairs at table while a morning prayer was read by the directress. This done, she seated herself; the governesses resumed their places, and finally we pupils took ours. I committed the mistake, I remember, of thinking the first morning that the butter before me was meant for the rolls; so that I took some. The matter created a stir down along the whole table. Nor did the governess venture to set me right of her own accord. It was left instead to a private interview between the directress and me for opening my eyes to the fact that butter was only eaten by our superiors. We pupils had to soak our rolls in our coffee and eat them so, two cups of coffee and two wheaten rolls composing our breakfast. After breakfast we had free time to put our wardrobes in order for inspection, to study, or to talk, until eight o'clock. School lasted from eight in the morning until six o'clock in the evening. At ten in the forenoon occurred a recess of fifteen minutes for eating a sandwich (without meat); at twelve we walked for an hour in the open air; at one we dined. After dinner we adjourned with a governess into the dormitories for washing our teeth and hands. At four in the afternoon we drank coffee, or, if it were the birthday of some one of us, delectated ourselves with chocolate and cake. We ate supper at seven. After supper came sewing until bedtime. The directress's hand was then kissed again, and a governess conducted us into the dormitories.

I remember that although the school was genteel, being founded especially for the daughters of officers, certain hygienic precautions were conscientiously carried out. Every newcomer, for instance, was examined by the doctor of the seminary, and at night one of the maids washed her head and combed it. The doctor, in truth, was a familiar figure. He was by even when the shoemaker's wife brought shoes for us to try on, and gave the decision as to which size should be retained and worn.

The governesses were resident teachers. There were four for every twenty pupils: one French governess, one English, and two German governesses.

No man was allowed to live in the establishment except the porter. And this personage owed the high preference which he enjoyed to his ugliness. May you live long, Herrmann, for your likeness will be hard to find — halt as you are, wanting in teeth, and one eye altogether, while the other eye is bleared. The pastor who preached Sundays in the little chapel came from the town, and the professors from other schools. The governesses gave few lessons; they sat by in the room while the professors taught. In ultra-conservative schools for daughters of the aristocracy female teachers are excluded from giving any lessons except in needlework. It is rare where they are employed anywhere except for languages and the elements of reading, grammar, and religion; except, of course, in convents, a national prejudice exists against female instruction in earnest studies. Nor will a consideration of the type of school where governesses and teachers are fitted out — and this of the Empress Augusta Seminary is one, and an advanced one at that — be likely to make a foreigner think the prejudice is without good ground. As a matter of fact the German woman is inferiorly trained. The tendency in all this teaching is towards strengthening a single faculty of the brain — memory. The logical faculty is as good as ignored. Drilling cannot be praised too much; but drilling, as it is carried forward in German girls' schools, relentlessly upon a minimum of topics, blunts all intellectual vigor and enterprise. The long sittings upon one theme—to go further into a single detail of discipline — is uncommendable. Consider the listlessness of half-grown girls when being held to the abstract subjects of the catechism for an hour at a time. Their minds necessarily lose tension, and the latter half of the hour is as good as lost. In the few years of a girl's school life these half hours make up an appalling quantum. Shorter lessons extended over longer terms would, I am persuaded, reach better results.

The physiological law of the refreshment that comes with variety and the need of repetitions of impressions upon the brain, especially in the young, certainly point to such a reform. The entire subordination which girls are taught, the want of rough-and-ready exercise, the lack of encouragement to act alone and to exercise their own wits — all these are minor deficiencies of the German method. They show themselves in the lower mettle of German girls.

An excellent trait that partly balances these deficiencies is the habit, which they are kept to, of industry.

Intellectual ambition, on the other hand, cannot be expected where the intellect is so little stimulated. The nation evidently considers this condition of intellectual deficiency in the daughters and wife at home as normal; witness the novels of the celebrated Gustav Freytag. The state and private female schools of the type I have described respond to the supposed needs of German home life.

But while the people generally cling with tenacity to the traditional educational standard, there is a growing desire for better teaching, which is bearing fruit in the establishment of various types of new schools. Of these the industrial schools that exist offer some novel traits, but in the main they resemble American schools of the same type. The Victoria Lyceum, however, differs too remarkably from Vassar, Wellesley, and similar colleges in America to be passed by quite undescribed. It has not the constitution, the dotation, or the stability of a university, but its original character resembled a piece broken off from such an institution more than a college or school. All lessons were given in the form of lectures; no examinations were held; the course followed was a matter of individual choice; the rooms in the building were arranged as lecture-rooms, and professors walked in, assumed their desks, and at the close of an hour or two hurried out, precisely as at the university. The themes lectured on were modern history, the history of Greek and Roman art, German literature, and the literature of

France. The pupils were mostly young ladies of the leisure classes, and numbered in my day (1873) about ninety or a hundred, the lyceum having opened in 1869 with seventy or less.

The originator of the idea of the lyceum, and its first directress, was Miss Archer. She broke loose from England, and came, as many of us have come, to Germany as the land of learning, only to find that if learning was here, it was not for girls. The instruction she found in the Lüneburger Seminary was no better than she had had at home. But she went through it, and passed a governess's examination, as is required by law, to enable her to teach. She then came to Berlin. Her means were very limited. To support herself she gave lessons in English; in the evenings, in pursuance of her object, she studied Latin, Greek, mathematics, physics — all, in short, that had been left out of the instruction in schools. If Miss Archer's experience had not been of a kind to make her respond passionately to the desire for higher education, the idea that formed itself in her mind of establishing a college must have collapsed in view of its extreme difficulty. And, in truth, it is to be added to the lists of wonders that this obscure little governess, unbefriended in a great foreign city, should have accomplished such a task. She succeeded in having herself introduced from one patroness to another, upward in the social scale, till she got acquainted at last with the governess of the royal children, and later, through the countess, with the Crown Princess Victoria. Miss Archer's plans were matured, and she laid them before her Highness. In spite of the difference in their ranks, the two countrywomen understood each other. Going to lectures was a popular fashion, and, as no great scheme was practicable, it was determined to begin by adopting the current usage, only seeing that the courses of lectures were exhaustive and systematically adapted to the stage of the pupils' mental development.

When Miss Archer died, in 1882, the lyceum had attained a form somewhat different from its early compass, and essentially that which it now presents. The courses of lectures are retained, and included, during the winter semester of 1888–89, history of painting among the peoples of the Occident, Grecian plastic art, ancient art, furniture of houses in ancient and modern times — the last three courses being held in the royal museums face to face with the objects of art described. A second group of lectures included, besides the early themes of history and literature, a course in logic. And, finally, a third group grapples with the natural sciences — physics, geology, botany, and geography. The prospectus gives the whole number of lectures read as nearly twelve hundred and fifty for the year 1888–89, and the number of listeners to them as over nine hundred. The price per lecture is thirty cents.

To the lectures are added regular and exhaustive courses of instruction, and it was in these courses that Miss Archer introduced the study of the Latin tongue. They include — besides the modern languages, history, literature, and art — botany, physics, and ethnography. It is worthy of note, perhaps, that the teacher of the latter science as well as that of art history is a woman.

Pupils of the courses of instruction bind themselves to regular attendance for three years, and to fulfil whatever exercises may be set.

In 1885 their number reached two hundred, many of whom were common-school teachers and governesses.

A union, as it is, of school and university, the lyceum in Berlin embodies the highest advance which reform of female education has made in Germany.

Countess v. Krockow.

Gettysburg and Waterloo.

As the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg, from their size, bloodiness, and decisive importance, have so often provoked comparison, it may be of interest to readers to compare the force and loss of the combatants in each. I take the figures for Waterloo from the official reports as given by Dorsey Gardner in his "Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo"; and the figures for Gettysburg from "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," and from Captain William F. Fox's "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War."

Unlike Waterloo, Gettysburg was almost purely a fight of infantry and artillery; the cavalry, which did good work during the campaign, played no part in the battle itself, the bulk of the horse of the two contending armies being at the time engaged in a subsidiary but entirely distinct fight of their own. The troops thus engaged should not be included in the actual fighting forces employed at Gettysburg itself, any more than Grouchy's French and the Prussians against whom they were pitted at Wavre can be included in the armies actually engaged at Waterloo. The exclusion will be made in both cases, and the comparison thereby rendered more easy.

Even making these exclusions it is impossible wholly to reconcile the various authorities; but the following figures must be nearly accurate. At Gettysburg there were present in action 80,000 to 85,000 Union troops, and of the Confederates some 65,000. At Waterloo there were 120,000 soldiers of the Allies under Wellington and Blücher, and 72,000 French under Napoleon; or, there were about 150,000 combatants at Gettysburg and about 190,000 at Waterloo. In each case the weaker army made the attack and was defeated. Lee did not have to face such heavy odds as Napoleon; but, whereas Napoleon's defeat was a rout in which he lost all his guns and saw his soldiers become a disorganized rabble, Lee drew off his army in good order, his cannon uncaptured, and the *morale* of his formidable soldiers unshaken. The defeated Confederates lost in killed and wounded 15,530, and in captured 7467, some of whom were likewise wounded, or 23,000 in all; the defeated French lost from 25,000 to 30,000 — probably nearer the latter number. The Confederates thus lost in killed and wounded at least 25 per cent. of their force, and yet they preserved their artillery and their organization; while the French suffered an even heavier proportional loss and were turned into a fleeing mob.

Comparing the victors, we find that the forces of the Allies at Waterloo consisted of several different kinds of troops, and together with the losses can best be presented in tabulated form. Wellington had under him 68,000 English, Germans, and Dutch-Belgians, while Blücher had 52,000 Prussians.

	Number.	Killed and wounded.	Missing.	Per cent. of killed and wounded to force engaged.
Wellington's British	23,991	6,344	592	.26+
" Germans	25,886	4,006	478	.15+
" Dutch-Belgians	17,784	1,000	3,000	
Blücher's Prussians	51,944	5,612	1,386	.11–
	119,605	16,962	5,456	.15

The figures for the Dutch-Belgians, who behaved very badly, are mere estimates; probably the missing numbered more than 3000, and it is very unlikely that the total killed and wounded went as high as 1000.

At Gettysburg the Northerners lost 17,555 killed and wounded and 5,435 missing; in other words, they suffered an actually greater loss than the much larger army of Wellington and Blücher; relatively, it was half as great again, being something like twenty-two per cent. in killed and wounded alone. This gives some idea of the comparative obstinacy of the fighting.

But in each case the brunt of the battle fell unequally on different organizations. At Waterloo the English did the heaviest fighting and suffered the heaviest loss; and though at Gettysburg no troops behaved badly, as did the Dutch-Belgians, yet one or two of the regiments composed of foreigners certainly failed to distinguish themselves. Meade had seven infantry corps, one of which was largely held in reserve. The six that did the actual fighting may be grouped in pairs. The Second and Third numbered nominally 23,610 (probably there were in reality several hundred less than this), and lost in killed and wounded 7586, or thirty-two per cent., and 974 missing; so that these two corps, whose aggregate force was smaller than that of Wellington's British regiments at Waterloo, nevertheless suffered a considerably heavier loss, and therefore must have done bloodier, and in all probability more obstinate, fighting. The First and Eleventh Corps, who were very roughly handled the first day, make a much worse showing in the "missing" column, but their death rolls are evidences of how bravely they fought. They had in all 18,600 men, of whom 6092, or thirty-two per cent., were killed and wounded, and 3733 missing. The Fifth and Twelfth Corps, of in the aggregate 20,147 men, lost 2990, or fifteen per cent., killed and wounded, and 278 missing.

Thus of the six Union corps which did the fighting at Gettysburg four suffered a relatively much heavier loss in killed and wounded than Wellington's British at Waterloo, and the other two a relatively much heavier loss than Blücher's Prussians.

In making any comparison between the two battles, it must of course be remembered that one occupied but a single day and the other very nearly three; and it is hard to compare the severity of the strain of a long and very bloody, with that caused by a short, and only less bloody, battle.

Gettysburg consisted of a series of more or less completely isolated conflicts; but owing to the loose way in which the armies marched into action many of the troops that did the heaviest fighting were engaged for but a portion of the time. The Second and Third Corps were probably not heavily engaged for a very much longer period than the British regiments at Waterloo.

Both were soldiers' rather than generals' battles. Both were waged with extraordinary courage and obstinacy and at a fearful cost of life. Waterloo was settled by a single desperate and exhausting struggle; Gettysburg took longer, was less decisive, and was relatively much more bloody. According to Wellington the chief feature of Waterloo was the "hard pounding"; and at Gettysburg the pounding — or, as Grant called it, the "hammering" — was even harder.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Ernest L. Major.

SOMETIME in 1884 those art students of New York whose lack of resources forbade any hope of their ever completing their studies in Paris, read with much interest that a fund had been placed in the hands of trustees, the increase of which was to be devoted to the maintenance in Paris for three years of a student from the art schools of New York. Later this interest was somewhat abated when it was learned that some years must elapse before the increment of this fund would yield an amount large enough for the purpose. The same year one of the large publishing firms of New York announced that an art competition for which it had offered a prize had failed to bring out any work which its judges deemed worthy, and that it would add the amount of this prize to the fund, and so make it possible to send a student abroad that year. The judges and trustees of this combined Hallgarten and Harper prize were to be three well-known artists — Augustus St. Gaudens, T. W. Dewing, and William M. Chase.

The successful competitor was Ernest L. Major, a pupil of the Art Students' League — whose picture, "Springtime," exhibited at the National Academy of Design in the fall exhibition of 1890, is printed on page 229 of this number of THE CENTURY. Mr. Major was born in Washington in 1864. He began the study of art under E. C. Messer at the Corcoran Art Gallery. In 1882 he entered the Art Students' League of New York, and was a pupil of William M. Chase until his good fortune sent him to Paris in 1884. There he came under the criticism of Boulanger and Jules Lefebvre at the Académie Julien. His first *envoi* to the salon was in 1885, a landscape. His second, in 1888, was an important figure-subject, "Ste. Geneviève," since exhibited in America in the cities of Chicago, New York, and Boston.

It is yet too soon to predict Mr. Major's future,— he is still three years on the youthful side of thirty,— he is a good draftsman, his composition and technique are above the average, and his color is pleasant and harmonious. He is possessed of a good deal of artistic individuality, evidenced by the fact that the pictures he has painted since his return to America show little of the styles or mannerisms of his masters.

William Lewis Fraser.

Tommy, the painter's boy, decorates old Sweigler's gate.

Old Sweigler appears and wonders at Tommy's hilarity.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

De Bugle on de Hill.

I DOAN' like de noise, er de marchin' ob de boys,—
An' I 'low I doan' s'pose I evah will,—
Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's wild beat,
Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.
Hit minds me ob de day when Gabe marched away
An' ole missus stood beside de cabin do';
Sumpin' whispahed in my eah 'bout my little volunteah,
An' sade he nevah will come back no mo'.

I 's thinkin' mos' to-day ob how he marched away,
Wid de bright sun a-climbin' up de sky;
Marched out an' down de street to de drum's wild beat,
An' den how dey fotched 'im home to die.
Oh, de sad, moanful way missus bowed her head to pray,
When Gabe said, "Hit 's gittin' mighty still,
But I 'll rise an' jine de boys when I heah de cannon's noise,
Er de soun' ob de bugle on de hill!"

Dar 's a spot mighty deah to dis ole darky heah,
Whar de sunshine am peekin' frough de palms.
Wid his hands 'pon his breast dar my soldier 's gone to rest
Jes peacefully a-sleepin' in de calms.
An' de drum's wild beat er de tread ob marchin' feet
I know cain't disturb 'im now until
De Lo'd gibs command, den I know he 'll rise an' stan'
At de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Hit 'peahs as ef I seen de ole plantation green,
An' sometimes I reckon dat I heah
De reg'ment pass by, an I 'low I hear a cry
Like de moan ob my little volunteah,
An' de sobbin' on de day po' ole missus kneeled to pray.
An' sometimes when all aroun' is still,
I kin heah de tread ob feet, to de drum's wild beat,
An' de soun' ob de bugle on de hill.

Bow Hackley.

Parnassus by Rail.

BALLADE.

It is proposed to build a railway like that on the Rigi up the hill of the Muses.— *Foreign News.*

No more the wished height to gain
We climb Parnassus, laboring,
Or where Castalian airs sustain
The murmur of the Muses' spring
Bestride the steed of daring wing
To mount aloft: we take the train
Straight for the summit with a swing,
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.

Once wound the way through grape and grain,
By laurel groves where song was king,
And birds had caught the liquid strain,
The murmur of the Muses' spring:
"Next stop Parnassus." "*Ding-a-ding!*"
We hear to-day; within our brain,
Instead of songs the Muses sing,
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.

We meet, instead of nymph or swain,
Men bored like us with traveling.
Winds waft to us no soft refrain,
The murmur of the Muses' spring:
The breeze might bear with it a sting,
Dash of the critic's cinder-rain.
Sash down! and sit we fashioning
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.

Envoy.

Prince Populace, your praise will bring
The murmur of the Muses' spring.
You like it not? Then don't disdain
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.

Marion M. Miller.

The March of Company A.

"FORWARD, march!" was the captain's word,
And the tramp of a hundred men was heard.
As they formed into line, in the morning gray,
Shoulder to shoulder went Company A.

Out of the shadow into the sun,
A hundred men that moved as one;
Out of the dawning into the day,
A glittering file went Company A.

Marching along to the rendezvous
By grassy meadows the road ran through,
By springing cornfields and orchards gay,
Forward, forward, went Company A.

And the pink and white of the apple trees,
Falling fast on the fitful breeze,
Scattered its dewy, scented spray
Straight in the faces of Company A.

A breath like a sigh ran through the ranks
Treading those odorous blossom-banks,
For the orchard hillsides far away,
The northern hillsides of Company A.

Forward, march!—and the dream was sped;
Out of the pine wood straight ahead
Clattered a troop of the Southern gray
Face to face with Company A.

Forth with a flash in the Southern sun
A hundred bayonets leaped like one.
Sudden drum-beat and bugle-play
Sounded the charge for Company A.

Halt! What is here? A slumbering child,
Roused by the blast of the bugle wild,
Between the ranks of the blue and gray,
Right in the path of Company A.

Nothing knowing of North or South,
Her dimpled finger within her mouth,
Her gathered apron with blossoms gay,
She stared at the guns of Company A.

Straightway set for a sign of truce
Whitely a handkerchief fluttered loose,
As under the steel of the Southern gray
Galloped the captain of Company A.

To his saddle-bow he swung the child,
With a kiss on the baby lips that smiled,
While the boys in blue and the boys in gray
Cheered for the captain of Company A.

Forth from the ranks of his halted men,
While the wild hurrahs rang out again,
The Southern leader spurred his way
To meet the captain of Company A.

Out of the arms that held her safe
He took with a smile the little waif.
A grip of the hand 'twixt blue and gray,
And back rode the captain of Company A.

Up there, in the distant cottage door,
A mother, clasping her child once more,
Shuddered at sight of the smoke-cloud gray
Shrouding the path of Company A.

A little later, and all was done—
The battle over, the victory won.
Nothing left of the pitiless fray
That swept the ranks of Company A.

Nothing left—save the bloody stain
Darkening the orchard's rosy rain.
Dead the chief of the Southern gray,
And dead the captain of Company A.

Fallen together the gray and blue,
Gone to the final rendezvous.
A grave to cover, a prayer to say,
And—Forward, march! went Company A.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

A Day in June.

SEE the meadows white with daisies,
Hear the Bob o'Lincoln's song,
While he passes through the grasses,
While he sings the whole day long.
Daisies, daisies, daisies white,
Meadows white with daisies;
Bob o', Bob o', Bob o' bright,
Singing sweet June's praises.

See the meadows white with clover,
Hear our robin redbreast's song.
While he flashes through the ashes,
While he sings the boughs among.
Clover, clover, clover white,
Meadows white with clover;
Robin, robin, now it 's night,
Day of June is over.

Charles H. Truax.

Observations from the Farm.

THE cat is always friendly at milking-time.

NEVER inform the calf which way you wish to drive him.

YOU can draw more milk from a cow than you can pound out.

A ROOSTER makes a pretty fair watch-dog—if you understand rooster talk.

THE old dog says, "Don't whip me; you can teach the puppies so much easier."

AN old boundary fence is often very effective in keeping happiness off the place.

THE devil left more than his horns and hoof to the average cow.

ONCE in a while it really pays better to go a-fishing than it does to plow.

A COLT is like a schoolboy—willing to wrestle with you if he can get the best hold.

THE angleworms must hear you when you speak of going for trout. They are as scarce as loafers in time of a draft.

IT is a melancholy fact, but the water you have hoisted out of the well for the last ten years will not do for the stock this morning.

C. H. Crandall.

To My Only Child.

WHEN Charlie is not here
The day is long,
And haunted by a fear
Of sudden wrong.

Could woman be more dear?
More lone a song?—
"When Charlie is not here
The day is long."

Douglas Sladen.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

Horace Greeley

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. JULY, 1891. NO. 3.

A DAY AT LAGUERRE'S.

By the Author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," etc.

IT is the most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements. As you rush by in one of the innumerable trains that pass it daily you may catch glimpses of tall trees trailing their branches in the still stream,— hardly a dozen yards wide,— of flocks of white ducks paddling together, and of queer punts drawn up on the shelving shore or tied to soggy, patched-up landing-stairs.

If the sun shines, you can see, now and then, between the trees, a figure kneeling at the water's edge, bending over a pile of clothes, washing, her head bound with a red handkerchief.

If you are quick, the miniature river will open just before you round the curve, disclosing in the distance groups of willows, and a rickety foot-bridge perched up on poles to keep it dry. All this you see in a flash.

But you must stop at the old-fashioned station, within ten minutes of the Harlem River, cross the road, round an old garden bound with a fence and bursting with flowers, and so pass on through a bare field to the water's edge, before you catch sight of the cozy little houses lining the banks, with garden fences cutting into the water, arbors covered with tangled vines, and boats crossing back and forth.

I have a love for the out-of-the-way places of the earth when they bristle all over with the quaint and the old and the odd, and are moldy with the picturesque. But here is an in-the-way place, all sunshine and shimmer, with never a fringe of mold upon it, and yet you lose your heart at a glance. It is as charming in its boat life as an old Holland canal; it is as delightful in its shore life as the Seine; and it is as picturesque and entrancing in its sylvan beauty as the most exquisite of English streams.

The thousands of work-a-day souls who pass this spot daily in their whirl out and in the great city may catch all these glimpses of shade and sunlight over the edges of their journals, and any one of them living near the city's center, with a stout pair of legs in his knickerbockers and the breath of the morning in his heart, can reach it afoot any day before breakfast; and yet not one in a hundred knows that this ideal nook exists.

Even this small percentage would be apt to tell of the delights of Devonshire and of the charm of the upper Thames, with its tall rushes and low-thatched houses and quaint bridges, as if the picturesque ended there; forgetting that right here at home there wanders many a stream with its breast all silver that the trees courtesy to as it sings through meadows waist-high in lush grass, as exquisite a picture as can be found this beautiful world over.

So, this being an old tramping-ground of mine, I have left the station with its noise and dust behind me this lovely morning in June, have stopped long enough to twist a bunch of sweet peas through the garden fence, and am standing on the bank waiting for some sign of life at Madame Laguerre's. I discover that there is no boat on my side of the stream. But that is of no moment. On the other side, within a biscuit's toss, so narrow is it, there

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

are two boats; and on the landing-wharf, which is only a few planks wide, supporting a tumbledown flight of steps leading to a vine-covered terrace above, rest the oars.

I lay my traps down on the bank and begin at the top of my voice:

"Madame Laguerre! Madame Laguerre! Send Lucette with the boat."

For a long time there is no response. A young girl drawing water a short distance below, hearing my cries, says she will come; and some children above, who know me, begin paddling over. I decline them all. Experience tells me it is better to wait for madame.

In a few minutes she pushes aside the leaves, peers through, and calls out:

"Ah! it is that horrible painter. Go away! I have nothing for you. You are hungry again that you come?"

"Very, madame. Where is Lucette?"

"Lucette! Lucette! It is always Lucette. Luc-e-t-t-e!" This in a shrill key. "It is the painter. Come quick."

I have known Lucette for years, even when she was a barefooted little tangle-hair, peeping at me with her great brown eyes from beneath her ragged straw hat. She wears high-heeled slippers now, and sometimes on Sundays dainty silk stockings, and her hair is braided down her back, little French Marguérite that she is, and her hat is never ragged any more, nor her hair tangled. Her eyes, though, are still the same velvety, half-drooping eyes, always opening and shutting and never still.

As she springs into the boat and pulls towards me I note how round and trim she is, and before we have landed at Madame Laguerre's feet I have counted up Lucette's birthdays,—those that I know myself,—and find to my surprise that she must be eighteen. We have always been the best of friends, Lucette and I, ever since she looked over my shoulder years ago and watched me dot in the outlines of her boat, with her dog Mustif sitting demurely in the bow.

Madame, her mother, begins again:

"Do you know that it is Saturday that you come again to bother? Now it will be a filet, of course, with mushrooms and tomato salad; and there are no mushrooms, and no tomatoes, and nothing. You are horrible. Then, when I get it ready, you say you will come at three. 'Yes, madame; at three,'—mimicking me,—'sure, very sure.' But it is four, five, o'clock—and then everything is burned up waiting. Ah! I know you."

This goes on always, and has for years. Presently she softens, for she is the most tender-hearted of women, and would do anything in the world to please me.

"But, then, you will be tired, and of course you must have something. I remember now there is a chicken. How will the chicken do? Oh, the chicken it is lovely, *charmant*. And some pease—fresh. Monsieur picked them himself this morning. And some Roquefort, with an olive. Ah! You leave it to me; but at three—no later—not one minute. *Sacré! Vous êtes le diable!*"

BOAT LIFE ON THE BRONX.

As we walk under the arbor and by the great trees, towards the cottage, Lucette following with the oars, I inquire after monsieur, and find that he is in the city, and very well and very busy, and will return at sundown. He has a shop of his own in the upper part where he makes *passe-partouts*. Here, at his home, madame maintains a simple restaurant for tramps like me.

These delightful people are old friends of mine, François Laguerre and his wife and their only child Lucette. They have lived here for nearly a quarter of a century. He is a straight, silver-haired old Frenchman of sixty, who left Paris, between two suns, nearly forty years ago, with a gendarme close at his heels, a red cockade under his coat, and an intense hatred in his heart for that "little nobody," Napoleon III. His wife is a few years his junior, short and stout, and thoroughly French down to the very

toes of her felt slippers. She is devoted to François and Lucette, the best of cooks, and, in spite of her scoldings, good nature itself.

As soon as she hears me calling there arise before her the visions of many delightful dinners prepared for me by her own hand and ready to the minute — all spoiled by my belated sketches. So she begins to scold before I am out of the boat, or in it, for that matter.

Across the fence next to Laguerre's lives a *confrère*, a brother exile, Monsieur Marmosette, who also has a shop in the city, where he carves fine ivories. Monsieur Marmosette has only one son. He too is named François, after his father's old friend. Farther down on both sides of the narrow stream front the cottages of other friends, all Frenchmen; and near the propped-up bridge an Italian who knew Garibaldi burrows in a low, slanting cabin, which is covered with vines. I remember a dish of *spaghetti* under those vines, and a flask of Chianti from its cellar, all cobwebs and plaited straw, that left a taste of Venice in my mouth for days.

As there is only the great bridge above, which helps the country road across the little stream, and the little foot-bridge below, and as there is no path or road,— all the houses fronting the water,— the Bronx here is really the only highway, and so everybody must needs keep a boat. This is why the stream is crowded in the warm afternoons with all sorts of water crafts loaded with whole families, even to the babies, taking the air, or crossing from bank to bank in their daily pursuits.

There is a quality which one never sees in nature until she has been rough-handled by man and has outlived the hard usage. It is the picturesque. In the deep recesses of the primeval forest, along the mountain-slope, and away up the tumbling brook, nature may be majestic, beautiful, and even sublime; but she is never picturesque. This quality comes only after the ax and the saw have let the sunlight into the dense tangle and have scattered the falling timber, or the round of the water-wheel has divided the rush of the brook. It is so here. Some hundred years ago, along this quiet, silvery stream were encamped the troops of old "Put," and, later, the estates of the Dykemans, Van Cortlandts, Beekmans, and others stretched on each side as far west as the Harlem River and as far north as Yonkers. The willows that now fringe these banks were saplings then; and they and the great butternuts were only spared because their arching limbs shaded the cattle knee-deep along the shelving banks.

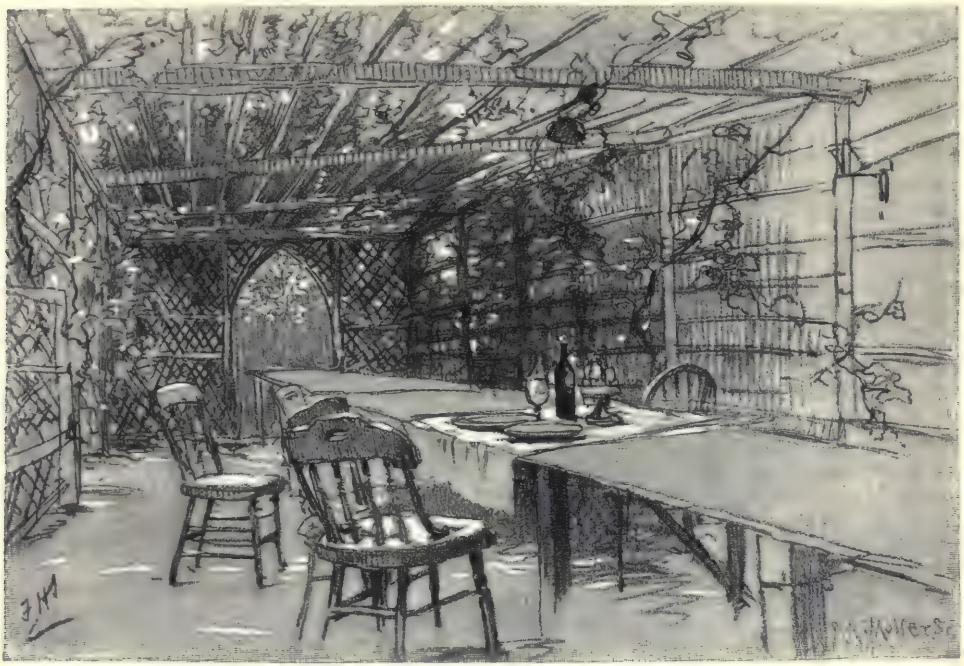
Then came the long interval that succeeds that deadly conversion of the once sweet farming lands, redolent with clover, into that barren waste — suburban property. The struggle that had lasted since the days when the pioneer's ax first rang through the stillness of the forest was nearly over; nature saw her chance, took courage, and began that regeneration which is exclusively her own. The weeds ran riot; tall grasses shot up into the sunlight, concealing the once well-trimmed banks; and great tangles of underbrush and alders made lusty efforts

THE LANDING.

to hide the traces of man's unceasing cruelty. Lastly came this little group of poor people from the Seine and the Marne and lent a helping hand, bringing with them something of their old life at home,— their boats, rude landings, patched-up water-stairs, fences, arbors, and vine-covered cottages,— unconsciously completing the picture and adding the one thing needful — a human touch. So nature, having outlived the wrongs of a hundred years, has here with busy fingers so woven a web of weed, moss, trailing vine, and low-branching tree that there is seen a newer and more entrancing quality in her beauty, which, for want of a better term, we call the picturesque.

But madame is calling that the big boat

must be bailed out; that if I am ever coming back to dinner it is absolutely necessary that I should go away. This boat is not of extraordinary size. It is called the big boat from the fact that it has one more seat than the one in which Lucette rowed me over; and not being much in use except on Sunday, is generally



THE DINING ROOM.

half-full of water. Lucette insists on doing the bailing. She has very often performed this service, and I have always considered it as included in the curious scrawl of a bill which madame gravely presents at the end of each of my days here, beginning in small printed type with "François Laguerre, Restaurant Français," and ending with, "Coffee 10 cents."

But this time I resist, remarking that she will hurt her hands and soil her shoes, and that it is all right as it is.

To this François the younger, who is leaning over the fence, agrees, telling Lucette to wait until he gets a pail.

Lucette catches his eye, colors a little, and says she will fetch it.

There is a break in the palings through which they both disappear, but I am half-way out on the stream, with my traps and umbrella on the seat in front and my coat and waistcoat tucked under the bow, before they return.

For half a mile down-stream there is barely a current. Then comes a break of a dozen yards just below the perched-up bridge, and the stream divides, one part rushing like a mill-race, and the other spreading itself softly around the roots of leaning willows, oozing through beds of water-plants, and creeping under masses of wild grapes and underbrush. Below this is a broad pasture fringed with another and larger growth of willows. Here the weeds are breast-high, and in early autumn they burst into purple asters, and white immortelles, and golden-rod, and flaming sumac.

If a painter had a lifetime to spare, and loved this sort of material,—the willows, hillsides, and winding stream,—he would grow old and weary before he could paint it all; and yet no two of his compositions need be alike. I have tied my boat under these same willows for ten years back, and I have not yet exhausted one corner of this neglected pasture.

There may be those who go a-fishing and enjoy it. The arranging and selecting of flies, the joining of rods, the prospective comfort in high water-boots, the creel with the leather strap,—every crease in it a reminder of some day without care or fret,—all this may bring the flush to the cheek and the eager kindling of the eye, and a certain sort of rest and happiness may come with it; but—they have never gone a-sketching! Hauled up on the wet bank in the long grass is your boat, with the frayed end of the painter tied around some willow that offers a helping root. Within a stone's throw, under a great branching of gnarled trees, is a nook where the curious sun, peeping at you

through the interlaced leaves, will stencil Japanese shadows on your white umbrella. Then the trap is unstrapped, the stool opened, the easel put up, and you set your palette. The critical eye with which you look over your brush-case and the care with which you try each feather point upon your thumb-nail are but an index of your enjoyment.

Now you are ready. You loosen your cravat, hang your coat to some rustic peg in the crevviced bark of the tree behind you, seize a bit of charcoal from your bag, sweep your eye around, and dash in a few guiding strokes. Above is a turquoise sky filled with crisp white clouds; behind you the great trunks of the many-branched willows; and away off, under the hot sun, the yellow-green of the wasted pasture, dotted with patches of rock and weeds, and hemmed in by the low hills that slope to the curving stream.

It is high noon. There is a stillness in the air that impresses you, broken only by the low murmur of the brook behind and the ceaseless song of the grasshopper among the weeds in front. A tired bumblebee hums past, rolls lazily over a clover blossom at your feet, and has his midday luncheon. Under the maples near the river's bend stands a group of horses, their heads touching. In the brook below are the patient cattle, with patches of sunlight gilding and bronzing their backs and sides. Every now and then a breath of cool air starts out from some shaded retreat, plays around your forehead, and passes on. All nature rests. It is her noontime.

But you work on: an enthusiasm has taken possession of you; the paints mix too slowly; you use your thumb, smearing and blending with a bit of rag — anything for the effect. One moment you are glued to your seat, your eye riveted on your canvas, the next, you are up and backing away, taking it in as a whole, then pouncing down upon it quickly, belaboring it with your brush. Soon the trees take shape; the sky forms become definite; the meadow lies flat and loses itself in the fringe of willows.

When all of this begins to grow upon your once blank canvas, and some lucky pat matches the exact tone of blue-gray haze or shimmer of leaf, or some accidental blending of color delights you with its truth, a tingling goes down your backbone, and a rush surges through your veins that stirs you as nothing else in your whole life will ever do. The reaction comes the next day when, in the cold light of your studio, you see how far short you have come and how crude and false is your best touch compared with the glory of the landscape in your mind and heart. But the thrill that it gave you will linger forever.

But I hear a voice behind me calling out:

"Monsieur, mama says that dinner will be ready in half an hour. Please do not be late."

It is Lucette. She and François have come down in the other boat — the one with the little seat. They have moved so noiselessly that I have not even heard them. The sketch is nearly finished; and so, remembering the good madame, and the Roquefort, and the olives, and the many times I have kept her waiting, I wash my brushes at once, throw my traps into the boat, and pull back through the winding turn, François taking the mill-race, and in the swiftest part springing to the bank and towing Lucette, who sits in the stern, her white skirts tucked around her dainty slippers.

"*Sacré!* He is here. *C'est merveilleux!* Why did you come?"

"Because you sent for me, madame, and I am hungry."

"*Mon Dieu!* He is hungry, and no chicken!"

It is true. The chicken was served that morning to another tramp for breakfast, and madame had forgotten all about it, and had ransacked the settlement for its mate. She was too honest a cook to chase another into the frying-pan.

But there was a filet with mushrooms, and a most surprising salad of chicory fresh from the garden, and the pease were certain, and the Roquefort and the olives beyond question. All this she tells me as I walk past the table covered with a snow-white cloth and spread under the grape-vines overlooking the stream, with the trees standing against the sky, their long shadows wrinkling down into the water.

I enter the summer kitchen built out into the garden, which also covers the old well, let down the bucket, and then, taking the clean crash towel from its hook, place the basin on the bench in the sunlight, and plunge my head into the cool water. Madame regards me curiously, her arms akimbo, re-hangs the towel, and asks:

"Well, what about the wine? The same?"

"Yes; but I will get it myself."

The cellar is underneath the larger house. Outside is an old-fashioned, sloping double door. These doors are always open, and a cool smell of damp straw flavored with vinegar from a leaky keg greets you as you descend into its recesses. On the hard earthen floor rest eight or ten great casks. The walls are lined with bottles large and small, loaded on shelves to which little white cards are attached giving the vintage and brand. In one corner, under the small window, you will find dozens of boxes of French delicacies — truffles, pease, mushrooms, pâté de foie gras, mustard, and the like, and behind them rows of olive oil and olives. I carefully draw out a bottle from the row on the last shelf nearest the corner, mount

the steps, and place it on the table. Madame examines the cork, and puts down the bottle, remarking:

"Château Lamonte, '62! Monsieur has told you."

There may be ways of dining more delicious than out in the open air under the vines in the cool of the afternoon, with Lucette, in her whitest of aprons, flitting about, and madame garnishing the dishes each in turn, and there may be better bottles of honest red wine to be found up and down this world of care than "Château Lamonte, '62," but I have not yet discovered them.

Lucette serves the coffee in a little cup, and

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

leaves the Roquefort and the cigarettes on the table just as the sun is sinking behind the hill skirting the railroad. While I am blowing rings through the grape leaves over my head a quick noise is heard across the stream. Lucette runs past me through the garden, picking up her oars as she goes.

"*Oui, mon père.* I am coming."

It is monsieur from his day's work in the city.

"Who is here?" I hear him say as he mounts the terrace steps. "Oh, the painter — good!"

"Ah, *mon ami.* So you must see the willows once more. Have you not tired of them yet?" Then, seating himself, "I hope madame has taken good care of you. What, the '62? Ah, I remember I told you."

Monsieur Laguerre has a history. One can see by the deep lines in his forehead and by the firm set of his eyes and mouth that it has been an eventful one. His hair and closely trimmed mustache are silver-white now, and his figure, erect and muscular, shows no signs of breaking down. If you met him on the boulevard you would look for the decoration on his lapel, remarking to yourself, "Some retired officer on half pay." If you met him at the railway station opposite you would say, "A French professor returning to his school."

Both of these surmises are partly wrong, and both partly right.

When it is quite dark he joins me under the leaves, bringing a second bottle of '62, a little better corked he thinks, and the talk drifts into his early life.

"What year was that, monsieur?" I asked.

"In 1849. I was a young fellow just grown. I had learned my trade in Rheims, and I had come down to Paris to make my bread. Two years later came the little affair of December 2. That 'nobody,' Louis, had dissolved the National Assembly and the Council of State, and had issued his address to the army. Paris was in a ferment. By the help of his soldiers and police he had silenced every voice in Paris except his own. He had suppressed all the journals, and locked up everybody who had opposed him. Victor Hugo was in exile, Louis Blanc in London, Changarnier and Cavaignac in prison. At the moment I was working in a little shop near the Porte St. Martin decorating lacquer-work. We workmen all belonged to a secret society which met nightly in a back room over a wine-shop near the Rue Royale. We had but one thought — how to upset the little devil at the Élysée. Among my comrades was a big fellow from my own

city, one Cambier. He was the leader. On the ground floor of the shop was built a huge oven where the lacquer was baked. At night this was made hot with charcoal and allowed to cool off in the morning ready for the finished work of the previous day. It was Cambier's duty to attend to this oven.

"One night just after all but he and two others had left the shop a strange man was discovered in a closet where the men kept their working-clothes. He was seized, brought to the light, and instantly recognized as a member of the secret police. What happened I do not know, but the next morning his body was found in the oven.

"At daylight the next morning I was aroused from my bed, and, looking up, saw Chapot, an inspector of police, standing over me. He had known me from a boy, and was a friend of my father's.

"'François, there is trouble at the shop. A police agent has been murdered. Cambier is under arrest. I know what you have been doing, but I also know that in this you have had no hand. Here are one hundred francs. Leave Paris in an hour.'

"I put the money in my pocket, tied my clothes in a bundle, and that night was on my way to Havre, and the next week set sail for here."

"And what became of Cambier?" I asked.

"I have never heard from that day to this, so I think they must have snuffed him out."

Then he drifted into his early life here — the weary tramping of the streets day after day, the half-starving result, the language and the people unknown. Suddenly, somewhere in the lower part of the city, he espied a card tacked outside of a window bearing this inscription, "Decorator wanted." A man inside was painting one of the old-fashioned iron tea-trays common in those days. Monsieur took off his hat, pointed to the card, then to himself, seized the brush, and before the man could protest had covered the bottom with morning-glories so pink and fresh that his troubles ended on the spot. The first week he earned six dollars; but then this was to be paid at the end of it. For these six days he subsisted on one meal a day. This he ate at a restaurant where at night he washed dishes. When Saturday came, and the money was counted out in his hand, he thrust it into his pocket, left the shop, and sat down on a doorstep outside to think.

"And, *mon ami*, what did I do first?"

"Got something to eat?"

"Never. I paid for a bath, had my hair cut and my face shaved, bought a shirt and a collar, and then went back to the restaurant where I had washed dishes the night before, *and the head waiter served me.* After that it was easy; the next week it was ten dollars; then in a few years I had a place of my own; then came madame and Lucette — and here we are."

The twilight had faded into a velvet blue, sprinkled with stars. The lantern which madame had hung against the arbor shed a yellow light, throwing into clear relief the sharply cut features of monsieur. Up and down the silent stream drifted here and there a phantom boat, the gleam of its bow light sinking below and following like a firefly. From some came no sound but the muffled plash of the oars. From others floated stray bits of song and laughter. Far up the stream I heard the distant whistle of the down train.

"It is mine, monsieur. Will you cross with me, and bring back the boat?"

Monsieur unhooked the lantern, and I followed through the garden and down the terrace steps.

At the water's edge was a small bench holding two figures.

Monsieur turned his lantern, and the light fell upon the faces of Lucette and young François.

When the bow grated on the opposite bank I shook his hand, and said, in parting, pointing to the lovers:

"The same old story, monsieur?"

"Yes; and always new. You must come to the church."

F. Hopkinson Smith.

PROVENÇAL BULL-FIGHTS.

A TRY FOR THE COCARDE.

"POOH!" said the publisher, who had seen it, "it 's nothing at all. They just turn the bull loose in the arena. Then they turn the populace loose. First the bull chases the populace, then the populace chases the bull. It 's nothing much. Nobody gets hurt."

"Oh, eet vill be no grand t'ings; ze common people, ze paysuns, le — le — le — ze — ze — ze — ze peuple run after ze bull," said the landlady's daughter in the English as she spoke it.

Now when I hear that anything belongs only to the people, I know that it is always worth looking up and nearly always worth seeing. The walls of Arles were placarded with great red posters proclaiming that never, never before had the historic walls of the arena seen such beautiful bulls; never, never had the fair Arlésiennes and the brave Arlésiens heard such horrid bellowings, grasped the unequal *cocarde*, or red rosette, struggled with the fierce beasts, and won the magnificent prize and the applause of the people.

Regard, noble Arlésiens! The five pure-blooded Spanish bulls and one cow! 500 francs of prizes of cocardes await you, and of the utmost honesty of the administration does not all the world know the renown? Descend then into the glorious arena stained with the blood of Christian martyrs, renowned through all the ages, and to-day the home of the *courses* of your beautiful Provence! Struggle with the fierce bull of Spain! Win the prize of 500 francs, the approbation of your fellow-citizens, and the smile of fair ladies!

(Signed) THE DIRECTION.

Wait for the small bills!

I could scarcely wait. I consulted Daudet, Miss Preston, "Les Courses aux Taureaux," Mistral, the daily papers, and at last I found a book, "Une Course," devoted to the subject.

What did they say?

Daudet? Nothing, except that "every year we have the *ferrade*." Miss Preston? "There was a giddy little sham bull-fight going on in the *place*, but we did not stay to see it." "Les Courses aux Taureaux"? It was a bald description of a bull-fight, transported to Paris and held in the Hippodrome, eminently proper and therefore characterless. Mistral? Because these things are the common things of his country he gives no description of them. All facts are unreliable when you want information. "Une Course," of which I believe I was the first person to buy a copy, and I hope I may be the last, was an account of a Spanish bull-fight and the three years it took a certain individual to see it, and all told in the most stupid manner.

But now came the small bills.

Descend, descend, brave Arlésiens! But parents must guard their infants; on no account must the little ones strive against the pure bloods of Spain. Nevertheless, the direction does not hold itself accountable for the accidents. And it is most expressively forbidden to insult the bulls, or to throw small sticks and stones at them. *Especially important:* it is absolutely forbidden to attack the bulls with the big pins. But, gentlemen, all this is free — a free fight in effect. But all the same, while remembering the terrible horns, think of the value of the prize, unheard of until to-day, bestowed by a generous direction to excite your zeal and audacity. Come then, ladies and gentlemen, after you have witnessed the grand procession through the streets of your beautiful city, remembering 500 francs in prizes.

Gentlemen, one franc; ladies, 50 centimes; soldiers and children, 30 centimes.

This was Friday night. Saturday noon, in the middle of this beautiful placard, appeared a small, white, and therefore official, bill.

Arrested. Owing to the fact that the direction is determined, contrary to the desires of the mayor, to introduce, for the benefit of the city, the pure bloods of Spain into Arles, therefore Mr. Jack —— in ——Office, the mayor, prohibits, and the fight is interdicted.

"Aha! they make the war among themselves," said the people.

"Zey have me vell told zey refuse, I t'ink, to gif of ze place free to ze mayor, and he vill have to stop eet," said the landlady's daughter. "No, I do not t'ink eet vill go on."

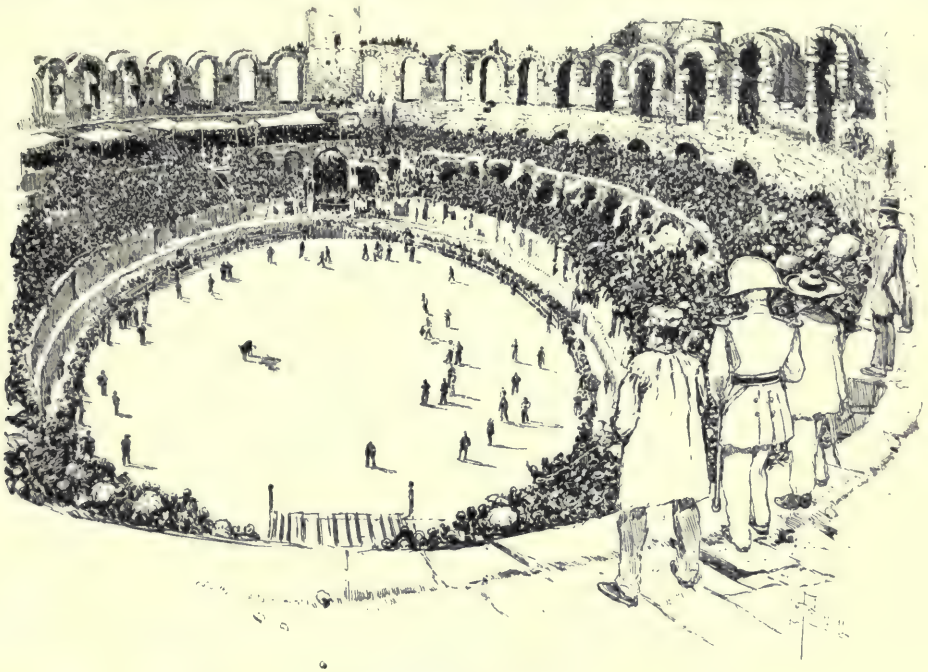
This was serious. To be in Provence and not to see a bull-fight! But the walls were still placarded with notices that in another week there would be one at Nîmes. At Arles it did not come off, but the people were indifferent. They really did seem to think it no great thing.

The following Sunday I went over to Nîmes. Although it had been clear for over a month, when I started it was dark and threatening. Passing through Tarascon, I had a glimpse of a fight in progress, and I might have stopped and assisted in the town of Tartarin; but I wanted to see one in a real Roman amphitheater. By the time the train drew up at Nîmes it was pouring, and I went very sadly to the arena, only to find a notice that the fight had been postponed. Two Sundays gone, and the summer going!

Clear all the week, the vintage in full swing, scenes like pictures all over the country, fights announced for Saint-Remy, Aigues-Mortes, Tarascon, but nothing in the arena; Sunday, however, pouring rain, and useless to think of going anywhere.

On Monday fights were announced for the following Sunday in Arles and Nîmes and in all the country round; Sunday morning it was raining in torrents; Sunday noon, drizzling; Sunday afternoon there were gleams of sunshine, interspersed with showers. But four weeks without a bull-fight — that was too much for both the people and the direction, and there was no sign of postponement. I went to a café opposite the arena at twelve. The gates were to open at one. At one it was still drizzling. At half-past it had stopped, and the direction looked out of its box-office. At a quarter of two it despatched a very brazen band in a covered wagon to parade the town. When, at half-past two, — the fight had been announced for three, — one gate opened, a small boy and I rushed to secure tickets, and we entered over the stones worn into grooves by Roman senators, American tourists, and Provençal lovers of bull-fights. When we emerged where Cæsar may have stood, and the arena yawned vacant before us, there was a momentary gleam of sunlight between two huge rain-clouds.

But the arena was not long vacant. An Englishman and his wife whom I had seen at the hotel entered, and, looking down at a stage where a *café chantant* is given on the Sunday nights when there are no bull-fights, they asked me what was going on. "A bull-fight! Ah! let 's go away before the horrid thing commences. Do you know when it begins? Ah! ten minutes; we have ample time to see the arena. Come, George." And they slipped rapidly round the huge circle, clambering over the broken seats, and when the band entered they disappeared. It is like this that the average tourist sees the character of a country. And they were the only foreigners, save the publisher, in Arles.



THE ARENA AT ARLES.

Though the sun did not come out, the rain held off, and the people, following the band, really began to crowd in. In ten or fifteen minutes the place was fairly filled. This arena was built to hold 26,000 people, so of course I do not mean that it was full. But two or three thousand are a big crowd to-day for a little town like Arles. The arena was gay with

A RUN FOR SHELTER.

the uniforms of soldiers and the costumes of the Arlésiennes, about which one never hears, but which are really very effective, with the little lace handkerchief round the neck, the bright-colored shawl falling low on the shoulders, the low-combed hair, and the long, streaming ribbons. The women's faces are charming.

While the band has been playing, the arena has been filling with the brave amateurs. I am afraid, had Constantine been able to come down from his palace in a back alley, that he would have called the amateurs, who were now taking off their shoes and putting on slippers, coming out of their blouses and giving their hats to friends, the *ignobile vulgus*. Although there were one or two very superior young men in *toreador* hats, bright red jackets, white trousers, and gorgeous Spanish leather slippers, which they were kicking off all the time, running about in their stocking-feet, the majority had no particular costume except that of the country. Despite the direction, one small boy did leap into the arena. He was pursued by the police force of Arles, caught in the center, and well spanked, amidst the applause of the audience.

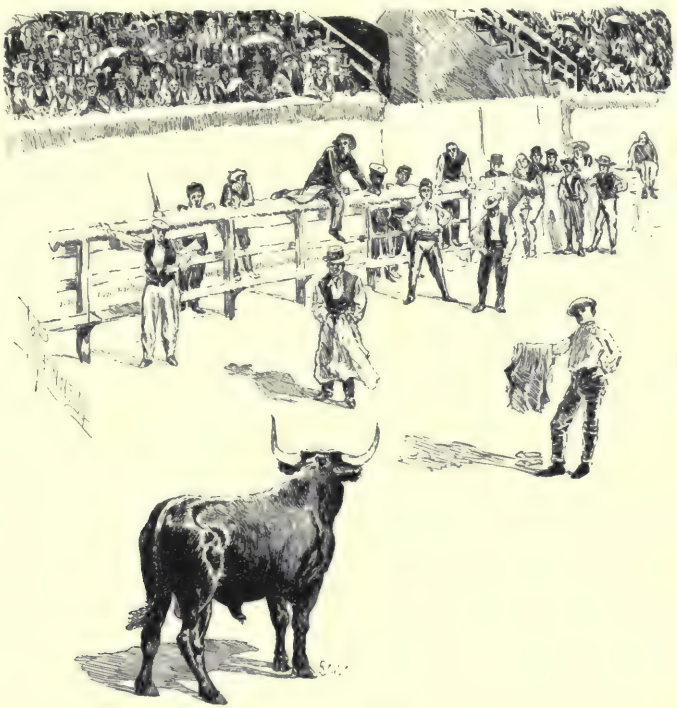
The band stopped playing. A trumpeter advanced and blew a blast, and a mighty yell rose from the people. Instead of the shout in honor of heroic action which might have been expected, there came the howl: "Ye amateurs! Aha! Maria et Pierre la bas! Turn in the bull; go it, Arlésiens! Hé! hé! for the man in the white trousers! Look at gendarmes! Zou! it 's only a lamb! Hé! taureau! Allons, amateurs!" A gate opened, and into the middle of the arena there almost flew a huge, black bull. "My God! isn't he ugly! Does n't he look peart!" the audience shouted.

He saw the amateurs; they saw him; they really flew. If you want to see one hundred men vault a six-foot fence at the same moment, go to Arles. Full tilt he circled round the whole arena, the brave amateurs tumbling back away from him as he passed, waving handkerchiefs at him; some, braver, sitting atop of the six-foot wooden fence which runs just outside the old Roman stone barrier, leaving a passage between. The bull stopped in the center of the arena, bellowing and snorting, kicking the sand about with his feet, and tossing his head. He was very mad, and apparently did not know what he was about. But he is now getting his head again. The bravest amateurs cautiously crawl over the fence as far as possible from him, and as directly at his back as they can; but he keeps wheeling round and round. One gentleman with an umbrella comes in, but at a glance from the bull he drops his umbrella and falls

CLEARING THE RING.

headlong over the barrier. Two or three men, however, have climbed over from different corners, and the bull does not know which one to make for first. He tosses his head, shaking the little red rosette fastened by wires between his horns, which is worth fifty francs to him who can pull it off. But it must be taken while the bull is running, and not only is it securely fastened, but the bull has two enormous horns with which to defend it, and the men have not even big pins.

In a minute one of the light, active young fellows who has kicked off his slippers starts running towards the bull from behind. But the bull sees him before he has gone twenty yards, wheels around, and makes straight for him with his head down. At the same moment two or three other men run towards him from different directions, yelling with all their might, and again he pauses for a moment, but then, almost immediately, goes directly for one in particular. The men all rush across in front of him like boys playing cross-tag; the man he is after swerves a little to one side, and, as the bull lowers his head to toss him, stops dead, puts his hand rapidly down with a backward movement, and snatches at the rosette, no bigger than a half-penny, while the bull, carried by his momentum, goes by him for a few yards. He turns at once, and, as the man has on a red jacket, makes straight for him. The man leaves for the nearest barrier, which is between five and six feet high, and over it with one hand he lightly vaults; and the bull, seeing that he cannot stop himself without breaking his horns against it, goes over it too. This same afternoon I saw three bulls take the barrier like horses. The minute the bull lands in the passage the amateurs take to the arena, leaving their hats, shoes, coats, or any other loose possessions, and with these the bull amuses himself, scattering them among the audience, who yell with delight, while he tears madly round until he comes to a gate, which is opened for him, into the arena. At the same moment the amateurs are all forced back into the passage. If the gate is not opened in time, the bull, as I saw him do, jumps back again.



"COME ON, TAUREAU."

"Ils sont sauvages, ces choses là," says the Parisian.

"Vous avez waison, Mosseu," replies the Provençal.

By this time the bull and the people have been chasing each other about for some fifteen minutes. No one is the worse for it, though all are a little tired. The bull does not try to jump any more. He has got his head, and he knows what he is about, and is too well trained to try to knock down a thick plank wall with his horns. Again the trumpet sounds. A great

shout goes up from the whole amphitheater: "You could n't get it! You could n't get it! Bully for the bull!" A gate opens. A jingling cow-bell sounds, and a merry cow comes galloping in. The cow trots, in the graceful manner peculiar to that beast, up to the bull.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

She lows at him. He bellows, and becomes gentle as a sucking dove. They calmly run round the ring, and then walk out side by side, while the people applaud. The first fight is over.

Recently I saw in the "Animal World," the journal of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a tirade about the cruelty of these fights. There could not be a more mistaken idea. There is no cruelty about the Provençal fight. It is true that the bulls are excited in a way which I shall presently describe. But so long as tame stags are kept at Windsor to be let out of a box and chased into coal cellars and the back yards of Windsor and Staines, and harried to death in the middle of a pond in the park; so long as the nobility of England rear pheasants, tamer than chickens, and shoot them in a much more brutal manner than any pigeon match, and call it sport; so long as the London city magnates go hunting deer in Epping Forest; so long as the gentry start off, accompanied by all the dogs and Scotch serfs they can find, with a basket of champagne and a jug of whisky, and endeavor to shoot deer driven under their very nose, sometimes killing one another; so long as intelligent statesmen hunt hares and rabbits, and call it coursing, and are only willing to go into what they call sport when they can pursue something much weaker than themselves and defenseless — just so long one cannot but feel that there is a good deal more courage required in those bull fights, where the bull has every advantage, than in British sport, which means certain death to the hunted and no harm to the sportsman. But let us return to our bulls.

The bulls are all kept in the old wild-beast cages. Another has been decorated with the cocarde, this time worth one hundred francs — no small prize to a soldier or a peasant. He has been led through a series of cages, one beyond the other, and each a little larger and a little wider than himself. On each side of these cages, which have no tops and are connected by sliding doors, sit two men armed with ten-foot tridents having very blunt prongs at the end. These, as they talk about what they ate for dinner last night, or the prospects of the vintage, or any of the other topics about which the French or the Italian peasant is forever talking, they calmly drop into the bull's back. Although the prongs are blunt and do not run into him or in any way injure him, they come down with sufficient force to make him savage, and he resents this treatment by jumping and kicking and bellowing. When he has been sufficiently maddened in the first box, the door is pulled aside, and he pushes forward just six feet. By the time the last door of the series of boxes is opened and he reaches the arena, although he is not hurt, he is perfectly furious. With a wild bellow and with head down he blindly makes for the group of amateurs. They scatter, all but one poor man who, paralyzed with fear, stands shaking alone in the middle of the arena. He trembles and seems almost ready to drop. There is a yell from the people. The bull strikes him, tossing him into the air, and he descends a shower of old newspapers and brightly colored rags, while the stick which held the scarecrow together rattles against the bull's horns.

Mad? Don't mention it! He only gives up those rags when he sees two amateurs who have almost snatched his cocarde. They start to cross each other, there is a crash of colliding heads, and over they tumble in the dust. The bull, with a bellow of triumph, dances and comes down, digging his horns into the dirt, and just removing the entire seat of one gentleman's breeches. The audience shout with glee and disappointment. The bull turns a somersault. The three squirm round on the ground together. The men get up, and the rate at which they leave the arena is remarkable. For the rest of the fifteen minutes the bull is literally monarch of all he surveys, and no one comes near him. Handkerchiefs, hats, and blouses are waved to him from over the barrier, but he takes no notice, and the people do not think it worth their while to come to him. They know that a bull that has been trained and kept in the

best condition simply for goring people is not to be trifled with. When the trumpet again sounds, and the old cow again enters, the bull departs, almost bowing right and left, for he is conscious that he deserves the "Bravo, taureau! Bravo, Rosau!"—for he is known by his name — which comes to him from every side.

As another enters, the band and the audience are just in the middle of the chorus of the Boulanger March, and as the glory of the *brave Général* resounds and rolls round the arena, the bull, who is evidently of the same mind as Clémenceau, endeavors to get at that band, which is some twenty feet above his head, with two barriers between. A man all in white, except for a fisherman's red cap, comes dancing like a jumping-jack out into the middle of the arena. This is too much for any bull. The man leaves, but the bull is coming too fast for the man to vault the barrier, and he nimbly jumps up on the stage, five feet above the ground, which surrounds the boxes. On this stage stands the mayor of Arles talking to the direction; there are also the *sous-préfet*, in his official sash, much too superior to talk to any one, the brigadier of gendarmes, in *chapeau* and epaulets and sword, a choice collection of the gentlemen of Arles, an American illustrator, and the two men with tridents. With one thrust the bull's head and horns go clear through the flimsy proscenium boards in front of the stage; with a bound he lands on top of it. But before he is fairly landed the stage is empty. The sous-préfet flies into the box from which the bull was liberated; the mayor, brigadier, and the direction disappear with little grace but much speed over the barrier at the back. The men with tridents drop them, and make for the arena. I have not much idea how I got there, but I found myself at the other end of the amphitheater in time to see the bull demolishing two or three scenic towns. He looked around, saw a Roman triumphal arch, proved to his own satisfaction that it was made only of pasteboard, and then slowly and lumberingly jumped down in disgust, bellowed a few times, asking any one to come on who wished to, and, as no one answered the challenge, proceeded to make a light lunch off some hay which had fallen from somewhere. This he found so much more attractive than fighting that he refused to do anything else, and had to be led away by his attendant cow.

In ordinary accounts of bull-fights you hear of the sickening sight of disemboweled horses, and bleeding men, and butchered bulls. This went on with ever-changing fun, shouts, and laughter, but no one was either hurt or got the cocardes. Whoever thinks it is merely a joke to go down into one of these enormous arenas and snatch the tiny rosette from between the horns of a beast who has been trained all his life to keep him from getting it, will find that he has a large piece of work cut out for him. For fun the Provençal bull-fight beats a pantomime. For danger and expertness it is far ahead of anything I ever saw. As it goes on every Sunday in the summertime all over Provence, Frenchmen regard it as too common an affair to be worth description. Foreigners, never going there at the proper season,— the summer and autumn,— never or scarcely ever see it. And even down in La Camargue, on the banks of the Rhone, in little towns, all of which save Aigues-Mortes are unknown, the courses, like base-ball matches, are held every fête-day. They are the sport of the people, and have much more character in the small towns.

I went to several of these, and, though I do not doubt that foreigners may have attended them, I never saw one present. The bulls come into the towns in a drove, for they are perfectly quiet so long as they are kept together, guarded by two or three of the fine herdsmen of La Camargue, wrapped in their large cloaks, and carrying tridents. The peasants, who have come to the fête in their enormous country carts, form these into a ring, side by side, filling up the spaces between the wheels with hurdles,

ARENA AT AIGUES-MORTES.

old planks, wine casks, or anything that comes handy. They put two or three rows of chairs on top, and, behind these, with piles of wine casks topped with chairs they make an amphitheater, which is soon crowded with people. Everything is perfectly free, and the authorities offer one or two hundred francs in prizes, which, however, I never saw any one take. The bulls are as fierce as those at Arles, but the people are much more active than the Arlésiens, and the ring is much smaller. Instead of over a safety-barrier, the men have to jump into the carts, which have no sides and are almost breast-high; and a clean jump must be made, because a clumsy climb with the assistance of a pair of sharp horns would not be very pleasant. The principal delight of the young peasants is to entice the bull in the direction of a party of pretty girls, and to spring among them, upsetting chairs, girls, and themselves in a laughing, rolling heap at the bottom of the cart, apparently to their own great delight, and certainly to that of all the rest of the ring. Peaches, grapes, and new wine circulate all round; I never knew any one to be hurt, and the whole place is filled with the smell of wine from the wine-presses with which the streets of all the villages are lined.

At the end of the course all the bulls are let loose; a curious fact about these beasts being that, while one bull by himself is a most savage animal, if two or three are put together they become as quiet as cows, and make a break for the open country, followed by the population of the village, shouting and screaming. After them come their keepers loaded down with huge baskets of grapes and new figs that the people have given them.

In the evening the whole population adjourns to the *place:* the town band plays in the center; the heroes over their sugar and water discuss their own bravery; the harvest moon of Provence hangs high in the sky; the scent of new wine is over everything; the song of the mosquito grows louder and louder, and before this untiring foe the Provençal at last beats a retreat.

Joseph Pennell.

AT THE CONCERT AFTER THE FIGHT.

RESTRAINT.

WOULD I might crown all joy and melody
With one triumphant, flowering wreath of song,
Woven with art and flung life's path along,
To thrill a listening world with ecstasy.
Would I might speak the thoughts that, like the sea
Filling its hollow caves with murmurs long,
Arise unbidden, musical, and strong —
Flooding my stammering speech resistlessly.
Would I might *act* and *live*, not dream and die;
Move with the moving stars; glow with the sun;
Fulfil my being's laws harmoniously:
But ever are my noblest powers undone.
An angel bars with flaming sword the gate
Of life, and, at his stern command, I wait.

Margaret Crosby.

MR. CUTTING, THE NIGHT EDITOR.

HEN Mr. Cutting, the night editor, sat at his desk you felt as if you were looking at a finely adjusted piece of mechanism. After he had seated himself his slender fingers flashed across manuscript pages for hours with scarcely a pause. They were wonderful in their swiftness and accuracy. With one stroke they swept through a page and left it nothing but a mass of blue marks, with here and there a word joined to some other by a line of blue where the energetic pencil had traced a dashing course. Mr. Cutting's nose was delicately cut and his smooth-shaven face was pale. His mouth was what many people called a good one. The lips were thin and sensitively fashioned, but they were too straight. A mocking smile seemed to lurk around the corners of them. When he was working rapidly his lips were pressed together and looked hard.

Mr. Cutting was considered to have the greatest capacity for work of all the men on "The Organ." When he stood up the energy and nervousness in his slight frame seemed to hang on a balance. It was like being near a powerful electric current. Although there was no contact, imagination was the swift conductor. When he became animated in conversation his words were like a shower of fire. His gray eyes brightened to a flash, and his quick hand had a way of running impatiently through his brown hair. Then, with his mobile face sparkling with life, he seemed young. It was generally believed, therefore, that nothing could tire him. But often after his night's work fine lines were traced beneath his eyes. His face looked haggard and whiter, and he was old. When the light fell on his hair as he leaned back to rest for a moment there was a shimmer there which comes from gray threads.

In the days of which this is written he was an almost intolerable cynic. The curve of his lip was a sneer, and his mocking manner frequently offended strangers. When he spoke quietly to young reporters they felt uneasy and were glad to get away from him. His nervousness disturbed the repose of others. One thing which always caused him to spring impatiently from his chair was the failure of a listener to catch his meaning, and he talked very rapidly. He disliked to repeat what he had once said. "The Organ," he would say with a sarcastic smile to young offenders, "does not pay me to be a talking-machine." There was something in his voice when he spoke in this way which was almost brutal.

Mr. Cutting's disposition was certainly not lovable, and yet he never ceased to gain and to hold the admiration and respect of the younger members of the staff. His shafts were keen, and their hot sting seldom missed their mark; but the fire of his tremendous force gave him a magnetism which attracted even at the point that it repulsed. Perhaps this was why the members of the staff seemed to consider it his right to speak to them sharply or satirically. Afterward they told of it with a certain kind of pride.

A strange feature of Mr. Cutting's impetuous tyranny was that when his manner changed every one felt a melancholy disappointment — as if he had been cheated.

"But only wait," said the marine reporter, assuming the wise look of a veteran, "until he does let out. The presses will break down."

No one in the office quite understood what spirit of peace settled over Cutting so unexpectedly. It came like a rainbow under a frowning sky. It was heralded by scenes of confusion and uproar the like of which had never before, since Mr. Cutting became night editor, been known in the disciplined and smoothly running office of "The Organ."

It was on the night of a big railroad disaster that the transformation began.

"Mr. Cutting is a chained fiend," said the military reporter, sweetly, as he lighted a cigarette. "His matter is n't coming in fast enough. He has scorched the life out of Scott and is thrashing the correspondents over the wires. We shall have a fine paper in the morning. Mr. Cutting is on his mettle."

Mr. Scott was the assistant night editor. He had asked some irritating question of Cutting, and the night editor, throwing up his head, which was bending over a stack of telegraphic matter, curtly asked Mr. Scott if Mr. Scott thought that this was a newspaper kindergarten.

This was extremely unjust, for Scott seldom made a mistake, and the poor fellow went back to his desk with a burning face. In his confusion he tumbled against his chair, which carried him to the floor with a crash. Cutting leaped to his feet with a nervous agony on his face. The telegraph editors, wheeling around

towards Scott's corner, did not see the white anger of Cutting. Scott, with his fiery face and his six feet of length sprawling on the floor, looked so foolish that every one laughed — every one but Cutting, who stood straight and rigid.

"What 's the matter, Jack?" some one said, laughingly. "Did an idea strike you?"

There was a general good-natured shout at this, but it was suddenly checked by the metallic voice of Cutting.

"No," he said, with quiet but stinging sarcasm; "Mr. Scott saw an idea coming, and was so startled that he dodged it."

Every one was silent. Cutting sat down again, pulling his chair up quickly, and plunged into his work. Scott was trembling with indignation when he picked himself up from the floor.

"Cutting has been my best friend here," he said in an undertone, as he doggedly sharpened his pencil, "but I will not take gratuitous insults from him or the editor-in-chief."

It was shortly after this unfortunate outburst that Bolton, the cable editor, looking across the room, saw a child standing behind Cutting's chair. She was a queer-looking elf. On her shoulders was a boy's jacket, and in her hand she held a woolen cap. Her large eyes were dark and untamed. It was easy to see that she was bold, but her strange surroundings made her timid. Her lustrous eyes were fixed on Cutting as she waited for an opportunity to speak to him.

Bolton, good-natured and generous, waved his blue pencil frantically to warn the child off dangerous ground, but she saw his actions with indifference. Bolton got up noiselessly. The child, apprehensive of interference, touched Cutting on the arm. Her fluttering fingers were so light that he did not feel their appeal. She looked around quickly and caught Bolton's eye. His round face was drawn into a forced expression of coaxing. He motioned to her to come away, but she shook her little head firmly. He tiptoed towards her, holding up one big finger, and on his lips was an unspoken "Hush!" As he approached she defiantly backed away from him. Bolton's arms were now flying wildly. The look which her big eyes shot at him was strangely wild, like that of a young panther. In her backward movement she was making straight for Cutting, and the blundering rescuer did not have wits enough to stop his advance. On the contrary, as he saw her backing into Cutting he stepped forward eagerly to catch her by the arms, and she, springing back with a little cry of rage, came full against Cutting, sending his green eye-shade clattering to the floor. Bolton gasped for breath.

"It 's my fault, Mr. Cutting," he said stupidly. "Don't give the child a tongue-lashing," he added, forgetting in his bewilderment how his words might anger Cutting. "She 's frightened to death now."

But was she frightened? Child of the streets, she shrank away and hugged the wall, but in her dark eyes was the look of a wild animal that had been driven to fight. Their light was intense and fierce. They flashed defiance. They were angry, savage, and beautiful. Their flashing only dimmed when she looked at the white-faced man standing above her.

Cutting was silent, too amazed to speak. Angry tears leaped into the girl's eyes, but she would not cry.

"Go away!" she said vehemently to Bolton, who still stood silent, looking foolish.

"Come, come," said Cutting, peevishly, but not harshly; "little girls are n't allowed in here. No one is who doesn't belong here." He faced the others.

"How did she get here?" he asked sharply. Bolton began to stammer in a sheepish way.

"Some one must have let her in," said Cutting, flashing a keen glance over the room.

"I came in myself," said the child, passionately. Her eyes were blazing.

Cutting looked perplexed.

"Mr. Scott," he said shortly, "please see what the child wants, and then show her the way out. And pray," he continued, with a touch of appeal in his dry voice, "let 's have no more of these annoying disturbances. This is a newspaper-office, not a bear-garden. Please try to remember that in future, Mr. Bolton," he added, his tones lingering in delicate irony over the "please."

It was at this point that the night city editor hurriedly entered the room, a sheet of copy in his hand. He stood stock still when he saw the situation. Every man in the room was on his feet. Mr. Cutting was white as usual and severe. The child still leaned against the wall. Her head was thrown up high, and her lips were quivering. The hot blood of indignation and childish anger was in her face, and her thin nostrils were white and rebellious.

"Well!" gasped the night city editor in surprise. "What is all this?" But a passionate outburst from the child stopped him.

"I came to see you," she said, turning her big eyes on Cutting, her voice tremulous and vibrating. "I don't want to see Mr.— Mr. Scott. I won't see him!" she cried in a choked voice.

She looked at Cutting with the scorn of a barbarian child queen.

"My mother told me to come to you when she was dead." Her young voice melted into a sudden sweetness. The softness of the tones were lost on the night city editor, for as he

looked at Cutting his mocking lips made a suggestive sound, half-laughing, half-whistling. Cutting's pale face flushed to the roots of his hair. There was a slight tremble in his words when he spoke. It was like a clear-sounding chord jarred by a harsh and vulgar voice.

"Mr. Seaver," he said, "I am too busy to see you now about that matter"; and his eye fell on the sheet in Seaver's hands. The night city editor left the room. The telegraph editors returned to their desks.

"And now," said Cutting, in so gentle and changed a voice that the child looked into his face with startled, wide-open eyes, "what is it you came to say to me?" His smile was friendly and encouraging.

"I 'm hungry," said the child, turning her wonderful orbs on him. They were melting now.

Cutting shivered.

"Great God!" he said, a pang in his tones. "Why did n't you say so before?"

He had never been hungry in his life. He had fought his way through college on nothing. He had sat far into the night munching crackers and apples while he studied. But he had never been hungry. He leaned back in his chair, and his lids drooped. There was a slight fever tinge to them. They showed the strain of late hours and lack of sleep. They told of nervous wakefulness and the physical sacrifices which highly strung natures demand; but he had never been hungry. He had never before seen a hungry person to know him.

"I am hungry," said the child in his ear. He was on his feet, the sensitive lines of his face in a tremor. The telegraph matter from the scene of the railroad disaster had been heaping up before him. There were many pages of it. He looked around the room. The telegraph editors were sitting idly or drumming fretfully on their desks with their pencils. They were waiting.

"Mr. Scott," said Mr. Cutting, "will you kindly take charge of my desk and start these stories? I am going out for a few minutes."

There was a rustle of surprise in the room. Mr. Cutting had never been known to leave his desk before two o'clock.

"Certainly," said Mr. Scott, rising quickly with that energy which in newspaper offices is infused into the blood of men who are in authority.

"Come," said Cutting to the child; "we will go out."

In the dingy little restaurant where, for the lack of some better place, newspaper men got their late suppers, he sat and gazed wonderingly at the child as she ate. Her features began to soften, and when she finally looked at him over a large glass of milk, there was a melancholy softness in her superb eyes which thrilled him. But behind the dark calm there was the reflection of slumbering fire, the quieted flame of hot blood and a flowing, tempestuous heart. He smiled sadly, and she gave him a look of childish faith, adoration, and submission. To him her fierceness was forever tamed.

"Now," he said, "who was your mother?"

"She sold your papers," answered the child, lowly. "Don't you know?—in the afternoon."

Cutting did not even remember the woman.

"And you gave me pennies," she added proudly, as if to accept alms from him were a sweet honor.

"Oh, yes," said Cutting, faintly; but he did not remember. "And your name is—?"

"Louie; of course you did n't know my name."

"Louie—that 's Louise; but Louise what?"

"Not Louise—Louie and only Louie; that 's all. It 's pretty, is n't it?" she queried suddenly, with a shade of anxiety in her voice.

"Yes; it is pretty," he answered, smiling at her eagerness. And Louie it remained.

He took her back to the office with him. She had no place to go to. She was quiet in a chair for a while, but afterward climbed up to a vacant desk and sat there dangling her sorry-looking shoes, which were not mates. Her great eyes were always turned towards Cutting. When he spoke sharply to any one a look of alarm would touch them with a fleeting swiftness. But she gazed at him always, unabashed before the others.

When Cutting prepared to ascend to the composing-room, when the time for going to press was near, she slid off her desk quietly; but as he started upstairs, leaving her unnoticed, she stopped. Her dark eyes wandered around the room, and she climbed back, gazing calmly at the door where he had disappeared.

Bolton, shortly afterward rushing down-stairs after consulting Cutting, stopped to say something pleasant to her.

"Go away!" she cried angrily, kicking her little heels impatiently together. As she again turned her eyes towards the door the fierce light in them died.

When Cutting returned to his desk to lock it after the paper was "out" he always gave a half sigh of weary relief, as if his nerve-tension then lessened. On this night the audible breath had not left his lips when there was a gentle sigh behind him. He turned quickly, and, seeing the child gazing at him intently, gave a little laugh. A smile broke over her face and flashed to her eyes and mouth and the dimples in her cheek. She was a beautiful child, with her mysterious eyes and proud mouth and unconquered hair.

Cutting had been night editor of "The Or-

gan" for six years. In that time, after locking his desk, dropping his keys into his pocket, and nervously thrusting himself into his coat, he had never failed to turn and to say, "Good-night, gentlemen." After that he would turn to see if he had left anything on his desk. Satisfied on this point, he walked hurriedly out the door, and the last heard of him was his quick, incisive step in the corridor. On this night, however, this monotonous program was varied. He locked his desk and then unlocked it. Again he locked it, the key clicking sharply as he turned it.

"Well," he said, turning to Louie, "are you ready?" His tone was a little brusque, and the child dropped to the floor from the desk like a shot.

"Yes, sir," she said breathlessly.

"Oh, Mr. Cutting," said Scott, looking up from some late matter which he was running over, "may I speak to you?"

"With pleasure," answered Cutting, pleasantly.

"I wanted to say," Scott jerked out uneasily, looking shamefaced, "that if you have no objection I should like to offer my resignation."

Cutting's brows came together sharply.

"What 's the trouble?" he asked abruptly.

Scott flushed and was silent.

"What 's the trouble?" Cutting repeated. "See here, Scott," he said, putting his stick roughly on a table, "don't be rash."

Scott moved uneasily and looked as if he wished he were out of it. Cutting waited for an answer.

"When would you like to go?" he asked.

"As soon as convenient."

"Very well," said Cutting, coldly; but there was a hostile fire in his eye. "I will speak to Mr. Jackson about it to-morrow. Meanwhile send him your resignation. Mr. Freeling, will you kindly report early to-morrow?" And in this way Mr. Freeling became the assistant night editor.

Louie was trembling when Cutting turned to her. His voice frightened her. But she slipped her hand into his and silently walked down the stairs with him.

It was often said afterward that that night marked the death of the Cutting spirit. Scott received little sympathy. Yet it was admitted that he had some right on his side. But Cutting had helped him a great deal. He had picked him out and thrown his influence in Scott's favor to advance him again and again. Cutting had been harsh with every one. Indeed, if he ignored a man so much as not to spur him that was considered a mark of disfavor.

On the night on which Scott offered his resignation Cutting startled his housekeeper by appearing at home with the child.

"Mary," he said shortly when she came forth frightened at the possibility of a dozen evils, "Louie is going to stay with us until she gets ready to go away to school. Put her to bed, please." And he went to his room.

But Louie was not so easily managed. The housekeeper was sleepy, and it made her cross to find that she had been awakened at three o'clock in the morning to look after a ragged street girl; and the child did not like her.

"Come to bed," said Mrs. Fisher, bluntly.

The young barbarian placed her arms behind her, and, backing against a bookcase, defied, with snapping eyes, the housekeeper to touch her. If there was one person in the world who struck inexpressible awe into the soul of the housekeeper it was the night editor of "The Organ." When this dilemma was before her, therefore, she became terrified, and said in a frightened whisper, "S—sh, child! don't disturb Mr. Cutting."

At this the young panther became a kitten, and held her breath lest Mr. Cutting might be awakened. She allowed herself to be undressed and put to bed, and although she did not close her strange eyes for hours, she lay silent and motionless, scarcely breathing.

Henceforth the change in Mr. Cutting's demeanor became more and more inexplicable to the staff of "The Organ." No one knew that he had adopted a child, but he was seen to go up to a new man and to spend fifteen minutes in explaining to him his faults. This sent a thrill through the various rooms, and the new reporter was at once hoisted to the chair of popularity.

Mr. Freeling, the new assistant night editor, had come to the office shaking with a violent trepidation on the night of his promotion. He went home with a perplexed feeling of doubt as to his own judgment. Mr. Cutting had been most considerate and kind.

If the truth had only been known the staff of "The Organ" would have been plunged into still deeper amazement. The truth of the matter was that a barbarian, civilized, polished, and refined, had been conquered by an untamed savage. There was something that linked in closest sympathy the two unbending spirits. His was a nature wild, passionate, and deep, filled with intensity, but governed by cold ferocity. Discipline had placed an iron check on him. The child had all his depth of fire and passion, strength and wild impetuousness, but she could brook no open restraint. When he spoke as his training had taught him to speak she was struck with a deadly fear. She closed within herself and was powerless to act as her inspiration urged her. She became stubborn

from paralysis of volition. But when he stifled his disciplined vigor and leaned only on the spark of savage magnetism the child was like a slender willow. She fought like a tiger against being taken to school, and when her shrieks of anger and defiance brought Cutting from his room, pale and with dark-circled eyes, she shut her eyes in a spasm of grief.

"Have n't you gone to school yet, Louie?" he said simply.

She stood up, catching at her breath.

"I am just going," she answered in a low voice.

She went away, and came back that night with a white face and wild eyes. She would not go to bed until Cutting came home. She sat up and would not speak. Her face was set and lifeless. Mrs. Fisher sat opposite her, stern and dignified for a while, and then sleepy. Finally she dozed. She even snored, and Louie's nostrils quivered with contempt. When Cutting's latch-key sounded, Louie was stricken with a terrible fear. She crouched in her chair, her eyes fever-bright. Cutting came in with a heavy step. He was fagged to the last point of endurance. The housekeeper awakened with a guilty start. Cutting looked at the two, running his hand through his hair — only wearily. Louie was shivering terribly. She got up and took his hand.

"I went to school, and I staid," she said.

He pressed his lips weakly on her dark hair.

"You shall not go again," he said.

After that a young woman came to struggle with the child every morning. There was a new one nearly every month. Louie was wild, rebellious, and terrible under the check of a strange hand. With Cutting she was so gentle and pliable that he wondered at the complaints made against her.

In the afternoons he went to walk with her. It stifled her to stay in the house, but she would not go out without him. She looked at the animals in the park with parted lips through which her breath came warmly. The color rushed over her brown cheeks in quick waves. She clenched the bars of the cages and glared fiercely into the eyes of the animals. She was the wildest creature in the park.

Once when she was walking ahead of Cutting he turned into a side path, his mind forgetting her in other thoughts. She came running after him, her eyes wide open like a hunted animal. Seizing him by the hand she stopped him as if her heart had failed her. The blood had left her face and lips, and she panted heavily.

"I thought I had lost you!" she panted.

Cutting watched the life come back to her face, smiling at her. The lonely man liked to have something cling to him.

In her red walking-jacket in the fall, with her wonderful eyes, the wild roses on her cheeks, the scarlet curve of her mouth, and her dark hair blowing in the wind, she attracted the eyes of every one. Women turned to catch another glimpse of her beauty. But she was unconscious of the closest stare.

If a woman in a car, struck with the child's face, spoke to her coaxingly, Louie gazed into the stranger's eyes indifferently or insolently turned her back.

Every evening for an hour after Cutting started for the editorial rooms of "The Organ" she was tortured with restlessness. Mrs. Fisher feared the child's outbursts of passionate temper. As for Louie, she treated the housekeeper with a cool contempt until she was crossed. Then she was a young tigress. Cutting had forbidden her to come to the office. One evening she slipped down-stairs, and was off with flying feet. When she stepped into the elevator of "The Organ" building her lips were trembling so that she could not tell the elevator-boy at what floor he was to stop. She walked slowly down the corridor with a quivering bosom. Cutting's clear voice, speaking to Mr. Freeling, sent a shiver over her little body. A smiling reporter came out, whistling a merry air. Catching sight of her, he said, "Hello, little one; whom do you want to see?" She was silent.

"Don't be afraid," he said kindly, laying his hand on her shoulder.

She flung it off fiercely, and turned her head. Then she pressed her face tightly against the wall and dug her nails into the white plaster.

"Don't touch me; don't look at me!" she cried, under her breath.

"What a Tartar this little Russian is!" said the reporter, good-naturedly, and went out laughing. Louie stole out after him. She sprang energetically into the elevator.

"Take me down!" she cried.

Mrs. Fisher was distracted with fear of Mr. Cutting's rebuke when Louie came home with flushed cheeks and dry lips.

"Where have you been?" cried the housekeeper, angrily. She had been sorely tried.

Louie's eyes were deep and fierce, and she was silent. She would not go to bed. When she had been at war with any one, no coaxing, pleading, or threats could drive her to bed. She sat silent and defiant, her strange eyes looking afar off. When Cutting came home she would stand up straight, her face pale at his look of reproach; then she would wait for him to kiss her on the forehead, and would go silently to her room.

He had some rare books. Among them was a cherished edition of Shakspere. Louie had often seen him reading it. The house-

keeper caught her one day poring over one of the volumes. She was reading only Cutting's marginal notes and wondering at them. She was twelve years old then. When Mrs. Fisher saw her on the floor with Mr. Cutting's volume in her lap she screamed.

Louie sprang to her feet. Mrs. Fisher started towards the child, and Louie backed slowly into a corner.

"Put that book down!" cried the housekeeper. "Put it down!"

Louie clasped it closely to her and looked at Mrs. Fisher with a wild light in her eyes.

"Don't touch me," said the child in a hushed tone. "Don't. If you come near me I will do something terrible."

The housekeeper, frightened by the intensity of the child's voice, paused, palsied with fear. Her eye again fell on the volume.

"Put it down!" she cried again, and started towards Louie. The child was very white. She opened the volume and held it by the leaves.

"Don't touch me," she said in a hissing whisper. "If you do—" she placed her fingers at the edge of the leaves with a threatening look.

Mrs. Fisher, terror-stricken, dashed forward. She heard a sharp, crisp rip. She saw Louie madly tearing the pages into fragments. She heard the sound of rip after rip. Louie was in a frenzy. In terror Mrs. Fisher fell into a chair and threw her hand against her heart. Louie tore the pages into a thousand pieces. She separated them with her impassioned fingers over and over again. She hurled the last fragments on the floor and sprang upon them. She stamped upon them. She dropped upon her knees, and, clutching at the innocent bits of paper, wrenched them apart. She thrust them into her quivering mouth, tearing them with her little white teeth. She could not destroy them to suit her wild frenzy. And then she was fearfully calm. She dropped into a chair. Her eyes blazed forth defiance, hatred, and wickedness.

"Oh, I hate you!" she cried passionately. "You make me bad. I could tear your eyes."

Mrs. Fisher was too faint to think. She lay back in a half-stupor.

Louie was uncompromising in her anger. She made no sign of penitence. They both sat there hour after hour. Louie was silent and fierce. They heard Cutting's step. Mrs. Fisher shuddered, but Louie did not move. He came into the room quietly.

"Why, Louie," he said, "you should have been abed hours ago." His eye caught the fragments spread over the floor.

"Louie, have you been rebellious again?" he asked. Then he saw the covers of the volume hurled into two corners of the room. He shook like a reed; he stooped and picked one up, then turned across the room to the other. He was dazed. He sent a questioning glance to Mrs. Fisher. She was sobbing in fright.

Louie was standing. She looked at him with a pitiful woe in her eyes. He fell on his knees gathering up the fragments.

"Louie," he cried in a hollow voice, "what is this? What have you been doing? Mary—"

But Louie was deathly white. She moved towards Cutting as if to throw herself into his arms. Her face was quivering with anguish. Cutting started back. There was an agony of grief and disappointment in his expression. Louie gave a little cry and, throwing out her arms wildly, fell to the floor.

"Poor child," said Cutting, as he lifted the limp little figure.

There were many such outbreaks, but as she became more tamed Cutting gradually reconciled her to going away to school. When he spoke of it her strong, young fingers clutched at her heart, and her eyes sought his in terror. Afterward she would go to her room and, locking the door, sob herself into a condition of exhaustion. But she never let Cutting know of this.

Meanwhile he became more and more reasonable at the office. At first it was feared that he was "running out," but his energy and vigor gave the lie to the fear.

Louie was fourteen when he took her to the Hills Seminary. In the train she held his hand tightly and looked steadily out of the window. She shivered when she saw the seminary buildings. She made no murmur, but her lips were pallid. Cutting smiled grimly. He was proud of her courage. He did not know how she was suffering. She was going into a cage. If she had permitted the cry that was in her heart to cross her pressed lips she would have wrung Cutting's heart and he would have taken her back to New York with him. But man could not have choked it from her. When it was time for Cutting to leave her his voice was tremulous. This discipline was costing him something too. At the door as they said goodby Louie was catching at her breath, but she said nothing. When he was gone, and the door of the cage was closed on her, there was a strained look on her white face and in her dark eyes which melted the heart of gentle Mrs. Moore, the head of the school.

"You are very lonely, are n't you, dear?" she said, pitying the child.

"I want to be alone in my room," Louie said in a dead voice.

Cutting went to the Hills once every week. When he entered the door he always found Louie there, her cheeks dyed with a crimson flush, her liquid eyes wonderful with the light

in them. She would seize his hand and drag him out of doors. Freedom and the air were her joy. How they walked! She almost dragged him along until she would stop suddenly, her fresh lips parted to let her eager lungs drink in the aërial elixir, and while his cheeks were pale with the exertion on hers was a deep red touch.

"Oh!" she would cry, clapping her palms together in her delight at freedom. And then she was all gentleness.

The reports of Louie's progress did not alarm Cutting.

"She works furiously, or she will not work at all," said Mrs. Moore, who loved the girl; "She is a strange, wild creature."

"No one understands her," Cutting said to himself after one of these talks. "She is greatly changed already." Louie was not changed. Discipline, as with Cutting himself, taught her to curb her passionate and impetuous nature. But at sixteen the intensity of her wildness was more fierce with her growing womanhood. Her feelings, once unchecked, were as fierce and uncontrollable as a whirlwind. She could imprison the tempest within her bosom, but she could not still it.

She was a magnificent creature then. She was tall and slight, so that her frame shook with every fierce impulse that flashed into her brain. Her great eyes had deepened, and only a blaze in her cheek could hide its bronze — the wild bronze of her blood. Impassioned with anger or scorn, she was a beautiful fury. Calm in her gentler moods, she was wonderful in her quiet submission.

It was at this time that Cutting began to fear when others were most confident. In her letters was a vehement energy which told him that she had not been tamed. It frightened him. Often he sat serious and silent, thinking of it.

There came a grave political campaign. Trouble was in the air. Something was wrong. Cutting was at his desk early, and the streaming sunlight fell on his grayish hair morning after morning. He missed going to the Hills for three successive weeks. He wrote that he would surely come next week. But a flash over the wires withered his plans. A strange thing was happening, an historical event which was to make a president when few people believed it possible, however great their hopes. There came out of the calm where the fever of politics did not rage a message from the heart — "This is killing me."

The night editor of "The Organ" loved only two things. He yielded to that which he loved least, and with an aching heart remained at his desk. The nation's decision and a summons to the editor-in-chief reached Cutting on the same night. There was to be a new night editor, and Mr. Cutting, managing editor, was to select him.

The night was crisp when Cutting came into the editorial rooms the next evening with his usual quick, nervous tread. The keen air had fanned a slight spark in his pale cheeks. The excitement of the last few days, the stimulant of near promotion, and the thought of seeing the impatient Louie added new energy to his great vigor. But after pulling his chair abruptly along the floor he sat down wearily. Some machinery runs down slowly and quietly. Some suddenly snaps when going at full speed.

There was a heap of mail before Cutting, — letters, telegrams, queries from correspondents, — the usual amount of matter on a night editor's desk when he goes to work. He ran his slender hand impatiently through them. His rapid blue pencil checked off a long list. Then he turned again to the mail. Mr. Freeling was standing behind him, holding a dozen pages of copy in his hand, waiting to speak with the night editor.

Cutting was slower than usual. He was reading a letter. Mr. Freeling rustled his copy and then scraped his feet gently on the floor to give warning that he was there. When Cutting finished his letter he sighed. It was a sigh of weary acquiescence, accepting fate. He refolded the letter slowly and placed it in the envelope. His fingers trembled.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Freeling," he said, looking up in a dazed way from under the green shade on his forehead. His face was very white, and the corners of his mouth were drawn.

"Washington special?" His tones were lifeless. "Yes; that 's about right. Thank you," he added gently.

Freeling looked at Cutting's face. "Better send one of the boys out for some brandy," he suggested. "You look faint."

"Yes; thank you," answered Cutting. "Please send one."

When Freeling had been at his desk for a minute or two he leaned towards the cable editor to ask for a match.

"Cutting is in a bad way," he said in a low voice, looking over to the night editor's desk where Cutting was at work, his head bent under the swinging electric light so that the fine gray in his hair glistened. His fingers to-night moved heavily across the written pages.

"He ought to go to the Bermudas," added Freeling, thoughtfully. "I wish we were n't so busy here all the time. I have been meaning to talk to him about it for weeks, and neither of us has had the time."

"He would n't go," said the other, whipping a blue pencil through a line. "Cutting thinks he has a constitution of iron. The constitution was never made that could stand the abuse which he gives his."

Meanwhile Cutting was bending over his work.

Freeling came up to him briskly late that night.

"Here 's a good suicide," he said shortly — "first page; the Hills Seminary."

Cutting's fingers worked nervously, but he did not raise his eyes.

"Girl of sixteen," Freeling jerked out; "same name as yours; terrible young vixen; flew into a rage because they would n't let her go home. Locked herself in her room and strangled herself with a towel."

Cutting shivered slightly.

"Louie," continued Freeling, "I suppose that 's Louise, eh?"

"I suppose so," answered Cutting, faintly. He turned slowly in his chair. A wan smile was on his thin lips.

"Never mind the suicide," he said quietly. "We will not use it to-night."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Freeling in surprise, "it 's the best story we have — Hills. Seminary."

"Never mind it, Will," answered Cutting, looking at him with eyes of gentle authority. "I don't want it."

"Of course if you don't want it —" Freeling spoke curtly, and went back to his desk, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"I do not want it," said Cutting, sharply, flashing his eyes on Freeling that his assistant might feel that he was rebuked. Freeling was silent.

Before Cutting went up-stairs to the forms he looked over Freeling's shoulder. His hand rested lightly on his assistant's arm.

"Don't feel cut up about that story, Will," he said, hesitating, as if it hurt him to make an explanation.

"Not at all," said Freeling, stiffly.

"I want to say," Cutting went on, lowering his voice, and his fingers brushed lightly over Freeling's sleeve, "that there was no reflection on your judgment. I will tell you, Will, that I have recommended you to Mr. Jackson to take my place. This affair here — I — it was a personal matter."

Freeling shot a keen glance at him, but Cutting's eye turned swiftly, so that the look seemed to glance aside.

"Get up that late 'Chicago' as soon as possible," Cutting said. "I am going up to the forms. And say, Will," he added, retracing the steps which he had taken towards the door, "can you come down early to-morrow night? I am going out of town, and may be late. Thank you very much."

It was stifling in the composing-room. The air was hot and the men were suffering, but the breeze outside was so strong that the windows had to be closed on account of the fluttering copy. Cutting was oppressed by the closeness, and once he complained that the brilliant lights blinded him. His face as he leaned over the forms had changed to the lifeless white of chalk.

"Hurry up that last 'Chicago,'" he said to the foreman. "We are late now. Oh, here is the proof, Henry."

He took the proof to measure it on the form for space. His hand was unsteady.

"Measure it, Henry," he said in a dull voice, "I can't see it."

"Sha'n't I send for Mr. Freeling, sir? You are sick."

Cutting shook his head.

"Get the type," he said. "We are late."

He placed his head on the form, and ran his thin fingers through his gray locks, letting them rest there. The big hand of the clock was solemn in its warning that the paper was late. Henry came running back with the type. The foreman hurried along the big room with an oath on his lips.

"We 'll miss the mails!" he cried angrily. "Here 's the type, Mr. Cutting. Mr. Cutting! Mr. Cutting! Henry, run down for Mr. Freeling; Mr. Cutting is sick."

Freeling bounded up the steps three at a time.

"Look out, Cutting!" he cried, his eyes on the clock; "you 'll miss the mails. Here, let me get at the form. That 's right — 'Chicago B' there. What 's the trouble, Cutting?"

Freeling's mouth was at Cutting's ear. He looked up with startled eyes.

"Help Mr. Cutting down-stairs," he said in awed tones.

Then gently, "Mr. Cutting is dead. Be quick," he added; "lock up that form," for the paper was late, and the presses were waiting.

Ervin Wardman.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE PALAZZO PUBBLICO (FORMERLY IN THE CHURCH OF S. ROMANO), LUCCA.

MARY MAGDALENE, DETAIL FROM THE PAINTING BY BARTOLOMMEO.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO DELLA PORTA (1475–1517). MARIOTTO ALBERTINELLI (1474–1515).

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

THE relation between Fra Bartolommeo and Albertinelli was so intimate during the greater part of their not very eventful lives that they can hardly be considered apart. Fra Bartolommeo was born in a suburb of Florence and received his surname della Porta from the fact that his father lived near the gate of the city. At the age of nine, as he showed a precocious fondness for drawing, he was put in the studio of Cosimo Rosselli, having as one of his companions in work Albertinelli, a year his senior. A warm friendship arose between them, which lasted through life, though at times chilled by the utter difference between their natures,—Bartolommeo or Baccio, as he was called in his secular life, being of a gravity of character which accords with what we generally attribute to the painters of the religious epoch,[1] while Albertinelli was of a merry temperament and strained the limitations of religious art in his feeling for something more mundane. When they conceived that the instruction of Rosselli had given them all they could hope for from him they took a studio together and worked independently, Mariotto devoting himself mainly to the study of the antiques in the Medici gardens and Baccio to that of Masaccio, Filippino, and Leonardo. The deeper nature finally prevailed over the more vivacious, and later in life Mariotto took his friend as his model, and, with occasional departures due to his invincible love of pleasures which had nothing to do with art, they worked together at intervals through their lives, which, as they began nearly together, ended only two years apart. Their installation as painters and students on their own account took place when the elder was sixteen to eighteen, Vasari giving the latter date and Cavalcaselle the former.

The serious nature of Baccio was attracted by the preaching of Savonarola, who occupied the attention of all minds in Florence at the time when the painter was just entering into manhood, and he soon became one of his most earnest disciples. Mariotto on the contrary enrolled himself amongst the scoffers, and the friendship of the two had a short interruption, each taking part in the antagonism which distracted Florence. But the pious nature of Baccio could not hold rancor, and the shallower one of Mariotto could not dispense with the influence of his younger Mentor, and though they never agreed as to the reform or the reformer, they became reconciled in art. Baccio became one of the puritans and contributed his profane works to the bonfire which the Dominican kindled in the public place of Florence, abandoning thenceforward the practice of profane art. He went further in his enthusiasm than his gentle nature warranted, and was one of the defenders of the convent of San Marco when it was attacked by the mob to drag out Savonarola, and, terrified by the conflict, he vowed if he came out alive and safe to enter the order of St. Dominick. It was a year after the crisis of his spiritual master's fate that he took the vows. The sobriety of his temperament and his conscientious regard of his duties are shown even in his manner of paying obedience to his vow. He made the same preparations to enter the convent that he would have made for death. He had a younger half-brother who, not being of sound intellect or from some other cause not being responsible for himself, had been put under the tutorship of Baccio, and he had to arrange for the making over to him of the property which his father had left him; and he had also taken a commission for a fresco in the chapel which Gerozzo Dini had built for the hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova, on which he worked till 1499, when, having finished the upper portion and the cartoon for the whole, he left the finishing to his fellow worker Mariotto, who completed it from the designs of Baccio. On the 26th of July, 1500, the painter took the vows at Prato and a year later he returned to the convent of San Marco in Florence, the scene of the labors of his beloved master. Under his religious name, Fra Bartolommeo, he buried himself and his ambitions in the cloister, and it was only at the solicitations of his Prior and friend, Sante Pagnini, that he consented to take up again his pencils in the service of God. The "Last Judgment," which he had designed and in part painted for the hospital, had been recognized as a work which in some respects was an advance on all previous painters, and the

[1] The existence of certain drawings from antique motives, distinctly irreligious, does not disprove the general tendency. At that time there was a strong feeling in Florence for the worst forms of Hellenistic art, to which Baccio yielded for the moment only.

order of St. Dominick had had too much acquaintance with art in its ranks not to know that the new brother could in no other way so advance its interests as by his pencil. Vasari says of the fresco of the "Last Judgment" that it was considered by the artists of the time as the *ne plus ultra* of the art; it is said to have served as a lesson for contemporary painters, and even Raphael with all his genius for composition seems to have taken something from this artist. The first work which Fra Bartolommeo executed in his new life was the "Appearing of the Virgin to St. Bernard" for the church of the Badia, and now in the Academy of Fine Arts (Accademia) of Florence. As the price was not agreed on before the picture was executed, it became the subject of a dispute between the patron for whose order it was painted and the convent, Fra Bartolommeo's personal interests being merged in the rights of the order and the proceeds of his work going into the treasury of San Marco. The price put on the picture by the painter was 200 ducats; Bernardo del Bianco, the patron, offered 80, and the affair promised to be the subject of a suit at law when, by the intermediation of Francesco Magalotti, brother-in-law of Bernardo and a friend of the convent, it was compromised at 100 ducats.

The painter was not so easily rid of the world as he had imagined. His half-insane brother Piero came to break his peace again by his extravagances, which led the relatives to whom he had transferred his guardianship to withdraw from the charge, so that Fra Bartolommeo had again to become responsible. This time his friend Mariotto came to his relief and took charge of the brother, undertaking to teach him painting at the same time, administer his estate for five years, and take as payment the income of the property. The Prior of the convent and the father of Mariotto witnessed the contract, which was executed on the 1st of January, 1506. To aid in reawakening his devotion to his art came the arrival of Raphael in Florence, which took place at the time he resumed the pencil, and in 1506 the relations between the two painters took on the character of intimacy, which shows itself in the works of both executed during this period. Raphael caught the mellowness of tint which Fra Bartolommeo had attained in his use of oils, and which he finally carried to excess, thus sadly interfering with the stability of some of his later pictures. The friar learned the charm of Raphael's grace and the value of the Perugian treatment of landscape.

When in 1508 Raphael left Florence for Rome, Fra Bartolommeo went to Venice to study the school of color. He was welcomed by his brothers in St. Dominick with open arms, and a commission was at once given him to paint a picture for their vicar. This he was wise enough to paint only after he had finished his studies at Venice and had returned to Florence, when he produced the picture from which Mr. Cole has engraved a portion — St. Mary Magdalen and St. Catherine of Siena in ecstasy at the sight of God. His stay in Venice must have been short, for this picture was painted in the same year. The monks of the convent at Venice made difficulties about the price of the picture, for which the painter asked seventy-eight ducats, having already received twenty-eight, and it was finally sent by the prior to Lucca where it still remains. In 1509, with the consent of the prior, Albertinelli was installed in the studio belonging to the convent as the official assistant of Fra Bartolommeo, and this time the partnership lasted till January 5, 1512, when it was dissolved for reasons unknown,[1] by mutual consent. In the division of the proceeds which was provided for by the act of association the money which came to each was 212 ducats, and the pictures were divided between them, the studio effects being the property of the friar for his life, to revert on his death to Albertinelli.

At this juncture Mariotto decided to give up painting and became an innkeeper, establishing himself outside the Porta San Gallo of Florence; but this new vocation was found to be a delusion, and he returned to his colors a year after. We have, however, no intimation of any later association with Fra Bartolommeo. The latter in 1514 made a visit of two months to Rome, and not long after Albertinelli also visited the then center of all art interest; and both seem to have found there the seeds of the disease which ended both lives prematurely. At any rate Mariotto came back in a litter and died in Florence November 5, 1515. Fra Bartolommeo was then in the hospital of Pian di Mugnone, and though he continued to paint during the next two years his health was never well established after his return from Rome, and he died of a new access of fever on the 6th of October, 1517.[2]

It is unlikely that we can justly estimate the relative position which was assigned to Fra Bartolommeo in his lifetime or immediately after his death. Something of his fame was due to the technical quality of oils in which there was then but little experimenting. The unwonted brilliancy of this quality in the Florentine school gave a fascination to the general effect which has now become lost through the loss of intensity of color which his pictures have sustained

[1] Possibly the change may have been due to the change of prior, coinciding as it did with the retirement of the friend of Fra Bartolommeo from the priorate.

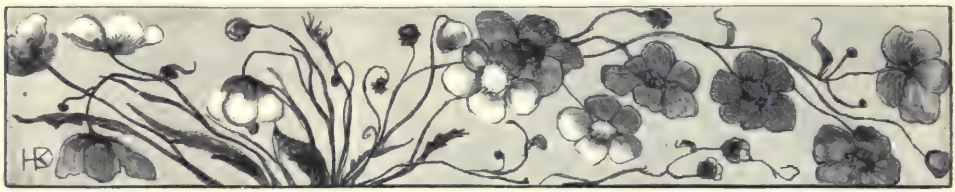
[2] Dohme says August 3d. Gruyer October 6th.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

THE VISITATION, BY ALBERTINELLI.

in comparison with the tempera pictures and those in which oil was used only for glazings and to heighten the brilliancy of the tempera. The vehicle is so strong an element in the friar's work that the darker passages in some instances have quite lost all their value as color. The execution is thin and at times disagreeable in comparison with the contemporary work of the Venetians, and the types of his saints and sacred personages are wanting in robustness and vitality. His religious conceptions are, however, amongst the most dignified of his school, and the true rank of the artist is rather in his powers of design than in his color or his ideals of character. The strongly individual types which we had in Botticelli and in Filippino are as far from the ideal of beauty and conventional grace as those of Fra Bartolommeo, but they impress us by their veracity and variety, while those of the Friar do not. He borrowed well and from many sources, but what he added is not always the best of his work. His personality strikes me as weak, and his work owes no doubt much of its dignity to the effect of his devotional feeling and to his sympathetic appropriation of the knowledge of his predecessors. Except for his carrying the quality of oil painting further than his contemporaries had done, I do not see any innovation or supremacy in his pictures which remain.

W. J. Stillman.



CHATTERTON IN HOLBORN.

FROM country fields I came, that hid
The harvest mice at play,
And followed care, whose summons bid
To London's troubled way.

And there, in wandering far and wide,
I chanced ere day was done
Where Holborn poured its civic tide
Beneath the autumn sun.

So hot the sun, so great the throng,
I gladly stayed my feet
To hear a linnet's captive song
Accuse the noisy street.

There heavily an old house bowed
Its gabled head, and made
Obeisance to the modern crowd
That swept athwart its shade.

Below, an open window kept
Old books in rare display,
Where critics drowsed and poets slept
Till Grub Street's judgment-day.

One book brought care again to me,—
The book of Rowley's rhyme,
That Chatterton, in seigneury
Of song, bore out of time.

The merchant of such ware, unseen,
Watched spider-like the street;
He came forth, gray, and spider-thin,
And talked with grave conceit.

Old books, old times,—he drew them nigh
At Chatterton's pale spell:
"'T was Brook Street," said he, "saw him die,
Old Holborn knew him well."

The words brought back in sudden sway
That new-old tale of doom;
It seemed the boy but yesterday
Died in his lonely room.

Without, the press of men was heard;
I heard, as one who dreamed,
The hurrying throng, the singing bird,
And yesterday it seemed.

And as I turned to go, the tale
This pensive requiem made,
As though within the churchyard's pale
The boy was newly laid:

"Perhaps (who knows?) the hurrying throng
Gave hopeless thoughts to him;
I fancy how he wandered, long,
Until the light grew dim.

"The windows saw him come and pass
And come and go again,
And still the throng swept by—alas!
The barren face of men.

"And when the day was done, the way
Was lost in lethal deeps:
Sweet Life!—what requiem to say?—
'T is well, 't is well, he sleeps!"

Ernest Rhys.

GENERAL MILES'S INDIAN CAMPAIGNS.

ON THE STAKED PLAINS.

GENERAL Sherman has called the twenty years of constant Indian warfare following the war of the Rebellion, "The Battle of Civilization." That battle, on this continent, of course, began earlier, but certain facts made that period an epoch by itself. A chief fact to be noted is that the Indians during that time were always well armed, often much better than the troops. At the battle of Bear Paw, for instance, the Indians used magazine rifles of the best pattern, while even now, nearly fourteen years afterward, the army still has to do without them. The field of "The Battle of Civilization" was the vast trans-Missouri region, and civilization did not, during that period, satisfy itself with a gradual advance of its line, as formerly, but became aggressive, pierced the Indian country with three trans-continental railways and so ultimately abolished the frontier. A very large portion of the army (including nearly all of the cavalry and infantry and a small portion of the artillery) was at one time or another occupied with the task and many heroic deeds were done, but the conspicuously successful leaders were few.

General Nelson A. Miles as colonel of the 5th Infantry led his first command against hostile Indians in 1874. In the summer of that year small bands of southern Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes and Comanches made several raids in the Indian Territory, Texas, southern Kansas and southeastern Colorado, but escaped punishment by flying to their agencies. At last, on the 21st of July, the Department of the Interior gave the Secretary of War authority to punish these Indians wherever found, even to follow them upon their reservations. Under this authority General Miles was ordered into the field. He organized his command at Fort Dodge, Kansas, on the left bank of the Arkansas River. It consisted of eight troops of the 6th Cavalry, four companies of the 5th Infantry, and a section of artillery made up of details from cavalry and infantry. Later in the season four troops of the 8th Cavalry joined this command and some of the 6th Cavalry were withdrawn from the field.

In a summer of exceptional heat and drought even for that region, and through a section eaten bare by the invading army of grasshoppers whose flight was a "pillar of cloud by day" and whose encampment at night was as the devastation of fire, the command pressed rapidly southward from the Arkansas. Even prior to the inception of the movement, the scope of this Indian Territory Expedition, as it was called, differed from some of the notable Indian campaigns in the particular that General Miles waged Indian warfare according to the well-known principles of the art of war, so far as applicable. In too many cases expeditions against Indians had been like dogs fastened by a chain: within the length of the chain irresistible, beyond it powerless. The chain was its wagon train and supplies. A command with thirty days' supplies could inflict a terrible blow if only it could within thirty days come up with the Indians, deliver its blow, and get back to

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER.)

more supplies — otherwise it repeated the historic campaign of "the king of France with forty thousand men." Or if perchance it delivered its blow successfully, it could not, for lack of time, follow up its success and attain the only object of just war, which is peace.

Before leaving Fort Dodge, General Miles applied for supplies such as would be needed should the campaign continue into the winter; an act of foresight which contributed much to his success. As the command moved out the chief of scouts, First-Lieutenant F. D. Baldwin, 5th Infantry, of whom we shall hear more, was detached with scouts and Delaware Indians to move rapidly far from the right flank of the command, to prevent hostile Indians from devastating the settlements in its rear, and with instructions to reach the Canadian River near Adobe Walls, an abandoned trading post where a group of bold buffalo hunters had sustained a siege for several days and inflicted such loss on the besieging Indians that they withdrew. By vigorous and well-timed marches, the main command and its flankers reached the Canadian River about the same time, the scouts putting to flight a party of hostiles near Adobe Walls, and then sweeping along the right bank of the Canadian and rejoining the command at its crossing-place near Antelope Hills. The results of this advance were two-fold: the General learned that there was no considerable body of hostiles in his rear, and the Indians were made aware that the troops were advancing against them.

On the first day's march south of the Canadian, large camps, recently and hastily abandoned, were found along the Washita River, and a broad trail made by the lodge poles, travois, and ponies led off to the south, crossing the numerous affluents of the great Red River and leading towards the "Llano Estacado," or "Staked Plains," so-called because their ocean-like expanse is so monotonous that stakes were formerly driven along the trails which could not otherwise be identified. As water would be found on the "Yarner" (as the scouts call the Llano) with great difficulty in the extreme drought of summer, the only chance of striking a blow at once was by overtaking the retreating hostiles before they reached that region. The cavalry pushed rapidly forward, and the sturdy infantry, just

from garrison, but well seasoned by drills and the gymnastic exercises that General Miles had instituted, marched patiently through heat and dust and "got there" every day. Indians never fight a considerable force while they can fly from it, and none but those who have experienced the hardship of the long pursuit, with its hunger, and thirst, and sleeplessness, can understand the feeling of restfulness and grim satisfaction with which a command sees that the race is over and the fight about to open.

August 30 was the day, and the "breaks" of the Red River, some thirteen miles from its bed, the place where the fight opened. Suddenly, from behind bluff and bush, as if they sprang from the bosom of the earth full armed, the hostiles came tearing down upon Baldwin's scouts and Indians, with the *crack, crack*, of their rifles, and the whoop of their war-cries. But Baldwin was the man for the place and Miles knew it; his sufficient discretion never had a touch of hesitancy or timidity, and he was fitly seconded by brave old "Fall Leaf" of the Delawares. Meantime Colonel Biddle, under the immediate command of General Miles, deployed his battalion of cavalry forward at the run; Colonel Compton, giving rein to his horses, swung his battalion out on the right; Lieutenant Pope's artillery, with infantry support, came rapidly up in the center, and there began a running fight over thirteen miles of sun-baked earth, glowing with a furnace heat, gashed in gullies and deep ravines by the flood-like rains which at times prevail there. Whenever the Indians made a stand the troops were hurled upon them, and the fight, which if it had opened timidly would have been a stoutly contested affair, soon became a rout and a chase. Col. Biddle threw forward Captain Chaffee with his troop as skirmishers, who there made his famous battle-field speech: "Forward! and if any man is killed I 'll make him a corporal!"

Down through the jagged ravines the troops pursued across a half-mile of sand where at times a river flows, up the right bank and into the valley of the Tule, a branch of the Red River, where a burning camp, abandoned utensils, and a trail leading up a precipitous cliff told of the hasty flight of the Indians. The long chase before the fight, the rapid pursuit after through the intolerable heat of sun and earth, and the absence of water made it necessary to call a halt. Men and animals were famishing — some men drank the blood of a buffalo, and all the water found in Red River was a small pool of saturated gypsum and alkali, rendered indescribably vile from having been for a long time a buffalo wallow. With infinite labor the command, after resting, followed the trail over which Pope, by devoting the night to it, had dragged up his Gatlings, and so climbed out of the valley of the Tule and followed the Indian trail for miles out on the Llano. It became evident that no pursuit could be successful without supplies, and that before a train could be brought through the ravines and breaks of the valley to the table-land on the right bank of the Red River the Indians could get beyond pursuit. Hence a recall was sounded.

The train with escort, commanded by Major W. Lyman of the 5th Infantry, was sent back to Camp Supply to replenish, and, on its return, was attacked near the Washita River by a large force of Comanches and Kiowas who had come up in rear of General Miles's command, fresh from their reservation. Stimulated with the hope of capturing rations and ammunition the Indians for five days laid siege to the train, which was most heroically and successfully defended.

Intent on conquering a peace and not merely beating the Indians in one engagement, General Miles overcame the greatest obstacles in the few weeks of comparative inactivity that ensued. Of these obstacles it must suffice, here, to say they ought never to have existed, yet they would have wrecked the expedition but for the indomitable persistence of its commander. On November 8, a detachment under Lieutenant F. D. Baldwin surprised a large camp of hostiles near the head of McClellan Creek in the early morning, and at once attacked with such vigor as to compel the Indians to abandon the protection of the ravines and retreat to the open country. Time and again they rallied and renewed the defense, but were finally driven by the troops and scattered in utter rout, leaving in their flight two little captive white girls — Adelaide and Julia Germaine — aged five and seven years. Their parents, brother, and one sister were all murdered by the Indians in Kansas, where their two older sisters were captured in the summer previous. The surrender, which crowned the expedition with success, included the older sisters. General Miles became guardian for the four, and upon his recommendation Congress authorized the stoppage from the annuities of the Cheyennes of an amount for their support. In the center of the vast section, including the Pan Handle of Texas and the adjacent portions of the Indian Territory which had been wrested by Miles from the hostiles, was erected a military post named for the gallant Major Elliott of the Seventh Cavalry, who had lost his life November 27, 1868, in Custer's Battle of the Washita.

A CONFLICT WITH SITTING BULL.

THOSE familiar with the frontier twenty or twenty-five years ago will readily recall the

estimation in which the numbers and prowess of the Sioux were held; also the prestige that they had after the Fort Phil Kearny massacre in 1866, and the abandonment by the Government, at their dictation, of the Powder River route and of several military posts. More than once, in derogation of laurels won in warfare against other Indians, it was said, "Wait till you meet the Sioux."

Simultaneous with the arrival at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, of the news of the Custer catastrophe on the Little Big Horn, Montana, came orders to General Miles and the 5th Infantry to proceed to the scene of hostilities to form a subordinate part of the large command already there. In the earlier service of the 7th Cavalry in Kansas most agreeable social relations had existed between many members of the two regiments, and the list of those slain on that fatal 25th of June, 1876, contained many names which were read with a pang of sorrow; and so, though the 5th marched gaily out of Fort Leavenworth, decked with bouquets, to the familiar strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," officers and men marched with sad hearts. The long journey up the Missouri and the Yellowstone was accomplished without noteworthy incidents. Summer drew to a close, and the objects of the campaign remained unattained. The two large commands then in the field were ordered to their stations early in the autumn, and General Miles was left on the Yellowstone with his own regiment (the 5th Infantry) and six companies of the 22d Infantry. The task assigned him was to build log huts for his troops and stores, bring forward the winter supplies, by wagon, from the mouth of the Yellowstone, and then the command was expected to hibernate, protecting themselves from attack and holding the ground for a basis of campaign in the following year. Two cantonments were built, one at the mouth of the Tongue River, and the other on the left bank of the Yellowstone, nearly opposite the present city of Glendive, but there was no hibernating, for the disposition of the commander did not favor it, and he was so isolated that action on his own judgment was necessary under the circumstances. Immediately on assuming command General Miles began, as in the Indian Territory Expedition, to plan for a systematic campaign.

The hostiles belonged on the large reservations far to the south and southeast of the Yellowstone, and the General took means of getting the earliest possible information of their absenting themselves therefrom. He became satisfied, early in October, that a very large number of the hostiles were in his vicinity, and this fact, added to a prolonged delay in the expected arrival at the cantonment on Tongue River of a supply train coming up from the cantonment at Glendive, induced him to march out with the 5th Infantry and proceed down on the left bank of the Yellowstone. On the 18th of October he met the train under escort of a battalion of the 22d Infantry commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. Otis of that regiment. The train had been once obliged to return to Glendive by the strong force of Indians, its teamsters so demoralized that their places were filled by soldiers. When advancing the second time Otis received, October 16, the following note, left on a hilltop by an Indian runner:

YELLOWSTONE.

I want to know what you are doing traveling on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt in this place. I want you to turn back from here. If you don't I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here and turn back from here.

I am your friend, SITTING BULL.

I mean all the rations you have got and some powder. Wish you would write as soon as you can.

Otis sent a firm reply by a scout and proceeded with the train surrounded by the Indians, who, for a considerable time, kept up firing but gradually fell to the rear. When General Miles learned the situation from Colonel Otis he started after Sitting Bull and overtook him near the head of Cedar Creek, a northern affluent of the Yellowstone. Sitting Bull sent a flag of truce to General Miles desiring to communicate, and General Miles met him with Chief Gall and several others between the lines. Sitting Bull shrewdly wished for an "old-fashioned peace" for the winter (when warfare is most difficult), with permission to hunt and trade for ammunition, on which conditions he agreed not to molest the troops. But General Miles's object was permanent peace and the security of the territory then and before dominated by the Sioux, and he told Sitting Bull plainly that peace could come only by absolute submission. When the interview closed the troops were moved with the intention of intercepting the Indians should they try to move northward, and on the 21st of October another similar interview between the lines occurred.

The Indians undoubtedly intended to emulate the act of bad faith by which General Canby lost his life at the hands of the Modocs, April 11, 1873. Several of their younger warriors, with affected carelessness, gradually moved forward in position to surround the party under the flag of truce. General Miles, observing this, moved back a step or two and told Sitting Bull very forcibly that those men were too young for the council, and that the "talk" would end just there unless they re-

turned to their lines. One of them had slipped a carbine up under his buffalo robe. Another muttered to Sitting Bull, "Why don't you talk strong?" and he replied, "When I say that, I am going to shoot him." Meantime the troops were held in readiness to attack, had any act of bad faith been attempted; even the accidental discharge of a firearm would have precipitated an attack in which all between the lines would have fallen. It became evident, at last, that only force could settle the question, and General Miles said to Sitting Bull, "I will either drive you out of this country or you will me. I will take no advantage of you under flag of truce and give you fifteen minutes to get back to your lines; then, if my terms are not accepted, I will open fire." With an angry grunt the old Medicine Man turned and ran back to his lines; the whole country was alive with Indians, not less than a thousand warriors swarmed all about the command, which, in a slender line extended to protect front and flanks and rear, pushed vigorously forward and drove the Indians from the deep valleys at the source of Cedar Creek, compelling them to leave some of their dead on the field, which they never willingly do, and then pursued them so hotly for forty-two miles to the Yellowstone that they abandoned food, lodge poles, camp equipage, and ponies.

On October 27, more than four hundred lodges, about two thousand Indians, surrendered to General Miles, and five chiefs were taken as hostages for the execution by the Indians of their terms of surrender, *i. e.*, to go to their various agencies. Sitting Bull and his immediate following, his family and connections by marriage, broke away from the main body during the pursuit and escaped northward, where he was later joined by Gall and other chiefs with some followers.

The estimated number of warriors in this engagement was one thousand. To General Miles and to the 5th Infantry, three hundred and ninety-eight rifles, is due the honor of this important victory, which had far-reaching consequences. Not since the battle of Little Big Horn had the followers of Sitting Bull been attacked by the troops in offensive battle. This was the first of a series of engagements in which the command of General Miles, or some detachment therefrom, vigorously assumed the offensive, and here began the successful battles and combats which resulted in breaking the power of the dreaded Sioux and bringing security and prosperity to a vast territory which is now penetrated by railways, occupied by hardy and prosperous settlers, dotted over with towns and cities, and already so developed and so permeated by the influences of our civilization that, in the form of new States, or portions thereof, it augments the glory and dignity of the nation.

Returning to the cantonment at Tongue River, General Miles organized a force — four hundred and thirty-four rifles — made up of the 5th and a portion of the 22d Infantry and pushed northward in pursuit of Sitting Bull, but the trail was obliterated by snow near the Big Dry, the broad bed of that which at times becomes a southern affluent of the Missouri. A winter of great severity, even for that region, opened early, and the command suffered intensely but kept the field and scoured the country along the Missouri River above and below old Fort Peck.

On December 7, a detachment of the command,— Companies G, H, and I, 5th Infantry — one hundred officers and men, commanded by First Lieutenant F. D. Baldwin, 5th Infantry, overtook Sitting Bull's camp, one hundred and ninety lodges, and drove it across the Missouri, and on the 18th the same force surprised the camp near the head of Redwater, a southern affluent of the Missouri, and captured camp and contents with sixty animals, the Indians scattering out south of the Yellowstone.

As Sitting Bull did not for a considerable time thereafter enter as a factor into the campaign, it will be permitted to anticipate for a little and describe his subsequent movements. With a small following he shortly after moved northward and camped on the left bank of the Missouri; thence, near the end of the winter, poor and with scarcely any ammunition, he and his scanty following sought refuge north of the international boundary. As a war was raging of which he was an important factor — not so much from military prowess as from his position as a "Medicine Man" and an extreme and inveterate savage Indian, which made him the nucleus of all the disaffected and hostile Sioux — his band ought to have been either disarmed at the boundary or interned. General Miles made repeated and urgent appeals to the higher authorities that action to that end be taken, but unfortunately it was not taken.

Sitting Bull's position and character, as before indicated, and the freedom for a considerable time accorded him and his followers, north of the line, induced a large number of the hostile and disaffected to steal away to him, and so the Northwest Territory of the Dominion became the rendezvous and supply camp of a threatening force. But for the time Sitting Bull was eliminated from the problem of conquering a peace, and the closing months of 1876 saw the beginning of the end of the great Sioux war. The intense cold of a Montana winter did not chill the ardor nor lessen the

activity of Miles and his indomitable infantry, and the winter was to witness, on their part, almost incessant and markedly successful campaigning.

CRAZY HORSE BROUGHT TO TERMS.

A MONTANA winter, and so severe a one as that of 1876-77, might well be accounted a sufficient reason for the suspension of active operations. With thermometers rarely above zero, usually far below, and quite often so far that the mercury was solid and only spirit thermometers registered; with snow piled so deep in all the valleys that movement was laborious and tedious in the extreme, and with blizzards sweeping over the country, the thought of seriously attempting protracted expeditions would have entered most minds, if at all, only to be rejected. But General Miles took account of the fact that the difficulties for the troops, as briefly indicated, would be even greater for the Indians who do not voluntarily venture far from their camp in some sheltered valley in severe weather, and believed that if clothing, equipment, and transportation could be so increased as to meet the conditions presented there was promise of unusual successes.

Those who have seen only holiday soldiers or even troops on ordinary field service, would scarcely have recognized the four hundred and thirty-six officers and enlisted men of the 5th and 22d Infantry regiments who started up the valley of Tongue River, Montana, on the 29th of December, 1876. They might have been excused — these supposed spectators — had they concluded that a sportive band of buffaloes were trying to "evolute" into bipeds. Over the heavy woolen clothing supplied to the army for winter wear, the men were, many of them, fur-clad from head to foot; in lieu of a face there was presented to the observer a frost-covered woolen muffler frozen solidly upon an ice-clad beard, "trimmed with the same" in form of icicles, so that a long thaw had to precede disrobing. Enormous overshoes of rubber or of buffalo skin flesh side out, drawn on over German socks, gave warmth to the feet that they robbed of all nimbleness. Efficiency was the object aimed at, and to this end the army belts and cartridge boxes had given place to canvas belts made by the soldiers, looped with the same to hold a row or two rows of metallic cartridges. (The "prairie belt" since adopted for the army embodies the same principle.) General Miles, by stimulating emulation among the men, encouraged them to devise these improvements, and the men were intelligent and knew well by experience that "one more cartridge" for the modern soldier was like the "one step nearer" for the ancient who had a short sword — it might mean all the difference between success and failure.

The incidents of camp and march illustrative of the effects of the intense cold are capable of most interesting elaboration and illustration: here a soldier hastily removes shoe and stocking and rubs with snow his rapidly freezing feet; there *seems* to be Mark Twain's lightning-rod man replenishing the fire with his wares, but really *is* a scout thawing a rigid rawhide lariat so that he can coil it, and now a teamster with a well-grounded doubt as to his future expresses the hope that St. Peter, when he learns that a man "was one of Miles's teamsters," will give him friendly welcome as one who "has suffered enough."

Already in the expedition northward to the Missouri — as before related — many of the difficulties of a winter campaign had been studied and overcome, and the later days of December, 1876, saw the command at the cantonment on Tongue River equipping itself for a blow at Crazy Horse. This Sioux chief was at the head of the Ogallalas, and had borne a prominent part, if indeed he was not the most prominent, in the repulse administered by the Indians, June 17, 1876, to Crook's command advancing from the department of the Platte toward the Yellowstone; he had also been one of the important chiefs in the battle of the Little Big Horn, where also were Sitting Bull's following, the Uncapapas, and many others.

Crazy Horse, with a large force of Sioux and Northern Cheyennes, was camped along Tongue River and other southern affluents of the Yellowstone, and it soon became evident that the Indians would dispute the passage of the Tongue. Sharp skirmishes took place on the 1st and 3d of January (1877), and on the 7th the advance made a capture of eight Indians, mostly women and children, but of importance, as was found later, because of their relationship to leading men. The Indians made a determined effort to rescue the captives. The scouts in the lead made a bold charge upon them at dark on the 7th and were surrounded. Lieutenant Casey of the 22d Infantry, in command of a detachment of mounted infantry, with great intrepidity dashed in to the rescue with a scanty half-score of brave followers and beat off the Indian rear guard. It was now evident that the contest was at hand and the Indians chose well their field. Near the southern boundary of Montana, where Tongue River breaks through Wolf Mountains and flows in a deep cañon, whose steep walls were then mantled with deep snow or glazed with ice, the Indians sought (January 8) not only to check the advancing troops but to hold them helpless at their mercy while, from the crests above, they should deliberately shoot them down and over-

whelm them. Whooping and yelling, as is their custom in battle, they shouted to the troops "You 've had your last breakfast." Here again the quick discernment, rapid movements, and bold attack of General Miles changed the nature of the battle and snatched a victory from conditions that were more favorable to defeat. Instead of permitting himself to be cooped up within the narrow valley he determined at once to deploy boldly out, occupying the widely separated hilltops along a broad front with a thin line, and put every man and every rifle at once into the fight. Every man must be a hero, for there is no touch of elbow and no rear rank; every captain must be a capable commander, for the line to right and left is gashed by deep valleys between his and the adjacent companies. No one who has not participated in such an engagement, under like circumstances, can realize how short a line a score or two of men make, springing boldly out in single rank, flanks in air and no support. More than three hundred miles of wintry wilderness were at their backs, there was no reserve, retreat meant disaster, surrender was impossible; victory or death by torture were the alternatives.

Already the Indians held the sharp crests of the steep hills, and were delivering a plunging fire into the troops. Burdened with their heavy clothing, which the polar cold made necessary, stumbling and falling in the deep snow or slipping on the icy acclivities, the troops pressed forward and gained the crests where they could meet the enemy face to face. But now a new danger threatened. As the Indians largely outnumbered the troops, they could maintain the fight in front, while they seized heights which commanded the left flank and rear, and so get the troops into a circle of death-dealing rifles. The heights to the left must be wrested from them, and that speedily. Troops were designated, under command of Captains Butler and McDonald, for that duty, and Pope served his three-inch gun judiciously to aid them — Gunner McHugh of the 5th Infantry especially distinguishing himself. Every minute the crowd of Indians on that hill-top increased, and they could take in reverse the whole left flank. The General, keenly alive to every detail of the situation, decided on the instant to send a reinforcement. Sitting on his horse near the General was Lieutenant F. D. Baldwin, 5th Infantry, then on staff duty. Turning to him and pointing to the left, the General said: "Tell them to take that hill without failure and drive the Indians away." This was the reinforcement, and it was enough. Putting spurs to old "Red Water," Baldwin forced him at the run up the glassy hillside, and then, hat in hand, and with a ringing shout, he newly inspired the weary men, and, with the momentum of his own brave onset, carried them to the coveted crests. The battle was by no means over yet; for hours it raged. Old Winter himself at last took a part and contributed a furious, blinding snow-storm. Disheartened by the death of a prominent medicine man, whom they thought invulnerable, the Indians were at last driven through Wolf Mountains and towards the Big Horn range. They were pursued until it became evident that they could not be overtaken by the command without replenishing its supplies. Polar cold makes extensive demands on the vitality of men and animals; it not only occasions exhaustion, but also impairs the will power. Campaigning on short rations where it prevails would be both cruel and hazardous. The weary, frost-bitten troops welcomed the shelter of the rude log huts and returned to the cantonment which their own labor had built, and while they were resting and recuperating their commander took means to reap the fruits of the important victory he and they had won, not only from armed enemies, but even from the very elements themselves.

Recognizing the ill effects upon the spirits and health of the command of the monotony and confinement at that remote point, to which the mail could be brought only rarely and by sending a strong detachment to Fort Buford, nearly two hundred miles away, General Miles had constructed a large canvas-covered building in which the band of the 5th Infantry furnished choice musical entertainments, interspersed with the well-intentioned efforts of the barn-storming dramatic talent of the command. It was the paradise of the stage-struck soldier, whose most gray-bearded pun or castaneous joke was sure of an encore from an always crowded house.

But work was the occupation of the commander and of those most closely associated with him. Serving as scout and interpreter with the command was John Bruguier, the son of a French trader and an Indian mother, a man whose fidelity and courage were unquestioned and whose knowledge of the customs and language of the Sioux was of great value. The General decided to make use of this man and of a portion of the Indians captured January 7 to communicate with Crazy Horse. Bruguier, although he believed that he would be killed by the Indians as a deserter, started February 1 with two of the captives. Taking up the trail beyond the scène of the battle of January 8, he found the camp on a tributary of the Little Big Horn and got into communication with Crazy Horse without the molestation from the subordinates which he had anticipated. He delivered the message of General Miles, which was: "Surrender at the cantonment on Tongue River, or at your agency, or I will attack you

again." The experience of the winter had taught Crazy Horse that this was no idle threat, and a delegation of chiefs came back with Bruguier to satisfy themselves that what he said was true. They arrived February 19. In councils repeated on many days the Indians put forward their orators and diplomats and sought to obtain a modification of the terms. There was probably a mutual fear of treachery in the councils. Officers had no arms in sight but wore their revolvers beneath their coats, and Indians drew their blankets close about their scowling faces, with Winchesters grasped within, their bright, beady eyes intent upon the officers. At one time it seemed that the theater might be the scene of a veritable tragedy, when Little Chief was understood, in his impassioned speech, to advise "the young men to put something in their guns." There was an involuntary start but no other demonstration. The Indian is human and respects the man who can overcome him. At last this delegation recognized that the conditions presented ("Surrender here, or surrender if you prefer at your agencies at the south, or fight") were an ultimatum and they returned to their camp, which was brought near to the forks of Powder River, and a much larger delegation of chiefs came in, March 18, still intent on securing better terms. The experiences of a month before were repeated and with like result. Of the larger delegation was Little Hawk, an uncle of Crazy Horse. He with others accepted the terms and submitted to the retention by General Miles of nine prominent leaders, Sioux and Northern Cheyennes, as hostages that the whole hostile camp would surrender in thirty days. Crazy Horse and Little Hawk led the bulk of the hostiles, more than two thousand, to the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, in the department of the Platte, where they surrendered. Three hundred, chiefly Cheyennes, led by White Bull, Two Moons, and Hump surrendered at the cantonment.

In six months, including a winter of polar cold, General Miles with his force of sixteen companies of hardy and well-commanded infantry, leaving at all times two garrisons to protect the cantonments, had subdued two powerful forces of Indians, wrested from their control a vast territory, opened the way for the advance of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which had long halted at Bismarck on the left bank of the Missouri, and so inaugurated all that has since become history in that region.

The surrender of the Sioux under their agreement with General Miles took out of the field not only the thousand who followed Crazy Horse, but that brave war chief also, and in a community so little organized as are the Indian tribes the hostility, or the reverse, of a few great leaders has vastly more weight than in a highly organized state in which there is no essential man. Anticipating a little we may give the few additional facts of importance in Crazy Horse's career. After his surrender, he and his people were placed on the reservation near Camp Robinson in Northern Nebraska. For a time he was quiet but later was believed to be planning to lead away his people on the war-path again. It was thought best by the officers in authority there to arrest him, which was done, but while being conducted to the guard-house he made a desperate break for liberty and attempted to cut down with a knife all who opposed him. He was mortally wounded in the struggle, and died September 7, 1877.

THE SUBJUGATION OF LAME DEER'S BAND.

THE intention of the Government to assemble troops in the spring of 1877, to renew the contest, took shape in orders which brought to General Miles's command four troops of the 2d Cavalry from Fort Ellis, near Bozeman (in the Gallatin valley near the base of the Rockies) eleven troops of the 7th Cavalry and four companies of the 1st Infantry from posts along the Missouri in Dakota. The marked successes of the winter campaign had effected the greater part of the object for which this large command was assembled, but its presence during the summer, and the movements of its various detachments over all parts of the immense territory watered by the Yellowstone and its affluents, confirmed the conquest already achieved and assured the Indians that their sway therein was gone forever. By a singular conjunction of circumstances an important force of Indians was, in the late summer and autumn, imported into that region from the far Pacific slope and by its pursuit beyond the Missouri, and capture near the boundary line, added another hardly contested fight and conspicuous success to Miles's record; but of that later. The first of the reinforcements to arrive were the four troops of the 2d Cavalry, and General Miles speedily equipped a command of this battalion — whose readiness for any service well illustrated its regimental motto, "*Toujours prêt*," — and of six companies of his infantry, two of the 5th, four of the 22d, and marched out, May 1, against a band of Sioux, mostly Minneconjous, under Lame Deer, who had broken away from the main body and refused to surrender.

Having confidence in the sincerity of the Cheyennes and Sioux who had but just surrendered to him, General Miles selected from them a small party headed by White Bull, and took them as scouts. Neither on that occasion nor afterward did these Indians waver in their fidelity. The route of the command was for more than sixty miles up the valley of

the Tongue, but springing grass and a stream of limpid water had taken the place of the snowy hillsides and ice-bound river bed which had frowned on the January expedition. Leaving the train at this point to follow with the infantry commanded by Major Dickey of the 22d, the mounted force, chiefly 2d Cavalry but augmented by a detachment of mounted infantry, pushed rapidly out in search of the hostile camp. The minute knowledge of the country possessed by the Indian scouts enabled the command to march by night as well as by day, and so, up through the broken country along the Rosebud, following the same general approach as that pursued by General Custer in the preceding June, the force pressed on with scarcely a pause during two nights and one day, the patient pack-mules jogging along the trail in rear. The stealthy, keen-sighted Indians at last "located the camp," in frontier phrase, and then, giving a few hours for rest, the command was stripped for the fight. Everything not demanded for the rapid march and the vigorous fight was placed on the pack mules; canteens, arms and equipments carefully arranged to avoid noise. The weird half-light of the night, the commands in suppressed tones and the consciousness in all minds that this "meant business" all contributed to that tense frame of mind with which men face a danger that is certain, imminent, and of unknown dimensions. The hostile camp was on an affluent of the Rosebud, then called The Muddy, but since then Lame Deer Creek. Without loud command the force was urged rapidly down through the breaks on the left of the Rosebud, across the bed of that steep-banked stream. Just as the birds were twittering in the trees and the night began to yield to day (May 7), the head of the column turned into the valley of The Muddy. The tenseness of mind before mentioned increases its sensitiveness to small and indifferent objects. The twittering of birds in the trees, the wealth of grass which the Chinook winds spread soft over the sheltered valleys, in contrast with wasting snow-drifts still clinging to the northern sides of the hillcrests, and the Big Horn range, still thick-blanketed in its winter covering, to which haze gave an ecru tinge, all of these irrelevant things the words Lame Deer suggest and evoke from memory.

The Indian scouts reached the wooded hills above the camp at earliest dawn, and watched the unsuspecting hostiles as they untethered their ponies from among the lodges and turned them out to graze. And so, all unannounced, the little force burst upon them. Lieutenant Edward Casey, of the 22d, commanding the mounted infantry and the scouts, charged through the village, sweeping away the ponies and cutting off the hostiles from their herd. Close in rear of him rode General Miles and staff, leading the cavalry, which was commanded by Captain Ball. It was the General's desire to secure the surrender of the Indians without a fight, and to this end he had instructed White Bull to call to them and explain to them that they could surrender and would be unharmed.

This overture was responded to by a rifle-ball which passed between the arm and the body of the plucky old chief, but the offer was still repeated, and Lame Deer and his head warrior, Iron Star, seemed disposed to accept, even shaking hands with the General and one of his staff, the latter dismounting for the purpose, while another staff officer dismounted to take the Indians' arms. Whether they intended treachery or feared it can never be known, for, hastily withdrawing a few yards, they sought cover behind a bank and opened fire. Parleying and peacemaking were plainly out of place thereafter. General Miles's orderly, just behind him, was killed by a shot plainly aimed at the General, and the troops, for a few moments held in check while the hand-shaking was going on, were now sent vigorously against the Indians. Lame Deer and Iron Star were among the first to fall; their following scattered on foot into the broken, pine-covered hills close to their camp, and were pursued, in small, scattered bands, for some eight miles, leaving their dead in the hands of the troops. The entire camp and its supplies were captured; also four hundred and fifty ponies and horses. These, with the animals of the surrendered Cheyennes, formed the nucleus of the mount of the "11th Cavalry,"[1] as the 5th Infantry, mounted on captured ponies, was called. And so this successful encounter contributed in itself and in that which it supplied very materially to the thorough subjection of the hostiles.

Major Dickey, in command of the infantry, received the merited commendation of the General for the "zeal and energy" with which he urged forward his command, and the sturdy pluck with which he disregarded a rumor of a great disaster which grew out of the fact that one or two pack-mules with their escort, getting separated from the command in the rapid night march, were cut off by the Indians. The change of aspect, from the disaster which he had been led to expect to the victory which he found to have taken place, roused his enthusiasm, and he called for "three cheers," to which his weary but enthusiastic command responded with a will.

Leaving the cavalry to occupy that section the remainder of the command, with captured

[1] The regular cavalry establishment of the army has ten regiments.—G. W. B.

ponies, returned to the cantonment. All active operations, nearly all movements, were interrupted by rain and flood such as have not since visited that region. Supply wagons sank to the hub and were immovable. Dry gullies became great streams and rivers overflowed their banks. Troops in mud-roofed huts found that the roofs were storage reservoirs. It became a serious question for the time whether supplies could be sent to the 2d Cavalry battalion, so many new and rapid rivers filled the ravines and gulches.

Utilizing this period of enforced quiet the General began the organization of the "11th Cavalry." Companies B, F, G and I, 5th Infantry, formed the first battalion of that most efficient corps, and under command of Captain Simon Snyder of the 5th it became a potent factor in the remainder of the campaign. By subsequent captures ponies to mount the remainder of the regiment were obtained, and the gallant 11th was not dismounted till after the need of its efficient service had passed and General Miles had, by promotion, been transferred to another field of duty.

The Indian pony lends himself to the niceties of drill and parade with even greater reluctance than his master adopts "the white man's road." In vain the irate sergeant ordered his rider to "dress up there on the left," with that vigor of speech which characterized "our army in Flanders"; if the storm came into his face he solemnly turned his haunches towards it and his attitude announced more graphically than even the French tongue could "*J'y suis, j'y reste*"; but no rattle of musketry could disturb the equanimity with which he seized the moment of the hottest fight to clip the scanty herbage while his rider, dismounted, was fighting a little in front of him; he was accustomed to long journeys and short rations, and, to adopt the slang of the region, "rest made him tired." He contributed very materially to subdue his former master, and, with the elk, the buffalo, the antelope, the free unconventional life of the plains and, alas, probably with his old master too, he will soon become only a picturesque reminiscence.

The long rain storm and the floods at last passed away. The remainder of the reinforcements before mentioned reported for duty, also a force of friendly Crow Indians led by First-Lieutenant G. C. Doane, 2d Cavalry. The scattered fragments of Lame Deer's band were so hotly pursued by different detachments of the command that they were forced to seek rest and sue for peace at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies. Before the close of summer peace and security reigned throughout Dakota and Montana. A large fleet of steamboats plied unmolested between Bismarck, then the Northern Pacific terminus, and the upper Yellowstone, transporting supplies for the command and building material for the two new posts, Forts Keogh and Custer; the one near the mouth of the Tongue, the other at the junction of Little Big Horn with the Big Horn, in sight of the fatal hill which, like the Alamo, had no messenger to tell of the heroic deeds it had witnessed. These posts and a force at Fort Peck on the Missouri, an outpost towards Sitting Bull's camp in Canada, and the large territory over which they kept watch and ward became the garrisons and the territorial command known as the "District of the Yellowstone," under General Miles's command.

CHIEF JOSEPH AND THE NEZ PERCÉS.

THE summer of 1877 was an unusually attractive one in Montana, the spring rains having thickly carpeted hill and valley with verdure. General Sherman came to the cantonment on his river and wagon journey through to the Pacific, and General Miles took advantage of the visit to request him to present to the soldiers who had performed conspicuous acts of gallantry in the preceding campaigns the medals of honor which had been bestowed upon them by Congress. At a parade of all the troops present, each bronzed and hardy soldier thus honored stepped out as his name was called, and received at the hands of the general-in-chief the token which thereby had for him an added distinction.

The successes before recorded and the arrival of other troops made it possible, in the early summer, to relieve the six companies of the 22d Infantry, and return them to their stations along the great lakes. After a rough march of more than three hundred miles to Bismarck, they shipped their effects, including dress uniforms, to their stations and were just starting for Duluth when a telegraphic order called them to Chicago, then threatened with a riot. The quite unwonted sight of weather-beaten soldiers in campaign suits most essentially patched with bits of sacks that warranted the wearer to be "Best Family Flour," had a wholesome effect. And when in reply to a question from one of the crowd, "You would not fire on us, would you?" the prompt reply came, "Not unless the captain ordered it," the purport was unmistakable. The presence of this disciplined command obviated the need of its employment.

But the season was not destined to pass without another battle and important victory. Away beyond the Rockies dwelt the Nez Percés, a tribe quite advanced in civilization. As the occasion of their outbreak at this time, and the earlier acts of war on the part of both the troops and these Indians, had no relation to the com-

A RECONNAISSANCE.

mand of General Miles, no account of them need appear here. When hostilities had begun their really great and remarkable chief, Joseph, conceived the bold scheme of transporting his whole band, women, children and all, across the Rockies through leagues of rough forest and broken ravines, across deep and broad rivers to Dominion territory, pursued and harassed though he was by several commands. While these Indians were yet in Idaho and before it seemed probable that they could penetrate Montana, General Miles was gathering from every available source information as to their probable route and objective and discussing and forming plans to capture them. On the 3d of August, six days before the battle of Big Hole in which General Gibbon's command inflicted and suffered much loss, General Miles instructed Lieutenant Doane to "intercept, capture, or destroy" this band. Lieutenant Doane, 2d Cavalry, was then en route to Judith Basin near the Upper Missouri, then abounding in game and believed to be the objective of Joseph.

On the 11th of August, but two days after the battle of Big Hole and while Joseph was yet among the Rockies, the General sent six troops of the 7th Cavalry under command of

ON THE MARCH—THE ADVANCE GUARD.

its colonel, General Sturgis, towards the Upper Yellowstone with orders to "intercept, or pursue and capture or destroy" this band. Lieutenant Doane's command, which included a troop of the 7th Cavalry and a large body of Crow allies, was also placed under General Sturgis's orders for this duty. The action above indicated anticipated instructions received August 21 to the same end. General Sturgis and Lieutenant Doane were instructed to keep General Miles fully informed of all important movements and events. At evening September 17, the General learned at the cantonment, Tongue River, Montana, that the Indians had outstripped their pursuers, evaded and passed General Sturgis's forces, had had an engagement with them in the valley of the Yellowstone near the present site of Billings, and had thus a practically unobstructed route to the boundary — more than two hundred miles. Hastily organizing, from that which was left of his command, its available force, he began to move at once. All through the night the ferry-boat was plying, transferring to the left bank of the Yellowstone troops, transportation, and supplies, and the early morning of the 18th saw the force striking rapidly out for the northwest, intending by a march along the hypothenuse of a triangle, to intercept a rapidly marching force which was following the perpendicular and had had five days the start. By small detachments and scouts the General kept himself informed of everything far out to the left and, thus marching, reached the Missouri, at the mouth of the Musselshell, September 23, with the main command, some of the detachments being farther up stream. Major Guido Ilges, from Fort Benton, had with a scanty detachment boldly followed up the Indians for a short distance from their place of crossing the Missouri but had not force enough to effect a decisive result. On the 25th, General Miles learned through Ilges that the Nez Percés had crossed on the 23d; he ferried his command across the Missouri and pushed out with his mounted force,— three troops of the 2d Cavalry commanded by Captain Tyler, three of the 7th Cavalry commanded by Captain Hale, and four companies of the 5th Infantry commanded by Captain Snyder,— leaving his train to follow, and carrying upon pack-mules supplies with which his command could eat sparingly and fight liberally. From early dawn to dark for four days along the grassy plains which border the Little Rockies, the troops were urged on, past tempting herds of buffaloes and flocks of inquisitive antelopes, and, on the 29th, in a snow-swept camp in the gap between the Little Rocky and the Bear Paw Mountains, tidings of the discovery of the trail came from the scouts at the left; Lieutenant Maus' 1st Infantry, commanding the scouts, had used his sleepless vigilance to good purpose. The earliest dawn of the 30th saw the command again crowding forward. Soon the small body of surrendered Cheyennes and Sioux accompanying the command roused from their usual immobility and stripped for a fray: saddles, blankets, and bridles were snatched from their ponies; now and again softly patting their hands together and pointing far down a foggy valley, they threw off blankets, beaded shirts, and leggings and, clad in a waist-cloth and a grim smile, they sprang on their ponies (guided by a lariat about neck and nose) and, rifle in hand, dashed away for the fog-obscured valley where the battle of Bear Paw was about to open. "Camp three miles away!" was shouted from mouth to mouth. General and staff, Tyler, Hale, and Snyder, with their battalions well in hand, started on the trail of the Indian scouts over the rolling hills and smooth grassy valleys which skirt the northern base of the Bear Paw. The three miles proved to be eight and the trot became a gallop. "Let Tyler sweep around to the left and cut off the camp from the herd," was the command communicated by a staff officer who led the 2d Cavalry to its position. This brought the 7th to the front of the charging column, and Hale, sitting his horse with his accustomed grace, his face lighted up with the debonair smile which his friends so well remember, dashed bravely forward to the heroic death that was awaiting him. The two battalions, 7th and 5th, under General Miles's lead charged direct upon the camp. The surprise was complete, Joseph had watched his own trail but had not scouted to his flank. But he was a soldier and a commander. His camp was a stronghold within the curve of a crescent-shaped bank, the bank itself cut by ravines heading in the open country.

The work of the scouts and Tyler's battalion was promptly done, and the Indians, seeing themselves cut off from their animals, turned at bay and met the onset of Hale and Snyder like the brave men they were. The 7th and 5th dismounted and vigorously pressed the attack, holding the Indians in a close-drawn circle; so close were the contestants that faces seen then were afterwards recognized. The Indians fired from cover and their number could not be estimated. The commanding officer, desiring to change the position of the 7th, sent one of his staff to convey the order. He rode to the position of Hale's battalion, all of whom, seeking such slight cover as inequalities of surface afforded, were hotly engaged, gave the customary salute to its commander, who was lying among his men, and began the familiar formula— "The General's compliments and he directs" —when observing that no response was given

LONG-TOM RIFLES ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

he looked more intently and saw that he was saluting the dead. Near Hale lay his adjutant, Lieutenant J. W. Biddle, 7th Cavalry, worthy son of a brave sire who had given his life in the War for the Union.

Meantime with courage and good judgment Lieutenant McClernand, commanding a troop of the 2d Cavalry, had gathered in the herd of 800 ponies which the Indians who escaped at the first charge tried to rescue. The hot fire and the short range had wrought terrible havoc. Within the first half hour twenty per cent. of the attacking force was laid low, and an unusual percentage was killed outright, but neither party would yield. The Indians dug cellar-like pits which protected them from direct fire. Another charge was ordered and, led by Captain Carter of the 5th Infantry, a portion of that regiment sprang boldly forward, penetrated the village, and inflicted a severe loss, but thirty-five per cent. of the attacking party fell in less time than is required to describe its heroic action. It was evident that success at such a price would be too costly. The courageous and skilful defense and the excellent arms of the Indians, many of whom had magazine guns and some of whom used explosive bullets, rendered it necessary to adopt the methods of a siege in subduing them. The skilful and brave conduct of Sergeant John McHugh, 5th Infantry, who commanded the artillery detachment and who had distinguished himself at Wolf Mountain, January 8, '77, deserves especial attention. The command was virtually a heavy skirmish line without reserves, and McHugh, regardless of personal exposure, crowded his artillery, one small Hotchkiss breech-loader and a 12-pounder, close upon the line, and deliberately loaded and fired. The exigencies of transportation permitted but few 12-pounder shells. Those few were so skilfully planted that every one of them told. On the 1st of October, the second day of the battle, some willingness to surrender appeared, but not till the 5th of October did the surrender occur. Joseph handed his rifle to General Miles and, with the dignity that well became his handsome figure and noble mien, pointed impressively to the sun and said: "From where the sun now stands I fight no more against the white man."[1]

Four hundred and eighteen Indians surrendered; 57 were killed or wounded during the

[1] During the battle the besieged and besiegers alike looked, but with very different emotions, towards the northern horizon, and the solicitude of the commander hampered with a large number of wounded and the forebodings of those who were helpless from wounds may perhaps be faintly imagined as time and again large forces of Indians were reported approaching, indeed apparently were close at hand, and the thick-falling snow driven by a howling wind made it impossible to determine, till the on-coming host had crowned the hills about the battle-field, that they were only a herd of buffaloes.— G. W. B.

fight and siege; 105 including Joseph's daughter escaped when the troops charged, and reached Dominion territory. The captives were taken first to Kansas and then to Indian territory. Nearly seven years later, when General Miles had received promotion and was commanding the department of Columbia, he at last succeeded in having Joseph and the remnant of his band returned to the vicinity of their old home.

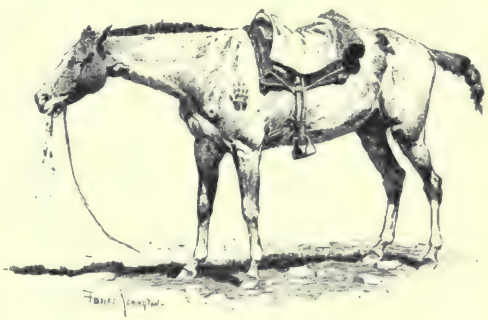
The troops killed at the battle of Bear Paw lie side by side in the ceaseless comradeship of a soldier's grave on the field where they fought shoulder to shoulder; like so many other brave men who fell in the "Battle of Civilization," they are unknown or forgotten by those who profited by their victories. In his annual report for 1877, General Miles summarized thus the operations of his troops for the year ending with October: "Distance marched, over 4000 miles. Besides much property captured and destroyed, 1600 animals were taken. Upwards of 7000 Indians were killed, captured, forced to surrender, or driven out of the country."

DRIVING THE SIOUX UNDER THE YOKE.

HAVING been sent by General Miles on a peaceful mission to Dominion territory, in the spring of 1878, I heard that Sitting Bull, so far from coming to the rescue of the besieged Nez Percés, was so terrified by the proximity of the command of "Bear Coat," as the Indians called General Miles, because of a fur-trimmed coat that he wore, that he pulled up stakes and fled incontinently northward. In February, 1878, his following moved south of the boundary, and General Miles made preparations to attack him; he had already sent out his supply train with escort, when a telegram from Washington ordered him back. One of the conditions of the successes of 1876–1877 was the absence of speedy communication. That helpful lack had now been hurtfully supplied and the method adopted of conducting campaigns from a point so remote that prompt and intelligent use of the varying conditions at the scene of hostilities could not be made. But though the expedition north of the Missouri was suspended the entire section south of that river was tranquil and safe. As indicating this I may relate that on my return from the Dominion, in the summer of 1878, accompanied only by one scout, I journeyed across country from Fort Peck to Fort Keogh without seeing an Indian, and was assured of their absence by the quiet grazing of tens of thousands of buffalo among which we rode by day and camped at night. Taking advantage of this period of quiet General Miles started out with a party to visit Yellowstone Park, in August, 1878, but, while on the way learned that another band of Indians from beyond the mountains was coming into his district, over the route followed by Joseph the year before.

These were the Bannocks from southern Idaho. Sending the ladies and guests of the pleasure party forward on their journey, he took twenty men of the 5th Infantry, and fifteen Crow scouts, and started up Clark's Fork to intercept the invaders. On September 4 he surprised the camp, and in the brief fight 11 Indians were killed and the remainder of the band captured, also their animals, numbering 250. The loss of the attacking party was small in numbers, but among the killed was Captain Andrew S. Bennett, 5th Infantry, a most meritorious officer.

The winter of 1878–9 passed without any general movement of the command, but, as was said of a President of the United States whose term of office covered a period of great excitement, it might be said of Sitting Bull on our northern border that "He sat there like a poultice, drawing all the bad humors to a head." The recalling of the expedition of February, 1878, was practically an abandonment to the hostiles of the valleys of Milk River and other northern affluents of the Missouri in Montana, and they became Sitting Bull's domain, with friendly territory to the north, and there were assembled not only the United States Indians who were hostile, but also Indians and



A WOUNDED WAR-PONY.

half-breeds from north of the line, making a total of some five thousand, with thousands of ponies. The half-breeds became a supply train of ammunition. It was evident at last, even at the seat of government thousands of miles away, that some stop must be put to the progress of affairs in that direction, and in June, 1879, the order came. In the spring the Indian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of war. The buffaloes, in that olden time, roamed in great herds, "beef on the hoof" without limit, and the grass made the ponies fat, while the broad rivers were booming with the melting

COURIERS.

snows of the mountains, delaying the movement of troops and trains, whereas in the winter the frozen streams afforded smooth and easy roadway to troops and supplies, and the improvident enemy and their starved ponies were least prepared for activity. General Miles's force when assembled at Fort Peck consisted of seven companies of the 5th Infantry mounted on the ponies captured in earlier expeditions, seven troops of the 2d Cavalry, two companies of the 6th Infantry and an artillery detachment, besides surrendered Indian and white scouts, a total of about eight hundred, much the largest command that he ever led against Indians.

On July 17 the advance guard, two companies and Indian scouts, commanded by First-Lieutenant W. P. Clark ("Philo") 2d Cavalry, attacked a band of more than three hundred Indians near Frenchman's Creek, and after a sharp fight drove them back for twelve miles upon their main body which, issuing out, surrounded the advance. It is doubtful whether "Philo" ever felt a qualm of fear; he could not have been blamed if he had on this occasion experienced it, for the immense host was encircling him, and, but for the rapid advance of Miles and the main command he would probably not have survived to give his graphic account of the charge that came thundering to his rescue.

The charge was a splendid spectacle and a most efficient one; the hostiles abandoning their property fled precipitately from the field. But the 49th parallel, which interposed no obstacle to the hostiles, whether advancing to depredate or retreating before the troops, was an insuperable barrier to those troops and prevented such pursuit as alone could result in success. The half-breeds, with their supply train of unique and indigenous carts, quaintly fashioned of wood and rawhide, without a scrap of iron, received the next attention, and more than eight hundred were arrested and a check put to their traffic.

While, for reasons already stated, this expedition could not achieve an immediate success, it yet so impressed the hostiles with the efficiency and ubiquity of the command that it largely contributed to produce the result desired. The succeeding months witnessed no general hostile movement; occasional raiding parties of Indians appeared and were hotly pursued, killed, captured, or dispersed by the troops that were kept ever alert and ready to start out in any direction at any time of day or night. In the summer and autumn of 1880 large and important surrenders to General Miles were made, the Indians breaking off from Sitting Bull's camp and coming under their own chiefs to Fort Keogh. In this way Spotted Eagle and Broad Trail or Big Road, Rain-in-the-Face, Kicking Bear, Short Bull, etc., and their followers came in and many others, but perhaps the most widely known of the Indians who thus surrendered was Rain-in-the-Face, whose

name Longfellow's poem first made familiar and whose story Mrs. Custer's graphic book "Boots and Saddle" relates somewhat at length. Whether from modesty, caution, or a passion for exact statement, is uncertain, but he did not, after his surrender, claim for himself so conspicuous and so ghastly a part in the battle of Little Big Horn as the poem assigns him. Fierce savage though he doubtless was he exhibited marked susceptibilities to the softer vanities of life, took especial pleasure in arraying himself in gaudy attire, and with face highly colored, and having on it a row of simulated raindrops, would "preserve that expression" and "look pleasant" over and over while the photographer "took" him. These Indians numbering some fifteen hundred, also a considerable part of those who had surrendered earlier, were sent in 1881 by a fleet of steamboats to their agencies on the Missouri in Dakota. General Miles had exhibited towards them those qualities which secured their loyalty and confidence. He had conquered them in battle, kept inviolate faith with them in council, treated them justly, trusted and protected them as captives, and during the months of '79 and '80, while keeping every trail hot with detachments in pursuit of the hostiles, had inaugurated a régime of peace and goodwill among those who were camped about Fort Keogh.

Dropping the implements of warfare they took hold of plow, hoe and shovel, made roads, broke the soil, and planted and so made a hopeful start on "the white man's road." When the order for their removal came they clustered about Captain E. P. Ewers, 5th Infantry, who had had immediate charge of them from the first and had ably seconded and executed General Miles's plans for their welfare, and, with tears streaming down their cheeks, besought him to take everything they owned and allow them to remain. Every member of the old campaigning force felt a keen and kindly interest in them. There was not alone the feeling of humanity but of comradeship; for many of them, as enlisted scouts, had marched and fought with the troops and some of them bear the scars of wounds received while fighting for the United States.

The surrender of those who had flocked to Sitting Bull's standard at last took from him the power to assert himself as a great chief. While proof cannot in the nature of the case be adduced, there is little room for doubt that the long tarry of those Indians north of the boundary was brought about by a corrupt alliance of one official with the traders in the Northwest Territory who profited greatly by trading with them. At last, deserted by all but his immediate family following, too weak and ill-supplied to maintain a hostile attitude, too poor by the sale or robbery of his effects to tempt the cupidity of those who graphically describe themselves as "not on the frontier for their health," Sitting Bull surrendered at Fort Buford, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, July 20, 1881. The combination in his mien of the grandeur of the great prince in misfortune and the thriftiness of the showman was irresistibly funny. Holding himself in sorrowful reserve within his tepee, he stationed one of his young men at the entrance to collect a quarter of a dollar from each one of the throng of eager visitors.

General Miles was promoted in December, 1880, which severed his connection with the 5th Infantry. Of that relation, which existed for eleven and a half years, it falls quite within the truth to say, no command was ever more ably led; no commander was ever more loyally and bravely followed.

THE CAPTURE OF GERONIMO'S APACHES.

GENERAL MILES was now assigned to the command of the Department of the Columbia, including Alaska, Washington, and Oregon, and nearly all of Idaho. Before assuming it he was employed on a commission to the Indian Territory, and on other duty in the east. He went to his new headquarters, Vancouver Barracks, in the summer of 1881. He secured the return to their former home of Joseph's band of Nez Percés, who were unhappy in the Indian Territory. In the summer of 1885 there were indications of serious trouble in the Indian Territory, growing out of the conflict between the interests of the owners of immense herds of cattle grazing in that territory and of the Indians whose reservations were thus made a grazing ground, and the President summoned General Miles from the extreme northwest to the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in which department the Indian Territory is situated. One-fourth of the army was assembled under his orders and, by its disposition in posts and camps near the scene of the difficulty, peace was maintained, and there opened before the General the prospect of a quiet residence at that most attractive post, Fort Leavenworth, which had been his army home for several years while he was colonel of the 5th Infantry. But, on April 2, 1886, he was sent to command the Department of Arizona to relieve General Crook. And so, a second time within nine months, the President had through the War Department assigned to him a new and most difficult task. The conditions of success were wholly unlike those which obtained in the Sioux war. In the northwest the great numbers of the enemy and the intensity of the cold were

A TYPICAL TROOPER.

the two chief obstacles to be overcome, whereas in the southwest the hostile force was small and so easily eluded pursuers, and the temperature was torrid. Heat, barrenness, jagged mountain cliffs, steep walled cañons, scant water, or the utter absence of it, these multiplied a hundred fold the prowess of the wily Apaches who had been accustomed for generations to defy these obstacles, to sustain life under these hard conditions, and for years to prey upon the peaceful inhabitants who lived a pastoral or agricultural life on the open plains or along the rivers, or mined the rich ores of the mountains.

Devastating impartially on both sides of the boundary, Arizona, New Mexico, and Northern Mexico were laid under rude tribute by these lithe and active savages, who moved so rapidly and stealthily that the fancied security growing out of a period of tranquillity was often the precursor of destruction, robbery, and death. This insecurity and alarm had terrorized the citizens of the territories and caused, on the part of many, an abandonment of their ordinary industrial pursuits. Two tasks confronted him; to capture or destroy the Indians who were actively hostile led by Geronimo and Natchez, and to repress and control those who, through sympathy and relationship with the hostiles, and through instinct and experience, were ready to take the war path and swell the tide of devastation. The mountains and the sun — the first the strongholds of the savages and almost impassable obstacles to the troops, the latter the cause of the desert-like dryness and the intolerable heat which augmented the difficulties of campaigning almost to the point of impossibility — were made his allies, the eyes of his command, and the carriers of swift messages. By a system of heliograph signals, communications were sent with almost incredible swiftness; in one instance a message traveled seven hundred miles in four hours. The messages, flashed by mirrors from peak to peak of the mountains, disheartened the Indians as they crept stealthily or rode swiftly through the valleys, assuring them that all their arts and craft had not availed to conceal their trails, that troops were pursuing them and others awaiting them. The telescopes of the vigilant members of the Signal Corps, who garrisoned the rudely built but impregnable works on the mountains, permitted no movement by day, no cloud of dust even in the valleys below, to escape attention. Little wonder that the Indians thought that the powers of the unseen world were confederated against them.

Fortunately there was a treaty which permitted our troops to pursue the Indians into Mexico, and so the international boundary did

not, as in the Northwest, interpose to protect them until they had refitted and recuperated. General Miles organized a special force of picked cavalry and infantry, scouts and guides, under Captain H. W. Lawton, 4th Cavalry, to pursue the hostiles whenever they should take to Mexican territory.

Geronimo did not permit this well-devised machine to rust from disuse. In truth, before it was fully in order, he put it to the test, making a blood-red trail from a point 150 miles within the Mexican Territory and invading ours on the 27th of April, just fifteen days after General Miles had taken command. The trail was taken up in succession, by twenty-five different commands or detachments, representing four regiments, each detachment inspired by the energy expressed in a paragraph of General Miles's order in which he said: "Commanding officers are expected to continue a pursuit until capture or until they are assured a fresh command is on the trail." This vigorous pursuit and the five encounters with different commands convinced the Indians that Arizona afforded them no place of security, and they hurried from its borders to the supposed inaccessible fastnesses of the Sierra Madre in Mexico. Though the contests of forces so small may not merit the name of battle, yet in no battle have the participants incurred greater risks or evinced a higher degree of heroism. Captain Lebo of the 10th Cavalry, after a hot pursuit of 200 miles, brought the Indians to bay and there ensued a spirited contest just within the Mexican Territory, in which Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke of the 10th Cavalry, then recently from the class-rooms and the drill ground of West Point, distinguished himself by rushing forward at the risk of his life and bearing to a place of safety a wounded veteran soldier who lay helpless under a sharp fire of the enemy. A like act of heroism was a few days later exhibited under similar circumstances by First-Sergeant Samuel Adams of the 4th Cavalry, of the command of Captain Hatfield of that regiment.

Lawton's command (with its sixty days' supplies on pack mules) now took up the trail. The rough nature of the country and the absence of grass and water made it impossible to employ cavalry in a long continued pursuit. Assistant-Surgeon Leonard Wood, who for a part of the time added to his professional duties the command of the infantry of Lawton's force, gives a graphic description of the country and of the chase. He writes:

> Sonora, taken as a whole, is a continuous mass of mountains of the most rugged and broken character. Range follows range with hardly an excuse for a valley. It produces nothing save a few wild fruits, cactus, and more or less of game. Troops operating in these sections are dependent for all supplies on pack trains. Such is the roughness of the country in some portions that even these cannot pass through. Water is scanty and often of poor quality. Grass almost wanting during the dry season. The heat is intense, often reaching 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

Of the Apaches of Geronimo's band he says:

> Mountaineers from infancy, they found little difficulty in passing through the roughest country. The cactus and various roots furnished food; water or its equivalent was also furnished by the former plant; rats, mice, rabbits, and deer contributing the meat ration, also the horse when forced as far as he could carry his rider. During the latter part of June and July it was my good fortune to command the infantry. In the detachment of Companies D and K, 8th Infantry, were men who had served in India and South Africa, and, in their opinion, this was by far the hardest and roughest service they had ever seen. . . . Infantry on this expedition marched in drawers and undershirts. . . . I do not remember seeing a pair of blue trousers put on after once wearing the lighter articles mentioned above.

Through such a region and with such drafts upon the strength and fortitude of the men this force kept up the pursuit during the intolerable heat of that summer of '86, and with such steadfastness and skill that no craft or device of the savages could throw them off the trail or secure to the pursued an hour's respite. The extreme southern point of pursuit was three hundred miles south of the international boundary and its tortuous windings spread a network of intersecting trails over the mountains and cañons of Sonora. At last (September 4) the Indians, worn out, surrendered. This band was sent ultimately to Alabama. The conduct of Lieutenant C. B. Gatewood, 6th Cavalry, in going unattended by troops into the camp of the hostiles and demanding their surrender, must be recorded as a conspicuous instance of the fortitude which at the call of duty defies danger.

Simultaneously with the winding up of the Geronimo and Natchez campaign and the deporting of them and their followers, the four hundred Warm Spring and Chiricahua Indians at Fort Apache, who were thought to be ready for an outbreak, were also hurried from the territory which they had harried and devasted for years. The citizens of Arizona indicated their appreciation of General Miles's services by presenting to him a richly ornamented sword. For the first time in our history our temple of Janus had closed doors.

THE MESSIAH DISTURBANCE.

WHEN the foregoing was written, more than a year ago, the "Messiah Craze" was beginning to attract the attention of those who were intently observing Indian affairs. It was

asserted that Mormon influence was active in stirring up dissatisfaction. The craze took shape from what was, unfortunately, an always present feeling with the Indians — hunger. The Messiah was not only to annihilate the invading whites, but to bring back the boundless herds of buffalo which, but a decade ago, were the Indians' preferred food. The non-progressive, inveterately wild Indians, of whom Sitting Bull was the best known, saw in the disaffection and hallucination an opportunity to recover their fast-waning power; and the boys and young men, who had grown up in a period of peace and had listened to the recital of the deeds of their sires under the old régime, burned with zeal to emulate them.

At that time General Miles was in command of the military division which included our entire Pacific coast. Before the Indian trouble culminated, changes of command fortunately brought him from the West to the Interior, and placed him in command of the Division of the Missouri, in which are all of the Sioux, thousands of whom had surrendered to him during his campaigns of 1876-80, and among whom the craze was the most menacing. With his customary foresight, General Miles formed plans and issued orders, whose careful execution would have illustrated the beneficent work of a disciplined force, not only in preventing violence, but also in protecting non-combatants and their property. Even a partial execution of his plans afforded this protection; during the trouble, from November 15, 1890 to January 25, 1891, not a person was killed by Indians outside the boundaries of an Indian reservation, and the homes and property of adjacent settlers were unmolested.

Doubtless one of Sitting Bull's own race would call him an unbending patriot. "The Great Spirit made me an Indian and did not make me an Agency Indian," he proudly asserted to General Miles under a flag of truce, in the fall of 1876, when backed up by a thousand braves. There are, however, but two goals for the Indians — civilization or annihilation; Sitting Bull has the latter, as doubtless he would have preferred. He was killed December 15, 1890 by men of his own race who were enforcing against him the orders of the whites, whom he hated. Captain Fechet, of the 8th Cavalry, who brought a force to the support of the Agency police, took charge of the body, which was not mutilated nor scalped; he had it carried to Fort Yates, North Dakota, where it was decently buried in a coffin. Whatever the opinion entertained as to Sitting Bull and his taking off, inasmuch as his influence tended always to embroil his following with the dominant race his death will doubtless result in benefit to his own people.

For every Indian war there is a cause; too often that cause has been bad policy, bad faith, bad conduct, or blundering on the part of the whites. This sketch has simply recognized the fact of war and sought to give a true though necessarily an inadequate statement as to the means used by one commander to conduct his Indian campaigns to their uniformly successful issue. Given the fact of war, whatever the cause, the soldier must secure peace, even if he fights to win it. For the savage of to-day, as for civilized man not so many centuries ago, an enemy and his wife and children have no rights. The recognition of this fact would prevent much misconception as to the character of Indians. If I have not, in these sketches, indicated sufficiently the friendly feeling which, in common with nearly all army men, I feel for the Indians, not only friendly feeling but admiration for many of their qualities, I cannot hope to do so in a brief paragraph. The American people, those who really wish and hope to save the Indians from extinction or degradation, must be prepared to use great patience and summon all their wisdom. Indians (the men) naturally look upon the arts of peace very much as the knights of the past ages did. War is their pastime; by it come glory, honor, leadership. It is unlikely that the place of the Indians as peaceful citizens will approach their place as warriors. "Justice and judgment," the one to protect, the other justly to punish them, have been too greatly lacking. It remains yet to be seen whether the future will be better than the past.

G. W. Baird,
Major, U. S. A.

JULY.

STRANGE, at the full meridian of the year,
To see a leaf blown wild, untimely sere.
Oh, passing strange, borne on light laughter's breath
Through the rich house of life, the thought of death.

Henry Tyrrell.

GREELEY'S ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN.

AN UNPUBLISHED ADDRESS BY HORACE GREELEY.[1]

THERE have been ten thousand attempts at the life of Abraham Lincoln, whereof that of Wilkes Booth was perhaps the most atrocious; yet it stands by no means alone. Orators have harangued, preachers have sermonized, editors have canted and descanted; forty or fifty full-fledged biographies have been inflicted on a much-enduring public; yet the man, Abraham Lincoln, as I saw and thought I knew him, is not clearly depicted in any of these, so far as I have seen. I do not say that most or all of these are not better than *my* Lincoln—I only say they are not mine. Bear with me an hour and I will show you the man as he appeared to me—as he seems not to have appeared to any of them; and if he shall be shown to you as by no means the angel that some, or the devil that others, have portrayed him, I think he will be brought nearer to your apprehension and your sympathies than the idealized Lincoln of his panegyrists or his defamers. Nay, I do sincerely hope to make the real Lincoln, with his thoroughly human good and ill, his virtues and his imperfections, more instructive and more helpful to ordinary humanity, than his unnatural, celestial apotheosized shadow ever was or could be.

I shall pass rapidly over what I may distinguish as the *rail-splitting* era of his life. Born in a rude portion of Kentucky in 1809; removed into the still more savage, unpeopled wilderness, then the Territory of Indiana, in 1811; losing his mother and only brother while yet a child, and his only sister in later youth, he grew up in poverty and obscurity on the rugged outskirt of civilization, or a little beyond it, where there were no schools, post-offices few and far between, newspapers in those days seldom seen in the new and narrow clearings, and scarce worth the eyesight they marred when they were seen; the occasional stump speech of a candidate for office, and the more frequent sermon of some Methodist or Baptist itinerant—earnest and fervid, but grammatically imperfect, supplying most of the intellectual and spiritual element attainable. He did not attend school for the excellent reason that there *was* no school within reach—the poor whites from the Slave-States, who mainly settled Southern Indiana, being in no hurry to establish schools, and his widowed father being one of them. So he chopped timber, and split rails, and hoed corn, and pulled fodder, as did other boys around him (when they did anything); learning to read as he best might, and thenceforth, reading from time to time such few books, good, bad, and indifferent, as fell in his way, and so growing up to be six feet four inches high by the time he was twenty years old. As no one ever publicly denied that he was an obedient, docile son, a kind, indulgent brother, and a pleasant, companionable neighbor, I will take these points as conceded.

About the time he became of age his father made a fresh plunge into the wilderness—this time into the heart of Illinois, halting for a year near the present city of Springfield, and then striking eastward seventy miles to Coles County, whither his son did not see fit to follow him; but having once already when nineteen years of age made a voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans on a flat boat, laden with produce, he now helped build such a boat and made his second journey thereon to the Crescent City; returning to serve a year as clerk in a store; then heading a company of volunteers for the Black Hawk War of 1832; and next becoming at once a law student and a candidate for the legislature; receiving an almost unanimous vote in the only precinct where he was known, but failing of an election in the county. He had already, since he became his own man, obtained some schooling, and the craft of a land surveyor; he was twenty-three years old when he in the same season became a captain of volunteers, a candidate for representative, and a student at law.

Let me pause here to consider the surprise often expressed when a citizen of limited schooling is chosen to be, or is presented for one o

[1] This interesting address by Horace Greeley was written either in 1868 or not far from that date; but for some reason it did not receive publication—and it is believed was never delivered. Mr. Greeley's manuscript, now in the possession of a former editor of the "Tribune," has been lent to me to decipher. Its frequent and closely and minutely written interlineations, and its general illegibility have made its reproduction a somewhat appalling task.

Joel Benton.

the highest civil trusts. Has that argument any foundation in reason, any justification in history?

Of our country's great men, beginning with Ben Franklin, I estimate that a majority had little if anything more than a common school education, while many had less. Washington, Jefferson, and Madison had rather more; Clay and Jackson somewhat less; Van Buren perhaps a little more; Lincoln decidedly less. How great was his consequent loss? I raise the question; let others decide it. Having seen much of Henry Clay, I confidently assert that not one in ten of those who knew him late in life would have suspected from aught in his conversation or bearing, that his education had been inferior to that of the college graduates by whom he was surrounded. His knowledge was different from theirs; and the same is true of Lincoln's as well. Had the latter lived to be seventy years old, I judge that whatever of hesitation or *rawness* was observable in his manner would have vanished, and he would have met and mingled with educated gentlemen and statesmen on the same easy footing of equality with Henry Clay in his later prime of life. How far his two flatboat voyages to New Orleans are to be classed as educational exercises above or below a freshman's year in college, I will not say; doubtless some freshmen know more, others less, than those journeys taught him. Reared under the shadow of the primitive woods, which on every side hemmed in the petty clearings of the generally poor, and rarely energetic or diligent, pioneers of the Southern Indiana wilderness, his first introduction to the outside world from the deck of a "broad-horn" must have been wonderfully interesting and suggestive. To one whose utmost experience of civilization had been a county town, consisting of a dozen or twenty houses, mainly log, with a shabby little court-house, including jail, and a shabbier, ruder, little church, that must have been a marvelous spectacle which glowed in his face from the banks of the Ohio and the lower Mississippi. Though Cairo was then but a desolate swamp, Memphis a wood-landing and Vicksburgh a timbered ridge with a few stores at its base, even these were in striking contrast to the somber monotony of the great woods. The rivers were enlivened by countless swift-speeding steamboats, dispensing smoke by day and flame by night; while New Orleans, though scarcely one-fourth the city she now is, was the focus of a vast commerce, and of a civilization which (for America) might be deemed antique. I doubt not that our tall and green young backwoodsman needed only a piece of well-tanned sheepskin suitably (that is, learnedly) inscribed to have rendered those two boat trips memorable as his degrees in capacity to act well his part on that stage which has mankind for its audience.

He learned and practised land-surveying because he must somehow live — not ultimately but presently — and he had no idolatrous affection for the wholesome exercise of rail-splitting. He studied law, giving thereto all the time that he could spare from earning his daily bread, for he aspired to political life; and seven-eighths of all the desirable offices in this country are monopolized by the legal profession — I will not judge how wisely. He stood for the legislature, as an election would have enabled him to study regularly without running in debt; whereas, land surveying must take him away from his books. Beaten then, though he received the votes of nearly all his neighbors, he was again a candidate in 1834, and now, when twenty-five years old, and not yet admitted to the bar, he was elected and took his seat — the youngest but one, and probably the tallest member on the floor. He was reëlected in 1836, in 1838, and in 1840, receiving after his fourth election the vote of his fellow Whigs for Speaker. He had thus practically, when but thirty-one years old, attained the leadership of his party in Illinois; and that position was never henceforth contested while he lived. When the party had an electoral ticket to frame, he was placed at its head; when it had a chance to elect a United States Senator, it had no other candidate but Lincoln, though under his advice it waived its preference, and united with the anti-Nebraska Democrats in choosing their leader, Lyman Trumbull; it presented him to the first Republican National Convention as its choice for vice-president, and the next, as its choice for president, which prevailed. Meantime, when his second seat in the Senate became vacant in 1858, there was not one Republican in the State who suggested any other name than his for the post. What was it, in a State so large as Illinois, and a party that was justly proud of its Browning, its Yates, its Davis, its Washburne, and others, gave him this unquestioned ascendancy?

I would say, first, his unhesitating, uncalculating, self-sacrificing devotion to the principles and aims of his party. When a poor, unknown youth he first proclaimed himself a Whig, Jacksonism was dominant and rampant throughout the land, and especially in Illinois, where it seemed to have the strength of Gibraltar. In 1836, Ohio and Indiana went for Harrison, but Illinois was not moved to follow them. In 1840, the Whigs carried every other free State, New Hampshire excepted; yet Illinois despite her many veterans who had served under Harrison, or been under his rule, as Governor of the Northwest Territory, went

for Van Buren. Again, in 1844, Mr. Lincoln traveled far and wide, speaking long and well as a Clay elector, yet the State rolled up a largely increased majority for Polk, and she went heavily for Pierce in 1852, likewise for Buchanan in '56. She never cast an electoral vote for any other than the Democratic nominee, till she cast all she had for her own Lincoln. I apprehend that throughout his political career Mr. Lincoln was the most earnest partizan, the most industrious, effective canvasser of his party in the State. Having espoused the Whig cause when it was hopeless, and struggled unavailingly for it, through twenty years of adversity, his compatriots had learned to repose implicit faith in him beyond that which they accorded to any other man, Henry Clay alone excepted.

Our presidential and State canvasses are often improvidently conducted. People wander to distant counties to listen to favorite orators, and swell processions at mass-meetings. They compel speakers to strain and crack their voices in addressing acres of would-be auditors; when, in fact, more effect is usually produced, so far as conviction is concerned, by a quiet, protracted talk in a log school-house than by half-a-dozen tempestuous harangues to a gathering of excited thousands. I perceive and admit the faults, the vices of our system of electioneering; and yet I hold that an American presidential canvass, with all its imperfections on its head, is of immense value, of inestimable utility, as a popular political university, whence even the unlettered, the ragged, the penniless may graduate with profit if they will. In the absence of the stump, I doubt the feasibility of maintaining institutions more than nominally republican; but the stump brings the people face to face with their rulers and aspirants to rule; compels an exhibition and scrutiny of accounts and projects, and makes almost every citizen, however heedless and selfish, an arbiter in our political controversies, enlisting his interest and arousing his patriotism. The allowance of a monarch, exorbitant as it is, falls far below the cost of choosing a president; but the acquaintance with public affairs diffused through a canvass is worth far more than its cost. That falsehoods and distorted conceptions are also disseminated is unhappily true; but there was never yet a stirring presidential canvass which did not leave the people far better, and more generally, informed on public affairs than it found them. The American stump fills the place of the *coup d' état*, and the Spanish-American *pronunciamento*. It is, in an eminently practical sense, the conservator of American liberty, and the antidote to official tyranny and corruption.

The canvasser, if fit to be a canvasser, is teaching his hearers; fit or unfit, he can hardly fail to be instructed himself. He is day by day presenting facts and arguments and reading in the faces of his hearers their relative pertinence and effectiveness. If his statement of his case does not seem to produce conviction, he varies, fortifies, reënforces it; giving it from day to day new shapes until he has hit upon that which seems to command the hearty, enthusiastic assent of the great body of his hearers; and this becomes henceforth his model. Such was the school in which Abraham Lincoln trained himself to be the foremost *convincer* of his day—the one who could do his cause more good and less harm by a speech than any other living man.

Every citizen has certain conceptions, recollections, convictions, notions, prejudices, which together make up what he terms his politics. The canvasser's art consists in making him believe and feel that an over-ruling majority of these preconceptions ally him to that side whereof said canvasser is the champion. In other words, he seeks to belittle those points whereon his auditor is at odds with him and emphasizes those wherein they two are in accord; thus persuading the hearer to sympathize, act and vote with the speaker. And with this conception in view, I do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Lincoln's speech at Cooper Institute, New York, in the spring of 1860, the very best political address to which I ever listened—and I have heard some of Webster's grandest. As a literary effort, it would not of course, bear comparison with many of Webster's speeches; but regarded simply as an effort to convince the largest possible number that they ought to be on the speaker's side, not on the other, I do not hesitate to pronounce it unsurpassed.

I first met Mr. Lincoln late in 1848 at Washington, as a representative in the Thirtieth Congress—the only one to which he was ever elected. His was, as apportioned under the census of 1840, a Whig district; and he was elected from it in 1846 by the largest majority it ever gave any one. He was then not quite forty years old; a genial, cheerful, rather comely man, noticeably tall, and the only Whig from Illinois—not remarkable otherwise, to the best of my recollection. He was generally liked on our side of the House; he made two or three moderate and sensible speeches which attracted little attention; he voted generally to forbid the introduction of slavery into the still untainted Territories; but he did not vote for Mr. Galt's resolve looking to the immediate abolition of slavery in the Federal district, being deterred by the somewhat fiery preamble thereto. He introduced a counter-proposition of his own, looking to

abolition by a vote of the people—that is by the whites of the district—which seemed to me much like submitting to the votes of the inmates of a penitentiary a proposition to double the length of their respective terms of imprisonment. In short, he was one of the very mildest type of Wilmot Proviso Whigs from the free States—not nearly so pronounced as many who long since found a congenial rest in the ranks of the pro-slavery democracy. But as I had made most of the members my enemies at an early stage of that short session, by printing an elucidated exposé of the iniquities of Congressional mileage; and as he did not join the active cabal against me, though *his* mileage figured conspicuously and by no means flatteringly in that exposé, I parted from him at the close of the Congress with none but grateful recollections. There were men accounted abler on our side of the House—such as Collamer, of Vermont; Palfrey, and Mann, of Massachusetts, and perhaps Schenck and Root, of Ohio—yet I judge that no other was more generally liked and esteemed than he. And yet had each of us been required to name the man among us who would first attain the presidency, I doubt whether five of us would have designated Abraham Lincoln.

He went home to his law office after trying, I think, to be commissioner of the General Land Office under the incoming Taylor régime and finding the place bespoken; and thenceforth, little was heard of him out of Illinois until the Northern uprising consequent on the introduction and passage of what is known as the "Nebraska Bill." He had hitherto been known as rather conservative than otherwise; this act had the same effect on him as on many others. He was henceforth an open, determined opponent of any extension of slavery to territory previously free. Thus he bore his part in the Illinois contests of 1854 and 1856; and thus when unanimously proclaimed the standard bearer of the Republican party of the State in the senatorial struggle of 1858, he opened the canvass in a speech to the convention which nominated him, which embodied these memorable words:

> If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated, with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

Here is the famous doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict," which Governor Seward set forth four months later in his speech at Rochester, New York, which attracted even wider attention and fiercer denunciation than Mr. Lincoln's earlier avowal. "Shall I tell you what this collision means?" queried Governor S., with reference to the existing controversy respecting slavery in the Territory: "They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and, therefore, ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is *an irrepressible conflict* between opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave holding nation, or entirely a free labor nation. . . . It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and the free States; and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises when made, vain and ephemeral."

Finer reading of a national horoscope no statesman ever made—clearer glance into the dim-lit future has rarely been vouchsafed to holy prophet after long vigils of fasting and prayer at Sinai or Nebo. And yet what a stunning concert—or rather dissonance of shriek, and yell, and hostile brays these twin utterances evoked, from ten thousand groaning stumps, from a thousand truculent, shrewish journals! An open adhesion to atheism or anarchy could hardly have called forth fiercer or more scathing execrations. Yet looking back through an eventful interval of less than a decade we see that no truth is more manifest, and hardly one was at that moment more pertinent than that so clearly yet so inoffensively stated, first by the Western lawyer and candidate, then by the New York senator.

I invoke that truth to-day as a bar to harsh judgments and bitter denunciations—as a balm to the wounds of the nation. There *was* "an irrepressible conflict," the Union *could not* "endure half slave and half free." The interests of slave-holders and free labor *were* antagonistic, and it was by no contrivance of politicians, but in spite of their determined efforts that the slavery question was perpetually, with brief intervals, distracting Congress, and involving the North and the South in

fierce collision. Shallow talkers say "If it had not been for this or for that — if there had been no Calhoun or no Garrison, no Wendell Phillips or no Wise — if John Brown had died ten years sooner, or Jeff Davis had never been born there would have been no Nebraska question; no secession; no civil war." Idle, empty babble, dallying with surfaces and taking no account of the essential and inevitable! If none of the hundred best-known and most widely hated of our notables of the last twenty years had ever been born, the late struggle might have been postponed a few years or might have been hastened, but it could not have been averted. It broke out in God's good time because it had to be — because the elements of discord imbedded in our institutions could no longer be held passive, so far as its divine end had been fully accomplished. Such are the convictions which have impelled me to plead for amnesty, charity, and mercy, and oblivion, as I should have pleaded though with even less effect had the other party triumphed. Though there had never been a Missouri to admit, a Texas to annex, nor a Kansas to organize and colonize with free labor or with slaves, the "conflict between opposing and enduring forces" would, nevertheless, have wrought out its natural results.

I cannot help regarding that senatorial contest of 1858, between Lincoln and Douglas, as one of the most characteristic and at the same time most creditable incidents in our national history. There was an honest and earnest difference with regard to a most important and imminent public question; and Illinois was very equally divided thereon, with a United States senator for six years to be chosen by the legislature then to be elected. Henceforth each party selects its ablest and most trusted champion, nominates him for the coveted post, and sends him out as the authorized, indorsed, accredited champion of its principles and policy to canvass the State and secure a verdict for its cause. So the two champions traversed the prairies, speaking alternately to the same vast audiences at several central, accessible points, and speaking separately at others, until the day of election; when Douglas secured a small majority in either branch of the legislature, and was reëlected, though Lincoln had the larger popular vote. But while Lincoln had spent less than a thousand dollars in all, Douglas in the canvass had borrowed and dispensed no less than eighty thousand dollars; incurring a debt which weighed him down to the grave. I presume no dime of this was used to buy up his competitor's voters, but all to organize and draw out his own; still the debt so improvidently, if not culpably, incurred remained to harass him out of this mortal life.

Lincoln it was said was beaten; it was a hasty, erring judgment. This canvass made him stronger at home, stronger with the Republicans of the whole country, and when the next national convention of his party assembled, eighteen months thereafter, he became its nominee for President, and thus achieved the highest station in the gift of his country; which but for that misjudged feat of 1858 he would never have attained.

A great deal of knowing smartness has been lavished on that Chicago nomination. If A had not wanted this, or had B been satisfied with that, or C not been offended because he had missed or been refused something else, the result would have been different, says Shallowpate. But know, O Shallowpate! that Lincoln was nominated for the one sufficient reason that he could obtain more electoral votes than any of his competitors! And that reason rarely fails in a national convention. It nominated Harrison in '39; Polk in '44; Taylor in '48; Pierce in '56; and Lincoln in '60. Those who compose national conventions are generally at least shrewd politicians. They want to secure a triumph if for no better reason than that they hope thereby to gratify their own personal aspirations. So they consult and compare and balance popularities, and weigh probabilities; and at last the majority center upon that candidate who can poll most votes. This may not be our noblest test of statesmanship, but it is at least intelligible. And thus Abraham Lincoln became President, having every electoral vote from the free States, but three of the seven cast from New Jersey.

Then followed secession, and confederation, and civil war, whereof the first scenes had been enacted before Mr. Lincoln commenced his journey to Washington, taking leave of his fellow-citizens of Springfield with prophetic tenderness and solemnity, and thenceforward addressing at almost every stopping place vast crowds who would have speeches, though he would and should have kept silence; and so meandering to the national capital, everywhere cheered and welcomed, though nearly half his auditors had voted against him, until he neared the slave line; and now he was over-persuaded by the urgent representations of Senator Seward and General Scott, based upon the espials and discoveries of Police-Superintendent Kennedy, to break his engagement to traverse Baltimore, as he had traversed New York and other cities which had given heavy majorities against him, and take instead a sleeping-car which, passing through Baltimore in the dead of night, landed him in Washington hours before that wherein he was expected publicly to enter Baltimore.

I have no doubt that there was a plot to

assassinate him on his way through Baltimore — that the outbreak which cost the lives of six Massachusetts volunteers would have been anticipated by two weeks had he afforded the opportunity; but this peril of assassination is one of the inevitable attendants of conspicuous activity in public affairs in times of popular passion. I cannot say how many distinct, written notices that *my* life was forfeited, and the forfeit would soon be exacted, I have been honored with — certainly a dozen, possibly a hundred — and, arguing from the little to the great, I have no doubt that Mr. Lincoln's allotment of these seductive billets must have considerably exceeded ten thousand.

But what then? Must we sit up all night because so many people die in their beds? We cannot evade the assassin; we cannot fence him out, or Henry IV., of France, and ever so many more powerful and beloved monarchs would not have succumbed to the dagger, the pistol, or the bowl. The most powerful of living rulers is Alexander II., of Russia, and his life has twice within a few years past been saved by the inaccuracy of a regicide's aim.[1] The words of the mighty Julius, as rendered by Shakspere, embody the truest and highest wisdom:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

I am quite certain that this was also Mr. Lincoln's profound conviction, and that he acted on it whenever he was not overruled by a clamor too sudden and too weighty to allow his judgment fair play. "Hence his untimely death," you say. I do not believe it; you may renounce the sunlight and sit trembling in an inner dungeon surrounded by triple walls and triple guards and yet the assassin will steal in upon you unawares. There is no absolute safeguard against him; your only refuge is the assurance that

Man is immortal 'til his work is done.

Despite ten thousand menaces and warnings and offers to pay for his taking off, and to take him off for pay, Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated President. No crack of rifle or bark of revolver interrupted the reading of his inaugural, though I confidently expected and awaited it. Under a bright March sun, surrounded by a brilliant coterie of foreign ministers and home dignitaries, the new President read the inaugural, which he had evidently prepared with care and anxious deliberation before leaving his distant home. That document will be lingered over and admired long after we shall all have passed away. It was a masterly effort at persuasion and conciliation by one whose command of logic was as perfect as his reliance on it was unqualified. The man evidently believed with all his soul that if he could but convince the South that he would arrest and return her fugitive slaves and offered to slavery every support required by comity, or by the letter of the Constitution, he would avert her hostility, dissolve the Confederacy, and restore throughout the Union the sway of the Federal authority and laws! There was never a wilder delusion. I doubt whether one single individual was recalled from meditated rebellion to loyalty by that overture, yet mark how solemnly, how touchingly he pleads that war may be averted:

[Here Mr. Greeley quotes the close of the inaugural.[2] — EDITOR.]

I apprehend that Mr. Lincoln was very nearly the last man in the country whether North or South to relinquish his rooted conviction, that the growing chasm might be closed and the Union fully restored without the shedding of blood. Inured to the ways of the Bar and the Stump, so long accustomed to hear of rebellions that never came to light, he long and obstinately refused to believe that reason and argument, fairly employed, could fail of their proper effect. Though Montgomery Blair, that member of his cabinet who best understood the Southern character, strenuously insisted from the outset that war was inevitable, that hard knocks must be given and taken before the authority of the Union could be restored, or would be recognized in the Cotton States, the President gave far greater heed to the counsel and anticipations of his Secretary of State, whose hopeful nature and optimistic views were in accordance with his own stubborn prepossessions.

I saw him for a short hour about a fortnight after his inauguration; and though the tidings of General Twiggs's treacherous surrender of the larger portion of our little army, hitherto employed in guarding our Mexican frontier, had been some days at hand, I saw and heard nothing that indicated or threatened belligerency on our part. On the contrary, the President sat listening to the endless whine of office-seekers, and doling out village post-offices to importunate or lucky partizans just as though we were sailing before land breezes on a smiling, summer sea; and to my inquiry, "Mr. President! do you know that you will have to *fight* for the place in which you sit?"

[1] Assassinated finally March 13, 1881. — EDITOR.

[2] See "Abraham Lincoln: A History," Vol. III, p. 319. — EDITOR.

he answered pleasantly, I will not say lightly—but in words which intimated his disbelief that any fighting would transpire or be needed; and I firmly believe that this dogged resolution not to believe that our country was about to be drenched in fraternal blood, is the solution of his obstinate calmness throughout the earlier stages of the war; and especially, his patient listening to the demand of a deputation from the Young Christians of Baltimore as well as of the mayor and of other city dignitaries, that he should stipulate while blockaded in Washington, and in imminent danger of expulsion, that no more Northern volunteers should cross the sacred soil of Maryland in hastening to his relief. We could not comprehend this at the North—many of us have not yet seen through it; most certainly if he had required a committee of ten thousand to kick the bearers of this preposterous, impudent demand back to Baltimore, the ranks of that committee would have been filled in an hour from any Northern city or county containing fifty thousand inhabitants.

And thus the precious early days of the conflict were surrendered because the President did not even yet believe that any serious conflict would be had. He still clung to the delusion that forbearance, and patience, and moderation, and soft words would yet obviate all necessity for deadly strife. Thus new volunteers were left for weeks to rot in idleness and dissipation in the outskirts and purlieus of Washington, because their commander-in-chief believed that it would never be necessary or advisable to load their muskets with ball cartridges. But when at length that heartless, halting, desolating, stumbling, staggering, fatally delayed advance to Bull Run was made by half the regiments that should have been sent forward, and had recoiled in ignominious disaster, as an advance so made against a compact, determined, decently handled force must, there came a decided change. The wanton rout of that black day cost the President but one night's sleep. It cost me a dozen, while good men died of it who had never been within two hundred miles of the so quickly deserted field. Henceforth Mr. Lincoln accepted war as a stern necessity, and stood ready to fight it out to the bitter end.

And yet while I judge that many were more eager than he to bring the struggle to an early if worthy close, no one would have welcomed an honorable and lasting pacification with a sincerer joy. No man was ever more grossly misrepresented or more widely misapprehended than he was on this point; and I deem the fault partly his own or that of his immediate counselors. Let me state distinctly how and why.

The rebellion, once fairly inaugurated, was kept alive and aggravated by systematic and monstrous misrepresentation at the South of the spirit and purpose of the North. That our soldiers were sent down to kill, ravage, and destroy, with "Beauty and booty" on their standards, and rage and lust in their hearts; and that the North would be satisfied with nothing less than its utter spoliation, if not the absolute extirpation of the Southern people—such were the tales currently reported and widely believed in that vast region wherein no journal not avowedly Confederate existed or could exist for years, until the strength of the Rebellion lay in a widespread belief within its domain that nothing worse could possibly happen to its adherents or their families than subjugation to the Union. Hence I hold that our Government, whatever its hopes of a favorable issue, should not only have welcomed every overture looking to pacification from the other side but should have studied and planned to multiply opportunities for conference and negotiation. When Henry May, an anti-war representative of Baltimore, in Congress, sought permission to go to Richmond in quest of peace, Mr. Lincoln allowed him to slip clandestinely through our lines; but kept his mission quiet and disclaimed all responsibility for it. I would have publicly said: "Go in welcome, Mr. May; I only stipulate that you publish, and authenticate by your signature, the very best terms that are offered you at Richmond; and I agree if they be responsibly indorsed to give them a prompt unprejudiced consideration." And I would have repeated this to every Democrat who might at any time have solicited like permission. So, when in July, 1863, Mr. A. H. Stephens sought permission to visit Washington in a Confederate gunboat with some sort of overture, I would have responded: "Spare us your gunboat, Mr. S.; that would be superfluous here; but you will find a swift vessel and a safe-conduct awaiting you at Fort Monroe; so come to us at once, properly accredited, and you will find us not merely willing but anxious to stay this revolting effusion of human blood." And so to the last. I do firmly believe that the President's Niagara card, "To whom it may Concern," did much to disabuse the Southern mind with regard to Northern purposes, and might have been so framed and proffered as to have done very much more had it said directly, affirmatively, what it said inferentially, negatively. I believe it would have paralyzed thousands of arms then striking frenziedly at the best of their and our country. And I hold Mr. Lincoln's ultimate visit to Fort Monroe, there to confer with Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, with a view to peace, one of the wisest and noblest acts of an eventful, illustrious

life, and one which contributed more than many a Union victory to the speedy disintegration and collapse of the Rebellion. Honored be the wisdom that comes late, if it be not indeed *too* late!

As to the slavery question I think Mr. Lincoln resolutely looked away from it so long as he could, because he feared that his recognizing slavery as the mainspring and driving wheel of the Rebellion was calculated to weaken the Union cause by detaching Maryland, Kentucky, and possibly Missouri also, from its support. "One war at a time" was his wise veto on every avoidable foreign complication; and in the same spirit he vetoed Fremont's and Phelps's, and Hunter's, and other early efforts to liberate the slaves of rebels, or to enlist negro troops. I am not arguing that he was right or wrong in any particular instance; I am only setting forth his way of looking at these grave questions, and the point of view from which he regarded them. To deal with each question as it arose and not be embarrassed in so dealing with it by preconceptions and premature committals, and never to widen needlessly the circle of our enemies, was his inflexible rule. Hence when Congress, in the summer of 1864, named and enacted an elaborate plan of reconstruction for the States then in revolt—which bill was presented to him during the last hour of the session—he withheld his signature and thereby caused its failure—not, as he explained, that he was adverse to the conditions proposed therein, but that he "refused to be inflexibly committed to *any* single plan of restoration"—while the Rebellion was still unsubdued, and while exigencies might arise in the progress of the conflict, which could not be foreseen. The document wherein Messrs. Wade and Winter Davis criticized and controverted this decision is far clearer and more caustic than any Mr. Lincoln ever wrote; and yet I believe, the judgment of posterity will be that he had the right side of the question.

I am not so clear that he had the better position in his discussion with Messrs. Corning and other Democrats of Albany and in his like correspondence with Democratic leaders in Ohio touching the arrest and punishment of Mr. Vallandigham. The essential question at issue was this: "How far may a citizen lawfully and with impunity oppose a war which his country is waging?" It is a question as old as human freedom, and its settlement has not yet been approximated. That there must be liberty to nominate and support candidates hostile to the further prosecution of the contest, and in favor of decisive efforts looking to and in favor of its speedy close by negotiation, is not contested: but where is the limit of this liberty? May the Opposition proceed to arraign the President as a usurper, despot, anarchist, murderer, and eulogize the cause of the public enemy as righteous, patriotic, and entitled to every good man's sympathy and support? If not, where is the freedom of discussion in election? If yea, how is the national authority to be upheld and its right in extremity to the best services of the whole people enforced and maintained? Mr. Vallandigham was and had been an open, unqualifiedly consistent opponent of the War for the Union. He held that war to be unjust, unconstitutional, and wantonly aggressive. He held that the Union could only be restored through the discomfiture of the national forces and the consequent abandonment of all attempts to "coerce" the South. There was nothing equivocal in his attitude, nor in his utterances, whether in Congress or on the stump. And it cannot be fairly denied that his speeches were as clearly giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy as were the cavalry raids of John Morgan, J. E. B. Stuart, or Mosby. So General Burnside, commanding the military department, including Ohio, had him arrested, tried by a court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress; which sentence was commuted by the President into banishment to the Southern Confederacy—which sentence was duly executed. And thereupon Mr. V—— was nominated for Governor by the Democracy of Ohio, and a strong appeal made to the President by the Democrats of Albany and elsewhere, for an unconditional reversal of the sentence of banishment, assuming that Mr. V—— had been condemned and banished in violation of law and right—"for no other reason than words addressed to a public meeting in criticism of the course of the administration; and in condemnation of the military orders of" Burnside. I think Mr. V——'s friends have ground to stand upon so strong—or at least so plausible—that they might well have offered to set forth more broadly and forcibly the position and the action they controverted.

Mr. Lincoln answered them in what I consider the most masterly document that ever came from his pen. I doubt that Webster could have done better—I am sure he could not have so clearly and so forcibly appealed to the average apprehension of his countrymen; it is clear enough from his letter that the whole business was distasteful to him—that he thought Burnside had blundered in meddling at all with Vallandigham, or even recognizing his existence. Indeed, he intimates this part plainly in the course of his letter; yet he braces himself for his task and fully justifies therein the claim I set up for him, that he was the clev-

erest logician for the masses that America has yet produced. Six years before he had crushed by a sentence the sophism that sought to cover the extension of slavery into the Territories with the mantle of "Popular Sovereignty": "It means," said he, "that if A chooses to make B his slave, C shall not interfere to prevent it," so, in answering Messrs. Corning and company, he treated their letter as covering a demand that the rebel cause might be served and promoted in the loyal States with impunity by any action that would not be unlawful in times of profound peace—a position that he stoutly contested. . . .

[Mr. Greeley here quotes from Mr. Lincoln's letter of June 12, 1863.—EDITOR.]

. . . I do not suppose this logic convinced Mr. Lincoln that the arrest, and trial, and conviction of Mr. V—— were wise and useful measures of repression—if it did it has had no kindred effect on *my* mind. Yet I hold that the bitterest opponent of the President and his policy must in fairness admit that the case is not entirely one-sided—that if government is to exist it must have power to suppress rebellion against its authority; and that it is neither reasonable nor possible to accord the same immunities and uniformly respect the same safeguards of free speech and personal liberty in the presence of a gigantic rebellion, as in times of public tranquillity and unbroken allegiance to order and law.

I have said that Mr. Lincoln when I first knew him was classed with the more conservative of Northern Whigs on the subject of slavery. On the 3d of March, 1837—the last day of General Jackson's rule—he submitted to the Legislature of Illinois a protest against certain pro-slavery resolves passed by the Democratic majority of that body, wherein on behalf of himself and his brethren he says:

> They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.
>
> They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.
>
> They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the District.

In 1848 he voted in Congress (as we have seen) to lay on the table Mr. Galt's resolve, proposing instructions to the Federal District Committee to report a bill abolishing slavery in said district; but submitted a substitute looking to compensated, gradual emancipation, upon the express assent of a majority of the legal voters thereof. Ten years later, instructed by the Nebraska developments he had advanced, as we have seen, to the conception that "the Union could not permanently endure half slave and half free"—and that slavery, not the Union, would eventually have to succumb and disappear. This was a great stride; and he had hardly moved again when he wrote me on the 22d of August, 1862, in reply to an appeal from the pro-slavery policy which had thus far governed the practical conduct of the war, this exposition of his war policy:

> I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish, that all men everywhere could be free.
>
> Yours, A. LINCOLN.

This manifesto was exultingly hailed by the less radical portion of his supporters—I never could imagine why. It recognized the right to destroy slavery whenever that step should be deemed necessary to the national salvation—nay, it affirmed the *duty* of destroying in such contingency. And it proved that the President was meditating that grave step and clearly perceiving that it might—nay, probably *would*—become necessary, and that he wished to prepare the public mind for acquiescence therein whenever he should realize and announce that the time had come. I do not see how these points can have escaped the attention of any acute and careful observer.

It may well be noted here that this letter, though in form a response to my "Prayer of Twenty Millions," was not so in fact; I had not besought him to proclaim general eman-

cipation, I had only urged him to give full effect to the laws of the land, which prescribed that slaves employed with their master's acquiescence in support of the rebellion should thenceforth be treated as free by such employment, and by the general hostility of their owners to the national authority. I have no doubt that Mr. Lincoln's letter had been prepared before he ever saw my "Prayer," and that this was merely used by him as an opportunity, an occasion, an excuse, for setting his own altered position — changed not by his volition, but by circumstances — fairly before the country.

At the same time, I have no doubt that his letter expresses the exact literal truth, precisely as it lay in his mind. Assailed on the one hand as intent on upholding and preserving, on the other as subtly scheming and contriving to subvert and abolish slavery, he was really and truly obnoxious to neither of these charges, but solely, engrossingly intent in putting down the Rebellion, and preserving the Union by any and every means, and ready either to guarantee the perpetuity or proclaim the overthrow of human bondage, according as the one step or the other should seem likely to subserve and secure that end. Hence the first proclamation of freedom, which was issued but a few weeks after the appearance of this letter, seemed to me but the fulfilment of a promise implied in its forerunner.

I did not see the President between the issue of his first and that of his second Proclamation of Freedom — in fact, not from January, 1862, till about February 1, 1863. He then spoke of the Emancipation policy as not having yet effected so much good here at home as had been promised or predicted, but added that it had helped us decidedly in our foreign relations. He intimated no regret that it had been adopted, and, I presume, never felt any. In fact, as he was habitually and constitutionally cautious as to making advances, he seldom or never felt impelled or required to take a step backward. Never putting down his foot till he felt sure there was firm ground beneath it, he never feared to lay his whole weight on it when once fairly down. And, having committed himself to the policy of Emancipation, he proclaimed and justified it in letters to sympathizing British workmen, and to friends and foes on every side. His proposal of gradual and compensated Emancipation in the loyal slave States and districts, his postponed but hearty sanction of the enlistment of Black soldiers, and his persistent and thorough recognition and assertion of the Inalienable Rights of Man, were links in one chain which he wove skilfully, if not nimbly, around the writhing form of the over-mastered, fainting Rebellion. I am no admirer of the style of his more elaborate and pretentious state papers, especially his messages to Congress. They lack the fire and force that an Andrew, a Chase, or even a Stanton would have given them; they are not electric — not calculated to touch the chords of the national heart, and thrill them with patriotic ardor; yet I doubt that our national literature contains a finer gem than that little speech at the Gettysburg celebration, November 19, 1863, . . . after the close of Mr. Everett's classic but frigid oration. . . .

One more citation, and what seems to me the essential characteristics of a man as truly, unconsciously portrayed in his own acts and words, will have been set fairly before you:

Kentucky had been a chief obstacle to the early adoption of an Emancipation policy. As the President's native State, as the most central and weighty of the so-called border States, and as preponderantly favorable to the Union, though very largely represented in the rebel armies, the President had long hesitated and yielded to his natural reluctance to offend his loyal Whites, as it was clear that any act looking to general Emancipation would surely do.

When the die had at length been cast, and the attitude of the government had become unequivocal, her governor, Bramlett, with ex-Senator Dickson and Editor A. G. Hodges, appeared in Washington as bearers of her solemn protest against that policy. The President met them cordially, and they discussed their difference freely and amicably, but neither party seems to have made much headway in convincing and converting the other. After the Kentuckians had left, Mr. Hodges asked the President to give in writing the substance of the views he had set forth during their interview, and he did it in a letter of remarkable terseness and cogency even for him. I will cite but two passages which illustrate phases of Mr. Lincoln's character and of his mode of viewing the great questions at issue, which I have not clearly presented. In the former he says:

> I am naturally antislavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet, I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took, that I would to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view, that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary, abstract judgment, on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have

done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery.

I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government — that nation of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation, and yet preserve the Constitution?

By general law, life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assume this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of the government, country, and Constitution, all together.

Having briefly set forth how and why he was driven by the difficulty of subduing the Rebellion first to proclaim Emancipation, and then to summon Blacks as well as Whites to the defense of the country, and barely glancing at the advantages thus secured, he closes with these words:

And now let any Union man who complains of the measure, test himself by writing down in one line that he is for subduing the Rebellion by force of arms and in the next; that he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be but for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his case so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth.

I add a word which was not in the verbal conversation. In telling this tale I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man devised, or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Those few words: "I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity; I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me," furnish a key to the whole character and career of the man. He was no inspired Elijah or John Baptist, emerging from the awful desert sanctified by lonely fastings and wrestlings with Satan in prayer, to thrill a loving, suppliant multitude with unwonted fires of penitence and devotion. He was no loyal singer of Israel touching at will his heart and sweeping all the chords of emotion and inspiration in the general heart — he was simply a plain, true, earnest, patriotic man, gifted with eminent common sense, which, in its wide range, gave a hand to shrewdness on the one hand, humor on the other, and which allied him intimately, warmly with the masses of mankind. I doubt whether any woman or child, White or Black, bond or free, virtuous or vicious, accosted or reached forth a hand to Abraham Lincoln, and detected in his countenance or manner any repugnance or shrinking from the proffered contact, any assumption of superiority or betrayal of disdain. No one was ever more steeped in the spirit of that glorious lyric of the inspired Scotch plowman —

A man 's a man, for a' that;

and no one was ever acquainted and on terms of friendly intimacy with a greater number of human beings of all ranks and conditions than was he whom the bullet of Wilkes Booth claimed for its victim.

I pass over his reëlection, his second inaugural, his final visit to the army of the Potomac, and his entry into Richmond, hard on the heels of a prolonged, postponed capture; I say nothing of his manifest determination to treat the prostrate insurgents with unexampled magnanimity, and the terrible crime which with singular madness quenched, under the impulse of intense sympathy with the Rebellion, the life which was at that moment of greater importance and value to the rebels than that of any other living man. All these have added nothing to the symmetry of a character which was already rounded and complete. Never before did one so constantly and visibly *grow* under the discipline of incessant cares, anxieties, and trials. The Lincoln of '62 was plainly a larger, broader, better man than he had been in '61; while '63 and '64 worked his continued and unabated growth in mental and moral stature. Few have been more receptive, more sympathetic, and (within reasonable limits) more plastic than he. Had he lived twenty years longer, I believe he would have steadily increased in ability to counsel his countrymen, and in the estimation of the wise and good.

But he could in no case have lived so long. "Perfect through suffering" is the divine law; and the tension of mind and body through his four years of eventful rule had told powerfully upon his physical frame. When I last saw him, some five or six weeks before his death, his face was haggard with care, and

seamed with thought and trouble. It looked care-plowed, tempest-tossed, and weather-beaten, as if he were some tough old mariner, who had for years been beating up against wind and tide, unable to make his port or find safe anchorage. Judging from that scathed, rugged countenance, I do not believe he could have lived out his second term had no felon hand been lifted against his priceless life.

The chief moral I deduce from his eventful career asserts

> The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm!

the majestic heritage, the measureless opportunity of the humblest American youth. Here was an heir of poverty and insignificance, obscure, untaught, buried throughout his childhood in the primitive forests, with no transcendent, dazzling abilities, such as make their way in any country, under any institution, but emphatically in intellect, as in station, one of the millions of strivers for a rude livelihood who, though attaching himself stubbornly to the less popular party, and especially so in the State which he had chosen as his home, did nevertheless become a central figure of the Western Hemisphere, and an object of honor, love, and reverence throughout the civilized world. Had he been a genius, an intellectual prodigy, like Julius Cæsar, or Shakspere, or Mirabeau, or Webster, we might say: "This lesson is not for us — with such faculties any one could achieve and succeed"; but he was not a born king of men, ruling by the resistless might of his natural superiority, but a child of the people, who made himself a great persuader, therefore a leader, by dint of firm resolve, and patient effort, and dogged perseverance. He slowly won his way to eminence and renown by ever doing the work that lay next to him — doing it with all his growing might — doing it as well as he could, and learning by his failure, when failure was encountered, how to do it better. Wendell Phillips once coarsely said: "He grew because we watered him," which was only true in so far as this — he was open to all impressions and influences, and gladly profited by all the teachings of events and circumstances, no matter how adverse or unwelcome. There was probably no year of his life in which he was not a wiser, cooler, better man than he had been the year preceding. It was of such a nature — patient, plodding, sometimes groping, but ever towards the light — that Tennyson sings:

> Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At last he beat his music out.
> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

There are those who profess to have been always satisfied with his conduct of the war, deeming it prompt, energetic, vigorous, masterly. I did not, and could not, so regard it. I believed then — I believe this hour — that a Napoleon I., a Jackson, would have crushed secession out in a single short campaign — almost in a single victory. I believed that an advance to Richmond 100,000 strong might have been made by the end of June, 1861; that would have insured a counter-revolution throughout the South, and the voluntary return of every State, through a dispersion and disavowal of its rebel chiefs, to the counsels and the flag of the Union. But such a return would have not merely left slavery intact — it would have established it on firmer foundations than ever before. The momentarily alienated North and South would have fallen on each other's necks, and, amid tears and kisses, have sealed their Union by ignominiously making the Blacks the scapegoat of their bygone quarrel; and wreaking on them the spite which they had purposed to expend on each other. But God had higher ends to which a Bull Run, a Ball's Bluff, a Gaines's Mill, a Groveton, were indispensable; and so they came to pass, and were endured and profited by. The Republic needed to be passed through chastening, purifying fires of adversity and suffering; so these came and did their work, and the verdure of a new national life springs greenly from their ashes. Other men were helpful to the great renovation, and nobly did their part in it; yet, looking back through the lifting mists of seven eventful, tragic, trying, glorious years, I clearly discern that the one providential leader, the indispensable hero of the great drama — faithfully reflecting even in his hesitations and seeming vacillations the sentiment of the masses — fitted by his very defects and shortcomings for the burden laid upon him, the good to be wrought out through him, was Abraham Lincoln.

Horace Greeley.

[*BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.*]

THE SQUIRREL INN.—III.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

XIII.

DECREES OF EXILE.

TOWARDS the end of the afternoon of the day after Mr. Lanigan Beam had been installed as an outside guest of the Squirrel Inn, Miss Calthea Rose sat by the window at the back of her shop. This shop was a small one, but it differed from most other places of business in that it contained very few goods and was often locked up. When there is reason to suppose that when you go to a shop you will not be able to get in, and that, should it be open, you will not be apt to find therein anything you want, it is not likely that such a shop will have a very good run of custom.

This was the case with Miss Calthea's establishment. It had become rare for any one even to propose custom, but she did not in the least waver in regard to her plan of closing up the business left to her by her father. As has been said, she did not wish to continue this business, so she laid in no new stock, and as she had gradually sold off a great deal, she expected to be able in time to sell off everything. She did not adopt the usual methods of clearing out a stock of goods, because these would involve sacrifices, and, as Miss Calthea very freely said to those who spoke to her on the subject, there was no need whatever for her to make sacrifices. She was good at waiting, and she could wait. When she sold the few things which remained on the shelves — and she, as well as nearly every one in the village, knew exactly what these things were without the trouble of looking — she would retire from business, and have the shop altered into a front parlor. Until then the articles which remained on hand were for sale.

Miss Calthea was busily sewing, but she was much more busily engaged in thinking. So earnestly was her mind set upon the latter occupation that she never raised her head to look out at the special varieties of hollyhocks, dahlias, and marigolds which had lately begun to show their beauties in the beds beneath her window, nor did she glance towards the door to see if any one was coming in. She had much more important things to think about than flowers or customers.

Mrs. Petter had driven over to Lethbury that morning, and had told Calthea all the news of the Squirrel Inn. She had told her of the unexpected arrival of Lanigan Beam; of his unwillingness to go to Lethbury, as he had originally intended, and of the quarters that had been assigned to him in the ladder-room. She also told how Lanigan, who now wished to be called Mr. Beam, had a wonderful plan in his mind for the improvement of Lethbury, but whether it was electric lights, or gas, or water, or street railroads, or a public library, he would not tell anybody. He was going to work in his own way, and all he would say about the scheme was that he did not want anybody to give him money for it. And this, Mrs. Petter had remarked, had helped Mr. Petter and herself to believe what Lanigan had said about his amendment, for if anything could show a change in him it would be his not wanting people to give him money.

Mrs. Petter had said a great deal about the newcomer, and had declared that whatever alterations had gone on in his mind, soul, and character, he certainly had improved in appearance, and was a very good-looking young man, with becoming clothes. In one way, however, he had not changed, for in a surprisingly short time he had made friends with everybody on the place. He talked to Mr. Lodloe as if he had been an old chum; he had renewed his acquaintance with Mrs. Cristie, and was very gallant to her; he was hand-in-glove with Mr. Tippengray, both of them laughing together and making jokes as if they had always known each other; and, more than that, it was n't an hour after breakfast when he and Mrs. Cristie's nurse-maid were sitting on a bench under the trees, reading out of the same book, while Mr. Tippengray was pushing the baby-carriage up and down on the grass, and Mrs. Cristie and Mr. Lodloe were putting up the lawn-tennis net.

"I could see for myself," Mrs. Petter had remarked at this point, "that you were right in saying that there was no use in my talking about the boarders associating with servants, for when they made up the lawn-tennis game it turned out that Mr. Tippengray did n't play, and so that girl Ida had to take a hand while he kept on neglecting his Greek for the baby."

At last Miss Calthea let her sewing drop into

her lap, and sat looking at an empty shelf opposite to her.

"Yes," she said to herself, her lips moving, although no sound was audible, "the first thing to do is to get Lanigan away. As long as he is here I might as well not lift a finger, and it looks as if that impertinent minx of a child's nurse would be my best help. If he does n't have one of his changeable fits, he will be ready in three days to follow her anywhere, but I must look sharp, for at this very minute he may be making love to the widow. Of course he has n't any chance with her, but it would be just like Lanigan to go in strongest where he knew he had n't any chance. However, I shall see for myself how matters stand, and one thing is certain—Lanigan has got to go."

About this time Mr. Lanigan Beam, finding himself with a solitary quarter of an hour on his hands, was reflecting on a bench upon the lawn of the Squirrel Inn. "Yes," he thought, "it is a great plan. It will elevate the social tone of Lethbury, it will purify the moral atmosphere of the surrounding country, and, above all, it will make it possible for me to live here. It will give me an opportunity to become a man among men in the place where I was born. Until this thing is done, I can have no chance to better myself here, and, more than that, the community has no chance to better itself. Yes, it must be done; Calthea Rose must go."

At this moment Mr. Petter came along, on his way to supper.

"Well, Lanigan," said he, "are you thinking about your great enterprise?"

"Yes," said the other, rising and walking with him; "that is exactly what my mind was working on."

"And you are going to do it all yourself?" said Mr. Petter.

"Not exactly," said Beam. "I shall not require any pecuniary assistance, but I shall want some one to help me."

"Is there anybody about here who can do it?"

"Yes; I hope so," said Lanigan. "At present I am thinking of Mr. Tippengray."

"A very good choice," said Mr. Petter; "he is a man of fine mind, and it will certainly be to your advantage if you can get him to work with you."

"Indeed it will be," said Lanigan Beam, with much earnestness.

XIV.

BACKING OUT.

Ida Mayberry was walking on the narrow road which led through the woods from the Squirrel Inn to the public highway. She had been much interested in the road when she had been driven through it on the day of her arrival, and had availed herself of the opportunity given her this pleasant afternoon, by the prolonged slumbers of Master Douglas Cristie, to make a close acquaintance with its attractions.

It was indeed a pleasant road, where there were tall trees that often met overhead, and on each side there were bushes, and vines, and wild flowers, and little vistas opening into the woods, and rabbits running across the roadway; a shallow stream tumbling along its stony bed, sometimes to be seen and sometimes only heard; yellow butterflies in the air; and glimpses above, that afternoon, of blue sky and white clouds.

When she had walked about half the length of the road Miss Mayberry came to a tree with a large branch running horizontally about three feet from the ground and then turning up again, so as to make a very good seat for young people who like that sort of thing. Ida was a young person who liked that sort of thing, and she speedily clambered upon the broad horizontal branch and bestowed herself quite comfortably there. Taking off her hat and leaning her head against the upright portion of the branch, she continued the reflections she had been making while walking.

"Yes," she said to herself, "it will be wise in me not only to make up my mind that I will not grow to be an old maid but to prevent people from thinking I am going to grow to be one. I believe that people are very apt to think that way about teachers. Perhaps it is because they are always contrasted with younger persons. There is no reason why girl teachers should be different from other girls. Marriage should be as practically advantageous to them as to any others, only they should be more than usually circumspect in regard to their partners; that is, if they care for careers, which I am sure I do.

"Now the situation in this place seems to me to be one which I ought seriously to consider. It is generally agreed that propinquity is the cause of most marriages, but I think that a girl ought to be very careful not to let propinquity get the better of her. She should regulate and control propinquities.

"Here, now, is Mr. Lodloe. He seems to be a very suitable sort of man, young and good-looking, and, I think, endowed with brains; but I have read two of his stories, and I see no promise in them, and I doubt if he would sympathize with good, hard study; besides, he is devoting himself to Mrs. Cristie, and he is out of the question. Mr. Tippengray is an exceedingly agreeable man and a true student. To marry him would be in itself a higher education; but he is not a bit young. I think he is at least fifty, perhaps more, and then, supposing that he should retain his mental vigor until he is sev-

enty, that would give only twenty years of satisfactory intellectual companionship. That is a point that ought to be very carefully weighed.

"As to Mr. Beam, he is older than I am, but he is young enough. Upon the probable duration of his life one might predicate forty years of mental activity, and from what I have seen of him he appears to have a good intellect. They talk about an aqueduct and waterworks he is about to construct. That indicates the study of geology, and engineering capacity, and such a bias of mind would suit me very well. Mrs. Petter tells me that he is really and truly engaged to that old thing from Lethbury; but as she also said that he is heartily tired of the engagement, I don't see why it should be considered. He is as likely to correct his errors of matrimonial inclination as he is those of mathematical computation, and as for her, I should not let her stand in my way for one minute. Any woman who is as jealous about a man as she is about Mr. Tippengray has waived her right in all other men."

About this time a phaeton, drawn by a stout sorrel horse, and containing Miss Calthea Rose, was turning from the highroad into this lane. As a rule, Miss Calthea greatly preferred walking to driving, and although her father had left her a horse and several vehicles, she seldom made personal use of them; but to-day she was going to Romney, which was too far away for walking, and she had planned to stop at the Squirrel Inn and ask Mrs. Cristie to go with her.

It was necessary, for the furtherance of Miss Calthea's plans, that she should be on good terms with Mrs. Cristie. She ought, in fact, to be intimate with her, so that when the time came she could talk to her freely and plainly. It was desirable, indeed, that she should maintain a friendly connection with everybody at the Squirrel Inn. She had not yet met Lanigan Beam, and it would be well if he should be made to feel that she looked upon him merely as an old companion, and cared for him neither more nor less than one cares for ordinary old companions. Thus he would feel perfectly free to carry out his own impulses and her desires.

Towards Mr. Tippengray she had decided to soften. She was still very angry with him, but it would not do to repel him from herself, for that might impel him towards another, and spoil two of her plans. Even to that impertinent child's nurse she would be civil. She need have but little to do with the creature, but she must not let any one suppose that she harbored ill feeling towards her, and, with the exception of Mrs. Petter, no one would suppose she had any reason for such feelings. In fact, as Miss Calthea's mind dwelt upon this subject, she came to think that it would be a very good thing if she could do some kindness or service to this girl. This would give effect to what she might afterward be obliged to say about her.

IDA MAKES HERSELF COMFORTABLE.

Having reached this point in her cogitations, she also reached the point in the road where Ida Mayberry still sat making her plans, and concealed from the view of those coming from the direction of the highroad by a mass of projecting elderberry bushes. Hearing an approaching vehicle, the young woman on the horizontal limb, not wishing to be seen perched upon this elevated seat, sprang to the ground, which she touched about four feet from the nose of the sorrel horse.

This animal, which was trotting along in a quiet and reflective way, as if he also was making plans, was greatly startled by this sudden flash of a light-colored mass, this rustle, this waving, this thud upon the ground, and

he bounded sidewise entirely across the road, stopping with his head in the bushes on the other side.

Miss Calthea, who was nearly thrown from her seat, could not repress a scream, and, turning, perceived Ida Mayberry.

"Did you do that?" she cried.

"I am sorry that I made your horse shy," said Ida, approaching the vehicle; "but he seems to be perfectly quiet now, and I hope nothing is broken. Horses ought to be taught not to shy, but I suppose that would be difficult, considering the small size of their brain cavities."

"If some people had as much brains as a horse," muttered Miss Calthea, "it would be better for them. Back, Sultan! Do you hear me? Back!" And she tugged with all her strength upon the reins.

But the sorrel horse did not move; he had two reasons for refusing to obey his mistress. In the first place, on general principles he disliked to back, and was fully conscious that Miss Calthea could not make him do it, and, in the second place, he wanted a drink, and did not intend to move until he got it. Just here the brook was at its widest and deepest, and it came so near the road that in shying Sultan had entered it so far that the front wheels of the phaeton nearly touched the water. Standing more than fetlock deep in this cool stream, it is no wonder that Sultan wanted some one to loosen his check-rein and let him drink.

"I am afraid you are not strong enough to back him out of that," said Ida; "and if there were not so much water all around him I would go and take him by the head."

"Let him alone," cried Miss Calthea. "Back, Sultan! Back, I say!" And she pulled and pulled, tiring herself greatly, but making no impression upon the horse.

Now appeared upon the scene Mrs. Cristie, pushing her baby-carriage. She had come to look for Ida. She was full of sympathy when she heard what had happened, and, pushing Douglas into a safe place behind a tree, came forward and proposed that some one go for a man. But Calthea Rose did not want a man. She was very proud of her abilities as a horsewoman, and she did not wish a man to behold her inferiority in emergencies of this sort. She therefore opposed the suggestion, and continued to pull and tug.

"BACK!"

"That will never do," said Ida Mayberry, who had been earnestly regarding the situation. "You cannot make him move, and even if we did go into the water, he might jump about and tread on us; but I have thought of a way in which I think we can make him back. You are pretty heavy, Miss Rose, and Mrs. Cristie is lighter than I am, so she ought to get into the phaëton and take the reins, and you and I ought to help back the phaëton. I have seen it done, and I can tell you how to do it."

To this Miss Calthea paid no immediate attention; but as Mrs. Cristie urged that if Ida

knew about such things it would be well to let her try what she could do, and as Miss Calthea found that tugging at Sultan's bit amounted to nothing, she stepped out of the low vehicle and demanded to know what the child's nurse proposed to do.

"Now jump in, Mrs. Cristie," said Ida, "and when I give the word you pull the reins with all yourmight,and shout, 'Back!' at him. Miss Rose, you go to that hind wheel, and I will go to this one. Now put one foot on a spoke, so, and take hold of the wheel, and when I say,'Now!' we will both raise ourselves up and put our whole weight on the spoke, and Mrs. Cristie will pull on him at the same instant."

"HE BEGAN SLOWLY TO PUSH IT TOWARDS THE SQUIRREL INN."

Somewhat doggedly, but anxious to get out of her predicament, Miss Calthea took her position at the wheel and put one foot upon an almost horizontal spoke. Ida did the same, and then, giving the word, both women raised themselves from the ground; Mrs. Cristie gave a great pull, and shouted, "Back!" and as the hind wheels began slowly to revolve, the astonished horse, involuntarily obeying the double impulse thus given him, backed a step or two.

"Now! Again!" cried Ida, and the process was repeated, this time the horse backing himself out of the water.

"Bravo!" cried Lanigan Beam, who, with Walter Lodloe, had arrived on the scene just as Calthea Rose and Ida Mayberry had made their second graceful descent from an elevated spoke to the ground.

XV.

THE BABY IS PASSED AROUND.

"Good for you, Calthy," cried Lanigan Beam, advancing with outstretched hands. "How do you do? Old Sultan is at his tricks again, is he, declining to back? But you got the better of him that time, and did it well, too."

In his admiration of the feat he had witnessed, the credit of which he gave entirely to his old and well-tried fiancée, Lanigan forgot for the moment his plan for the benefit of Lethbury.

Irritated and embarrassed as she was, Miss Calthea did not forget her intention of treating Lanigan Beam as a person between whom and herself there could be nothing of a connecting order which could be set up as something of an obstructing order between herself and anyone else. She therefore took his hand, made a few commonplace remarks about his return, and then, excusing herself, approached Mrs. Cristie, who was just about to alight from the phaëton, and gave her the invitation to drive to Romney. That lady hesitated a few moments, and then, remembering some shopping she would like to do, accepted; and the attention of Miss Mayberry having been called to the baby-carriage behind the tree, the two ladies drove off.

Ida Mayberry gazed for a moment at the parting vehicle, and then, turning to Mr. Beam, she said:

"She might at least have thanked me for getting her out of that scrape."

"Was that your idea?" said Lanigan.

"Of course it was," said the young woman; "if I had n't shown her how to make the horse back, she would have pulled her arms out for nothing. It is easy to see that she does not know anything about managing horses."

Lanigan laughed outright.

"I would advise you not to say that to her," he said.

"I would as soon say it to her as not," said Ida; "somebody ought to do it. Why, if that horse had shied towards me instead of away from me when I jumped from that tree, I might have been very much hurt."

Lanigan laughed again, but this time inwardly.

"Do you like yellow flowers, Miss Mayberry?" said he. "The largest wild coreopsis I ever saw grows in this region. I noticed some in a field we just passed. Shall I gather a few for you?"

"I am very fond of that flower," said Ida; and Mr. Beam declaring that if she would step a little way with him he would show her a whole field of them, the two walked up the road.

Walter Lodloe had been gazing with some dissatisfaction at the departing phaeton. His mind was getting into a condition which made it unpleasant for him to see people take Mrs. Cristie away from him. He now turned and looked at the baby-carriage, in which the infant Douglas was sitting up, endeavoring by various noises to attract attention to himself. Lodloe pulled the vehicle into the road, and, finding that the motion quieted its occupant, he began slowly to push it towards the Squirrel Inn. When Walter Lodloe turned into the open space about the inn he met Mr. Tippengray with a book in his hand.

"Really," said the latter, elevating his eye-

brows, "I heard the creaking of those little wheels, and I —"

"Thought Miss Mayberry was making them creak," said Lodloe. "But she is not, and you may as well postpone the lesson I suppose you want to give her. She is at present taking lessons in botany from another professor"; and he hereupon stated in brief the facts of the desertion of the infant Douglas. "Now what am I going to do with the little chap?" he continued; "I must search for Mrs. Petter."

"I WILL WHEEL IT DOWN TO MY SUMMER-HOUSE, WHERE IT IS COOL AND SHADY."

"Don't do that," said the Greek scholar, quickly; "it would look badly for the young woman. Let me have the child; I will take care of it until she comes. I will wheel it down to my summer-house, where it is cool and shady."

"And an excellent spot to teach Greek," said Lodloe, laughing.

"A capital place," gaily replied Mr. Tippengray, putting his book into his pocket, and taking hold of the handle of the little carriage, elated by the feeling that in so doing he was also, for a time, getting a hold upon Miss Mayberry.

"Yes," he continued, "it is just the place for me; it suits me in all sorts of ways, and I have a mind to tell you of a most capital joke connected with it. It is too good a thing to keep to myself any longer, and now that I know you so well, I am perfectly willing to trust you. Would you believe it? I know the Rockmores of Germantown. I know them very well, and hate them for a lot of prigs. But I never told Stephen Petter. Not I. In some way or other he took it for granted that I did not possess the valuable acquaintanceship, and I let him think so. Ha! ha! That 's the way I got the summer-house, don't you see? Ha! ha! ha!"

Lodloe laughed. "Your secret is safe with me," said he; and the two having reached the little garden, he left the Greek scholar and went to his room.

When Ida Mayberry had her arms full of the great yellow flowers she suddenly appreciated the fact that she must be a long way from the baby, and ought immediately to return to it. She thereupon hastened back across the uneven surface of the field. When she reached the spot where the baby had been left, no baby was there.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Lodloe has taken the child away, and there is no knowing which way he has gone."

"Oh, the youngster 's all right," said Lanigan. "Sit down and rest yourself, and then we will walk to the inn."

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Ida. "You go that way, and I will go this, and if you see him, call out as loud as you can."

Very reluctantly Mr. Beam obeyed orders, and hurried in the direction of the highroad.

As he sat down by his open window Walter Lodloe looked out and saw Ida Mayberry running. Instantly there was a shout from the summer-house and the wave of a handkerchief. Then the nurse-maid ceased to run, but walked rapidly in the direction of the handkerchief-waver, who stood triumphantly pointing to the baby-carriage. After a glance at the baby to see that he was all right, Miss Mayberry seated herself on a bench in the shade, and took off her hat. In a few moments the Greek scholar was seated by her, the book was opened, and two heads were together in earnest study.

About ten minutes later Lodloe saw Lanigan Beam appear upon the lawn, walking rapidly. In a moment he caught sight of the group at the summer-house, and stopped short. He clenched his fists and slightly stamped one foot.

Lodloe now gave a low whistle, and Lanigan glancing upward at the sound, he beckoned to him to come to his tower-room. The young man at first hesitated, and then walked slowly towards the little garden, and ascended the outside stairway.

Lodloe greeted him with a smile.

"As you seem doubtful about joining the little company down there, I thought I would ask you up here," he said.

Lanigan walked to the window and gazed out at the summer-house.

"They are having a good, cozy time of it," said he, "but that won't do. That sort of thing has got to be stopped."

"Why won't it do?" asked Lodloe. "What is the matter with it, and who is going to stop it?"

"It 's sheer nonsense," said Beam, turning away from the window and throwing himself into a chair; "why should an old fellow like Tippengray take up all the spare time of that girl? She does n't need to learn anything. From what she has said to me I judge that she knows too much already."

"It strikes me," said Lodloe, "that if he likes to teach her, and she likes to learn, it is nobody's business but their own, unless Mrs. Cristie should think that her interests were being neglected." He spoke quietly, although

he was a little provoked at the tone of his companion.

"Well," said Mr. Beam, stretching his legs upon a neighboring chair, "I object to that intimacy for two reasons. In the first place, it keeps me away from Miss Mayberry, and I am the sort of person she ought to associate with, especially in her vacation; and in the second place, it keeps old Tippengray away from Calthea Rose. That is bad, very bad. Mrs. Petter tells me that before Miss Mayberry arrived Calthea and the Greek were as chummy and as happy together as any two people could be. It is easy to see that Calthea is dead in love with him, and if she had been let alone I am confident she would have married him before the summer was over."

"And you think that desirable?" asked Lodloe.

"Of course I do," cried Lanigan, sitting up straight in his chair and speaking earnestly; "it would be the best thing in the world. Calthea has had a hard time with her various engagements,—all of them with me,—and now that she has found the man she likes she ought to have him. It would be a splendid match; he might travel where he pleased, and Calthea would be an honor to him. She could hold her own with the nobility and gentry, and the crowned heads, for that matter. By George! it would make him two inches taller to walk through a swell crowd with Calthea on his arm, dressed as she would dress, and carrying her head as she would carry it."

"You seem to be a matchmaker," said Lodloe; "but I don't meddle in that sort of thing. I greatly prefer to let people take care of their own affairs; but I feel bound to say to you that after Ida Mayberry neglected her duty to go off with you, I determined to advise Mrs. Cristie to dispense with the services of such a very untrustworthy nurse-maid."

Lanigan Beam sprang to his feet. "Don't you do that!" he cried. "I beg of you not to do that."

"Why not?" said Lodloe. "That would aid your philanthropic plan in regard to Miss Rose and Mr. Tippengray. The maid away, there is no reason why they should not come together again."

"Now I am a straightforward, honest man," said Lanigan, "and I tell you plainly that that would be very hard on me. I 've come here to my native place to settle down, and if I settle I 've got to marry, and I have never seen a girl whom I would rather marry and settle with than Miss Mayberry. She may be a little slack about taking care of the baby, but I 'll talk to her about that, and I know she will keep a closer eye on him. Now if you want to see everybody happy, don't prejudice Mrs. Cristie against that girl. Give me a chance, and I 'll win her into the right way, and I 'll do it easily and naturally, without making hard blood or hurting anybody. Then old Tip and Calthea will come together again, and everything will be jolly. Now don't you go and blast the happiness of all of us, and get that poor girl turned off like a drunken cook. And as for taking good care of the baby, just look at her now."

Lodloe looked out of the window. Ida Mayberry was leaning forward on the bench, twirling a great yellow flower before the child, who was laughing and making snatches at it. In a moment appeared Mr. Tippengray with a large white daisy; he leaned over the other side of

"HE LEANED OVER THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CARRIAGE."

the carriage and twirled his flower in front of the baby. The little fellow was in great glee, first clutching at one blossom and then at the other, and Mr. Tippengray laughed, and Miss Mayberry laughed, and the three laughed together.

"Confound it!" said Lanigan Beam, with a frown, "this thing must be stopped."

Lodloe smiled. "Work matters your own way," he said; "I shall not interfere."

An hour later, when Calthea Rose and Mrs. Cristie returned from Romney, Ida Mayberry was walking by the side of the baby-carriage, which Lanigan Beam was pushing towards the spot from which there was the best view of the western sky, while Mr. Lodloe and Mr. Tippengray were engaged in a game of quoits on the other side of the summer-house.

Mrs. Cristie looked at the couple in charge of the baby, and said to herself:

"I don't altogether like that sort of thing, and I think it must be stopped."

Calthea Rose appeared to have recovered her good humor. She looked about her apparently satisfied with the world and its ways, and readily accepted Mrs. Petter's invitation to stay to tea.

XVI.

MESSRS. BEAM AND LODLOE DECLINE TO WAIT FOR THE SECOND TABLE.

As has been before mentioned, Walter Lodloe had grown into a condition of mind which made it unpleasant for him when people took Mrs. Cristie away or occupied her time and attention to the exclusion of his occupancy of the same. As a literary man he had taken an interest in studying the character of Mrs. Cristie, and he had now come to like the character even better than he liked the study.

A pretty woman, of a lively and independent disposition, and quick wit, and yet with certain matronly and practical points in her character which always surprised as well as pleased him when they showed themselves, Mrs. Cristie could not fail to charm such a man as Lodloe, if the two remained long enough together. She had charmed him, and he knew it and liked it, and was naturally anxious to know whether, in the slightest degree, she thought of him as he thought of her. But he had never been able to perceive any indication of this. The young widow was kind, gracious, and at times delightfully intimate with him, but he knew enough of the world to understand that this sort of thing in this sort of place might not in the least indicate that what was growing up in him was growing up in her.

On the afternoon of the day after Miss Calthea Rose had taken tea at the Squirrel Inn Walter Lodloe came down from his room in the tower with no other object in life than to find Mrs. Cristie. It was about the hour that she usually appeared on the lawn, and if there should follow tennis, or talking, or walking, or anything else, one thing would be the same as another to Lodloe, provided he and she took part. But when he saw Mrs. Cristie her avocation was one in which he could not take part.

She was sitting on a bench by Mr. Tippengray, Ida Mayberry was sitting at his other side, and the everlasting baby-carriage was standing near by. The Greek scholar and the nurse-maid each had a book, but these were closed, and Mr. Tippengray was talking with great earnestness and animation, while the young women appeared to be listening with eager interest. It was plain that the two were taking a lesson in something or other.

As Lodloe walked slowly from the gate of the little garden Mrs. Cristie looked up for a moment, saw him, but instantly resumed her attentive listening. This was enough; he perceived that for the present, at least, he was not wanted. He strolled on towards the field, and just below the edge of the bluff he saw Lanigan Beam sitting under a tree.

"Hello!" said the latter, looking up, "are they at that stupid business yet?"

Lodloe smiled. "Are you waiting for Miss Mayberry to get through with her lesson?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," said Lanigan. "I have been hanging around here for half an hour. I never saw such a selfish old codger as that Tippengray. I suppose he will stick there with them the whole afternoon."

"And you want him?" said Lodloe.

"Want him!" exclaimed Lanigan; "not much. But I want her. If there were only two together I would do as I did yesterday. I would join them, take a part, and before long carry her off; but I can't do that with Mrs. Cristie there. I have n't the cheek to break up her studies."

Lodloe laughed. "Don't let us wait for the second table," he said; "come and take a walk to Lethbury."

It was now Lanigan's turn to smile.

"You think you would better not wait for the second table," he said; "very well, then; come on."

The lesson on the bench had been deliberately planned by Mrs. Cristie. She had been considering the subject of her nurse-maid and Lanigan Beam, and had decided that it was her duty to interfere with the growth of that intimacy. She felt that it was her duty to exercise some personal supervision over the interests of the young person in her service, and had given her some guarded advice in regard to country-resort intimacies.

Having given this advice to Ida Mayberry, it struck Mrs. Cristie that it would apply very well to herself. She remembered that she was also a young person, and she resolved to take to herself all the advice she had given to her nurse-maid, and thus it was that she was sitting on the bench by Mr. Tippengray, listening to his very interesting discourse upon some of the domestic manners and customs of the ancients, and their surprising resemblance in many points to those of the present day. Therefore it was, also, that she allowed Walter Lodloe to pass on his way without inviting him to join the party.

When Lodloe and Beam reached Lethbury, the latter proposed that they should go and worry Calthea Rose; and to his companion's surprised exclamation at being asked to join in this diversion Lanigan answered, that having been used to that sort of thing all his life, it seemed the most natural sport in which to indulge now that he found himself in Lethbury again.

"Very good," said Lodloe, as they approached Miss Rose's place of business; "I shall not interfere with your native sports, but

I do not care to join them. I shall continue my walk, and stop for you on my way back."

When Lanigan Beam entered Miss Rose's shop she was sitting, as was her custom, by the back window, sewing. A neighbor had dropped in to chat with her a half-hour before, but had gone away very soon. The people of Lethbury had learned to understand when Calthea Rose did not wish to chat.

Miss Calthea was not happy; she was disappointed. Things had not gone as she hoped they would go, and as she had believed they would go when she accepted Mrs. Petter's invitation to tea. That meal had been a very pleasant one; even the presence of Ida Mayberry, who came to table with the family when the baby happened to be asleep, did not disturb her. On the contrary, it gratified her, for Lanigan Beam sat by that young person and was very attentive to her. She carefully watched Mr. Tippengray, and perceived that this attention, and the interest of the child's nurse in Lanigan's remarks, did not appear to give him the least uneasiness. Thereupon she began gradually, and she hoped imperceptibly, to resume her former method of intercourse with the Greek scholar, and to do so without any show of restoring him to favor. She did this so deftly that Mrs. Cristie was greatly interested in the performance, and an outside observer could have had no reason to suppose that there had been any break in the friendly intercourse between Miss Rose and Mr. Tippengray.

But this satisfactory state of things soon came to an end. When the daylight began to wane, and Miss Calthea's phaëton had been brought to the door, she went to it with her plans fully formed. As Mr. Tippengray assisted her into the vehicle, she intended to accept his proposition to drive her to Lethbury. She had slightly deferred her departure in order that the growing duskness might give greater reason for the proposition. There would be a moon about nine o'clock, and his walk back would be pleasant.

But when she reached the phaëton Mr. Tippengray was not there. Ida Mayberry, eager to submit to his critical eye two lines of Browning which she had put into a sort of Greek resembling the partly cremated corpse of a dead language, and who for the past ten minutes had been nervously waiting for Master Douglas to close his eyes in sleep that she might rush down to Mr. Tippengray while he was yet strolling on the lawn by himself, had rushed down to him, and had made him forget everything else in the world in his instinctive effort to conceal from his pupil the shock given him by the sight of her lines. He had been waiting for Miss Calthea to come out, had been intending to hand her to her vehicle, and had thought of proposing to accompany her to the village; but he had not heard the phaëton roll to the door, the leave-taking on the porch did not reach his ear, and his mind took no note whatever of the fact that Miss Rose was on the point of departure.

As that lady, stepping out upon the piazza, swept her eyes over the scene and beheld the couple on the lawn, she gave a jerk to the glove she was drawing on her hand that tore in it a slit three inches long. She then turned her eyes upon her phaëton, declined the offer of Mr. Petter to see her home, and, after a leave-taking which was a little more effusive than was usual with her, drove herself to Lethbury. If the sorrel horse had behaved badly in the early part of that afternoon, he was punished for it in the early part of that evening, for he completely broke all previous records of time made between the Squirrel Inn and Lethbury.

Thus the hopes of Miss Calthea had been doubly darkened; the pariah with the brimstone blossoms had not only treacherously deserted Lanigan, but had made Mr. Tippengray treacherously desert her. She had been furiously angry; now she was low-spirited and cross. But one thing in the world could have then cheered her spirits, and that would have been the sight of her bitterest enemy and Lanigan Beam driving or walking together past her shop door; but when Lanigan alone entered that shop door she was not cheered at all.

Mr. Beam's greeting was very free and unceremonious, and without being asked to do so he took a seat near the proprietress of the establishment.

"Well, well," he said, "this looks like old times. Why, Calthy, I don't believe you have sold a thing since I was here last."

"If you had any eyes in your head," said Miss Calthea, severely, "you would see that I have sold a great deal. Nearly everything, in fact."

"That proves my point," said Lanigan; "for nearly everything was gone when I left."

"And some of the things that are gone," said she, "you still owe me for."

"Well put, Calthy," said Lanigan, laughing; "and after that, let 's drop the business. What 's new and what 's stale in Lethbury?"

"You are about the newest as well as the stalest thing here," said she.

Lanigan whistled. "Calthy," said he, "would you mind my smoking a cigar here? There will be no customers coming in."

"You know very well you cannot smoke here," she said; "what is the matter with you? Has that pincushion-faced child's nurse driven you from the inn?"

A pang went through Lanigan. Was Calthea jealous of Miss Mayberry on his account? The thought frightened him. If he could

have said anything which would have convinced Calthea that he was on the point of marrying Miss Mayberry, and that therefore she might as well consider everything at an end between herself and him, he would have said it. But he merely replied:

"She is a nice girl, and very much given to learning."

Now Miss Calthea could restrain herself no longer.

"Learning!" she exclaimed. "Stuff and deception! Impudent flirting is what she is fond of, as long as she can get a good-for-naught like you, or an old numskull like that Tippengray, to play her tricks on."

Now Lanigan Beam braced himself for action. This sort of thing would not do; whatever she might say or think about the rest of the world, Calthea must not look with disfavor on the Greek scholar.

"Numskull!" said he. "You 're off the track there, Calthy. I never knew a man with a better skull than Mr. Tippengray, and as to his being old — there is a little gray in his hair, to be sure, but it 's my opinion that that comes more from study than from years."

"Nonsense!" said Calthea; "I don't believe he cares a snap for study unless he can do it with some girl. I expect he has been at that all his life."

Now Lanigan's spirits rose; he saw that it was not on his account that Calthea was jealous of Ida Mayberry. His face put on an expression of serious interest, and he strove to speak impressively, but not so much so as to excite suspicion.

"Calthea," said he, "I think you are not treating Mr. Tippengray with your usual impartiality and fairness. From what I have seen of him, I am sure that the great object of his life is to teach, and when he gets a chance to do that, he does it, and for the moment forgets everything else. You may be right in thinking that he prefers to teach young persons, and this is natural enough, for young people are much more likely than older ones to want to learn. Now, to prove that he does n't care to teach young girls just because they are girls, I will tell you that I saw him, this very afternoon, hard at work teaching Mrs. Cristie and Ida Mayberry at the same time, and he looked twice as happy as when he was instructing only one of them. If there were enough people here so that he could make up a class, and could have a sort of summer school, I expect he would be the happiest man on earth.

"CALTHY, THIS TRULY IS LIKE OLD TIMES."

"I am afraid that is Mr. Tippengray's fault," continued Lanigan, folding his hands in his lap and gazing reflectively at his outstretched legs. "I am afraid that he gives too much of his mind to teaching, and neglects other things. He is carried away by his love of teaching, and when he finds one person, or a dozen persons, who want to learn, he neglects his best friends for that one person, or those dozen persons. He ought n't to do it; it is n't right — but then, after all, no man is perfect, and I suppose the easiest way for us to get along is to stop looking for perfection."

Miss Calthea made no answer. She gazed out of the window as if she was mildly impressed with a solicitude for the welfare of her garden. There flitted into her mind a wavering, indeterminate sort of notion that perhaps

Lanigan was a better fellow than he used to be, and that if she should succeed in her great purpose it might not be necessary that he should go away. But still,—and here prudence stepped in front of kindliness,— if that child's nurse remained in the neighborhood, it would be safer if Lanigan kept up his interest in her; and if she ultimately carried him off, that was his affair.

Leaning forward, Miss Calthea took a match from a box on a shelf, and handed it to Lanigan.

"You may as well smoke if you want to," she said; "it 's not likely any one will be coming in, and I don't object when the window is open."

Gratefully Lanigan lighted his cigar.

"Calthy, this truly is like old times," he said. "And to finish up with Tippengray, I 'll say that if Lodloe and I had not our minds so filled with our own businesses and projects, I 'd get him to go in with me, and help make up a class; but if I were to do that, perhaps people might say that all I wanted was to get in with the girls."

Here was a chance for Calthea to give her schemes a little push.

"There is only one girl," she said, "who would be likely to take part in that sort of thing, and that is the child's nurse at the Squirrel Inn; but if she really is given to study, I suppose she might help you to improve your mind, and if you are what you used to be, it will stand a good deal of improving."

"That 's so, Calthy," said Lanigan; "that 's so." He was in high good humor at the turn the conversation had taken, but did his best to repress his inclination to show it. "It might be well to go in for improvement. I 'll do that, anyway." Lanigan blew out a long whiff of purple smoke. "Calthy is a deep one," he said to himself; "she wants me to draw off that girl from the old man. But all right, my lady; you tackle him and I will tackle her. That suits me beautifully."

At this moment Lodloe entered the shop, and Miss Calthea Rose greeted him with much graciousness.

"You must have taken a short walk," said Lanigan. "Don't you want to wait until I finish my cigar? It 's so much pleasanter to smoke here than in the open air. Perhaps Miss Calthea will let you join me."

Lodloe was perfectly willing to wait, but did not wish to smoke. He was interested in what he had heard of the stock of goods which was being sold off about as fast as a glacier moves, and was glad to have the opportunity to look about him.

"Do you know, Calthy," said Lanigan, "that you ought to sell Mr. Lodloe a bill of goods." He said this partly because of his own love of teasing, but partly in earnest. To help Calthea sell off her stock was an important feature of his project.

"Mr. Lodloe shall not buy a thing," said Calthea Rose. "If he is ever in want of anything, and stops in here to see if I have it in stock, I shall be glad to sell it to him if it is here, for I am still in business; but I know very well that Mr. Lodloe came in now as an acquaintance and not as a customer."

"Beg your pardons, both of you," cried Lanigan, springing to his feet, and throwing the end of his cigar out of the window; "but I say, Calthy, have you any of that fire-blaze calico with the rocket sparks that 's been on hand ever since I can remember?"

"Your memory is pretty short sometimes," said Calthea, "but I think I know the goods you mean, and I have seven yards of it left. Why do you ask about it?"

"I want to see it," said Lanigan. "There it is on that shelf; it 's the same-sized parcel that it used to be. Would you mind handing it down to me?"

Lanigan unrolled the calico upon the counter, and gazed upon it with delight. "Is n't that glorious!" he cried to Lodloe; "is n't that like a town on fire! By George! Calthea, I will take the whole seven yards."

"Now, Lanigan," said Miss Calthea, "you know you have n't the least use in the world for this calico."

"I know nothing of the sort," said Lanigan; "I have a use for it. I want to make Mrs. Petter a present, and I have been thinking of a fire-screen, and this is just the thing for it. I 'll build the frame myself, and I 'll nail on this calico, front and back the same. It 'll want a piece of binding, or gimp, tacked around the edges. Have you any binding, or gimp, Calthy, that would suit?"

Miss Calthea laughed. "You 'd better wait until you are ready for it," she said, "and then come and see."

"Anyway, I want the calico," said he. "Please put it aside for me, and I 'll come in to-morrow and settle for it. And now it seems to me that if we want any supper we had better be getting back to the inn."

"It 's not a bad idea," said Miss Calthea Rose, when she was left to herself; "but it shall not be in a class. No, indeed! I will take good care that it shall not be in a class."

XVII.

BANANAS AND OATS.

When Walter Lodloe walked to Lethbury because he could not talk to Mrs. Cristie, it could not have been reasonably supposed that his walk would have had more practical influence on his feelings towards that lady than a

conversation with her would have had; but such was the case.

It would have been very pleasant to talk, or walk, or chat, or stroll, or play tennis, with her, but when he reached the quiet little village, and wandered by himself along the shaded streets, and looked into the pretty yards and gardens, on the profusion of old-fashioned flowers and the cool green grass under the trees, and here and there a stone well-curb with a great sweep and an oaken bucket, and the air of quaint comfort which seemed to invade the interiors of those houses that were partly opened to his view, it struck him, as no idea of the sort had ever struck him before, what a charming and all satisfying thing it would be to marry Mrs. Cristie and live in Lethbury in one of these cool, quaint houses with the quiet and the shade and the flowers — at least for a few years until his fortunes should improve.

He had a notion that Mrs. Cristie would like that sort of thing. She seemed so fond of country life. He would write, and she would help him. He would work in the vegetable garden, and she among the flowers. It would be Arcadia, and it would be cheap. Even with his present income every rural want could be satisfied.

An infusion of feasibility — or what he looked upon as such — into the sentimentality of such a man as Walter Lodloe generally acts as a stiffener to his purposes. He was no more in love with Mrs. Cristie than he had been when he left the Squirrel Inn, but he now determined, if he saw any reason to suppose that she would accept them, to offer himself and a Lethbury cottage to Mrs. Cristie.

He had a good opportunity to think over this matter and to come to decisions, for his companion walked half the way home without saying a word.

Suddenly Lanigan spoke.

"Do you know," said he, "that I have about made up my mind to marry the governess?"

"She is n't a governess," said Lodloe; "she is a nurse-maid."

"I prefer to invest her with a higher grade," said Lanigan; "and it is pretty much the same thing, after all. Anyway, I want to marry her, and I believe I can do it if nobody steps in to interfere."

"Who do you suppose would do that?" asked Lodloe.

"Well," said Lanigan, "if the Lethbury people knew about it, and had a chance, every man jack of them, and every woman jack, too, would interfere, and under ordinary circumstances Calthea Rose would take the lead; but just now I think she intends to lend me a hand — not for my good, but for her own. If she does that, I am not afraid of all Lethbury and the Petters besides. The only person I am afraid of is Mrs. Cristie."

"Why do you fear her?" asked Lodloe.

"Well," said Lanigan, "when she was at the inn some years ago I was at my wildest, and her husband did not like me. He was in bad health, very touchy, and I suppose I gave him reason enough to consider me an extremely black sheep. Of course Mrs. Cristie naturally thought pretty much as he did, and from what you told me of the conference over my advent, I suppose her opinions have n't changed much. She has treated me very well since I have been here, but I have no doubt that she would consider it her duty to let Miss Mayberry know just the sort of fellow she thinks I am."

"Of course she would do that," said Lodloe; "and she ought to do it."

"No, sir," said Lanigan; "you are wrong, and I am going to prove it to you, and you shall see that I trust you as if I had known you years instead of days. I want you to understand that I am not the same sort of fellow that I used to be, not by any means. I told old Petter that so that he might have a little practice in treating me with respect, but I did n't give him any reasons for it, because Calthea Rose would be sure to suspect that he knew something, and she 'd worm it out of him; but I don't believe she could worm anything out of you. When I left this place some eighteen months ago I went down to Central America and bought a banana farm, paying very little money down. In less than three months I sold my land to a company, and made a very good thing out of it. Then, thinking the company after a while might want more land, I bought another large tract, and before the end of the year I sold that to them, doubling my money. Then I left the tropics, fearing I might go too deep into that sort of speculation and lose every cent I had. I traveled around, and at last landed in Chicago, and here the money-making fever seized me again. It is a new thing to me, and a lot more intoxicating, I can tell you. I invested in oats, and before I knew it that blessed grain went up until, if its stalks had been as high as its price, it would have been over my head. I sold out, and then I said to myself: 'Now, Lanigan, my boy, if you don't want to be a beastly pauper for the rest of your life, you had better go home.' Honestly, I was frightened, and it seemed to me I should never be safe until I was back in Lethbury. Look here," he said, taking from a pocket a wallet filled with a mass of papers and a bank-book; "look at those certificates, and here is my New York bank-book, so you can see that I am not telling you lies.

"Now you may say that the fact of my

having money does n't prove that I am any better than I used to be, but if you think that, you are wrong. There is no better way to reform a fellow than to give him something to take care of, and take an interest in. That 's my case now, and all I 've got I 've given myself, which makes it better, of course. I 'm not rich, but I 've got enough to buy out any business in Lethbury. And to go into business and to live here are what will suit me better than anything else, and that 's not counting in Ida Mayberry at all. To live here with her would be better luck than the biggest rise in oats the world ever saw. Now you see where I stand. If Mrs. Cristie goes against me, she does a cruel thing to me, and to Ida Mayberry besides."

"Why don't you tell her the facts?" said Lodloe. "That would be the straightforward and sensible thing to do."

"My dear boy," said Lanigan, "I cannot put the facts into the hands of a woman. No matter how noble or honorable she may be, without the least intention on her part they would leak out, and if Calthea Rose should get hold of them I should be lost. She 'd drop old Tippengray like a hot potato and stick to me like one of those adhesive plasters that have holes in them. No, sir; I don't want Calthea Rose to think well of me. I want her to keep on considering me as a good-for-nothing scapegrace, and, by George! it 's easy enough to make her do that. It 's all in her line of business. But I want other people to think well of me in a general way, and when Calthy and Tippengray have settled things between them, and are traveling on the Continent, which they certainly ought to do, I 'll start in business, and take my place as one of the leading citizens of Lethbury; and, as things look now, all will be plain sailing if Mrs. Cristie thinks well enough of me not to interfere between me and Ida Mayberry. Now all I ask of you is to say a good word for me if you can get a chance."

"After what you have told me," said Lodloe, "I think I shall say it."

"Good for you!" cried Lanigan. "And if I go to Calthy and ask her to lend me the money to get a frame made for Mrs. Petter's fire-screen, don't you be surprised. What I 'm doing is just as much for her good as for mine. In this whole world there could n't be a better match for her than old Tippengray, and she knows it, and wants him."

"If there was a society for the prevention of cruelty to Greek scholars, I don't know but that it might interfere in this case," said Lodloe.

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

LOVE LETTERS.

HOW easily they burn! And yet they cost
Thought deep as life, that even now, methinks,
Might struggle 'gainst destruction, though the links
Of past and present long ago were lost.
Ah, records of a time when fiercely tost
From hopes to fears, from rapture to the brinks
Of doubt and pain, the lover soars or sinks,
Calm now long since! What then was prized the most
Of life's rich flavors dead! Quick heats devoured
By quicker, cheaper flames,—to ashes turned
The glory of the precious past,—deflowered
Of all the ideal charms therein inurned,
Of all the entrancing Spring therein embowered.
Gone, gone! Alas, how easily they burned!

C. P. Cranch.

[BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.]

THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

XXIII.

A SHINING EXAMPLE.

RS. HILBROUGH and Phillida Callender sat together that day at Mrs. Frankland's readings and heard her with very different feelings discourse of discipleship, culling texts from various parts of the four gospels to set forth the courage and self-denial requisite and the consolation and splendid rewards that awaited such as were really disciples. Now that she had undertaken to look after Phillida in the interest of Millard, Mrs. Hilbrough trembled at the extreme statements that Mrs. Frankland allowed herself to make in speaking of self-denial as the crowning glory of the highest type of discipleship. The speaker was incapable of making allowance for oriental excess in Bible language; it suited her position as an advocate to take the hyperbolic words of Jesus in an occidental literalness. But Mrs. Hilbrough thought her most dangerous when she came to cite instances of almost inconceivable self-sacrifice from Christian biography. The story of Francis of Assisi defending himself against the complaint of his father by disrobing in the presence of the judge and returning into his father's hands the last thread of raiment bought with the father's money that he might free himself from the parental claim, was likely to excite a Platonic admiration in the minds of Mrs. Van Horne's friends, but such sublime self-sacrifice is too far removed from prevailing standards to be dangerous in New York. Mrs. Frankland no more expected her hearers to emulate St. Francis than she dreamed of refusing anything beautiful herself. But Mrs. Hilbrough knew Phillida, and, having known the spirit that was in her father, she was able to measure pretty accurately the tremendous effect of this mode of speech upon her in her present state of mind. While the address went on Mrs. Hilbrough planned. She reflected that Mrs. Frankland's influence could only be counteracted by the orator herself. Could she not talk confidentially with Mrs. Frankland and make her see the necessity for moderating Phillida's tendency to extreme courses of action? But when she tried to fancy Mrs. Frankland counseling moderation in an address, she saw the impossibility of it. Prudence makes poor woof for oratory. It would "throw a coldness over the meeting," as the negroes express it, for her to attempt to moderate the zeal of her disciples; the more that exhortations to moderation were what they seemed least to require. Another alternative presented itself. She would appeal from Mrs. Frankland public to Mrs. Frankland private, from the orator aflame to the woman cool. If Mrs. Frankland could be rightly coached and guided, she might by private conversation with Phillida counteract the evil wrought by her public speech.

Mrs. Hilbrough continued in a state of antagonism to the words of the speaker to the very close of the address, and then while many were thanking and congratulating the speaker, and receiving the greetings she gave with ever-fresh effusiveness, Mrs. Hilbrough came in her turn, and Mrs. Frankland extended both hands to her, saying, "My dear Mrs. Hilbrough, how are you?" But Mrs. Hilbrough did not offer her any congratulations. She only begged Mrs. Frankland to make an appointment with her at which she might consult with her on a matter of importance.

"Certainly, certainly, dear friend," said Mrs. Frankland, beaming; "*when*ever you wish and *wher*ever you say."

"Perhaps you could drive with me in the Park to-morrow, if the weather is fine," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "Shall I call for you about half-past three?"

"With pleasure, Mrs. Hilbrough"; and Mrs. Frankland made an affectionate farewell nod backward at Mrs. Hilbrough as she stretched out her hand to one of her hearers who was waiting on the other side for a share of her sunshine.

Mrs. Hilbrough turned about at this moment to find Phillida, meaning to take her home in the carriage, but Phillida, engrossed with thoughts and feelings excited by the address, had slipped away and taken the Madison Avenue car.

[1] Copyright, 1891, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. All rights reserved.

She had counted that this address should give her personal guidance; she had prayed that it might throw light on her path. Its whole tenor brought to her conscience the sharpest demand that she should hold to the rigor of her vocation at every cost. All the way home the text about leaving "father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake," was ringing in her memory. Even Mrs. Frankland, in the rush of oratorical extravagance, had not dared to give this its literal sense. But she had left in it strenuousness enough to make it a powerful stimulant to Phillida's native impulse towards self-sacrifice.

Once at home, Phillida could not remain there. She felt that a crisis in her affairs had arrived, and in her present state of religious exaltation she was equal to the task of giving up her lover if necessary. But the questions before her were not simple, and before deciding she thought to go and privately consult Mrs. Frankland, who lived less than half a mile away in one of those habitable, small high-stoop houses in East Fifteenth street which one is surprised to find lingering so far down as this into the epoch of complicated flats and elevated apartments.

Phillida was begged to come without ceremony up to the front room on the second floor. Here she found Mrs. Frankland in a wrapper, lying on a lounge, her face still flushed by the excitement of her speech.

"Dear child, how are you?" said Mrs. Frankland in a tone of semi-exhaustion, reaching out her hand, without rising. "Sit here by me. It is a benediction to see you. To you is given the gift of faith. The gift of healing and such like ministration is not mine. I cannot do the work you do. But if I can comfort and strengthen those chosen ones who have these gifts, it is enough. I will not complain." Saying this last plaintively, she pressed Phillida's hand in both of hers.

If her profession of humility was not quite sincere, Mrs. Frankland at least believed that it was.

"Mrs. Frankland, I am in trouble, in a great deal of trouble," said Phillida in a voice evidently steadied by effort.

"In trouble? I am *so* sorry." Saying this she laid her right hand on Phillida's lap caressingly. "Tell me, beloved, what it is all about?" Mrs. Frankland was still in a state of stimulation from public speaking, and her words were pitched in the key of a peroration. At this moment she would probably have spoken with pathos if she had been merely giving directions for cooking the dinner spinach.

The barriers of Phillida's natural reserve were melted away by her friend's effusive sympathy, and the weary heart lightened its burdens, as many another had done before, by confessing them to the all-motherly Mrs. Frankland. Phillida told the story of her lover, of his dislike to the notoriety of her faith-cures. She told of her own struggles and of the grave questions she might soon have to settle. Should she yield, if ever so little, to the demands of one who was to be her husband? Or should she maintain her course as she had begun? And what if it should ever come to be a question of breaking her engagement? This last was spoken with faltering, for at the very suggestion Phillida saw the abyss open before her.

A person of Mrs. Frankland's temperament is rarely a good counselor in practical affairs, but if she had been entirely at herself she would perhaps have advised with caution, if not with wisdom, in a matter so vital and delicate. But the exhilaration of oratorical inebriety still lingered with her, and she heard Phillida professionally rather than personally. She was hardly conscious, indeed, of the personality of the suffering soul before her. What she perceived was that here was a new and beautiful instance of the victory of faith and a consecrated spirit. In her present state of mind she listened to Phillida's experience with much the feeling she would have had if some one had brought her a story of martyrdom in the days of Nero. St. Francis himself was hardly finer than this, and the glory of this instance was that it was so modern and withal so romantic in its elements. She exulted in the struggle, without realizing, as she might have done in a calmer mood, the vast perspective of present and future sorrow which it presented to Phillida. The disclosure of Phillida's position opened up not the modicum of practical wisdom which she possessed but the floodgates of her eloquence.

"You will stand fast, my dear," she said, rising to a sitting posture and flushing with fresh interest. "You will be firm. You will not shrink from your duty."

"But what is my duty?" asked Phillida.

"To give the Lord and his work no second place in your affections. He has honored your faith and works above those of other people. Therefore stand unfalteringly faithful, my dear Phillida. It is a hard saying, that of Christ: 'If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.' But you are one of those able to receive the hard words of Christ."

All this was said as it might have been in an address, with little realization of its application to the individual case before her. Mrs. Frankland would have been the last person to advise an extreme course of action. She admired the extravagance of religious devotion for its

artistic effect when used in oratory. It was the artistic effect she was dreaming of now. Phillida got little from her but such generalities, pitched in the key of her recent address; but what she got tended to push her to yet greater extremes.

In the hour that followed, Phillida's habitually strenuous spirit resolved and held itself ready for any surrender that might be demanded of it. Is the mistaken soul that makes sacrifice needlessly through false perceptions of duty intrinsically less heroic than the wiser martyr for a worthy cause?

XXIV.

THE PARTING.

On that Thursday evening Millard dined at his club. Instead of signing a joint order with a friend for a partnership dinner, he ordered and ate alone. He chose a table in a deep window from which he could look out on the passers-by. A rain had set in, and he watched the dripping umbrellas that glistened in the lamplight as they moved under the windows, and took note of the swift emergence of vehicles and their disappearance. His interest in the familiar street-world was insipid enough, but even an insipid interest in external affairs he found better than giving his mind up wholly to the internal drizzle of melancholy thoughts.

Presently Millard became dimly conscious of a familiar voice in conversation at the table in the next window. Though familiar, the voice was not associated with the club-restaurant; it must be that of some non-member brought in as the dinner-guest of a member. He could not make out at first whose it was without changing his position, which he disliked to do, the more that the voice excited disagreeable feelings, and by some association not sufficiently distinct to enable him to make out the person. But when the visitor, instead of leaving the direction of the meal to his host, called out an exasperatingly imperative, "Hist! waitah!" Millard was able to recognize his invisible neighbor. Why should any member of a club so proper as the Terrapin ask Meadows? But there he was with his inborn relish for bulldozing whatever bulldozable creature came in his way. Once he had made him out, Millard engaged in a tolerably successful effort to ignore his conversation, returning again to his poor diversion of studying the people plashing disconsolately along the wet street. It was only when he heard Meadows say, "You know I am a director of that bank," that his attention was sharply arrested.

"Farnsworth is cashier," continued Meadows. "He ought to have resigned long ago, but he is n't that sort of a man. So he 's at last taken to bed, has he? Some complication of the heart, I believe. Won't live long and — well, I 'll have on hand a hard fight about the filling of his place. But I did n't hear of that faith-doctor plan before."

"I don't believe they 've carried it out," said the club man who had invited Meadows and who was a stranger to Millard. "Farnsworth would n't agree. I used to dine with Farnsworth often, and my sister knows Mrs. Farnsworth; they go to the same church. Mrs. Farnsworth has heard of a Miss Callender that can pray a person up out of the grave almost, and she 's nearly persuaded Farnsworth to send for her. His mind is weakening a little, and I should n't wonder if he did consent to have her pray over him. The doctors have given him up, and —"

"Who is this Miss Callender?" interrupted Meadows; and though Millard could not see him he knew that in the very nature of things Meadows's pugnacious chin must be shoved forward as he asked this.

"She 's a young woman that won't take any money for her services. That 's the greatest miracle of all," said the other. "If anything could make me believe her mission supernatural, it would be that."

"Don't you believe it," said Meadows; "don't you believe a word of it. The dead may be raised, but not for nothing. There 's money below it all. Money makes the mare go"; and Meadows laughed complacently at the proverb, giving himself credit for it with a notion that adopted wit was as good as the native born.

"No; she won't have it. I heard that Mrs. Maginnis sent her a check for curing her little girl, and that she sent it back."

"Was n't enough," sneered Meadows.

"Well, I believe they tried a larger check with the same result. She does n't seem to be an impostor; only a crank."

"These people that refuse money when it 's pushed under their noses are the worst knaves of all," said Meadows. "She knows that Maginnis is very rich. She 's laying for something bigger. She 'll get into Mrs. Maginnis for something handsome. More fool if she does n't, I say"; and Meadows laughed in an unscrupulous, under-breath fashion, as of a man who thought a well-played trick essentially meritorious.

Millard was debating. Should he protest against these words? Or should he knock Meadows down? That is not just the form it took in his mind. Any rowdy or a policeman may knock a man down. Your man of fashion, when he wishes to punish an enemy or have an affray with a friend, only "punches his head." It is a more precise phrase, and has no

boast in it. No one knows which may go down, but the aggressor feels sure that he can begin by punching his enemy's head. Millard was on the point of rising and punching Meadows's head in the most gentlemanly fashion. But he reflected that a head-punching affray with Meadows in the club-room would make Phillida and her cures the talk of the town, and in imagination he saw a horrible vision of a group of newspaper reporters hovering about Mrs. Callender's house, and trying to gain some information about the family from the servant girl and the butcher boy. To protest, to argue, to say anything at all, would be but an awful aggravation. Having concluded not to punch the head of a bank director, he rose from the table himself, and, avoiding Meadow's notice, beckoned the waiter to serve his coffee in the reading-room. When he had swallowed the coffee, he rose and went out. As he stood in the door of the club-house and buttoned up his coat, a cabman from the street called, "Kerrige, sir?" but not knowing where he should go, Millard raised his umbrella and walked. Mechanically he went towards Mrs. Callender's. He had formed no deliberate resolution, but he became aware that a certain purpose had taken possession of him all uninvited and without any approval of its wisdom on his part. Right or wrong, wise or unwise, there was that which impelled him to lay the condition of things before Phillida in all its repulsiveness and have it out with her. He could not think but that she would recoil if she knew how her course was regarded. He fancied that his own influence with her would be dominant if the matter were brought to an issue. But these considerations aside, there was that which impelled him to the step he was about to take. In crises of long suppressed excitement the sanest man sometimes finds himself bereft of the power of choosing his line of action; the directing will seems to lie outside of him. It is not strange that a Greek, not being a psychologist, should say that a Fate was driving him to his destiny, or that his Dæmon had taken the helm and was directing affairs as a sort of *alter ego*.

When at length Millard found himself in front of Mrs. Callender's, and saw by the light that the family were sitting together in the front basement, his heart failed him, and he walked past the house and as far as the next corner, where his Fate, his Dæmon, his blind impulsion, turned him back, and he did not falter again until he had rung the door-bell; and then it was too late to withdraw.

"You are wet, Charley; sit nearer the register," said Phillida, when she saw how the rain had beaten upon his trousers and how recklessly he had plunged his patent-leather shoes into the street puddles. This little attention to his comfort softened Millard's mood, but it was impossible long to keep back the torrent of feeling. Phillida was alarmed at his ominous abstraction.

"I don't care for the rain," he said.

"But you know there is a good deal of pneumonia about."

"I — I am not afraid of pneumonia," he said. "I might as well die as to suffer what I do."

"What is the matter, Charley?" demanded Phillida, alarmed.

"Matter? Why, I have to sit in the club and hear you called a crank and an impostor."

Phillida turned pale.

"Vulgar cads like Meadows," he gasped, "not fit for association with gentlemen, call you a quack seeking after money, and will not be set right. I came awfully near to punching his head."

"Why, Charley!"

"I should have done it, only I reflected that such an affray might drag you into the newspapers. I tell you, Phillida, it is unendurable that you should go on in this way."

Phillida's face was pale as death. She had been praying all the afternoon that the bitterness of this cup might not be pressed to her lips. She now saw that the issue was joined. She had vowed that not even her love for the man dearest to her should swerve her from her course. The abyss was under her feet, and she longed to draw back. She heard the voice of duty in the tones of Mrs. Frankland saying: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." It was a cruel alternative that was set before her, and she trembled visibly.

"I — I can't neglect what I believe to be duty," she said. She wished she could have softened the words that she spoke by some circumlocution or some tenderness in the tone, but all her forces had to be rallied to utter the decision, and there was no power left to qualify the bare words which sounded to Millard hard and cruel. A suspicion crossed his mind that Phillida wished to be released from the engagement.

"You do not consider that you owe any duty to me at all," he said in a voice smothered by feeling.

Phillida tried to reply, but she could not speak.

Millard was now pacing the floor. "It is all that Mrs. Frankland's work. She is n't worthy to tie your shoes. She never fed the hungry, or clothed the naked, or visited the sick. It 's all talk, talk, talk, with her. She talks beauti-

fully, and she knows it. She loves to talk and to have people crowd around her and tell her how much good she is doing. She denies herself nothing; she feeds her vanity on the flattery she gets, and then thinks herself a saint besides. She exhorts people to a self-sacrifice she would n't practise for the world. She 's making more money out of her piety than her husband can out of law. And now she comes with her foolish talk and breaks up the happiness you and I have had." This was spoken with bitterness. "We cannot go on in this way," he said, sitting down exhausted, and looking at her.

Phillida had listened in silence and anguish to his words, spoken hurriedly but not loudly. What he said had an effect the opposite of what he had expected. The first impression produced by his words was that the engagement had become a source of misery to Millard; the second thought was that, considering only her duty to him, she ought to release him from bonds that had proved so painful. His last words seemed to indicate that he wished the engagement broken, and after what he had said it was evident that she must break with him or swerve from the duty she had vowed never to desert. Taking up the word where he had left off, she said in a low, faltering voice:

"We certainly cannot go on in this way."

Then, rising, she turned to the antique desk in the corner of the parlor. With a key from her pocket she unlocked a drawer, and from it took hurriedly every keepsake she had had from her lover, not allowing herself to contemplate them, but laying them all at last on the ancient center-table in the middle of the room. With a twinge of regret, visible to Millard, she drew her engagement ring from her finger, and with an unsteady hand laid it softly down with the rest.

Millard was too much startled at first to know what to say. Had she misunderstood the intent of his last remark? Or did she wish to be released?

"It is all over, Mr. Millard. Take them, please."

"I — I have not — asked you to release me, Phillida."

"You have said that we cannot go on in this way. I say the same. It —" she could not speak for a quarter of a minute; then she slowly finished her sentence with an effort of desperation and without raising her eyes to his — "it is better that it is over."

"Is it over?" he asked, stunned. "Think what you say."

"We have agreed that we cannot go on," she answered. "You must take these. I cannot keep them."

"Don't make me take them. Why not keep them?"

"I will send them to-morrow. I cannot retain them."

Millard could not take them. He would have felt much as he might in rifling a grave of its treasures had he lifted those tokens from the table. But he saw, or thought he saw, that remonstrances might make Phillida more unhappy, but that it would be perfectly useless. It was better to accept his fate, and forbear. He tried to say something to soften the harshness of parting, but his powers of thought and speech deserted him, and he knew that whatever he should say must be put into one or two words. He looked up, hesitatingly stretched out his hand, and asked huskily:

"Part friends?"

Phillida, pale and speechless, took his hand a moment, and then he went out. She leaned her head against the window-jamb, lifted the shade, and watched his form retreating through the drizzly night until he disappeared from view, and then she turned out the lights. But instead of returning to her mother and Agatha in the basement, she threw herself on the floor, resting her arms on the sofa while she sobbed in utter wretchedness. All her courage was spent; all her faith had fled: helpless, wounded, wretched as a soul in bottomless perdition, she could see neither life nor hope in any future before her. She had believed herself able to go on alone and to bear any sacrifice. But in losing him she had lost even the power to pray.

About an hour after Millard's departure, Mrs. Callender came up the stairs and called gently:

"Phillida!"

Then she entered the parlor. The shutters were not closed, and the room was faintly lighted by rays that came through the shades from the lamp on the other side of the street.

"I 'm here, mother," said Phillida, rising and coming towards her. Then, embracing her mother, she said, "And I 'm so unhappy, mother, so utterly wretched."

Such an appeal for sympathy on the part of the daughter was an occurrence almost unknown. She had been the self-reliant head of the family, but now she leaned helplessly upon her mother and whispered, "It 's all over between Charley and me."

XXV.

MRS. FRANKLAND'S REPENTANCE.

For some time after Phillida had left Mrs. Frankland resting on the lounge that lady had felt an additional exaltation in contemplating this new and admirable instance of faith and devotion — an instance that seemed to owe

much to the influence of her own teachings. Her mind had toyed with it as a brilliant jewel having many faces. She had unconsciously reduced it to words; she could only get the virtue out of anything when she had phrased it. Phillida she had abstracted into a "young woman of a distinguished family," "beautiful as the day," "who had all the advantages of high associations," and "who might have filled to the brim the cup of social enjoyment." The lover, whose name and circumstances she did not know, she yet set up in her mind as "an accomplished young man of brilliant gifts and large worldly expectations." It would have been a serious delinquency in him had he failed to answer to this personal description, for how else could this glorious instance be rounded into completeness. Incapable of intentional misrepresentation, Mrs. Frankland could never help believing that the undisclosed portion of any narrative conformed to the exigencies of artistic symmetry and picturesque effect. She set the story of Phillida's sacrifice before her now in one and now in another light, and found much exhilaration—spiritual joy and gratitude in her phraseology—in contemplating it. How beautifully it would fit into an address!

But as the hours wore on the excitement of her oratorical effort subsided and a natural physical reaction set in. Her pulses, which had been beating so strenuously as to keep her brain in a state of combustion, were now correspondingly below their normal fullness and rapidity, and the exhausted nerves demanded repose. It was at such times as these that Mrs. Frankland's constitutional buoyancy of spirit sank down on an ebb tide; it was at such times that her usually sunny temper chafed under the irritations of domestic affairs. On this evening, when the period of depression set in, Mrs. Frankland's view of Phillida's case suffered a change. She no longer saw it through the iridescent haze of excited fancy. She began to doubt whether it was best that Phillida should break with her lover for the mere sake of being a shining example. In this mood Mrs. Frankland appreciated for the first time the fact that Phillida could hardly feel the same exultation in slaughtering her affections and hopes that Mrs. Frankland had felt in advising such a course of spiritual discipline. Just a little ripple of remorse flecked the surface of her mind, but she found consolation in a purpose to make the matter right by seeing Phillida the next day and inquiring more fully into the matter. Her natural hopefulness came to her rescue, and Mrs. Frankland slept without disturbance from regrets.

When she awaked in the morning it was with a dull sense that there was something which needed to be righted. She had to rummage her memory awhile to discover just what it was. Having placed it at length in Phillida's affair, she suddenly reflected that perhaps Mrs. Hilbrough could throw light on it, and she would postpone seeing Phillida until after her drive with Mrs. Hilbrough in the afternoon. "It is better to give counsel advisedly," was the phrase with which she ticketed this decision and sustained it.

The day was fine, and the drive in Mrs. Hilbrough's easy-rolling open carriage was exhilarating, and in that sort of bird-chatter about nothing in particular that two people enjoying motion are prone to engage in Mrs. Frankland was in danger of forgetting her purpose to inquire about Phillida Callender, until at length, when the carriage was fairly within the Park, Mrs. Hilbrough, whose businesslike brain never let go its grasp on a main purpose, said:

"Mrs. Frankland, I wanted to speak to you about Miss Callender."

"The very person I wished to ask your advice about," said Mrs. Frankland. "She called on me yesterday late in the afternoon."

"Did she?" Mrs. Hilbrough asked this with internal alarm. "Did she say anything to you about her love affair?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Frankland; "I suppose I ought not to repeat what she said, but you are her friend and you will be able to advise me in the matter. I 'm afraid I did n't say just the right thing—I mean that I did n't advise her as fully as I should have done. It 's hard to know what to say about other people's affairs. I felt worried about her, and I came near going to see her this morning. But I remembered that you were her friend, and I thought it best to see what you would say. It 's always best to give counsel advisedly, I think."

"May I ask what you said to her?" said Mrs. Hilbrough, characteristically refusing to be shunted from the main line of her purpose.

Mrs. Frankland winced at the question, and especially at the straightforward thrust with which it was asked. But she said: "I only advised her in a very general way. It was just after I had finished speaking, and I was n't able to take up the matter as carefully as I should have liked to have done, you know, until after I had rested."

"Did you advise her to break her engagement?" The steadiness with which Mrs. Hilbrough pushed her inquiry was disagreeable to her companion, who liked to find refuge from an unpleasant subject in vagueness of statement. But at least she was not driven to bay yet; she had not definitely advised Phillida to break with her lover.

"No; not that. I only gave her general advice to be faithful to her convictions."

Mrs. Frankland's avoidance of the explicit confirmed Mrs. Hilbrough's suspicion as to the tenor of the advice given. The latter blamed herself for having moved too slowly, and she was impatient, moreover, with Mrs. Frankland; for one is apt to be vexed when a person very clever in one way is conspicuously stupid in other regards. When Mrs. Hilbrough spoke again a trace of irritation showed itself.

"Phillida is the only person I know to whom I think your Bible readings may do harm."

"My Bible readings?" queried Mrs. Frankland. She had been used so long to hear her readings spoken of in terms not of praise but rather of rapture, as though they were the result of a demi-divine inspiration, that this implied censure or qualification of the universality of their virtue and application came to her, not exactly as a personal offense, but with the shock of something like profanation; and she reddened with suppressed annoyance.

"I don't mean that it is your fault," said Mrs. Hilbrough, seeking to get on a more diplomatic footing with her companion. "Phillida is very peculiar and enthusiastic in her nature, and she knows nothing of the world. She is prone to take all exhortations rather too literally."

"But my words have often encouraged Phillida," said Mrs. Frankland, who had been touched to the quick. "You would rob me of one of the solid comforts of my life if you took from me the belief that I have been able to strengthen her for her great work."

"I am sure you have encouraged her to go on," said Mrs. Hilbrough, desirous not to antagonize Mrs. Frankland. "But she also needs moderating. She is engaged to an admirable man, a man getting to be very well off, and who will be made cashier of our bank very soon. He is kind-hearted, liberal with his money, and universally beloved and admired in society."

Mrs. Frankland was not the person to undervalue such a catalogue of qualities when presented to her in the concrete. True, on her theory, a Christian young woman ought to be ready in certain circumstances to throw such a lover over the gunwale as ruthlessly as the sailors pitched Jonah headlong. That is to say, a Christian young woman in the abstract ought to be abstractly willing to discard a rich lover in the abstract. But presented in this concrete and individual way the case was different. She was a little dazzled at the brightness of Phillida's worldly prospects, now that they were no longer merely rhetorical, but real, tangible, and, in commercial phrase, convertible.

"True, true," she answered reflectively. "She would be so eminently useful if she had money." This was the way Mrs. Frankland phrased her sense of the attractiveness of such a man. "She might exert an excellent influence in society. We do need more such people as the leaven of the kingdom of heaven in wealthy circles."

"Indeed we do," said Mrs. Hilbrough, "and for Phillida to throw away such prospects, and such opportunities for usefulness," — she added this last as an afterthought, taking her cue from Mrs. Frankland, — "seems to me positively wrong."

"It would certainly be a mistake," said Mrs. Frankland. Mrs. Hilbrough thought she detected just a quiver of regret in her companion's voice. "Does he object strongly to her mission work?"

"No; he does n't object to her work, I am sure, for she was already absorbed in it when he first met her at my house, and if he had objected there would have been no beginning of their attachment. But he is greatly annoyed that she should be talked about and ridiculed as a faith-doctor. He is a man of society, and he feels such things. Now, considering how much danger of mistake and of enthusiasm there is in such matters, Phillida might yield a little to so good a man."

"Perhaps I had better see her, Mrs. Hilbrough," was Mrs. Frankland's non-committal reply.

"It would be necessary to see her at once, I fear. She is very resolute, and he is greatly distressed by what people are saying about her, and a little provoked, no doubt, at what he thinks her obstinacy."

"Perhaps I had better see her this evening," said Mrs. Frankland, with a twinge of regret that she had not spoken with more caution the day before.

"I do wish you would," said Mrs. Hilbrough. Just then the driver sent the horses into a swift trot on a down grade, and the conversation was broken off. When talk began again it was on commonplace themes, and therefore less strenuous. Mrs. Frankland was glad to get away from an affair that put her into an attitude of apology.

Phillida had passed the day miserably. She had tried to bolster herself with the consciousness of having acted from the sincerest motives, and from having only done what was right. But consciousness of rectitude, whatever the moralists may say, is an inadequate balm for a heart that is breaking. Phillida had not dared to enter the parlor to gather up the little presents Millard had given her and despatch them to him until after supper, when she made them all into a bundle and sent them away. The messenger boy had hardly left the door when Mrs. Frankland rang. Her husband had accompanied her, and she dismissed him at the

steps with instructions to call for her in about an hour.

Phillida was glad to see Mrs. Frankland. A cruel doubt had been knocking at her door the livelong day. It had demanded over and over whether her tremendous sacrifice was necessary after all. She had succeeded indifferently well in barring out this painful skepticism by two considerations. The one was, that Millard, who had almost asked to be released, would hereafter be saved from mortification on her account. The other was, that Mrs. Frankland's authority was all on the side of the surrender she had made. And now here was Mrs. Frankland, sent like a messenger to confirm her faith and to console her in her sorrow.

"You are looking troubled," said Mrs. Frankland, kissing her now on this cheek and now on the other. "Dear child, if I could only bring you some comfort!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Frankland," said Phillida; "I am so glad that you have come. I have wished for you all day."

"Maybe I am sent to console you. Who knows? Perhaps, after all, things may turn out better than you think." This was said in a full round voice and an under manifestation of buoyant hopefulness and self-reliance characteristic of Mrs. Frankland; but Phillida shook her head despondently.

"Since I saw you I have heard a good deal about your Mr. Millard; I get the most favorable accounts of him; they say he is good, and every way a worthy, liberal, and charming man."

Phillida sat up straight in her chair with eyes averted, and made no reply.

"I have been thinking that, after all, perhaps you ought to make some concessions to such a man."

Phillida trembled visibly. This was not what she had expected.

"You would n't wish me to be unfaithful to my duty, would you?" she asked in a low voice.

"No, dear; I don't say you ought to sacrifice anything that is *clearly* your duty. Some duties are so clear that they shine like the pole-star which guides the mariner. But there are many duties that are not quite clear. We should be careful not to insist too strongly on things in which we may be mistaken. There would be no such thing as marriage if there was not some yielding on both sides; I mean in matters not certainly essential to a Christian life."

Phillida was now looking directly at her visitor with a fixed and hopeless melancholy which puzzled Mrs. Frankland, who had expected that she would seize gratefully upon any advice tending to relax the rigor of her self-sacrifice. Phillida's attitude was incomprehensible to her visitor. Could it be that she had resolved to break with her lover at all hazards?

"You know, dear," said Mrs. Frankland, sailing on a new tack now, as was her wont when her audience proved unresponsive, "I think, as the wife of a man with increasing wealth and of excellent social position, like Mr. Millard, you would be very useful. We need such devoted and faithful people as you are in society. And, after all, your gift of healing might be exercised without publicity — you might, I think, defer a good deal to one whom you have promised to love. Love is also a gift of God and a divine ordinance. In fact, considering how ample your opportunities would be as the wife of a man of wealth and position, such as Mr. Millard, it seems to be your duty to examine carefully and prayerfully whether there is not some reasonable ground on which you can meet him. At least, my dear, do not act too hastily in a matter of so much moment."

Advice pitched in this key did not weigh much at any time with Phillida. A thin veil of religious sentiment served a purpose of self-deception with Mrs. Frankland, but such disguises could not conceal from Phillida's utterly sincere spirit the thoroughly worldly standpoint of Mrs. Frankland's suggestions. The effect of this line of talk upon her mind was very marked, nevertheless. It produced a disenchantment, rapid, sudden, abrupt, terrible. Mrs. Frankland, the oracle upon whose trustworthiness she had ventured her all, had proven herself one of the most fallible of guides. The advice given yesterday with an assurance that only a settled and undoubting conviction could possibly excuse, was today pettifogged away mainly on the ground of Charley's worldly prosperity. Phillida had revered Mrs. Frankland as a sort of divine messenger, had defended her against Millard's aspersions, had followed her counsel at the most critical moment of her life in opposition to the judgment of her family and of the man she loved. And now, too late, the strenuous exhortation was retracted, not so much in the interest of a breaking heart as in that of a good settlement in life.

When, after a pause, Phillida spoke, the abrupt and profound change in the relations of the two became manifest. Her voice was broken and reproachful as she said, "You come this evening to take back what you said yesterday."

"I spoke without time to think yesterday," said Mrs. Frankland, making a movement of uneasiness. One accustomed to adulation does not receive reproach gratefully.

"You spoke very strongly," said Phillida.

"I thought you must feel very sure that you were right, for you knew how critical my position was." The words were uttered slowly and by starts. Mrs. Frankland did not reply. Phillida presently went on: "I don't care anything about the worldly prospects you think so much of to-day. But God knows what an awful sacrifice I have made. In following your advice, which was very solemnly given, I have thrown away the love and devotion of one of the best men in the world." She lifted her hands from her lap as she spoke and let them fall when she had finished.

"Have you broken your engagement already?" said Mrs. Frankland, with a start.

"What else could I do? You told me to stand by my work of healing. I hope you were right, for it has cost me everything—everything. I thought you had come to comfort me to-night and to strengthen my faith. Instead of that you have taken back all that you said before."

"I only spoke generally before. I did n't know the circumstances. I did not know anything about Mr. Millard, or—" Here she paused.

"You did n't know about Mr. Millard's property or social position, I suppose. These are what you have talked to me about this evening. They are not bad things to have, perhaps, but, if they were all, I could give them up—trample them under foot, and be glad."

"Don't be provoked with me, Phillida dear. Indeed, I hardly realized what I said yesterday. I had just got through with speaking, I was very much exhausted, and I did not quite understand."

"You may have been right yesterday," said Phillida; "I hope you were. If you were wrong, it was a dreadful mistake." She made a long pause, and then went on. "I thought the course you advised yesterday a brave course at least. But what you have said to-day, about social position and so on, I hate. And it makes me doubt it all."

Phillida thrust out the toe of her boot, unconsciously giving expression to her disposition to spurn Mrs. Frankland's worldly-wise counsel.

"You 're excited, my dear," said Mrs. Frankland. "Your break with Mr. Millard may not be so irretrievable as you think it. Providence will direct. If, on the whole, it is thought best, I have no doubt things may be replaced on their old footing. I am sure Mrs. Hilbrough and I could manage that. You ought not to be unreasonable."

"I sent him in agony out into the rainy night, forsaken and discarded." Phillida could not quite suppress a little sob as she stretched her hand a moment in the direction in which Millard had gone. "God knows I thought I was doing right. Now because you have heard that he has money and moves in fashionable circles you wish me to intrigue with you and Mrs. Hilbrough to bring him back."

Phillida rose to her feet, excitement breaking through the habitual reserve with which her emotional nature was overlaid. "I tell you, Mrs. Frankland," she went on with a directness verging on vehemence, "that I will have none of your interference, nor any of Mrs. Hilbrough's. What I have done, is done, and can never be recalled."

"Indeed, Phillida, you are excited," said Mrs. Frankland. "You reject the advice and assistance of your best friends. You have quite misunderstood what I have said. I only wished to repair my error."

Phillida remained silent, but she resumed her seat.

"Think the matter over. Take time to make your decision. I have acted only in your interest, and yet you blame me." Mrs. Frankland said this with persuasive plaintiveness of tone.

But Phillida said nothing. Not seeing anything else to do, Mrs. Frankland rose and said: "Good-by, Phillida. When you have had time to think you will see things differently." She did not extend her hand, and Phillida felt that her own was too chill and limp to offer. She contrived, however, to utter a "Good-by."

When she had shut the door after Mrs. Frankland one swift thought and bitter came into her mind. "Charley was not wholly wrong as to Mrs. Frankland. Perhaps he was nearer right in other regards than I thought him."

Half an hour later the door-bell rang, and Agatha answered the call. Then she put her head into the parlor where Phillida sat, back to the door, gazing into the street.

"I say, Philly, what do you think? Mr. Frankland came to the door just now for his wife, and seemed quite crestfallen that she had forgotten him, and left him to go home alone. Did n't like to be out so late without an escort, I suppose."

It was one of a hundred devices to which Agatha had resorted during this day to cheer her sister. But seeing that this one served its purpose no better than the rest, Agatha went over and put her arms about her sister's neck and kissed her.

"You dear, dear Philly! You are the best in the world," she said, and the speech roused Phillida from her despair and brought her the balm of tears.

XXVI.

ELEANOR ARABELLA BOWYER.

It is a truth deep and wide, that a brother is born for adversity. The spirit of kin and clan, rooted in remote heredity, outlives other and

livelier attachments. It not only survives rude blows, but its true virtue is only extracted by the pestle of tribulation. Having broken with her lover, and turned utterly away from her spiritual guide and adviser, Phillida found herself drawn more closely to her mother and her sister. It mattered little that they differed from her in regard to many things. She could at least count on their affection, and that sympathy which grows out of a certain entanglement of the rootlets of memory and consciousness, out of common interest and long and intimate association.

Mrs. Callender had been habituated when she was a little girl at home to leave the leadership to her sister Harriet, now Mrs. Gouverneur, and to keep her dissents to herself. Her relation with her husband was similar; she had rarely tried to influence a man whose convictions of duty were so pronounced, though the reasons for these convictions were often quite beyond the comprehension of his domestically minded wife. Towards Phillida she had early assumed the same diffident attitude; it was enough for her to say that Phillida was her father over again. That settled it once for all. Phillida was to be treated as her father had been; to be trusted with her own destiny without impertinent inquiries from one who never could understand, though she deeply respected, the mysterious impulses which urged these superior beings to philanthropic toil. For her own part she would have preferred to take the universe less broadly.

A second effect of this crisis in Phillida's life was to drive her back upon the example and teaching of her father. Having utterly abandoned the leadership of Mrs. Frankland, she naturally sought support for her self-sacrificing course of action outside of her own authority. All her father's old letters, written to her when she was a child, were unbundled and read over again, and some of his manuscript sermons had the dust of years shaken from their leaves that she might con their pages written in the dear, familiar hand.

If she had had her decision to make over again without any bolstering from Mrs. Frankland she would have sought, for a while at least, to establish a *modus vivendi* between her love for Millard and the ultra form of her religious work. But the more she thought of it the more she considered it unlikely that her decision regarding her lover would ever come up for revision. She accepted it now as something providential, because inevitable, to which she must grow accustomed, an ugly fact with which she must learn to live in peace. She had a knack of judging of herself and her own affairs in an objective way. She would not refuse to see merely because it was painful to her that a woman of her tastes and pursuits was an unsuitable mate for a man of society. She admitted the incongruity; she even tried to console herself with it. For if the break had not come so soon, it might have come after marriage in forms more dreadful. There was not much comfort in this — might have been worse is but the skim-milk of consolation.

To a nature like Phillida's one door of comfort, or at least of blessed forgetfulness, is hardly ever shut. After the first bitter week she found hours of relief from an aching memory in her labors among the suffering poor. Work of any kind is a sedative; sympathy with the sorrows of others is a positive balm. Her visits to the Schulenberg tenement were always an alleviation to her unhappiness. There she was greeted as a beneficent angel. The happiness of Wilhelmina, of her mother, and of her brother, for a time put Phillida almost at peace with her destiny.

Her visits to and her prayers for other sufferers were attended with varying success as to their ailments. The confidence in the healing power of her prayers among the tenement people was not based altogether on the betterment of some of those for whom she prayed. Knowing her patient long-suffering with the evil she contended against, they reasoned, in advance of proof, that her prayers ought to have virtue in them. The reverence for her was enhanced by a report, which began to circulate about this time, that she had refused to marry a rich man in order to keep up her labor among the poor. Rumor is always an artist, and tradition, which is but fossil rumor, is the great saint-maker. The nature and extent of Phillida's sacrifice were amplified and adapted until people came to say that Miss Callender had refused a young millionaire because he wished her not to continue her work in Mackerelville. This pretty story did not mitigate the notoriety which was an ingredient of her pain.

In spite of the sedative of labor and the consolation of altruism, Poe's raven would croak in her ears through hours spent in solitude. In the evenings she found herself from habit and longing listening for the door-bell, and its alarm would always give her a moment of fluttering expectation, followed by a period of revulsion. Once the bell rang at about the hour of Millard's habitual coming, and Phillida sat in that state in which one expects without having reason to expect anything in particular until the servant brought her a card bearing the legend, "Eleanor Arabella Bowyer, Christian Scientist and Metaphysical Practitioner."

"Eleanor Arabella Bowyer," she said, reading it to her mother as they sat in the front basement below the parlor. "Who is she? I 've never heard of her."

"I don't know, Phillida. I don't seem to remember any Bowyers."

"Where is the lady, Sarah?" asked Phillida of the servant.

"She is in the parlor, Miss."

Phillida rose and went up-stairs. She found awaiting her a woman rather above medium height. Phillida noted a certain obtrusiveness about the bony substructure of her figure, a length and breadth of framework never quite filled out as it was meant to be, so that the joints and angles of her body showed themselves with the effect of headlands and rocky promontories. She had a sallow complexion and a nose that was retroussé, with a prompt outward and upward thrust about the lower half of it, accompanied by a tendency to thinness as it approached its termination, quite out of agreement with the prominent cheek-bones. The whole face had a certain air of tough endurance, of determination, of resolute go-forwardness untempered by the recoil of sensitiveness. Miss Bowyer was clad in good clothes without being well-dressed.

"Miss Callender, I suppose," said the visitor, rising, and extending her hand with confidence. Her voice was without softness or resonance, but it was not nasal — a voice admirably suited, one would think, for calling cows. Her grasp of the hand was positive, square, unreserved, but as destitute of sympathetic expression as her vowels. "I 've heard a good deal about you, one way and another," she said. "You 've been remarkably successful in your faith-cures, I am told. It 's a great gift, and you must be proud of it — grateful for it, I should think." She closed this speech with a smile which seemed not exactly spontaneous but, rather, habitual, as though it were a fixed principle with her to smile at about this stage of every conversation.

Phillida was puzzled to reply to this speech. She did not feel proud of her gift of faith-healing; hardly was she grateful for it. It was rather a burden laid on her, which had been mainly a source of pain and suffering. But she could not bring herself to enter on a subject so personal with a stranger.

"I don't know that I am," was all she said.

"Well, there 's a great deal in it," said Miss Bowyer. "I have had a good deal of experience. There 's a great deal more in it than you think."

"I don't quite understand you," said Phillida.

"No; of course not. I am a faith-healer myself."

"Are you?" said Phillida, mechanically, with a slight mental shudder at finding herself thus classified with one for whom she did not feel any affinity.

"Yes; that is, I *was*. I began as a faith-doctor but I found there was a great deal more in it, don't you know?"

"A great deal more in it?" queried Phillida. "A great deal more of what, may I ask?"

"Oh, everything, you know."

This was not clarifying, and Phillida waited without responding until the metaphysical practitioner should deign to explain.

"I mean there 's a great deal more science in it, as well as a great deal more success, usefulness, and — and — and remuneration to be had out of it than you think."

"Oh," said Phillida, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes," said Eleanor Arabella Bowyer with a smile. She had a way of waiting for the sense of her words to soak into the mind of her hearers, and she now watched Phillida for a moment before proceeding. "You see when I began I did n't know anything about Christian Science, — the new science of mental healing, faith-cure, psychopathy, — by which you act on the spirit and through the spirit upon the body. Matter is subject to mind. Matter is unreal. All merely physical treatment of disease is on the mortal plane." Miss Bowyer paused here, waiting for this great truth to produce its effect; then she said, "Don't you think so?" and looked straight at Phillida.

"I have n't thought a great deal about it," said Phillida.

"No?" This was said with the rising inflection. "I thought not; mere faith-healing does n't require much thought. I know, you see, having been a faith-healer at first. But we must go deeper. We must always go deeper. Don't you think so?"

"I don't understand just what you mean," said Phillida.

"You see," said Miss Bowyer, "faith-healing is a primitive and apostolic mode of healing the sick."

Miss Bowyer paused, and Phillida said, "Yes," in a hesitant way; for even the things she believed seemed false when uttered by Eleanor Bowyer.

"Well, ours is a scientific age. Now we practise — we revive this mode of healing, but in a scientific spirit, in the spirit of our age, and with a great deal more of knowledge than people had in ancient times. We reject the belief in evil; we call it unreal. Disease is a mistake. We teach faith in the unity of God the All-good."

Miss Bowyer evidently expected Phillida to say something at this point, but as she did not, Miss Bowyer was forced to proceed without encouragement.

"When I found that there was a great deal in it, I took the subject up and studied it. I studied mind-cure, or metaphysical healing, which

strikes at the root of disease; I went into hypnotism, mesmerism, and phreno-magnetism, and the od force — I don't suppose you know about the *od* which Reichenbach discovered."

"No."

"Well, it 's wonderful, but mysterious. Blue blazes seen by the sensitive, and all that. I studied that, and theosophy a little too, and I took up Swedenborg; but he was rather too much for me. You can't quite understand him, and then life is too short to ever get through him. So I only read what somebody else had printed about Swedenborgianism, and I understand him a good deal better that way. That 's the best way to tackle him, you know. Well, now, all of these go to explain the unity of truth, and how the miracles of the Bible were worked."

Phillida said nothing, though her interlocutor gave her an opportunity.

"Well," proceeded Miss Bowyer, "this is what we call Christian Science. It 's the science of sciences. It 's as much above the rude method of primitive faith-cure practised by the apostles as the heavens are above the earth. We understand from knowing the philosophy of miracles the reason why we do not always succeed. We cannot always secure the impressible condition by producing the quiescence of the large brain. But if we understand the theory of hypnotism we shall be able to put the cerebrum at rest and secure the passive impressible state of the cerebellum; that is, an introverted condition of the mind. This securing of interior perception is the basis of all success."

"Then you do not believe that God does it all," said Phillida, with a twitch of the shoulder expressing the repulsion she felt from this incomprehensible explication.

"Oh, yes. Faith in God the All-good is at the root of it all. It is one of the things that induces passive receptivity. We must convince the patient that the unity of God excludes the real existence of evil."

"But still you do not admit the direct action of God?" queried Phillida.

"God works through the forces in nature, according to law," said Miss Bowyer, glibly.

"That is just as true of the action of medicine," said Phillida. "I don't like this affecting to put God in while you leave him out of your mixture. Besides, I don't pretend that I understand your explanation."

"It is somewhat fine; all philosophy of man's internal nature is so. It 's not a thing to argue about. Intellect argues; spirit perceives. But if you would give your mind to Truth in a receptive way, Truth would set you free. I am sure you would be convinced after reading the books on the question."

Phillida made no offer to read the books, and this seemed to disappoint Miss Bowyer. After a pause she began again.

"You might as well know, Miss Callender, that I had a business object in view in coming to see you. Some of our Christian Science people are all enthusiasm, but I am trained to business, and I carry on my practice on business principles. There is no reason why a doctor who treats diseases on the mortal plane by medication should be paid for his time, and you and I not be. Is there?"

"I don't know," said Phillida, mechanically.

"Well, now, I have given my time to the beautiful work of Christian Science healing. I have an office in East Fourteenth street. It is a blessed religious work. But I can't work without pay; I follow it as a business, and it 's got to support me. I have as much right to get on in the world as anybody else. Now I 've cleared over and above my office-rent, including what I get for teaching a class in Christian Science, almost eighteen hundred dollars in the very first year since I set up. That 's pretty good for a lone woman; don't you think so?"

Phillida slightly inclined her head to avoid speaking.

"Well, now, I have n't got many advantages. My brother kept a health-lift a few years ago when everything was cured by condensed exercise. But people got tired of condensed exercise, and then he had a blue-glass solarium until that somehow went out of fashion. I helped run the female side of his business, you know, for part of the profits. My education is all business. I did n't have any time to learn painting or fine manners, or any music except to play Moody and Sankey on the melodeon. My practice is mostly among the poor or the people that are only so-so. I have n't got the ways that go down with rich people, nor anybody to give me a start among them. Well, now, I say to myself, science is all very well, and faith is all very well, but you want something more than that to get on in a large way. I would rather get on in a large way. Would n't you?"

Here she paused, but Phillida sat motionless and stoically attentive. She only answered, "Well, I don't know."

"Now when I heard that you 'd been sent for to the Maginnis child, and that you have got relations that go among rich people, I says to myself, she 's my partner. I 'll furnish the science, and I 'll do the talking, and the drumming-up business, and the collecting bills, and all that; and you, with your stylish ways, don't you know? and your good looks, and your family connections, and all that, will help me to get in where I want to get in. Once in, we 're sure to win. There 's no reason, Miss Callender, why we should n't get rich. I will give you

half of my practice already established, and I 'll teach you the science and how to manage, you know; the great thing is to know how to manage your patients, you see. I learned that in the health-lift and the blue-glass solarium. We 'll move farther up town, say to West Thirty-fourth street. Then you can, no doubt, write a beautiful letter — that 'll qualify us to go into what is called "absent treatment." We 'll advertise, "Absent treatment a specialty," and altogether we can make ten thousand or even twenty thousand, maybe, a year in a little while. Keep our own carriage, and so on. What do you say to that?" Miss Bowyer's uplifted nose was now turned towards Phillida in triumphant expectation. She had not long to wait for a reply. Phillida's feelings had gathered head enough to break through. She answered promptly:

"I do not believe in your science, and would n't for the world take money from those that I am able to help with my prayers." Phillida said this with a sudden fire that dismayed Miss Bowyer.

"But you 'll look into the matter maybe, Miss Callender?"

"No; I will not. I hate the whole business." Phillida wanted to add, "and you besides"; however, she only said: "Don't say any more, please. I won't have anything at all to do with it." Phillida rose, but Miss Bowyer did not take the hint.

"You 're pretty high-toned, it seems to me," said the Scientist, smiling, and speaking without irritation. "You 're going to throw away the great chance of your life. Perhaps you 'll read some books that set forth the mighty truths of Christian Science if I send them. You ought to be open to conviction. If you could only know some of the cases I myself have lately cured — a case of belief in rheumatism of three years' standing, and a case of belief in mental prostration of six years' duration. If you could only have seen the joyful results. I cured lately an obstinate case of belief in neuralgia, and another of cancer — advanced stage. A case of belief in consumption with goitre was lately cured in the West. Perhaps you 'll look over some numbers of the 'International Magazine of Christian Science' if I send them to you; under the head of 'Sheaves from the Harvest Field,' it gives many remarkable cases."

"I have no time to read anything of the sort," said Phillida, still standing.

"Oh, well, then, I 'll just come in now and then and explain the different parts of the science to you. It 's a great subject, and we may get mutual benefit by comparing notes."

The prospect of repeated calls from Eleanor Arabella Bowyer put Phillida's already excited nerves into something like a panic. She had reached the utmost point of endurance.

"No," she said; "I will have nothing at all to do with it. You must excuse me; positively, I must be excused. I am very busy, and I cannot pursue the subject further."

"Certainly," said the Metaphysical Practitioner, rising reluctantly; "but I think I 'll take the liberty of calling again when you 're more at leisure. You won't object, I 'm sure, to my coming in next week?"

"Yes," said Phillida; "I will not have anything to do with the matter you propose, and I cannot see you again. You must excuse me."

"Well, we never get offended, Miss Callender. Christian Science does not argue. We never resent an affront, but live in love and charity with all. That is Christian Science. Our success depends on purity and a Christian spirit. I think I 'll send you a little book," added Miss Bowyer, as reluctantly she felt herself propelled towards the door by the sheer force of Phillida's manner. "Just a little book; it won't take long to read."

As Miss Bowyer said this she paused in the vestibule with her back to Phillida. She was looking into the street, trying to think of some new device for gaining her end.

"I won't read a book if you send it. Save yourself the trouble," said Phillida, softly closing the inner door behind Miss Bowyer, leaving her standing face outwards in the vestibule.

"You had a hard time shaking her off, did n't you, Philly?" said Agatha, issuing from the back part of the dark hall, having come out of the back room just in time to catch a glimpse of Eleanor Bowyer. "I declare, the way you closed the door on her at the last was too good."

"Sh–h!" said Phillida, pointing to the shadow cast against the ground glass of the inner door by the tall form of the Christian Scientist and Metaphysical Practitioner in the light of the street lamp.

"I don't care whether she hears or not," said Agatha, dropping her voice, nevertheless; "she ought to be snubbed. You 're a little too easy. That woman is meditating whether she sha'n't break into the house to preach Christian Science. There, she 's going at last; she won't commit Christian burglary this time. I suppose she thinks burglary does n't really exist, since it 's contrary to the unity of God. Anyhow, she would n't commit burglary, because housebreaking is a physical thing that 's transacted on the mortal plane."

Agatha said this in Miss Bowyer's tone, and Phillida's vexation gave way to laughter.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

W. TABER. "A PIONEER PALACE CAR." ADAPTED FROM A SKETCH BY A. P. HILL.

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN THE DONNER PARTY (1846).

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

I WAS a child when we started to California, yet I remember the journey well and I have cause to remember it, as our little band of emigrants who drove out of Springfield, Illinois, that spring morning of 1846 have since been known in history as the "Ill-fated Donner party" of "Martyr Pioneers." My father, James F. Reed, was the originator of the party, and the Donner brothers, George and Jacob, who lived just a little way out of Springfield, decided to join him.

All the previous winter we were preparing for the journey — and right here let me say that we suffered vastly more from fear of the Indians before starting than we did on the plains; at least this was my case. In the long winter evenings Grandma Keyes used to tell me Indian stories. She had an aunt who had been taken prisoner by the savages in the early settlement of Virginia and Kentucky and had remained a captive in their hands five years before she made her escape. I was fond of these stories and evening after evening would go into grandma's room, sitting with my back close against the wall so that no warrior could slip behind me with a tomahawk. I would coax her to tell me more about her aunt, and would sit listening to the recital of the fearful deeds of the savages, until it seemed to me that everything in the room, from the high old-fashioned bedposts down even to the shovel and tongs in the chimney corner, was transformed into the dusky tribe in paint and feathers, all ready for the war dance. So when I was told that we were going to California and would have to pass through a region peopled by Indians, you can imagine how I felt.

Our wagons, or the "Reed wagons," as they were called, were all made to order and I can say without fear of contradiction that nothing like our family wagon ever started across the plains. It was what might be called a two-story wagon or "Pioneer palace car," attached to a regular immigrant train. My mother, though a young woman, was not strong and had been in delicate health for many years, yet when sorrows and dangers came upon her she was the bravest of the brave. Grandma Keyes, who was seventy-five years of age, was an invalid, confined to her bed. Her sons in Springfield, Gersham and James W. Keyes, tried to dissuade her from the long and fatiguing journey, but in vain; she would not be parted from my mother, who was her only daughter. So the car in which she was to ride was planned to give comfort. The entrance was on the side, like that of an old-fashioned stage coach, and one stepped into a small room, as it were, in the centre of the wagon. At the right and left were spring seats with comfortable high backs, where one could sit and ride with as much ease as on the seats of a Concord coach. In this little room was placed a tiny sheet-iron stove, whose pipe, running through the top of the wagon, was prevented by a circle of tin from setting fire to the canvas cover. A board about a foot wide extended over the wheels on either side the full length of the wagon, thus forming the foundation for a large and roomy second story in which were placed our beds. Under the spring seats were compartments in which were stored many articles useful for the journey, such as a well filled work basket and a full assortment of medicines, with lint and bandages for dressing wounds. Our clothing was packed — not in Saratoga trunks — but in strong canvas bags plainly marked. Some of mama's young friends

added a looking-glass, hung directly opposite the door, in order, as they said, that my mother might not forget to keep her good looks, and strange to say, when we had to leave this wagon, standing like a monument on the Salt Lake desert, the glass was still unbroken. I have often thought how pleased the Indians must have been when they found this mirror which gave them back the picture of their own dusky faces.

THIRSTY OXEN STAMPEDING FOR WATER.

We had two wagons loaded with provisions. Everything in that line was bought that could be thought of. My father started with supplies enough to last us through the first winter in California, had we made the journey in the usual time of six months. Knowing that books were always scarce in a new country, we also took a good library of standard works. We even took a cooking stove which never had had a fire in it, and was destined never to have, as we cachéd it in the desert. Certainly no family ever started across the plains with more provisions or a better outfit for the journey; and yet we reached California almost destitute and nearly out of clothing.

The family wagon was drawn by four yoke of oxen, large Durham steers at the wheel. The other wagons were drawn by three yoke each. We had saddle horses and cows, and last but not least my pony. He was a beauty and his name was Billy. I can scarcely remember when I was taught to sit a horse. I only know that when a child of seven I was the proud owner of a pony and used to go riding with papa. That was the chief pleasure to which I looked forward in crossing the plains, to ride my pony every day. But a day came when I had no pony to ride, the poor little fellow gave out. He could not endure the hardships of ceaseless travel. When I was forced to part with him I cried until I was ill, and sat in the back of the wagon watching him be-

CROSSING WATER TO ESCAPE A PRAIRIE FIRE.

come smaller and smaller as we drove on, until I could see him no more.

Never can I forget the morning when we bade farewell to kindred and friends. The Donners were there, having driven in the evening before with their families, so that we might get an early start. Grandma Keyes was carried out of the house and placed in the wagon on a large feather bed, propped up with pillows. Her sons implored her to remain and end her days with them, but she could not be separated from her only daughter. We were surrounded by loved ones, and there stood all my little schoolmates who had come to kiss me good-by. My father with tears in his eyes tried to smile as one friend after another grasped his hand in a last farewell. Mama was overcome with grief. At last we were all in the wagons, the drivers cracked their whips, the oxen moved slowly forward and the long journey had begun.

Could we have looked into the future and have seen the misery before us, these lines would never have been written. But we were full of hope and did not dream of sorrow. I can now see our little caravan of ten or twelve wagons as we drove out of old Springfield, my little black-eyed sister Patty sitting upon the bed, holding up the wagon cover so that Grandma might have a last look at her old home.

That was the 14th day of April, 1846. Our party numbered thirty-one, and consisted chiefly of three families, the other members being young men, some of whom came as drivers. The Donner family were George and Tamsen Donner and their five children, and Jacob and Elizabeth Donner and their seven children. Our family numbered nine, not counting three drivers — my father and mother, James Frazier and Margaret W. Reed, Grandma Keyes, my little sister Patty (now Mrs. Frank Lewis, of Capitola), and two little brothers, James F. Reed, Jr., and Thomas K. Reed, Eliza Williams and her brother Baylis, and lastly myself. Eliza had been a domestic in our family for many years, and was anxious to see California.

Many friends camped with us the first night out and my uncles traveled on for several days before bidding us a final farewell. It seemed strange to be riding in ox-teams, and we children were afraid of the oxen, thinking they could go wherever they pleased as they had no bridles. Milt Elliott, a knight of the whip, drove our family wagon. He had worked for years in my father's large saw-mill on the Sangamon River. The first bridge we came to, Milt had to stop the wagon and let us out. I remember that I called to him to be sure to make the oxen hit the bridge, and not to forget that grandma was in the wagon. How he laughed at the idea of the oxen missing the bridge! I soon found that Milt, with his "whoa," "haw," and "gee," could make the oxen do just as he pleased.

Nothing of much interest happened until we reached what is now Kansas. The first Indians we met were the Caws, who kept the ferry, and had to take us over the Caw River. I watched

them closely, hardly daring to draw my breath, and feeling sure they would sink the boat in the middle of the stream, and was very thankful when I found they were not like grandma's Indians. Every morning, when the wagons were ready to start, papa and I would jump on our horses, and go ahead to pick out a camping-ground. In our party were many who rode on horseback, but mama seldom did; she preferred the wagon, and did not like to leave grandma, although Patty took upon herself this charge, and could hardly be persuaded to leave grandma's side. Our little home was so comfortable, that mama could sit reading and chatting with the little ones, and almost forget that she was really crossing the plains.

SCOTT'S BLUFFS (FROM NATURE, 1890).

Grandma Keyes improved in health and spirits every day until we came to the Big Blue River, which was so swollen that we could not cross, but had to lie by and make rafts on which to take the wagons over. As soon as we stopped traveling, grandma began to fail, and on the 29th day of May she died. It seemed hard to bury her in the wilderness, and travel on, and we were afraid that the Indians would destroy her grave, but her death here, before our troubles began, was providential, and nowhere on the whole road could we have found so beautiful a resting place. By this time many emigrants had joined our company, and all turned out to assist at the funeral. A coffin was hewn out of a cottonwood tree, and John Denton, a young man from Springfield, found a large gray stone on which he carved with deep letters the name of "Sarah Keyes; born in Virginia," giving age and date of birth. She was buried under the shade of an oak, the slab being placed at the foot of the grave, on which were planted wild flowers growing in the sod. A minister in our party, the Rev. J. A. Cornwall, tried to give words of comfort as we stood about this lonely grave. Strange to say, that grave has never been disturbed; the wilderness blossomed into the city of Manhattan, Kansas, and we have been told that the city cemetery surrounds the grave of Sarah Keyes.

CHIMNEY ROCK, ON THE NORTH PLATTE (1890).

As the river remained high and there was no prospect of fording it, the men went to work cutting down trees, hollowing out logs and making rafts on which to take the wagons over. These logs, about twenty-five feet in length, were united by cross timbers, forming rafts, which were firmly lashed to stakes driven into the bank. Ropes were attached to both ends, by which the rafts were pulled back and forth across the river. The banks of this stream

being steep, our heavily laden wagons had to be let down carefully with ropes, so that the wheels might run into the hollowed logs. This was no easy task when you take into consideration that in these wagons were women and children, who could cross the rapid river in no other way. Finally the dangerous work was accomplished and we resumed our journey.

The road at first was rough and led through a timbered country, but after striking the great valley of the Platte the road was good and the country beautiful. Stretching out before us as far as the eye could reach was a valley as green as emerald, dotted here and there with

Traveling up the smooth valley of the Platte, we passed Court House Rock, Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluffs, and made from fifteen to twenty miles a day, shortening or lengthening the distance in order to secure a good camping ground. At night when we drove into camp, our wagons were placed so as to form a circle or corral, into which our cattle were driven, after grazing, to prevent the Indians from stealing them, the camp-fires and tents being on the outside. There were many expert riflemen in the party and we never lacked for game. The plains were alive with buffalo, and herds could be seen every day coming to the Platte

AN EMIGRANT ENCAMPMENT.

flowers of every imaginable color, and through this valley flowed the grand old Platte, a wide, rapid, shallow stream. Our company now numbered about forty wagons, and, for a time, we were commanded by Col. William H. Russell, then by George Donner. Exercise in the open air under bright skies, and freedom from peril combined to make this part of our journey an ideal pleasure trip. How I enjoyed riding my pony, galloping over the plain, gathering wild flowers! At night the young folks would gather about the camp fire chatting merrily, and often a song would be heard, or some clever dancer would give us a barn-door jig on the hind gate of a wagon.

to drink. The meat of the young buffalo is excellent and so is that of the antelope, but the antelope are so fleet of foot it is difficult to get a shot at one. I witnessed many a buffalo hunt and more than once was in the chase close beside my father. A buffalo will not attack one unless wounded. When he sees the hunter he raises his shaggy head, gazes at him for a moment, then turns and runs; but when he is wounded he will face his pursuer. The only danger lay in a stampede, for nothing could withstand the onward rush of these massive creatures, whose tread seemed to shake the prairie.

Antelope and buffalo steaks were the main

OLD TRAIL CROSSING HORSESHOE CREEK, A TRIBUTARY OF THE PLATTE.

article on our bill-of-fare for weeks, and no tonic was needed to give zest for the food; our appetites were a marvel. Eliza soon discovered that cooking over a camp fire was far different from cooking on a stove or range, but all hands assisted her. I remember that she had the cream all ready for the churn as we drove into the South Fork of the Platte, and while we were fording the grand old stream she went on with her work, and made several pounds of butter. We found no trouble in crossing the Platte, the only danger being in quicksand. The stream being wide, we had to stop the wagon now and then to give the oxen a few moments' rest. At Fort Laramie, two hundred miles farther on, we celebrated the fourth of July in fine style. Camp was pitched earlier than usual and we prepared a grand dinner. Some of my father's friends in Springfield had given him a bottle of good old brandy, which he agreed to drink at a certain hour of this day looking to the east, while his friends in Illinois were to drink a toast to his success from a companion bottle with their faces turned west, the difference in time being carefully estimated; and at the hour agreed upon, the health of our friends in Springfield was drunk with great enthusiasm. At Fort Laramie was a party of Sioux, who were on the war path going to fight the Crows or Blackfeet. The Sioux are fine-looking Indians and I was not in the least afraid of them. They fell in love with my pony and set about bargaining to buy him. They brought buffalo robes and beautifully tanned buckskin, pretty beaded moccasins, and ropes made of grass, and placing these articles in a heap alongside several of their ponies, they made my father understand by signs that they would give them all for Billy and his rider. Papa smiled and shook his head; then the number of ponies was increased and, as a last tempting inducement, they brought an old coat, that had been worn by some poor soldier, thinking my father could not withstand the brass buttons!

On the sixth of July we were again on the march. The Sioux were several days in passing our caravan, not on account of the length of our train, but because there were so many Sioux. Owing to the fact that our wagons were strung so far apart, they could have massacred our whole party without much loss to themselves. Some of our company became alarmed, and the rifles were cleaned out and loaded, to let the warriors see that we were prepared to fight; but the Sioux never showed any inclination to disturb us. Their curiosity was annoying, however, and our wagon with its conspicuous stove-pipe and looking-glass attracted their attention. They were continually swarming about trying to get a look at themselves in the mirror, and their desire to possess my pony was so strong that at last I had to ride in the wagon and let one of the drivers take charge of Billy. This I did not like, and in order to see how far back the line of warriors extended, I picked up a large field-glass which hung on a rack, and as I pulled it out with a click, the warriors jumped back, wheeled their ponies and scattered. This pleased me greatly, and I told my mother I could fight the whole Sioux tribe with a spy-glass, and as revenge for forcing me to ride in the wagon, whenever they came near trying to get a peep at their war-paint and feathers, I would raise the glass and laugh to see them dart away in terror.

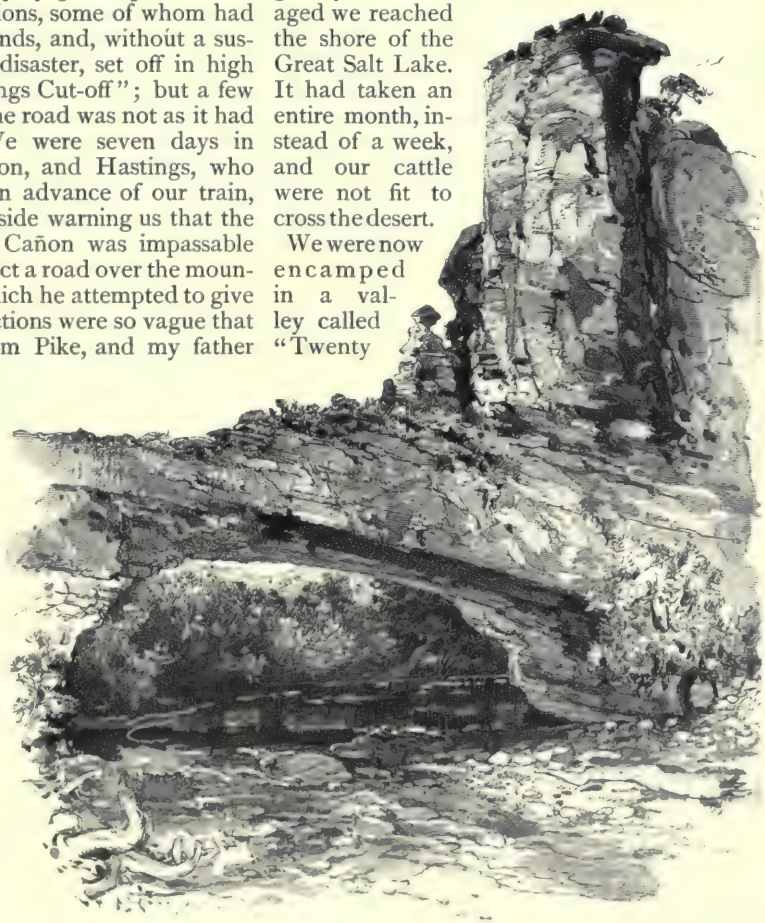
A new route had just been opened by Lansford W. Hastings, called the "Hastings Cut-off,"[1] which passed along the southern shore of the Great Salt Lake rejoining the old "Fort Hall Emigrant" road on the Humboldt. It was said to shorten the distance three hundred miles. Much time was lost in debating which course to pursue; Bridger and Vasques, who were in charge of the fort, sounded the praises of the new road. My father was so eager to reach California that he was quick to take ad-

[1] For an account of Hastings, see THE CENTURY for December 1890, p. 176.— ED.

vantage of any means to shorten the distance, and we were assured by Hastings and his party that the only bad part was the forty-mile drive through the desert by the shore of the lake. None of our party knew then, as we learned afterwards, that these men had an interest in the road, being employed by Hastings. But for the advice of these parties we should have continued on the old Fort Hall road. Our company had increased in numbers all along the line, and was now composed of some of the very best people and some of the worst. The greater portion of our company went by the old road and reached California in safety. Eighty-seven persons took the "Hastings Cut-off," including the Donners, Breens, Reeds, Murphys (not the Murphys of Santa Clara County), C. T. Stanton, John Denton, Wm. McClutchen, Wm. Eddy, Louis Keseburg, and many others too numerous to mention in a short article like this. And these are the unfortunates who have since been known as the "Donner Party."

On the morning of July 31 we parted with our traveling companions, some of whom had become very dear friends, and, without a suspicion of impending disaster, set off in high spirits on the "Hastings Cut-off"; but a few days showed us that the road was not as it had been represented. We were seven days in reaching Weber Cañon, and Hastings, who was guiding a party in advance of our train, left a note by the wayside warning us that the road through Weber Cañon was impassable and advising us to select a road over the mountains, the outline of which he attempted to give on paper. These directions were so vague that C. T. Stanton, William Pike, and my father rode on in advance and overtook Hastings and tried to induce him to return and guide our party. He refused, but came back over a portion of the road, and from a high mountain endeavored to point out the general course. Over this road my father traveled alone, taking notes, and blazing trees, to assist him in retracing his course, and reaching camp after an absence of four days. Learning of the hardships of the advance train, the party decided to cross towards the lake. Only those who have passed through this country on horseback can appreciate the situation. There was absolutely no road, not even a trail. The cañon wound around among the hills. Heavy underbrush had to be cut away and used for making a road bed. While cutting our way step by step through the "Hastings Cut-off," we were overtaken and joined by the Graves family, consisting of W. F. Graves, his wife and eight children, his son-in-law Jay Fosdick, and a young man by the name of John Snyder. Finally we reached the end of the cañon where it looked as though our wagons would have to be abandoned. It seemed impossible for the oxen to pull them up the steep hill and the bluffs beyond, but we doubled teams and the work was, at last, accomplished, almost every yoke in the train being required to pull up each wagon. While in this cañon Stanton and Pike came into camp; they had suffered greatly on account of the exhaustion of their horses and had come near perishing. Worn with travel and greatly discouraged we reached the shore of the Great Salt Lake. It had taken an entire month, instead of a week, and our cattle were not fit to cross the desert.

We were now encamped in a valley called "Twenty



NATURAL BRIDGE ON LA PRÉLE RIVER.

THE EMIGRANT TRAIL THROUGH THE BAD LANDS, WYOMING.

Wells." The water in these wells was pure and cold, welcome enough after the alkaline pools from which we had been forced to drink. We prepared for the long drive across the desert and laid in, as we supposed, an ample supply of water and grass. This desert had been represented to us as only forty miles wide but we found it nearer eighty. It was a dreary, desolate, alkali waste; not a living thing could be seen; it seemed as though the hand of death had been laid upon the country. We started in the evening, traveled all that night, and the following day and night — two nights and one day of suffering from thirst and heat by day and piercing cold by night. When the third night fell and we saw the barren waste stretching away apparently as boundless as when we started, my father determined to go ahead in search of water. Before starting he instructed the drivers, if the cattle showed signs of giving out to take them from the wagons and follow him. He had not been gone long before the oxen began to fall to the ground from thirst and exhaustion. They were unhitched at once and driven ahead. My father coming back met the drivers with the cattle within ten miles of water and instructed them to return as soon as the animals had satisfied their thirst. He reached us about daylight. We waited all that day in the desert looking for the return of our drivers, the other wagons going on out of sight. Towards night the situation became desperate and we had only a few drops of water left; another night there meant death. We

GREAT DESERT TO THE WEST OF SALT LAKE.

must set out on foot and try to reach some of the wagons. Can I ever forget that night in the desert, when we walked mile after mile in the darkness, every step seeming to be the very last we could take! Suddenly all fatigue was banished by fear; through the night came a swift rushing sound of one of the young steers crazed by thirst and apparently bent upon our destruction. My father, holding his youngest child in his arms and keeping us all close behind him, drew his pistol, but finally the maddened beast turned and dashed off into the darkness. Dragging ourselves along about ten miles, we reached the wagon of Jacob Donner. The family were all asleep, so we children lay down on the ground. A bitter wind swept over the desert, chilling us through and through. We crept closer together, and, when we complained of the cold, papa placed all five of our dogs around us, and only for the warmth of these faithful creatures we should doubtless have perished.

At daylight papa was off to learn the fate of his cattle, and was told that all were lost, except one cow and an ox. The stock, scenting the water, had rushed on ahead of the men, and had probably been stolen by the Indians, and driven into the mountains, where all traces of them were lost. A week was spent here on the edge of the desert in a fruitless search. Almost every man in the company turned out, hunting in all directions, but our eighteen head of cattle were never found. We had lost our best yoke of oxen before reaching Bridger's Fort from drinking poisoned water found standing in pools, and had bought at the fort two yoke of young steers, but now all were gone, and my father and his family were left in the desert, eight hundred miles from California, seemingly helpless. We realized that our wagons must be abandoned.

REGISTER ROCK, IDAHO, A LANDMARK OF WESTERN EMIGRATION.

The company kindly let us have two yoke of oxen, so with our ox and cow yoked together we could bring one wagon, but, alas! not the one which seemed so much like a home to us, and in which grandma had died. Some of the company went back with papa and assisted him in cacheing everything that could not be packed in one wagon. A cache was made by digging a hole in the ground, in which a box or the bed of a wagon was placed. Articles to be buried were packed into this box, covered with boards, and the earth thrown in upon them, and thus they were hidden from sight. Our provisions were divided among the company. Before leaving the desert camp, an inventory of provisions on hand was taken, and it was found that the supply was not sufficient to last us through to California, and as if to render the situation more terrible, a storm came on during the night and the hill-tops became white with snow. Some one must go on to Sutter's Fort after provisions. A call was made for volunteers. C. T. Stanton and Wm. McClutchen bravely offered their services and started on bearing letters from the company to Captain Sutter asking for relief. We resumed our journey

and soon reached Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt.

I now come to that part of my narrative which delicacy of feeling for both the dead and the living would induce me to pass over in silence, but which a correct and lucid chronicle of subsequent events of historical importance will not suffer to be omitted. On the 5th day of October, 1846, at Gravelly Ford, a tragedy was enacted which affected the subsequent lives and fortunes of more than one member of our company. At this point in our journey we were compelled to double our teams in order to ascend a steep, sandy hill. Milton Elliott, who was driving our wagon, and John Snyder, who was driving one of Mr. Graves's, became involved in a quarrel over the management of their oxen. Snyder was beating his cattle over the head with the butt end of his whip, when my father, returning on horse-back from a hunting trip, arrived and, appreciating the great importance of saving the remainder of the oxen, remonstrated with Snyder, telling him that they were our main dependence, and at the same time offering the assistance of our team. Snyder having taken offense at something Elliott had said declared that his team could pull up alone, and kept on using abusive language. Father tried to quiet the enraged man. Hard words followed. Then my father said: "We can settle this, John, when we get up the hill." "No," replied Snyder with an oath, "we will settle it now," and springing upon the tongue of a wagon, he struck my father a violent blow over the head with his heavy whip-stock. One blow followed another. Father was stunned for a moment and blinded by the blood streaming from the gashes in his head. Another blow was descending when my mother ran in between the men. Father saw the uplifted whip, but had only time to cry: "John, John," when down came the stroke upon mother. Quick as a thought my father's hunting knife was out and Snyder fell, fatally wounded. He was caught in the arms of W. C. Graves, carried up the hill-side, and laid on the ground. My father regretted the act, and dashing the blood from his eyes went quickly to the assistance of the dying man. I can see him now, as he knelt over Snyder, trying to stanch the wound, while the blood from the gashes in his own head, trickling down his face, mingled with that of the dying man. In a few moments Snyder expired. Camp was pitched immediately, our wagon being some distance from the others. My father, anxious to do what he could for the dead, offered the boards of our wagon, from which to make a coffin. Then, coming to me, he said: "Daughter, do you think you can dress these wounds in my head? Your mother is not able, and they must be attended to." I answered by saying: "Yes, if you will tell me what to do." I brought a basin of water and sponge, and we went into the wagon, so that we might not be disturbed. When my work was at last finished, I burst out crying. Papa clasped me in his arms, saying: "I should not have asked so much of you," and

OLD CALIFORNIA TRAIL TO THE NORTH OF SALT LAKE.

talked to me until I controlled my feelings, so that we could go to the tent where mama was lying.

We then learned that trouble was brewing in the camp where Snyder's body lay. At the funeral my father stood sorrowfully by until the last clod was placed upon the grave. He and John Snyder had been good friends, and no one could have regretted the taking of that young life more than my father.

The members of the Donner party then held a council to decide upon the fate of my father, while we anxiously awaited the verdict. They refused to accept the plea of self-defense and decided that my father should be banished from the company and sent into the wilderness alone. It was a cruel sentence. And all this animosity towards my father was caused by Louis Keseburg, a German who had joined our company away back on the plains. Keseburg was married to a young and pretty German girl, and used to abuse her, and was in the habit of beating her till she was black and blue. This aroused all the manhood in my father and he took Keseburg to task — telling him it must be stopped or measures would be taken to that effect. Keseburg did not dare to strike his wife again, but he hated my father and nursed his wrath until papa was so unfortunate as to have to take the life of a fellow-creature in self-defense. Then Keseburg's hour for revenge had come. But how a man like Keseburg, brutal and overbearing by nature, although highly educated, could have such influence over the company is more than I can tell. I have thought the subject over for hours but failed to arrive at a conclusion. The feeling against my father at one time was so strong that lynching was proposed. He was no coward and he bared his neck, saying, "Come on, gentlemen," but no one moved. It was thought more humane, perhaps, to send him into the wilderness to die of slow starvation or be murdered by the Indians; but my father did not die. God took care of him and his family, and at Donner Lake we seemed especially favored by the Almighty as not one of our family perished, and we were the only family no one member of which was forced to eat of human flesh to keep body and soul together. When the sentence of banishment was communicated to my father, he refused to go, feeling that he was justified before God and man, as he had only acted in self-defense.

Then came a sacrifice on the part of my mother. Knowing only too well what her life would be without him, yet fearful that if he remained he would meet with violence at the hands of his enemies, she implored him to go, but all to no avail until she urged him to remember the destitution of the company, saying that if he remained and escaped violence at their hands, he might nevertheless see his children starving and be helpless to aid them, while if he went on he could return and meet them with food. It was a fearful struggle; at last he consented, but not before he had secured a promise from the company to care for his wife and little ones.

SALT LAKE, LOOKING SOUTH FROM PROMONTORY.

My father was sent out into an unknown country without provisions or arms — even his horse was at first denied him. When we learned of this decision, I followed him through the darkness, taking Elliott with me, and carried him his rifle, pistols, ammunition and some food. I had determined to stay with him, and begged him to let me stay, but he would listen to no argument, saying that it was impossible. Finally, unclasping my arms from around him, he placed me in charge of Elliott, who started back to camp with me—and papa was left alone. I had cried until I had hardly strength to walk, but when we reached camp and I saw the distress of my mother, with the little ones clinging around her and no arm to lean upon, it seemed suddenly to make a woman of me. I realized that I must be strong and help mama bear her sorrows.

We traveled on, but all life seemed to have left the party, and the hours dragged slowly along. Every day we would search for some sign of papa, who would leave a letter by the way-side in the top of a bush or in a split stick, and when he succeeded in killing geese or birds would scatter the feathers about so that we might know that he was not suffering for food. When possible, our fire would always be kindled on the spot where his had been. But a time came when we found no letter, and no trace of him. Had he starved by the way-side, or been murdered by the Indians?

My mother's despair was pitiful. Patty and I thought we would be bereft of her also. But life and energy were again aroused by the danger that her children would starve. It was apparent that the whole company would soon be put on a short allowance of food, and the snow-capped mountains gave an ominous hint of the fate that really befell us in the Sierra. Our wagon

A DESPERATE SITUATION. (DRAWN BY CHARLES NAHL.)

was found to be too heavy, and was abandoned with everything we could spare, and the remaining things were packed in part of another wagon. We had two horses left from the wreck, which could hardly drag themselves along, but they managed to carry my two little brothers. The rest of us had to walk, one going beside the horse to hold on my youngest brother who was only two and a half years of age. The Donners were not with us when my father was banished, but were several days in advance of our train. Walter Herron, one of our drivers, who was traveling with the Donners, left the wagons and joined my father.

On the 19th of October, while traveling along the Truckee, our hearts were gladdened by the return of Stanton, with seven mules loaded with provisions. Mr. McClutchen was ill and could not travel, but Captain Sutter had sent two of his Indian vaqueros, Luis and Salvador with Stanton. Hungry as we were, Stanton brought us something better than food — news that my father was alive. Stanton had met him not far from Sutter's Fort; he had been three days with-

out food, and his horse was not able to carry him. Stanton had given him a horse and some provisions and he had gone on. We now packed what little we had left on one mule and started with Stanton. My mother rode on a mule, carrying Tommy in her lap; Patty and Jim rode behind the two Indians, and I behind Mr. Stanton, and in this way we journeyed on through the rain, looking up with fear towards the mountains, where snow was already falling although it was only the last week in October. Winter had set in a month earlier than usual. All trails and roads were covered; and our only guide was the summit which it seemed we would never reach. Despair drove many nearly frantic. Each family tried to cross the mountains but found it impossible. When it was seen that the wagons could not be dragged through the snow, their goods and provisions were packed on oxen and another start was made, men and women walking in the snow up to their waists, carrying their children in their arms and trying to drive their cattle. The Indians said they could find no road, so a halt was called, and Stanton went ahead with the guides, and came back and reported that we could get across if we kept right on, but that it would be impossible if snow fell. He was in favor of a forced march until the other side of the summit should be reached, but some of our party were so tired and exhausted with the day's labor that they declared they could not take another step; so the few who knew the danger that the night might bring yielded to the many, and we camped within three miles of the summit.

That night came the dreaded snow. Around the camp-fires under the trees great feathery flakes came whirling down. The air was so full of them that one could see objects only a few feet away. The Indians knew we were doomed, and one of them wrapped his blanket about him and stood all night under a tree. We children slept soundly on our cold bed of snow with a soft white mantle falling over us so thickly that every few moments my mother would have to shake the shawl — our only covering — to keep us from being buried alive. In the morning the snow lay deep on mountain and valley. With heavy hearts we turned back to a cabin that had been built by the Murphy-Schallenberger party two years before. We built more cabins and prepared as best we could for the winter. That camp, which proved the camp of death to many in our company, was made on the shore of a lake, since known as "Donner Lake." The Donners were camped in Alder Creek Valley below the lake, and were, if possible, in a worse condition than ourselves. The snow came on so suddenly that they had no time to build cabins, but hastily put up brush sheds, covering them with pine boughs.

TRUCKEE CAÑON.

Three double cabins were built at Donner Lake, which were known as the "Breen Cabin," the "Murphy Cabin," and the "Reed-Graves Cabin." The cattle were all killed, and the meat was placed in snow for preservation. My

mother had no cattle to kill, but she made arrangements for some, promising to give two for one in California. Stanton and the Indians made their home in my mother's cabin.

Many attempts were made to cross the mountains, but all who tried were driven back by the pitiless storms. Finally a party was organized, since known as the "Forlorn Hope." They made snow-shoes, and fifteen started, ten men and five women, but only seven lived to reach California; eight men perished. They were over a month on the way, and the horrors endured by that Forlorn Hope no pen can describe nor imagination conceive. The noble Stanton was one of the party, and perished the sixth day out, thus sacrificing his life for strangers. I can find no words in which to express a fitting tribute to the memory of Stanton.

The misery endured during those four months at Donner Lake in our little dark cabins under the snow would fill pages and make the coldest heart ache. Christmas was near, but to the starving its memory gave no comfort. It came and passed without observance, but my mother had determined weeks before that her children should have a treat on this one day. She had laid away a few dried apples, some beans, a bit of tripe, and a small piece of bacon. When this hoarded store was brought out, the delight of the little ones knew no bounds. The cooking was watched carefully, and when we sat down to our Christmas dinner mother said, "Children, eat slowly, for this one day you can have all you wish." So bitter was the misery relieved by that one bright day, that I have never since sat down to a Christmas dinner without my thoughts going back to Donner Lake.

DONNER LAKE, FROM THE OLD SACRAMENTO TRAIL.

The storms would often last ten days at a time, and we would have to cut chips from the logs inside which formed our cabins, in order to start a fire. We could scarcely walk, and the men had hardly strength to procure wood. We would drag ourselves through the snow from one cabin to another, and some mornings snow would have to be shoveled out of the fireplace before a fire could be made. Poor little children were crying with hunger, and mothers were crying because they had so little to give their children. We seldom thought of bread, we had been without it so long. Four months of such suffering would fill the bravest hearts with despair.

During the closing days of December, 1846, gold was found in my mother's cabin at Don-

ner Lake by John Denton. I remember the night well. The storm fiends were shrieking in their wild mirth, we were sitting about the fire in our little dark home, busy with our thoughts. Denton with his cane kept knocking pieces off the large rocks used as fire-irons on which to place the wood. Something bright attracted his attention, and picking up pieces of the rock he examined them closely; then turning to my mother he said, "Mrs. Reed, this is gold." My mother replied that she wished it were bread. Denton knocked more chips from the rocks, and he hunted in the ashes for the shining particles until he had gathered about a teaspoonful. This he tied in a small piece of buckskin and placed in his pocket, saying, "If we ever get away from here I am coming back for more." Denton started out with the first relief party but perished on the way, and no one thought of the gold in his pocket. Denton was about thirty years of age; he was born in Sheffield, England, and was a gunsmith and gold-beater by trade. Gold has never been found on the shore of the lake, but a few miles from there in the mountain cañons, from which this rock possibly came, rich mines have been discovered.

Time dragged slowly along till we were no longer on short allowance but were simply starving. My mother determined to make an effort to cross the mountains. She could not see her children die without trying to get them food. It was hard to leave them but she felt that it must be done. She told them she would bring them bread, so they were willing to stay, and with no guide but a compass we started — my mother, Eliza, Milt Elliott and myself. Milt wore snow shoes and we followed in his tracks. We were five days in the mountains; Eliza gave out the first day and had to return, but we kept on and climbed one high mountain after another only to see others higher still ahead. Often I would have to crawl up the mountains, being too tired to walk. The nights were made hideous by the screams of wild beasts heard in the distance. Again, we would be lulled to sleep by the moan of the pine trees, which seemed to sympathize with our loneliness. One morning we awoke to find ourselves in a well of snow. During the night, while in the deep sleep of exhaustion, the heat of the fire had melted the snow and our little camp had gradually sunk many feet below the surface until we were literally buried in a well of snow. The danger was that any attempt to get out might bring an avalanche upon us, but finally steps were carefully made and we reached the surface. My foot was badly frozen, so we were compelled to return, and just in time, for that night a storm came on, the most fearful of the winter, and we should have perished had we not been in the cabins.

We now had nothing to eat but raw hides and they were on the roof of the cabin to keep out the snow; when prepared for cooking and boiled they were simply a pot of glue. When the hides were taken off our cabin and we were left without shelter Mr. Breen gave us a home with his family, and Mrs. Breen prolonged my life by slipping me little bits of meat now and then when she discovered that I could not eat the hide. Death had already claimed many in our party and it seemed as though relief never would reach us. Baylis Williams, who had been in delicate health before we left Springfield, was the first to die; he passed away before starvation had really set in.

I am a Catholic although my parents were not. I often went to the Catholic church before leaving home, but it was at Donner Lake that I made the vow to be a Catholic. The Breens were the only Catholic family in the Donner party and prayers were said aloud regularly in that cabin night and morning. Our only light was from little pine sticks split up like kindling wood and kept constantly on the hearth. I was very fond of kneeling by the side of Mr. Breen and holding these little torches so that he might see to read. One night we had all gone to bed — I was with my mother and the little ones, all huddled together to keep from freezing — but I could not sleep. It was a fearful night and I felt that the hour was not far distant when we would go to sleep — never to wake again in this world. All at once I found myself on my knees with my hands clasped, looking up through the darkness, making a vow that if God would send us relief and let me see my father again I would be a Catholic. That prayer was answered.

On his arrival at Sutter's Fort, my father made known the situation of the emigrants, and Captain Sutter offered at once to do everything possible for their relief. He furnished horses and provisions and my father and Mr. McClutchen started for the mountains, coming as far as possible with horses and then with packs on their backs proceeding on foot; but they were finally compelled to return. Captain Sutter was not surprised at their defeat. He stated that there were no able-bodied men in that vicinity, all having gone down the country with Frémont to fight the Mexicans. He advised my father to go to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, and make his case known to the naval officer in command. My father was in fact conducting parties there — when the seven members of the Forlorn Hope arrived from across the mountains. Their famished faces told the story. Cattle were killed and men were up all night drying beef and making flour by hand mills, nearly 200 pounds being made in one night, and a party of seven,

ON THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT.

commanded by Captain Reasen P. Tucker, were sent to our relief by Captain Sutter and the alcalde, Mr. Sinclair. On the evening of February 19th, 1847, they reached our cabins, where all were starving. They shouted to attract attention. Mr. Breen, clambered up the icy steps from our cabin, and soon we heard the blessed words, "Relief, thank God, relief!" There was joy at Donner Lake that night, for we did not know the fate of the Forlorn Hope and we were told that relief parties would come and go until all were across the mountains. But with the joy sorrow was strangely blended. There were tears in other eyes than those of children; strong men sat down and wept. For the dead were lying about on the snow, some even unburied, since the living had not had strength to bury their dead. When Milt Elliott died,— our faithful friend, who seemed so like a brother,— my

mother and I dragged him up out of the cabin and covered him with snow. Commencing at his feet, I patted the pure white snow down softly until I reached his face. Poor Milt! it was hard to cover that face from sight forever, for with his death our best friend was gone.

On the 22d of February the first relief started with a party of twenty-three — men, women and children. My mother and her family were among the number. It was a bright sunny morning and we felt happy, but we had not gone far when Patty and Tommy gave out. They were not able to stand the fatigue and it was not thought safe to allow them to proceed, so Mr. Glover informed mama that they would have to be sent back to the cabins to await the next expedition. What language can express our feelings? My mother said that she would go back with her children — that we would all go back together. This the relief party would not permit, and Mr. Glover promised mama that as soon as they reached Bear Valley he himself would return for her children. Finally my mother, turning to Mr. Glover said, "Are you a Mason?" He replied that he was. "Will you promise me on the word of a Mason that if we do not meet their father you will return and save my children?" He pledged himself that he would. My father was a member of the Mystic Tie and mama had great faith in the word of a Mason. It was a sad parting — a fearful struggle. The men turned aside, not being able to hide their tears. Patty said, "I want to see papa, but I will take good care of Tommy and I do not want you to come back." Mr. Glover returned with the children and, providing them with food, left them in the care of Mr. Breen.

With sorrowful hearts we traveled on, walking through the snow in single file. The men wearing snow-shoes broke the way and we followed in their tracks. At night we lay down on the snow to sleep, to awake to find our clothing all frozen, even to our shoe-strings. At break of day we were again on the road, owing to the fact that we could make better time over the frozen snow. The sunshine, which it would seem would have been welcome, only added to our misery. The dazzling reflection of the snow was very trying to the eyes, while its heat melted our frozen clothing, making them cling to our bodies. My brother was too small to step in the tracks made by the men, and in order to travel he had to place his knee on the little hill of snow after each step and climb over. Mother coaxed him along, telling him that every step he took he was getting nearer papa and nearer something to eat. He was the youngest child that walked over the Sierra Nevada. On our second day's journey John Denton gave out and declared it would be impossible for him to travel, but he begged his companions to continue their journey. A fire was built and he was left lying on a bed of freshly cut pine boughs, peacefully smoking. He looked so comfortable that my little brother wanted to stay with him; but when the second relief party reached him poor Denton was past waking. His last thoughts seemed to have gone back to his childhood's home, as a little poem was found by his side, the pencil apparently just dropped from his hand.

Captain Tucker's party on their way to the cabins had lightened their packs of a sufficient quantity of provisions to supply the sufferers on their way out. But when we reached the place where the cache had been made by hanging the food on a tree, we were horrified to find that wild animals had destroyed it, and again starvation stared us in the face. But my father was hurrying over the mountains, and met us in our hour of need with his hands full of bread. He had expected to meet us on this day, and had stayed up all night baking bread to give us. He brought with him fourteen men. Some of his party were ahead, and when they saw us coming they called out, "Is Mrs. Reed with you? If she is, tell her Mr. Reed is here." We heard the call; mother knelt on the snow, while I tried to run to meet papa.

When my father learned that two of his children were still at the cabins, he hurried on, so fearful was he that they might perish before he reached them. He seemed to fly over the snow, and made in two days the distance we had been five in traveling, and was overjoyed to find Patty and Tommy alive. He reached Donner Lake on the first of March, and what a sight met his gaze! The famished little children and the death-like look of all made his heart ache. He filled Patty's apron with biscuits, which she carried around, giving one to each person. He had soup made for the infirm, and rendered every assistance possible to the sufferers. Leaving them with about seven days' provisions, he started out with a party of seventeen, all that were able to travel. Three of his men were left at the cabins to procure wood and assist the helpless. My father's party (the second relief) had not traveled many miles when a storm broke upon them. With the snow came a perfect hurricane. The crying of half-frozen children, the lamenting of the mothers, and the suffering of the whole party was heart-rending; and above all could be heard the shrieking of the storm King. One who has never witnessed a blizzard in the Sierra can form no idea of the situation. All night my father and his men worked unceasingly through the raging storm, trying to erect shelter for the dying women and children. At times the hurricane would

burst forth with such violence that he felt alarmed on account of the tall timber surrounding the camp. The party were destitute of food, all supplies that could be spared having been left with those at the cabins. The relief party had cached provisions on their way over to the cabins, and my father had sent three of the men forward for food before the storm set in; but they could not return. Thus, again, death stared all in the face. At one time the fire was nearly gone; had it been lost, all would have perished. Three days and nights they were exposed to the fury of the elements. Finally my father became snow-blind and could do no more, and he would have died but for the exertions of William McClutchen and Hiram Miller, who worked over him all night. From this time forward, the toil and responsibility rested upon McClutchen and Miller.

The storm at last ceased, and these two determined to set out over the snow and send back relief to those not able to travel. Hiram Miller picked up Tommy and started. Patty thought she could walk, but gradually everything faded from her sight, and she too seemed to be dying. All other sufferings were now forgotten, and everything was done to revive the child. My father found some crumbs in the thumb of his woolen mitten; warming and moistening them between his own lips, he gave them to her and thus saved her life, and afterward she was carried along by different ones in the company. Patty was not alone in her travels. Hidden away in her bosom was a tiny doll, which she had carried day and night through all of our trials. Sitting before a nice, bright fire at Woodworth's Camp, she took dolly out to have a talk, and told her of all her new happiness.

There was untold suffering at that "Starved Camp," as the place has since been called. When my father reached Woodworth's Camp, a third relief started in at once and rescued the living. A fourth relief went on to Donner Lake, as many were still there — and many remain there still, including George Donner and wife, Jacob Donner and wife and four of their children. George Donner had met with an accident which rendered him unable to travel; and his wife would not leave him to die alone. It would take pages to tell of the heroic acts and noble deeds of those who lie sleeping about Donner Lake.

Most of the survivors, when brought in from the mountains, were taken by the different relief parties to Sutter's Fort, and the generous hearted captain did everything possible for the sufferers. Out of the eighty-three persons who were snowed in at Donner Lake, forty-two perished, and of the thirty-one emigrants who left Springfield, Illinois, that spring morning, only eighteen lived to reach California. Alcalde Sinclair took my mother and her family to his own home, and we were surrounded with every comfort. Mrs. Sinclair was the dearest of women. Never can I forget their kindness. But our anxiety was not over, for we knew that my father's party had been caught in the storm. I can see my mother now, as she stood leaning against the door for hours at a time, looking towards the mountains. At last my father arrived at Mr. Sinclair's with the little ones, and our family were again united. That day's happiness repaid us for much that we had suffered; and it was spring in California.

Words cannot tell how beautiful the spring appeared to us coming out of the mountains from that long winter at Donner Lake in our little dark cabins under the snow. Before us now lay, in all its beauty, the broad valley of the Sacramento. I remember one day, when traveling down Napa Valley, we stopped at noon to have lunch under the shade of an oak; but I was not hungry; I was too full of the beautiful around me to think of eating. So I wandered off by myself to a lovely little knoll and stood there in a bed of wild flowers, looking up and down the green valley, all dotted with trees. The birds were singing with very joy in the branches over my head, and the blessed sun was smiling down upon all as though in benediction. I drank it in for a moment, and then began kissing my hand and wafting kisses to Heaven in thanksgiving to the Almighty for creating a world so beautiful. I felt so near God at that moment that it seemed to me I could feel His breath warm on my cheek. By and by I heard papa calling, "Daughter, where are you? Come, child, we are ready to start, and you have had no lunch," I ran and caught him by the hand, saying, "Buy this place, please, and let us make our home here." He stood looking around for a moment, and said, "It *is* a lovely spot," and then we passed on.

San José, Cal. *Virginia Reed Murphy.*

AT THE HARBOR'S MOUTH.

A WHITE shell road runs out from the town and, skirting the river, sweeps along the shore of the sound for about a quarter of a mile at the harbor's mouth, and then turns and comes back to the town again by a higher ridge of land about a half-mile from the river. Near the harbor's mouth the road is lined on the shore side by summer cottages; it passes a large summer hotel, and reaches a white lighthouse before it makes its turn. In summer it is filled with the carriages of the cottage residents, the teams of the dwellers in the city, and long, yellow beach-wagons carrying young people and children to the bathing-beach on the sound. The cool sea-breeze powders the grass and bushes on the west side of the road with the fine white dust of the shells, pulverized under many wheels and hoofs.

And it is by no means deserted in winter. The beach-wagons are covered in with glass windows that rattle and shake as the vehicles jolt along, and though they run at longer intervals, and carry less hilarious passengers than the shouting, laughing loads of summer, they are seldom empty, and late in the day they are crowded with workingmen carrying their tin dinner-pails and returning to their homes. The city itself is not a large one. In fact it is a very small one, and if one compares it with Tyre and Sidon, which were also seaports, it is a very new one. But it is old in the history of the country, a fact of which its inhabitants are justly proud. It was a place of considerable importance in colonial days. It was the center of importing for the surrounding country. Vessels from foreign ports lay at its wharfs, and as late as the beginning of the century merchants advertised their own importations of calamancoes, bombazine, Irish and tandem holland, shalloons, damasks, and other stuffs, the names of which have an odd sound to the modern ear. In its old graveyard lies buried Lyon Gardiner, Lord of the Isle of Wight (Gardiner's Island), the only entailed and titled estate in America, and the small building is still standing where Nathan Hale taught children to read before he taught how a brave man could die. In whaling days the city's wharfs were busy with riggers and gaugers and filled with great barrels of whale oil. It was from the profits of these ventures that the captains and agents built the square white houses with Grecian columns, some of which still remain standing on the main street, and which mark a certain epoch in the domestic architecture of New England. It has its past and its history, and it has, like every well-regulated New England city with a history and a past, its house where Washington slept.

Long before the city had, as it has now, its mayor, aldermen, common councilmen, board of trade, and all that innumerable host of public officials happily numerous enough in small New England cities to give every citizen a reasonable hope of holding public office before he dies; while its ruler was that Georgius Secundus whom Dr. Holmes irreverently calls a "snuffy old drone from a German hive," the road which runs down by the riverside had only started on the journey which it has since completed. It started out ambitiously enough, but after passing one or two houses it became a cart-path, which struggled on in a winding and desultory way until the last house was passed only a few rods from where the railroad now crosses; then giving up the effort to be even a cart-path, it wandered as a foot-path through the coarse salt grass, and finally lost itself in the sand long before the harbor's mouth was reached.

The same white, sandy beach, however, stretched along the shore where the river flows into the sound, and the gray granite rocks where the lighthouse stands even then pushed their way out into the water. It was then, as now, a fair and inviting spot on a hot summer's afternoon. And it was down this path through the salt grasses on a hot summer's afternoon that Ezra Hempstead and two young men walked on their way to the beach for a dip in the sea. The Hempsteads were people of considerable local importance. The Hempstead house was a large gambrel-roof house which stood some distance back from the road, and under the eaves it was pierced with embrasures through which the muzzles of the flint-lock muskets could be pushed to defend the garrison within. For when the house was built Pequot and Mohegan Indians had not always been pacific, though the danger of Indian warfare was now over. The Hempstead acres were broad, and Stephen Hempstead himself was perhaps next to the minister in the councils of church and state. A Puritan of the Puritans was Stephen Hempstead, much distressed by the heresies of the Rogereens, a small sect who greatly annoyed the church by their outlandish beliefs, and bitter against the Quakers.

It was Stephen Hempstead who only a week before had whipped and driven away a foreign-looking woman who had wandered about the town and endeavored to ply her heathenish fortune-telling arts on some of the younger people, and had shrugged his shoulders contemptuously when the woman fiercely cursed him. A man of parts and property, and Ezra was a young man for whom the prudent maiden might well set her cap.

Along the path through the coarse sea-grass the young men walked. "Well, Ezra," said the oldest of the three, who was of a somewhat more thoughtful type than his companions, being indeed a student at Yale, of whom much was expected, "has the harvest been blighted or have the cows gone dry since the old woman's curse?"

"If every curse of a whipped rogue blighted the harvest we should all starve," replied Ezra.

"And yet," added the student, musingly, "there are many odd tales concerning the curses of the aged. England is full of such legends, and surely we in this country have had our fill of them."

"Old wives' tales, fit to be told in evening before the fire. Winter tales, not meet for such a glorious summer day," said Ezra.

"Then you do not believe in witchcraft," said the student.

"No, indeed; a baleful superstition, as our neighbors in Massachusetts found to their cost."

"It is in young eyes that Ezra finds witchcraft, I warrant you," said the third member of the trio. "I have seen him hipped for a whole day long when they looked less kindly on him."

"They blight no harvest, though," said Ezra, "and have but to smile again and the clouds have passed."

"There is sometimes a worse undoing than the blighting of harvests," said the student.

"Nay; if you speak of such witches, I believe in them," said Ezra. "Surely it was witchcraft that made you plow through the cold and snow last winter to a fire no warmer than you left at home. And talk of being hipped, man! It was a whole week that you went without smiling when the young lawyer from Hartford was here at court."

"A conceited upstart," said the other, sharply.

"A clear case of witchcraft," laughed Ezra. "Come," he added to the student, "have you no such witches at New Haven?"

"I am too busy with my books to note them," said the student. But he colored as he spoke, and Ezra laughed softly.

It was late in the afternoon of an August day. There was hardly a ripple on the water. Distorted by a mirage, the low shore of Fisher's Island loomed up in high cliffs, and distant Long Island hung quivering far above the horizon. As the currents of heated air moved slowly up the sound they lifted the farthest shores into sight, suspended them in the air, twisted and contorted, only to let them drop again below the horizon in a few minutes. The incoming tide plashed lazily against the rocks and broke in small waves on the white beach. Drawn up on the beach by the rocks was the boat of some fisherman, who had perhaps that morning set the white buoys that marked his lobster-pots. Ezra and his friends sat on its gunwale. As they stood up to take off their coats they saw on the other side of the ledge farther up the beach at no great distance from them a dingy tent. In front of it an iron pot rested on a few stones over some blackened embers.

"What have we here?" said the student.

"Some strollers who shall be turned out of town to-morrow, I promise you," said Ezra.

"And whipped before they go?" queried the student.

"Aye, if they play any outlandish tricks," answered Ezra.

While they were looking a young girl stepped to the door of the tent and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked off on the water and then, turning slowly, looked at the young men, whose heads she could see over the ledge of rocks; a slight, straight, well-poised figure, with black hair, dark skin, and flashing black eyes.

"Too fair a figure for the whipping-post," said the student.

Ezra leaned against the rock and looked at the girl. She half smiled, turned her head coquettishly, and went back into the tent.

"Too fair a figure for the whipping-post," repeated the student.

"What flashing eyes she had!" said Ezra.

"Come," said the third, "let us take our bath, and Ezra can have the gipsy whipped to-morrow if he wishes."

They threw off their clothes behind the rocks and swam out some hundred feet beyond the ledge. As they floated there in the calm sea the student called their attention to the tent again, and out from the door stepped the girl, a red kerchief twisted round her head, a jacket on her shoulders, and a short skirt which showed her bare, brown feet and ankles.

As they watched her she ran down into the water to her waist, and then, making her jacket and skirt into a small bundle, she threw them back on the shore.

They could see her wet shoulders glisten in the rays of the setting sun as she easily and gracefully swam out from the shore. She passed them, and still swam slowly and easily out towards the sound. They were all good swimmers,—Ezra had swum from point to point, a distance of some three miles,—and without a

word they followed her. So they swam on in silence, following the girl, Ezra slightly in the lead, until they were some distance out from the shore. They had been swimming rapidly, but in spite of their exertions the girl had easily kept her lead and had now and then glanced over her shoulder and half smiled as if to challenge them to a race. The student stopped first. The pace was telling on him.

"Wait, Ezra," he said. As they all stopped the girl stopped too, and, floating in the water, watched them.

"How far are you going?" said the student. "This is swim enough for me. I am going to the shore again."

"And I," said the third. "Come, Ezra; let us go back."

"Swim back if you want to," said Ezra. "This is no swim for me; I will join you presently."

"Come back with us," said the student. "The sun is setting, and it will be late before we get back to town."

"Go back," said Ezra, shortly. "I 'm not keeping you; I tell you I will join you presently."

"Come with us now," said the other. As he spoke the girl half lifted herself in the water, smiled towards Ezra, and took a few strokes forward.

Without replying, Ezra swam towards her, and the other two swam slowly shoreward.

The sun was just sinking as they stepped upon the sand. Half the disk was already below the horizon. Far off in the crimson sea they could see Ezra and the girl somewhat nearer together and still swimming outward.

"Ezra! Ezra!" they called.

He stopped and threw up an arm to show them that he heard them, and the girl waved her arm too and seemed to beckon him on. Then they both swam still outward.

"A plague on the gipsy!" said the student, testily. "We shall have to wait till the hot-brained fool is ready to come back."

When they had finished dressing they called again, "Ezra! Ezra!" This time he made no sign, and in the growing dusk they could just see two heads black upon the water and now apparently quite near together.

"Let us take the boat and go after him," said the other.

"Aye," said the student; "and drag him back by force of arms. Let the gipsy swim to the underworld if she will. You scull, and I will watch them."

So they pushed the boat off from the shore and got into her, and while the student watched in the bow the other sculled the boat out towards the two swimmers as rapidly as he could.

It was growing steadily darker, and it was only by careful watching that the student could see the two black spots far out on the water. He directed the course of the boat now to the right, now to the left. Presently he called for the other to stop.

"I have lost sight of them," he said.

They both stood up and looked out over the water in the direction in which the student had been watching.

"I see them," said the other, presently. And he pointed out over the water.

Surely there were the two black spots, now close together, and he took the oar again. Closer they came to them. It was dusk, and they must be quite near before they could recognize Ezra. Slowly now, for it would not do to lose sight of them again. They were over a mile from the shore, and the water, no longer golden, was fast growing black. Closer — when a wild, mocking laugh startled them both, and two loons flew up from the water and winged their way heavily out towards the sea.

They stopped and looked at each other with pale faces.

"Those were loons," said the student, "those black spots that we saw."

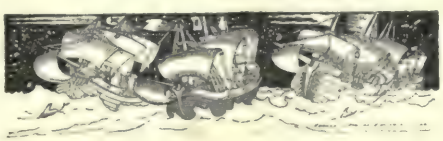
"But where are Ezra and the girl?" said the other.

It was in vain that they scanned the broad water. Not a spot was to be seen on its surface, and they slowly went back to the shore. When they reached it the tent was gone too, and only a few blackened embers showed where it had been.

There on that ledge of rocks stands the lighthouse to-day, and the wife of the lighthouse-keeper, brown and tanned, says that sometimes in the dusk of a summer's evening one can see two heads as of two swimmers far out on the water, and that over the waves comes a sound of mocking laughter.

But the lighthouse-keeper, a grizzled veteran of the war, says that they are only loons swimming on the water and calling to each other.

Walter Learned.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

T was in the old time, and it was the old story. A man and a maid sat under a tree, a little stream at their feet, and the lush summer all around. The land was wild and beautiful; the cultivated fields to be seen by a bird above their heads were only little, irregular islands grouped through the sea of forest. Near the pair — that is, not half a mile away — stood the largest and best farmhouse within many miles; it had a "frame" addition built in front of the older log structure, a big, rough, grassy yard, and at one side a garden equally divided between flowers and vegetables.

Two stout dames sat on the back gallery, one knitting, one with folded hands.

"I tell you, Betty," said the idle one, "I don't give my approval to the way you 're a-lettin' Lucindy carry on. That gal is the talk of the county."

"Now, Sist' Emmy," replied the other in an aggrieved, long-suffering tone, "that 's a terrible way to talk; it 's onjust. 'The talk of the county,'" she repeated, flaring into a little unusual vigor of utterance, "sounds as if the poor child had done something disrespectable, and Lord knows I don't know sence when there 's a law in the land that a gyirl 's got to marry afore she 's ready."

"The trouble with that gal," said Sist' Emmy, "'pears to be that she won't git married when she is ready."

It was the belief of her relatives that Mrs. Emmeline Simms persisted in saying "gal" for the express purpose of mortifying and irritating them, and that she particularly loved to designate Lucinda so, Lucinda being the source of certain innovations in the family English.

"There she sits out there," said Mrs. Simms, pointing to the pair visible as small blots under the distant, feathery walnut tree, "a-lettin' that poor fool spark her, and as like as not a-lettin' him 'p'int the day ag'in, and then she 'll go kick over the traces onct more at the last minute, and — talk about bein' the talk of the county, do you reckon, Betsey Ann, that anythin' is a-goin' to be more talked about on the footstool than a gal breakin' off her weddin' after they 've begun to bake the cake? Do you?"

"Now, Sist' Emmy," began Lucinda's mother, exactly as before, "you know there was mighty little cake baked; you 'd jest come, and had n't fairly got into the fruit cake, and Lucindy never let it get that far afore, and she won't ag'in, 'cept she 's goin' through with it. You forgit the feelin's of a gyirl. They don't alluz know their own minds. Ethan Simms is only your nephew by marriage, and Lucindy 's your own blood niece, and my feelin's is hurt, Sist' Emmy —"

"Betty Ann, don't begin like that. You know I 'm as fond of Lucindy as if she was my own child; but you never did have no gover'*ment*, and I do say that to have all this courtin' startin' up ag'in with that eejet — I think the man 's bewitched — when it was scan'al enough to have the weddin' broke off after the invites was out" — Mrs. Simms stopped an instant, then escaped the labyrinth of her own sentences by cutting through them directly to the main matter — "The gal ought to be made to drop him or take him."

"Seems as ef it 's more Ethan's business than you — than anybody's else's, and he 'pears mighty anxious not to be dropped, whether he 's taken or not."

"Humph! Ethan 's a plumb eejet — far be any denyin' of that from me; but Lucindy is full as eager about keepin' him danglin' as he is, and you don't lift your finger about it. I don't know why the Lord sends fam'blies to women with no gover'*ment*, but he most certainly do."

Of course her own caprices were also being discussed by Lucinda and her lover under the walnut tree. Truth to tell, these caprices had always furnished them with conversational material, a commodity which otherwise they often must have lacked.

For four years they had been "courtin'," and three times a wedding-day had been set. The last time, only three months before, the usual retreat by the unstable Lucinda had been delayed, as we have already learned, until publicity and general condemnation were its well-merited portion.

Lucinda now stood under the walnut tree a lamentably attractive and appealing figure of a culprit. She was only a slip of a thing, though her nineteen years were quoted warningly to her; there were few unmarried girls in the settlement so old.

Little, tricksy brown curls had slipped from the bands and knots she tried so hard to keep smooth; her brown eyes were swimming in

tears, which were falling one by one over brown cheeks as round as a child's; she knotted her hands in her apron, though it was her best one, and just ironed, as she said:

"I do care about you, Ethan; you know I do. I want to marry you some time, you know I do; but — but I don't seem ready to settle down right off. It looks sort o' dreadful — everything all fixed one way then for the rest of your life. I like being a gyirl." On this last word this frivolous young person caught her breath and began to sob.

"You would n't think that a-way ef you cared for me," said the seated Ethan, gloomily, prudently keeping his honest, dust-colored head turned from the melting sight beside him.

"I would too-oo; a gyirl ain't like a man."

"No, 'm; yer right, they ain't. It says in all the books that women is withouten no heart, and man's destroyer. That 's the 'pinion of the wise men."

It was sunset before the two could abandon the delights of quarreling and return to the house. There the stir of getting a company supper made a picture of kaleidoscopic activity, half-homely, half-weird, against the soft twilight of the woods and fields; from the kitchen a broad, shifting flare of firelight shone forth, through which dark, turbaned figures flitted deftly back and forth carrying covered dishes, while children and dogs of all colors and sizes appeared and disappeared on every side. Mrs. Todd, Lucinda's mother, treated Ethan with an effusive hospitality intended to atone for what we might call the heated indifference shown by her sister.

It shows how absorbing and delightful a topic was Lucinda's misconduct that this afternoon it had displaced the natural theme of the hour, and that a good one too. Mrs. Simms and Ethan were stopping overnight with the Todds on their way to a wedding. Lucinda was to go with them, and on the morrow the three were to set out. A horseback journey of thirty-five miles was the price — or the premium — for this social experience.

"Ef you had any proper shame," said Mrs. Simms that night after the candle was out, taking an unfair advantage of the fact that she was sharing Lucinda's bed, "you 'd be too humbled to show your face at a weddin' — and with Ethan too! I 'd never show my face with you if Milly Anson warn't my own cousin's stepdaughter, and her mammy's fam'bly all bein' so dreadful thin-skinned about the way Sarah's kin treats her. Now, praise the Lord, this is the last upsettin' botheration Sarah 'll have to have with Milly, and she 's been trial enough, for a more addlepated fly-up-the-creek than that pasty-faced gal this settlement ain't never seed. Howsomever," Mrs. Simms quickly added, remembering her text, "'t ain't becomin' in me to talk, long 's she ain't never done nothin' to ekal my own flesh and blood niece. I tried hard enough yesterday to get that fool of a boy to go on with me to old Squire Hunt's for the night, but he jest vowed that he 'd come here or nary a step to no weddin' would he stir. He ain't no respeck for hisself. I can't see what use a woman 's got for sich a sowf mush of a man."

This bait failed of a bite. Mindful of the morning's early start, Lucinda was successfully giving her exclusive attention to the business of getting to sleep. She was not going to disturb herself. She might shed tears of repentance when with Ethan; she had none to spend for Aunt Emmy's delectation. Probably she comprehended that Aunt Emmy was well pleased at the worst. She adored Lucinda, and loved dearly to see her have her own way; her vanity was gratified for the whole sex at the daring with which the girl risked the loss of a lover, and kept him, and she had an unsurpassed opportunity for the dear joy of hectoring her younger sister — the poor lady without "gover'-*ment*." In fact she was never better pleased in her life.

The next day's sun was just rising when the three horses were brought up to the great wooden block by the front gate; and such a day as it was, all gold-lighted blue and gold-steeped dewy greenness.

"What 's keepin' Lucindy? Does the gal think we 're jest a-goin' to the fork of the road, and that she 's got halfen the day to spend puttin' a ridin'-skyert over her head?" fussed Mrs. Simms, as she gathered up the copperas-dyed cotton folds of her own traveling costume and gave a final adjusting punch to the saddlebags.

"Lucindy! Lucindy! come out here," called her mother, sharply, desiring to demonstrate her denied powers of family discipline. "What air you doin' keepin' everybody waitin'? Put down that baby; you 're only gettin' him ready to cry when he sees you 're a-goin'. You, Rose, take that baby roun' to the kitchen; now pick up that snack-basket and come along."

"She ought to be goin' to her own weddin', ought n't she?" said Ethan to the sympathetic mother, as he lifted his bright-faced, springing sweetheart into the saddle. No horse-blocks for them, if you please.

"I would n't be goin' ef it was my own; I 'd be stayin', and I 'd have to lose all this yer blessed ridin'," said she. That small saying was afterward remembered, and was quoted for years among the Todds as if it were a witticism; but now it passed without more notice than an irrelevant speech.

"Well, bless you, honey," said her mother, as she settled her skirts for her. Surely it was

not to be expected that government should always prevail, and crossness be the rule of life.

Lucinda was not without a show of reason in reckoning this ride as a pleasure overbalancing the pomp and pride of matrimony. All day they ambled on, with only woods and fields about them, and were oftenest and longest in the depths of the sun-threaded, fragrant forest twilight, everything but the road beneath their feet untouched, pristine, primal, as if man had never been. Ah, who has such journeys now!

Aunt Emmy was as softly accommodating as poor Mrs. Todd herself could have been, and often covered mile after mile, riding on ahead, without once directing her tunnel of a sunbonnet behind her. Lucinda's bonnet was generally hanging backward over her shoulders. Poor Lucinda's reputation for beauty was sadly injured by her brown skin,— milky whiteness was of all things most admired in her world,— but she took the sweet with the bitter, and absolved herself from the elaborate swathings and bleachings which were the community's chief tribute to esthetic interests.

"A little more or a little less don't matter when one dip more would have sent me to the kitchen anyhow," she declared, when entreated to return from the light of heaven into the cavernous depths of the prevailing sun-bonnet. Even Ethan did not know she was a beauty, but thought it was by some special warping of perception that she seemed so to him.

It was not only in the matter of complexion that Lucinda was out of joint with her lot in life. She had a touch of imagination; had vague desires to see something beyond her world, to try something beyond, to have some chance at the unknown — desires which seemed all unshared by any other being. She was a world away from unhappiness; it was only by some obscure movement of soul that she was frightened when she saw the opportunities of the future about to narrow down to the familiar lot of Ethan's wife. That was the root of all this extravagant coquetry that looked so haughty; she could not have told why, but she was frightened.

Certainly she did not much consider Ethan. As Mrs. Simms complained, she would not leave him any more than she would take him; but, truly, with the world as it is, and a bit of a girl with her life to shape with such a load of biddings and forbiddings upon her, who is going to expect her to rise to fair dealing with free and sovereign man? Certainly Lucinda did not expect it of herself. She never dreamed of such a thing. She vaguely intended to marry Ethan sometime, if — maybe — but — in the mean time she had no notion of permitting him to discover that there was any other woman in the world — not while she had eyes, and such long lashes as well, and was really very fond of the good Ethan. Pity him? What affectation! He was the most entertained man in seven counties. Moreover, he won the game; but this is anticipating.

The travelers went twenty-five miles the first day, and then, all unannounced, descended upon a "neighbor" for the night. Returned prodigals could not have been more heartily welcomed; much squawking and fluttering among the chickens roosting in the apple trees in the back yard followed their arrival, and testified eloquently as to the supper that they were to enjoy; but our business lies now at the end of the journey.

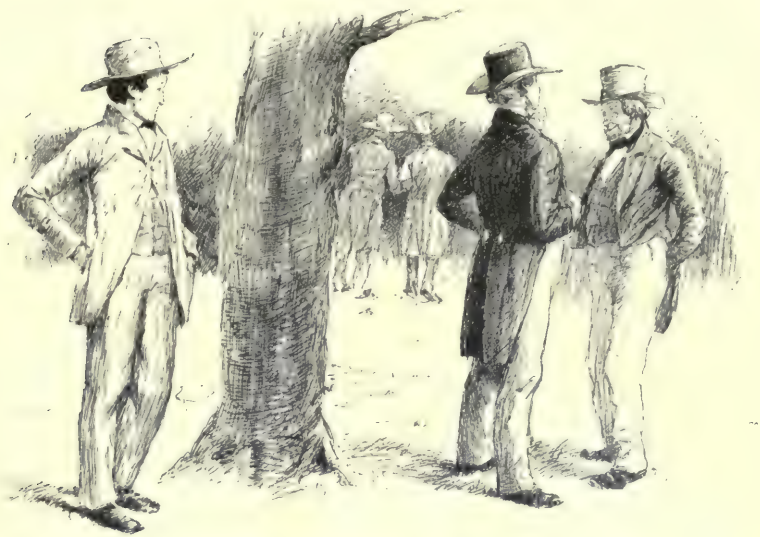
Truly Mrs. Simms had expressed herself with her customary insight and exactness when she called Milly Anson a pasty-faced, addlepated fly-up-the-creek.

On all sides it was felt as an especial evidence of providential consideration that Milly had gotten a husband — or the promise of one. Here again I see strange evidence of the absence of just consideration for the masculine part of the race. No one could regard it as good fortune for a man to have Milly Anson as a wife, but his immediate female relatives alone were occupied with his fate.

Milly was now swimming in all the importance of the occasion, an importance which too often unduly elates the most pleasing woman, and which affected Milly in a way and degree well-fitted to madden any observer — especially if she was an unmarried woman.

The most famous cake-maker of the county, who had been lording it in the kitchen for a week, was by no means unmarried, and she had the toleration born of a large experience of brides elect; yet even she found Milly unendurable.

"I have been asked to bake the cake at eleben weddin's sence I was married," said she, afterward, "not only for my own kin but among the Gileses and Simmonses and down to Strathboro' and over the Ridge, and I 've seen a heap of fool gyirls, but I 'll gin up that Milly Anson that week was a notch beyond any on 'em. I stood her jest as long as I could, and at last I broke out on her. It was jest the day before the thing was to come off, and she kep' teetering' and titterin' in and out, a-jarrin' the floor and makin' my heart come in my mouth for fear my last big pound cake in the oven would fall, and I 'd told her more 'n a dozen times that very day to stay in the house; but no, sir, she would keep comin' to say how strange her feelin's was, and that she knew she never could l'arn Tummas's ways, and she never would 'd done it ef Tummas had n't pestered her into it,— Tom Simmons! Lor'! — and lastly she bounced in on to me, catchin'



"HE GAZED AT THAT LONG-TAILED, BRASS-BUTTONED BLUE COAT WITH HEAVY-HEARTED ENVY."

hold o' me, and me with my hands all in the flour, and says she, 'O Cousin Liz, I 'm so skeered! I 'm gittin' so skeered!' says she. Now it 's my conviction that she 'd made up her mind then as to what she was goin' to do, and was sure enough gettin' a little fidgety; but in course I never had no such reflection then, and I 'd had all I could stomach. 'Milly Anson,' says I, 'there 's no need of your bein' any bigger eejet then the Lord made you; stop a-clutchin' on to me. I 'm wore out with your pertenses. Ef Tom Simmons 'll marry you, more fool he; but you better have a thankful heart, and I reckon you have. As for bein' skeered, I wish you was skeered enough to break your appetite, and stop you from eatin' them snowballs fast as I git the frostin' on 'em. You 're a livin' illustration of the truth of the Bible and the wisdom of King Solomon,' says I; 'for he tells how the yearth is disquieted for three things, yea, four which it cannot bear,' says I,—for I seen that quotin' the Bible ag'in' her was strikin' her more 'n anythin' else,—'a servant when he reigneth,' I went on, 'a fool when he 's filled with meat, an handmaiden that 's heir to her mistress, and an ojeous women when she 's married, or thinks she 's goin' to be. It 's the same thing. And now ef you think I made that up out 'n my own head, you go 'n' read your Bible long enough and you 'll l'arn better. 'T any rate, git back to the house, and don't you step your foot into this kitchen ag'in,' says I, 'for,' says I, hollerin' after her,—she 'd done started, tryin' to keep laughin',' like 't was a joke,—'ef you does,' says I, 'nary a table will I set for you. I 'm tellin' you the truth, and you know what things is likely to be withouten me,' says I."

The famous cake-maker had relieved herself, but truth and scripture still failed to make a new Milly, as a little time was to show. It was the afternoon of the wedding-day when Lucinda arrived; the ceremony was to be performed that evening. The house was already full of guests, and was like a hive of swarming bees, such a buzzing, and hurrying, and scurrying was there, for toilets were in the making, and many a white dress, brought, like Lucinda's own, in saddlebags, must now be ironed out, be the kitchen-quarters filled with never so much anxiety and turmoil of their own.

The men, more or less unhappy and stranded, tried to keep out of the way, and staid chiefly out of doors. Despite intermittent, decorous efforts to save himself for the great moment, the bridegroom was painfully conspicuous among them, being a marked and solitary man by reason of his "store" clothes.

Ethan Simms was exactly the sort of male creature that looks upon such eminence as a thing hard to bear; but now, as the common fate of bridegrooms, he gazed at that long-tailed, brass-buttoned blue coat with heavy-hearted envy. He was sadly depressed about his love-affair. He was an excellent fellow, and there is evidence of it in the fact that he had moments of sympathizing with Lucinda's reluctance to marry him.

"Marvel is that she ever thinks she will," he would say to himself. But final reflections always supported him in his desires, as is the way with final reflections, and he would conclude that nothing better than wedding him was likely to come to her. That he argued it out with his passion shows the reasonable temper of the man, and who would have liked him better for

arriving at any other conclusion? Certainly no woman.

Twilight found him sitting alone on the fence, smoking, and meditating means for bringing Lucinda to the altar.

"Ef it ware once done," he said to himself, as he brought his long legs to the ground, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and returned it to his pocket, "she 'd be better content nor she is now; but she is that skittish, and she sees through me that quick, that I don't know to the Lawd what sort o' devices to fall upon!"

In the house the candles were now lighted. Sleek-ringleted young women came forth in groups, family potentates disappeared, the store-clothed bridegroom was followed a moment by the arriving parson, and then he too became invisible. The air was tense with expectation. Low, eager talk about tucks and embroidery, "fine swiss" and "clocked stockings," was drawing the women's heads together. Finally this died out. The parson was spirited away to the fateful upper regions. Still no bride and bridegroom; the delay was extraordinary. Opinions that it was outrageous were brewing; for supper, you see, was still to come. An odd uneasiness was in the air. In fact, to make a long story short, Milly Anson had chosen this hour to declare that she would not be married to Thomas Simmons, not she!

Tears, revilings, corporal shakings, threats of immediate death from her father, given with a truly awful sincerity of mien, all availed nothing. Milly was a weak creature, and had capacities for stubbornness to be found in no other. She had long dreamed of following in Lucinda's footsteps. The notoriety which had been thrust upon Lucinda by the gossip-starved community shone before her as a prize to be achieved; and moreover, there was a half-covert and most reprehensible relish in the men's talk about that young damsel's frowardness that acted as a bellows upon the flame of folly in Milly's bosom. At last she had seized her opportunity, she was capping all that had ever been heard of reluctant maidens. When the storm broke over her she was frightened; things did not seem exactly as she had forecast. "Tummas," for instance, was unbecomingly inexpressive and inactive amid all these violent energies; but, partly because she was frightened, she clung immovably to the one thing that in all the confusion she seemed able to grasp — the course of conduct marked out in happier moments. Her poor little aborted powers of reasoning had of course left her at the first onslaught, and now to give way seemed to her darkened consciousness to be abandoning her only plank amid the whirling waters.

"THREATS OF IMMEDIATE DEATH FROM HER FATHER."

Imagine Lucinda's feelings. A well of bitterness were they within her, as she sat trying to look unconscious of any special relation to the catastrophe, while the company ebbed and surged about her in suppressed but delicious excitement. But even now, from all sides, she felt eyes turning upon her; to be forever bracketed with this fool was sickening. And peppering her other emotions was undeniably a sense of infringement — Milly Anson of all people to imitate her!

At last such guests as could leave that night tore themselves away. Our trio were not among them. Till morning they must spend the weary, broken, dream-haunted hours in the midst of the shattered household. They kept apart, and spoke little. Lucinda writhed to see how plainly her aunt and Ethan recognized the special shame for their little party in this bigger shame, and how plainly they showed their recognition. She denied to herself first its existence, and then its justice, and denounced Aunt Emmy and Ethan for a "pair of ninnies, goin' round with their heads hangin' 'bout somethin' they had nothin' in this mortal world to do with." Yes, it was true; for once other considerations outweighed Aunt Emmy's appetite for sensation, and she was humbled.

Lucinda got up at dawn; she was pale, and her mouth was shut with a firmness quite absurd on such a becurved little face. Before the sun rose she succeeded in getting hold of Ethan; she dragged him out of doors and into the dewy grass for private converse. The sleepiness left his eyes when she faced him and said fiercely, "I want to go to Strathboro' and git married —just as soon as you can saddle up."

The poor man's head whirled; a hundred things seeming to demand consideration and time sprang to his mind, and withal his arms ached to catch this small Amazon off the ground and to his breast. But he was a wise one, was Ethan; he held himself quite still — as he might if a bird had lighted on his head — until he could answer quietly that he 'd go right off and see about the horses.

"You tell Aunt Emmy," said Lucinda, airily.

"Lord a'mighty!" broke forth Aunt Emmy in tones of real irritation, dropping into a chair in the deserted best room, "I never hearn of anythin' so outdacious in all my days. Let her come home and be married like a Christian. I should think we 'd had enough crazy Janein' to do us the rest of our born lives. I ain't goin' to have her mammy sayin' I"—

"Good Gawd!" broke in Ethan, "have I got to go and co'te you as long as I been co'tin' Lucindy 'fore I kin git married? Can't you see, Aunt Em, that I dasn't stand foolin' and argufyin' with that gyirl? Don't you know I 've got to take her when I can git her? An' ef it ain't now, there 's no sayin' on the wide yearth when 't will be. Lawd! Lawd!"

Ethan mopped his brow on his sleeve. "Shorely, shorely, Aunt Em, 't ain't goin' to be you as 'll knock over the bucket altogether? There 's no tellin' what Lucindy 'll do next, ef she 's riled. Bless you; thanky, thanky! Don't say nothin' to her; don't say nothin' no way; jest help her to git ready as ef she got married at Strathboro' every day in the week."

It is pleasant to know that in this case too the impossible became possible, and that, 'twixt nature, use, and honest purposes, Lucinda's marriage was not a failure, and that she, selfish human that she was, never regretted an experiment which cost poor Milly Anson dear indeed; for only after years of obloquy and sorrow, vain efforts and journeyings to the "Eelynois,"— a far country,— was a husband for her at last secured.

Viola Roseboro'.

FOR HELEN.

MY thoughts are like the little birds,
Your heart is like the nest;
They rove the sky on fearless wings,
To you they come for rest,
Well-knowing, though the world be fair,
Your tender love is best.

My songs are like the little streams,
Your heart is like the sea;
Though through the woods they wander on
So careless, glad, and free,
They seek at last the silent deep —
They come at last to thee.

Grace H. Duffield.

A LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

A LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

Enlarged copy of a part of the negative reproduced on the next page, showing Mare Crisium, Mare Fœcunditatis, the Crater Langrenus, etc.

WITH the coöperation of THE CENTURY, it is hoped to present from time to time some of the results of observations at the Lick Observatory — such as drawings and photographs of the Moon and planets, nebulæ, star-clusters, etc. The original pictures accompanied by a word of explanation will put the reader almost in the position of an observer with the great telescope. He can at least see what an observer sees, and what he sees needs only to be correctly interpreted.

We may begin the series by showing (on this page) a typical lunar landscape. The negative from which this was copied represented the whole Moon (see next page), and was some five and a half inches in diameter. It was taken at 2:27 A. M. on the 31st of August, 1890. As the Moon is an excessively bright object the exposure-time has to be very short (something like two-tenths of a second) if the full aperture of thirty-three inches is employed.[1]

It is extremely difficult to give such short exposures accurately, and for this and other reasons the aperture of the telescope was reduced to a circle of eight inches in diameter, and an exposure-time of exactly three seconds was given. The negative was developed by one of the astronomers precisely as an ordinary landscape, only with unusual care, and the

[1] The visual object-glass is thirty-six inches in aperture, while the photographic is but thirty-three.

result was a representation of the whole of the nearly full Moon. The Moon is full when its age is about fourteen days and eighteen hours. The Moon of our picture was exactly two days older, so that the western limb or border was incomplete and in shadow. The sun was setting to the western regions of the Moon's surface. The original picture was very carefully enlarged in an ordinary camera about three times, so that the Moon's diameter would be nearly eighteen inches or 115 miles to one inch, approximately. The longest diameter of the crater near the top of the plate (page 436) is approximately 90 miles, therefore. The great walled plain at the bottom — *Mare Crisium* — is about 281 miles from north to south and 355 miles from east to west. So much for the *scale* of the picture. The cardinal points are shown as they would be seen in an astronomical telescope. The top is south, the left-hand side west, the bottom north. The part of the original picture that is shown on a larger scale as a lunar landscape has representatives of all the marked lunar features. Let us begin with the *Mare Crisium* — the "Sea of Crises" — which is foreshortened in the picture, and whose western edge does not show. This spot is larger than Ohio and Indiana together (its area is some 78,000 square miles) and it is even visible to the naked eye. It was called by

South.

North.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON.

From a negative taken at the Lick Observatory August 31, 1890, at 14 hours, 27 minutes. Moon's age 16 days, 18 hours.

the ancients a "sea," but it is in fact a great walled plain, and attentive looking will show the rims of ruined craters on its surface, as well as systems of ridges and streaks across the floor. These have been called sand ridges, such as might be at the bottom of an ocean, but it is not certain that the surface is not that of a lava flow. On a grand scale it looks very much as parts of the Island of Hawaii would look if we could see them from above, and if we could clear away the luxuriant tropical forests and the great sugar plantations. A field of the lava which is called *pa-hoe-hoe* in Hawaii looks at least like a miniature of this sea bottom. We must always recollect that the volcanic energy of the earth is a mere trifle to that which has formed the surface of the Moon. The sea is surrounded by very steep mountains and high plateaux. The spur or finger which bounds it on the southwest is the *Promontorium Agarum*, which rises 11,000 feet above the plain. One of the mountains diametrically opposite is as high as Mt. Blanc. The two largest craters on the floor of *Mare Crisium* are *Picard* and *Peirce*. *Picard* is the larger and the further south, and we can fix the scale of the plate in our minds once more by recollecting its diameter, which is a trifle over twenty-one miles. Its walls rise some 3000 feet above the plain, and the cup is more than a mile deep. As a rule, the bottoms of such craters are lower than the general surface of the Moon. The sun is towards the east in our picture, and the eastern and outer wall of *Picard* is bright. This wall casts its shadow into the depths, and beyond the shadow is the bright inner and western wall. This again casts a shadow on the plain which is not well seen in the picture.

The highlands which border the *Mare* terminate in steep and broken cliffs and include great chasms and valleys. If the plate is examined with a common hand magnifier their structure is even better seen. Does this wilderness of mountains (many of them 10,000 to 12,000 feet high) and valleys show any signs of having been carved by water erosion? This is a very important question. I have examined this region many times with the telescope, and have always left it with the impression that the effect of erosion, as we see it on the earth, must have been exceedingly slight to have preserved such abruptness in the cliffs and such acuteness in the angles.

The two craters in the southern edge of the highlands are *Firmicus* and *Apollonius*, the one thirty-nine and the other thirty miles in diameter. From *Firmicus* (the furthest south) a bold ridge of mountains in high relief stretches southward and ends in the small crater *Webb* (fourteen miles in diameter). Southward again, there is a group of three craters, acolytes to *Langrenus*. The upper two of these have their walls almost touching. Notice that just where they join, the walls must be low, for in the shadow which lies in the crater to the left hand there is a small break of sunlight which slips through the gap. These craters lie in the *Mare Fœcunditatis*. Notice again the similarity of the floors of the two seas, with their variations of color, their ruined crater forms, their sinuous ridges and the crater-pits scattered over them. Notice, too, that the crater-pits are very frequently situated on one of the ridges or streaks, and that where two ridges cross there is nearly always a crater. This is very like what we see on the earth in a region of volcanoes. Craters are usually found at the intersection of two faults. Finally, we come to the magnificent ring-crater *Langrenus*. It is just barely within the terminator. All the eastern half is in the shadow — the sun has set — hidden by walls which are some 9000 feet high. The twin peaks in the center cast their own shadows to the west all across the rugged floor of the crater and even up on the lower steps of the interior terraces. A measure of the length of these shadows has determined the height of the peaks which cast them to be some 3300 feet. Here again, the use of a hand magnifier will show some of the features a little more plainly. There are scores of interesting features which deserve attention but which must be left to the reader to select for himself. One only must not be neglected, as it relates to the vexed question of changes on the Moon's surface. It is absolutely certain that changes *must* take place there, but it is very difficult to be sure that any particular feature has actually changed. One of the chief objects of the lunar photographs which we are making at the Lick Observatory is to settle such points. We shall shortly have photographs of the Moon taken at intervals of a few hours throughout a whole lunation (twenty-nine days), so that each crater will be shown under every variety of illumination. These photographs will tell us exactly how the Moon is *now*. A comparison with similar photographs to be taken in the future will settle all questions of reported changes. We shall not be obliged to trust the verbal descriptions or the imperfect sketches of previous observers.

If the reader will draw an imaginary line two inches below the top of the landscape and parallel to it, and another line one inch from the right-hand border and parallel to this border, the two lines will intersect in two small crater pits which are known as *Messier* and *Messier* A (the latter is towards the right). Between the years 1829 and 1837 Maedler, who was then making his lunar map, examined these two craters more than 300 times, and he describes them as in

every way exactly alike, in diameter, form, height, depth, and color. The merest glance at the picture will show that the left-hand crater (*Messier*) is now oval, while its companion, *Messier* A, is round. There is a whole history connected with these craters and with the changes reported in them. The history is too long and too special to be given here, and it must suffice to say that some very competent authorities conclude that the craters have progressively changed in shape since 1829. Without going into particularities and without reflecting upon the skill of Maedler (who however used a comparatively small telescope), I must record my own conviction that the case is not yet conclusively proved. It was this case and others like it that inspired the plan which we are following at the Lick Observatory to-day, of securing a series of photographs so complete as to settle all such doubts in the future.

Veritable changes on the Moon's surface will be a most important discovery. It will be equally important, though less interesting, to show that no great changes take place. Topographical alterations on the earth are largely due to the force of gravity aided by the destructive and leveling power of frost (alternate melting and freezing rather) and of running water. It is more than likely that the temperature of the Moon never rises above the freezing point, so that these agents are there bound in chains of ice. Gravity will act to pull down and level, but it lacks the aid of the forces which disintegrate and loosen.

We say that the Moon is a dead planet because it is certain that nothing like human life exists upon it; but it is doubly dead, for even topographical change must take place there far more slowly than it does upon the earth. It is almost impossible to conceive the immense step between the paroxysmal activity of the volcanoes which originally shaped its topography and the icy calm which now preserves its surface almost absolutely unchanged from century to century.

Edward S. Holden.

THE DRUMMER.

AWAY back in those happy times
When we had little left to vex us,
On sea or land, save poets' rhymes
And talk about annexing Texas;
While yet with all our men and boys
"Forward, march!" was quite the fashion,
And the liveliest of our joys —
The old military passion —
Was not yet grown cold and numb;
While still full many a household niche
Enshrined the old-time regimentals,
And town and country were yet rich
With relics of the Continentals;
While still in splendid motley dressed,
Wonderful to all beholders,
Men were glad to march abreast
With their muskets on their shoulders,
To the sound of fife and drum —

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"It was a beat that would have stirred
The pulses of the very coldest."

In one of those far distant years,
About the time of early tillage,
The proud Bandana Fusileers
Were forming just above the village,
Full fifty and two hundred strong,
For their usual march of glory
Down the turnpike wide and long,
Little dreaming the whole story
Would be told in days to come,

When suddenly the old snare-drum
Pealed out so sharp and rang so cheery
That every man was on the plumb,
However old, however weary;
And lo, as down the lines they gazed,
Wondering what could ail the drummer,
In his place they saw, amazed,
The most curious newcomer
Who had ever drummed a drum.

For all the world as big around
And jolly as a Punchinello,
His white hat with bright scarlet bound,
His old green jacket faced with yellow;
But who he was, or whence had fared
That most iridescent figure,
No one knew, and no one cared,
While with such immortal vigor
He discoursed upon the drum.

It was a beat that would have stirred
The pulses of the very coldest,
And such a stroke had not been heard
Within the memory of the oldest.
Down on the drum's defenseless head
Fell the sticks with such a clatter
As few men, alive or dead,
Ever dreamed of, for that matter—
Drum, drum, drum, der-um, drum, drum!

And now from every side uprose,
Responsive to that roll and rattle,
Great rounds of cheers resembling those
Which rang along the Concord battle,
When, pale as death with patriot ire,
The undaunted Buttrick shouted,
"Soldiers, fire! For God's sake, fire!"
And the British troops were routed,
And at last the war was come.

And so the glorious march began
With here an opening, there a wheeling,
As if it were a living fan,
In part concealing, part revealing,
The secret of those fine deploys
So bewildering to the senses
Of the truant village boys
Who now lined the walls and fences,
Thinking of the day to come.

Ah, nevermore along that street
Will martial music more ecstatic
Sweethearts and wives and children greet
In parlor, oriel, or attic;
Ah, nevermore to cheer and shout
Down that turnpike long and sandy
Will such wizard notes ring out
Of our "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"
From that old colonial drum.

Ah me! ah me! to hear again
That ruddy and gray-headed scorner
Of all the woes that time can rain
As down he swept round Tanyard Corner,
Or when he drummed his very best
Near the elm tree by the Prestons,'
Or with very special zest
At the halt in front of Weston's,
Known so well in times to come!

For here it was upon that day
The drummer gave his final touches;
And here it was that, strange to say,
While creeping by upon his crutches,
The oldest man the country round
Suddenly before the drummer
Stopped and gazed as one spellbound.
"No man," sighed he, "but young Plummer
Could so play upon a drum."

"But he is dead, no doubt, no doubt."
And while he stood there marveling greatly,
The other in his turn spoke out,
"It 's Boynton, whom we called 'The Stately.'"
Ah, what a meeting! Gracious heaven!"
While in tears they kept repeating
"Bennington" and "seventy-seven."
"What a meeting! what a meeting!"
Till it seemed no end would come.

Of all that saw no eye was dry;
And nothing then would do but straightway
To seize a carriage that stood by,
Magnificent, in Barret's gateway,
And carry both to Boynton's door.
"Piny Farm," from that same summer,
Was the hospitable shore
Where the old and world-tossed drummer
Lived for many years to come.

Henry Ames Blood.

TAO: THE WAY.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

NIKKO, July 28.— Osomi and Tategawa were the architects of Nikko; Osomi planned the lovely pagoda,—so I am told, —and I hasten to put down their names. At that time the great Tenkai was abbot. He was a friend and adviser of Iyéyasŭ, as he was the teacher of Iyémitsŭ, the grandson, and of Hidetada, the less illustrious son. It may be with him that Iyéyasŭ arranged the plan of fixed endowment for the church; an endowment not to be added to or diminished, so that it should be an element of stability and no longer a fluctuating danger.

With this seems to have ended the possible reasons for military dependents in the service of the church. Tenkai is said to have planned or prepared beforehand the temples of Iyéyasŭ, which might explain the extremely short time given in the record for their building; so that, begun in 1616, the stable, the surrounding edifices, and the shrine were completed in the third month of 1617.

I have been careful to give you some account of the temples of Iyéyasŭ and Iyémitsŭ, because I regret having said so little of those temples of Shiba in Tokio, where the remainder of the Tokugawa rulers repose in a state adorned by similar splendors. But these temples of the founders are of a more complete type, and with one exception seem to me more impressive. Yet even with the beauties that I have tried to describe, I am still not quite so carried away as I might have been by such complete works of art. There is a something, a seeming of pretense or effort or ingeniousness, which I cannot seize, but which seems to me to belong to a splendor not quite secure, or perhaps only just secured, something like what I might call the mark of the parvenu.

Yes; I think that is it. It is still, after all this time, just a little new. But what thorough adaptation of means to ends; how delicately subtle the arrangements, and simple; and how impossible to describe through words or drawings. How the result alone is aimed at, and what little parade is made of the intention and preparation. This work, which seems to betray an inferiority to its own ideal — this work, which has even a touch of the vulgar, is charming enough to look like a fairyland. It displays a capacity for arrangement which none of us to-day could hope to control; has a charm that any passer-by could feel; has more details of beauty than all our architects now living, all together, could dream of accomplishing in the longest life. When I began to reflect how this wood and plaster had more of the dignity of art and of its accessible beauty than all that we have at home, if melted together, would result in, that these frail materials conveyed to the mind more of the eternal than our granite, it seemed to me that something was absolutely wrong with us.

And the cause of this result was not the splendor of line and color; it was not the refinement. The last time I could recall a similar sensation had been before some little church tower of England; it was certainly the subordination of all means to a single end, and their disappearance in one impression.

. . . . Since my first visit to the temples my mind has been dwelling more and more in an involuntary manner upon the contrast with all modern art, and I venture to note down for you some of the thoughts forced upon me. It seems as if I were merely reminded of what I always knew, or ought to have known; and perhaps what I may say about ourselves is as good a way as any other of giving an opinion upon what I see here. For, indeed, what I see here that I admire I feel as though I had always known, had already seen; it is rather most of our own that seems queer, strange, and often unreasonable.

I can make no set and orderly arrangement of my rather confused thinking, but can only trace it out as it occurred to me — as if it were from outside; as if something whispered to me now and then out of small occurrences, and said, "Don't you understand more clearly?"

. . . . On leaving the temples we went back to our friends' house, which was once the residence of the regent of Japan — a large, low wooden building of the kind so carefully described by Mr. Morse in his book. All is extremely simple; there is nothing to call any attention. The woodwork is merely put together with great care; some little panels of the closets are nicely trimmed with metal and highly ornamented. This, with metal nail-heads and a pretty wall-paper, is all the decoration.

Here we found the mail and papers, and

enjoyed the watering-place feeling of news from town. There were copies of "Life" and of the London "Punch," many of whose drawings did not look out of place in this land of clever sketchers. Indeed, that in them which once seemed good across the seas still held its own in presence of the little prodigies of technique that one meets in Japanese drawings.

Indeed, they recalled one another. Both call out one's sudden recollection of some facts in nature; and besides, all good sketches resemble one another as being the nearest approach to the highest finished work. They have in common with it the essential merit of being better than they appear, of indicating more than is necessary to tell the tale, of not being strictly measurable quantities. We grow so ungrateful when too well treated that we forget how Mr. Du Maurier throws in, over and above the social epigram in lines, an elegance and grace that might belong to a poetic picture; that Mr. Keene tells his story over and over again in the very folds of each individual's dress; that he will, unconcernedly, present us with a landscape as full of nature as his human figures, instead of the indifferent background which would have been sufficient for the story of the caricaturist. Now the feeling of disenchantment, of having "found out" appearances, of having gotten to the end of a thing, is never forgiven by the average healthy mind. In greater things one turns, some day, to those which are always richer and fuller of meaning with time,— as one looks to-day at a Corot or a Delacroix or a Millet once uncared-for,— and that means that at length our eyes are opened. The sketch, like the great work of art, is better than it appears, and recalls to me the emperor in the story, whom the old woman could not recognize in the presence of the big drum-major. We can appreciate what suffering the little old woman underwent when she discovered her mistake, and how she never forgave the big drum-major. For mankind has never believed at heart that the work itself is to be judged, but has always (at least in the case of one's neighbor) acknowledged that it is the *work of art which judges us.*

So says a Japanese friend, and I think that he has it exactly. Hence an importance attaches to criticism which otherwise would be inexplainable,— the importance there is in being right,— because we shall be judged ourselves if we are wrong, and often by ourselves as judges.

. . . . And late numbers of the magazines had come, pleasant to look over before dinner,— while the noiseless servants glided over the matting, and our hostess put on her Japanese costume,— serving to make the distance greater, as we feel that all goes on at home with the usual regularity.

Some architectural sketches in facsimile in a magazine became entangled with the thread of my thinking and brought to my mind an inevitable lesson.

They were charming, and so different from the realities which they were meant to embody. One I dwelt upon, bright and clever, where every dark of window or of shadow intensified the joyfulness of the white wall of a residence at home, which you daily pass — while I am here. In the reality, alas! its Fifth Avenue monotony is unrelieved. The wall is not bright, the windows are paler than the walls, and the projections and adornment are duller yet. The drawing was an abstraction, probably meant for the sweet enticement of the client, and was what the building *should have been.* The draughtsman "knew better than he builded." As my mind analyzed this curious professional misstatement of truth, it seemed to me that I could see how the art of architecture in Japan was real compared to ours, even though none of their architects, any more than those of the great past of the world, could have made such a drawing — such a brilliant promise of a performance not to be, such a beautifully engraved check upon a bank where there were no funds. Not knowing the science and art of perspective drawing, nor the power of representing shadows according to rule, nor having the habit of ruling lines with a ruler to give interest, nor of throwing little witty accents of dark to fill up blanks, they were perhaps the more obliged to concentrate their powers upon the end of the work; and their real motive was the work itself.

This may seem strange and contradictory to the modern western mind, gradually accustomed to polished cartoons for bad paintings and worse glass, to remarkable designs for decoration and architecture which look their best in woodcuts, to great decorative paintings which are carried out so that they may be photographed without any injury to their color, nay, to its vast improvement. Do you remember how B——, the famous sculptor, used to preach to me that to-day no one looked at a thing itself, no one expected to, and that the fame of the artist was for those whose work could be adequately represented in the newspapers. That an excellence which could not be duplicated, that a tone which could not be matched, that a line which could not be copied, was not to be appreciated and could not be cared for. In fact, that such refinements were only worthy of the mind of an Oriental, "of a man accustomed to wear the moon embroidered on his back." Why spend

days in obtaining the color of a wall which any architect will think can be adequately replaced by his description of something like it to the painting firm around the corner? Why make the thing itself, if something like it will do as well? Why strike the note exactly, if any sound near it satisfies the average ear? For us, to-day, things and realities no longer exist. It is in their descriptions that we believe. Even in most cultivated France an architect or designer like Viollet-le-Duc will seriously undertake to restore old work, every square inch of which has had the patient toil of souls full of love and desire of the best, by rubbing it all out, and making a paper drawing or literary description for others to restore again in a few modern weeks the value of ancient years of ineffably intelligent care. Consider this impossibility of getting a decent restoration carried out by our best intelligence, and note that while they are unable with all money and talk and book-learning to replace the past in a way that can deceive us, there exist patient, obscure workmen who, beginning at the other end of the work, produce little marvels of deception in false antiquities — purchased by museums and amateurs for sums their authors never could get in their proper name. But these latter have only one object, the thing itself, and are judged by the result; while we, the arbiters and directors better known, who never employ them, are satisfied, and satisfy others, by our having filed in the archives of to-day notices that we are going to do something in the utterly correct way. I took as an example our friend Viollet-le-Duc, the remarkable architect whose works we have both studied, because he has written well,— in some ways, no one more acutely and more wisely,— because of his real learning, and on account of his very great experience. Is all that this man and his pupils did in their own art of making, worth, as art, the broken carving that I kick to-day out of my path?

Has such a risible calamity ever occurred before in any age? Destruction there has been, replacing of old, good work with better or with worse by people who did not understand, or care, or pretend to care; but the replacing of good with bad by people who do understand, and who claim to care, has never been a curse until to-day. This failure in all restoration, in all doing of the thing itself, must be directly connected with our pedantic education and with our belief in convenient appliances, in propositions, in labor-saving classifications, in action on paper, in projects for future work, in soul-saving theories and beliefs — in anything except being saved by the work itself.

Indeed I have always felt that perhaps in the case of poor Richardson, just dead, we may begin to see the shape of an exception, and can realize what can be accomplished through what we called deficiencies. He was obliged, in the first place, to throw overboard in dealing with new problems all his educational recipes learned in other countries. Then, do you think that if he had drawn charming drawings beforehand he would have been able to change them, to keep his building in hand, as so much plastic material? No; the very tenacity needed for carrying out anything large would have forced him to respect his own wish once finally expressed, while the careful studies of his assistants were only a ground to inquire into, and, lastly, to choose from.

For many little prettinesses and perfections do not make a great unity. Through my mind passes the reminiscence of something I have just been reading, the words of an old Chinese writer, an expounder of Tao (the Way), who said what he thought of such matters some twenty-five centuries ago. What he said runs somewhat in this way:

> The snake hissed at the wind, saying: "I at least have a form, but you are neither this nor that, and you blow roughly through the world, blustering from the seas of the north to the seas of the south."
>
> "It is true," replied the wind, "that I blow roughly, as you say, and that I am inferior to those that point or kick at me, in that I cannot do the same to them. On the other hand, I blow strongly and fill the air, and I can break huge trees and destroy large buildings. *Out of many small things in which I do not excel I make* ONE GREAT ONE *in which I do excel.*"
>
> . . . . . .
>
> In the domains of the one there may not be managing.

Hence, also, the difficulty, I had almost said the impossibility, of finding a designer to-day capable of making a *monument:* say, for instance, a tomb, or a commemorative, ideal building — a cathedral, or a little memorial. There is no *necessity* in such forms of art, nothing to call into play the energies devoted to usefulness, to getting on, to adaptation, to cleverness, which the same Taoist says is the way of man, while integrity is the way of God.

Art alone, pure, by itself, can be here the object of the maker's contemplation; the laws of the universe that men call beauty are the true and only sufficient materials of construction.

With what preparation does a designer of humbugs come to such work, failure in which cannot be excused because of any practical reasons, because of any pressing necessities. That really belongs to the public, to everybody more than to its possessor, or to its owner, or to those who have paid for it — that, finally, can

only be saved from adverse criticism for a short time, while passing interests are concerned in it.

Who knows this better than yourself? Where on earth to-day can you find a thing done by us designers that an artist will go to look at for love, for the deep desire of enjoyment that makes us visit so many little things of the past, and go far for them? If you can, imagine any painter desiring to note, so as to make them his own by copy, a modern set of moldings, the corner of a modern building.

And yet what a rush of delight comes upon us with a few Greek moldings, with a fragment of Greek or Gothic ornament, with the mere look of the walls of some good old building. How the pleasure and the emotions of those who made them have been built into them, and are reflected back to us, like the smile from a human face. I know that I have told you often how the fragment of a Gothic window from old English Boston set into the cloister of Trinity of the new Boston always seemed to me to outweigh the entire building in which it rests. And yet it is only a poor fragment of no great period. But then the makers thought and felt in the materials that they worked in, even if their drawings were rude and incomplete and often incorrect. And no architect seems to realize to-day that his walls could give us the same emotions that we receive from a Rembrandt, or a Van Eyck, or a Veronese, and for the same reasons, and through a similar use of a real technique.

You draw well; you can make a sketch, I am sure, which, like many others, would have spots of light on a black surface, or a pretty wash of sky above it, or little patches of shadow, like clever lichens, spread over it, and that would be correct in artificial perspective, and recall something of older design, and have no great blemishes to take hold of. How far would it help you to have made a million such if you seriously wished to do a thing for itself, not for its effects upon a client, nor for a claim upon the public, nor for a salve to your own vanity?

And now do you see how, as we architects and designers gradually work more and more on paper and not in the real, our energies are worked out in accomplishing before we get to our real work,— that of *building* a *work of art*, —and the result of our drawings grows feebler and feebler and tamer as it presses to its end. Then, for this weak frame of conception, the men who have come in to help (and that only because the director's time would not admit of his doing all himself, otherwise he would, in his jealous weakness, adorn as poorly as he imagines) — then, I say, if the painter, the sculptor, the decorator, shows any strength or power, there is another danger. There is danger that the sculptor's relief will be more powerful than the weak projections of solid masonry, that the lines of the painter will be grander and more ample than those which were meant to guide and confine them — that the paint of the decorator will appear more massive and more supporting than the walls of the architect. Whence all will be tamed, all annulled and made worthless and paltry, so as not to disturb the weak efforts of the master directing. And for the first time in the history of art we shall have buildings which the Greek or the Roman, the Medieval or the Oriental, would have been unable to adorn, while in their times the masters who were architects, great and small, found no trouble in placing within their buildings, made famous to all time by this choice, the sculptures of the Parthenon or of Olympia, the glass or the statues of Christian cathedrals, or the carvings of India or of Japan.

So that when the greatest painter of the century left instructions for his tomb, he asked that it should be copied from some former one of antiquity or renaissance, so that it might have — to typify his love and his dislikes — masculine moldings and a manly character, contrary, as he said, "to all that is done to-day in architecture."

You may say that through all this wandering of thought I am telling you little about Japanese art. Wait; perhaps I may be merely preparing your mind and mine for what I shall have to say later. Or, rather, let us think that I am carried away by the spirit, and that I am certainly talking of what I do not find here; and if there is no novelty in what I say, and that you know it, and have always known it, we shall come back to what you also know, that art is the same everywhere and always, and that I need not come this distance to learn its principles. If there is anything good here, it must resemble some of the good that we have with us. But here at least I am freer, delivered from a world of canting phrases, of perverted thought, which I am obliged to breathe in at home so as to be stained by them. Whatever pedantry they may have here, I have not had to live with it, and I bear no responsibility in its existence. And then again, art here seems to be a common possession, has not been apparently separated from the masses, from the original feeling of mankind.

To-day at dinner, Kato, who was waiting upon us, could give his opinion upon the authenticity of some old master's work, at the request of our host, himself a great authority. So that I could continue my dreaming through the conversation and the semi-European courses,— marked by my first acquaintance with the taste of bamboo shoots — a little delicacy sent in by A-chin, the children's nurse.

Much was talked of the Tokugawa race, and some cruelty was shown to their memory as a family of parvenus who had usurped the power theoretically invested in the mikados — an usurpation practised over and over again by every successful shogun, as by Yoritomo, Taiko-sama. Indeed, the Ashikaga move through Japanese history against a background of mikados. And when O—— comes in later he talks of Masashigi, and of others, who during centuries, at long intervals, attempted to realize what has now been accomplished, the restoration of the mikado to his ancient powers and rulership of twenty centuries ago.

Yes, the Tokugawa splendor was that of parvenus. Their half-divine masters lie in no gilded shrines nor under monumental bronze, but buried beneath the elements, their graves marked only by mounds or trees, as it might have been with their earliest ancestors, the peaceful chieftains of a primitive family; a simplicity recalled to-day by the little fragment of dried fish that accompanies presents, in memory of the original humility of the fishing tribes, the ancestors of this almost over-cultivated race.

These Tokugawa, then, were parvenus, and naturally asked of art, which lasts and has lasted and is to last, an affirmation of their new departure. This splendor was made for them, and its delicious refinement has not quite escaped that something which troubled me at Shiba — an anxiety that all should be splendid and perfect, an unwillingness to take anything for granted. And yet, by comparison, this looks like a fairyland of refinement. What should we do when called to help a new man to assist or to sweeten his acquired position? What vulgarity of vulgarities should we produce? Think of the preposterous dwellings, the vulgar adornments given to the rich; the second-hand clothing in which newly acquired power is wrapped. The English cad and the Frenchman not good enough for home put the finishing touch upon the proofs of culture which are to represent them to their children.

I need not refer to what is seen in San Francisco as an example. At home in New York we have more than are pleasant to think of. I know that some may say that we have only what we deserve for thinking that we can escape, in the laws that govern art, the rules that we have found to hold in everything else.

Some years ago I told you how once a purveyor of decorations for the millionaire, a great man in his line, explained to me how and why he had met his clients half-way. "You despise my work," he said, "though you are too polite to say so," — for we were friendly in a manner,— "and yet I can say that I am more thoroughly in the right than those who would seek to give these men an artistic clothing fit for princes. Is there anything more certain than that the artist represents his age, and is all the greater for embodying it. Now, that is what I do. You will say, that my work is not deeply considered, though it is extremely careful in execution; that its aims are not high; that it is not sober; that it is showy, perhaps even more; that it is loud occasionally — when it is not tame; that it shows for all it is worth, and is never better than it looks. And who, pray, are the people that live surrounded by what I make? Are they not represented by what I do? Do they not want show of such a kind as can be easily understood, refinement that shall not remind others of a refinement greater than theirs, money spent largely, but showing for every dollar? They want everything quick, because they have always been in a hurry; they want it on time, whatever happens, because they are accustomed to time bargains; they want it advertisable, because they live by advertising; and they gradually believe in the value of the pretences they have made to others. They are not troubled by what they feel is transient, because their experience has been to pass on to others the things they preferred not to keep. They feel suspicious of anything that claims or seems to be better than it looks; is not their business to sell dearer than they buy? They must not be singular, because they must fit into some place already occupied.

"I claim to have fully expressed all this of them in what I do, and I care little for the envious contempt of the architects who have to employ me and who would like to have my place and wield my influence. And so I reflect my clients, and my art will have given what they are."

Thus the great German rolled out his mind with the Teutonic delight at giving an appearance of pure intellect to the interested working of his will — incidentally sneering at the peacock feathers, the sad-eyed dados, the poverty-stricken sentimentality, half esthetic, half shopkeeper, of his English rivals, or at the blunders in art which Mr. Stanford White once called our "native Hottentot style."

Of course my German was merely using a current sophistry that is only worth quoting to emphasize the truth.

Augustus, the greatest of all parvenus, did not ask of Virgil to recall in verse the cruelties of civil war. No true artist has ever sought to be degraded; no worker of the Middle Ages has reflected the brutality of the world around him. On the contrary, he has appealed to its chivalry and its religion. No treacherous adventurer of the Renaissance is pictured

in the sunny, refined architecture that was made for him. You and I know that art is not the attempt at reflecting others, at taking possession of others, who belong to themselves, but that it is an attempt at keeping possession of one's self. It is often a protest at what is displeasing and mean about us; it is an appeal to what is better. That is its most real value. It is an appeal to peace in time of brutal war, an appeal to courageous war in time of ignoble peace; it is an appeal to the permanent reality in presence of the transient; it is an attempt to rest for a moment in the true way.

We are augurs conversing together, and we can afford to laugh at any respected absurdity. We know that cleverness is not *the way* to the reality; cleverness is only man's weak substitute for integrity, which is from God.

All these words — miscalled ideas — poured out by my German friend and his congeners are merely records of merchants' ways of looking at the use of a thing, not at the thing itself. Such people are persuaded that they must surely know about the thing they sell or furnish. If not they, then who? For none can be so impartial, as none are so disinterested, in the use of the thing sold.

It is too far back for you to remember the charming Blanco, the great slave-dealer, but you may have heard of his saying, which covers the side of the dealer. He had been asked why he felt so secure in his judgment of his fellow creatures, and especially of women. "Because," said he, "I have traded in so many" — *J'en ai tant vendu.* I have sometimes quoted this saying to dealers in works of art, to dealers in knowledge about art, without, however, any success in pleasing them. In fact one has no judgment of one's own in regard to anything sold that is not a matter of utility until one feels quite thoroughly, as if it were one's own, the sense of Talleyrand's treatment of the persuasive dealer. I am sure that you do not know the story. Two friends of his, ladies of rank, had chosen his study as a place of meeting. They wished to select some ring, some bracelet, for a gift, and the great jeweler of Paris was to send one of his salesmen with sufficient to choose from. Of course the choice was soon limited to two, and there paused, until Talleyrand, sitting at the farther end of the long library, called out, "Let me undertake to help you to make your decision. Young man, of these two trinkets tell me which you prefer." "This one, certainly, your Excellency." "Then," ended the experienced cynic, "please accept it for your sweetheart, and I think, ladies, that you had better take the other." I tell you anecdotes; are they not as good as reasons?

Listen to what my Chinese writer says: "Of language put into other people's mouths, nine-tenths will succeed. Of language based upon weighty authority, seven-tenths. But language which flows constantly over, as from a full goblet, is in accord with God. When language is put into other people's mouths, outside support is sought. Just as a father does not negotiate his son's marriage, for any praise he could bestow would not have the same value as praise by an outsider. Thus the fault is not mine, but that of others, who would not believe me as the original speaker." Again a story of China comes back to me, told by the same writer, who lived before our purer era, and who was, as a Japanese friend remarks, a strategist in thought, fond of side attacks, of presenting some point apparently anecdotic and unimportant, which once listened to turns the truthful mind into channels of fresh inquiry. The anecdote is old, told by the old writer many centuries before Christ, and before any reflections about art troubled our barbarian minds.

It is about a court architect who flourished in celebrity some twenty-seven centuries ago and who answered admiring queries as to how he did such wonderful things. "There is nothing supernatural about it," he said. "I first free my mind and preserve my vitality — my dependence upon God. Then, after a few days, the question of how much money I shall make disappears; a few more days, and I forget fame and the court whose architect I am; another day or so, and I think only of THE THING ITSELF. Then I am ready to go into the forest — the architect and the carpenter were one then — whose wood must contain the form I shall seek. As you see, there is nothing supernatural about it."

Twenty-seven centuries ago the formula of all good work was the same as it has been since. This looking for "the thing itself," not for the formula to control it, enabled men who were great and men who were little, far down towards us, far down into the times of the Renaissance (until pedantry and night covered human freedom and integrity), to be painters or poets, sculptors or architects, as the occasion required, to the astonishment of our narrowed, specialized vision of the last two hundred years.

Again, if I have not put it clearly enough in this story of the far East, let me add another, which includes the meaning of the first. You will forgive it in honor of the *genius loci*, for these writings of the Chinese philosophers form a staple of conversation and discussion in social gatherings of cultivated people here. The story is of the greatest of Chinese rulers, the "Yellow Emperor" of some forty-seven centuries ago. He was in pursuit of that law

of things, that sufficient ideal which is called "Tao" ("the Way"), and he sought it in the wilds beyond the world known of China, in the fabulous mountains of Chu-tzu. He was accompanied by Ch'ang Yu and Chang Jo, and others of whom I know nothing; and Fang Ming, of whom I know nothing also, was their charioteer. When they had reached the outside wilderness these seven sages lost their way. By and by they fell in with a boy who was tending horses, and they asked him if he knew the Chu-tzu Mountains. "I do," said the boy. "And can you tell us," said the sages, "where Tao, the law, abides?" "I can," replied the boy. "This is strange," said the Yellow Emperor. "Pray tell me how would you govern the empire?"

"I should govern the empire," replied the boy, "in the same way that I tend my horses. What else should I do? When I was a little boy and lived within the points of the compass my eyes grew dim. An old man advised me to visit the wilderness outside of the world. My sight is now better, and I continue to dwell outside of the points of the compass. I should govern the empire in the same way. What else should I do?"

Said the Yellow Emperor, "Government is not your trade, but I should be glad to learn what you would do." The boy refused to answer, but being urged again, said: "What difference is there between governing the empire and looking after horses? See that no harm comes to the horses; that is all."

Thereupon the emperor prostrated himself before the boy; and calling him divine teacher, took his leave.

I am writing these vagaries by the sound of the waterfall in our garden; half of the *amados* are closed; the paper screens near me I have left open, and the moths and insects of the night flutter around my lamp in orbits as uncertain as the direction of my thoughts. I have given up my drawing; it is too hot to work. And I have already tired myself with looking over prints and designs. Among them there is a sketch by Hokusai which reminds me of the way in which my mind bestrides stray fancies that float past. The picture is that of Tekkai (the beggar), the Sennin exhaling his spiritual essence in a shadowy form, which shadow itself often rides away upon the spirit horse that Chokwaro or Tsuga evokes occasionally from his traveling-gourd.

To-day we talked of the legends of these Rishi or Sennin, whose pictures so often come up in the works of Japanese artists.

Rishi or Sennin are beings who enjoy rest,—that is to say, are exempt from transmigration,—often in the solitude of mountains for thousands of years, after which delay they again enter the circle of change. If they are merely human, as many of them are, they have obtained this charm of immortality, which forms an important point in the superstitious beliefs and practices of modern Taoism. These appear to have no hold in Japan, as they have in China, but these personages, evolutions of Taoist thought, live here at least in legend and in art.

The original mysticism from which they sprung is full of beauty and of power. General Tcheng-ki-tong has recently stated it well, when he says that Lao Tzŭ, its great antique propounder, speaks with something of the tone of a prophet. He neither preached nor discussed, yet those who went to him empty departed full. He taught the doctrine which does not find expression in words, the doctrine of Tao, or the Way—a doctrine that becomes untrue and unprofitable when placed in set forms and bound in by pedantry, but which allows teaching by parables and side glimpses and innuendos as long as they are illuminated by that light which exists in the natural heart of man. And I too am pleased to let myself be guided by this light. After many years of wilful energy, of forced battle that I have not shunned, I like to try the freshness of the springs, to see if new impressions come as they once did in childhood. With you I am safe in stating what has come to me from outside. It has come; hence it is true: I did not make it. I can say with the Shadow, personified by my expounder of the Way,[1] that when the light of the fire or the sun appears, then I come forth; when the night comes, I lie still: I wait indeed, even as they wait. They come and I come, they go and I go too. The shade waits for the body and for the light to appear, and all things which rise and wait wait upon the Lord, who alone waits for nothing, needs nothing, and without whom things can neither rise nor set. The radiance of the landscape illuminates my room; the landscape does not come within. I have become as a blank to be filled. I employ my mind as a mirror; it grasps nothing, it refuses nothing; it receives, but does not keep. And thus I can triumph over things without injury to myself—I am safe in Tao.

John La Farge.

1 Prémare's "Notitia Linguæ Sinicæ," "4 um exemplum. Sic inducit Tchouang-tsee umbram loquentem: Ego quidem existo, sed nescio qua ratione. Ego sum veluti cicadarum tunicæ et Serpentis spolia," etc. If what I have written is ever seen by H. B. M.'s consul at Tamsui, he will perceive my indebtedness to his most admirable translations.

PARIS.

THE TYPICAL MODERN CITY.

INTRODUCTION.

PARIS is the typical modern city. In the work of transforming the labyrinthine tangle of narrow, dark, and foul medieval alleys into broad modern thoroughfares, and of providing those appointments and conveniences that distinguish the well-ordered city of our day from the old-time cities which had grown up formless and organless by centuries of accretion — in this brilliant nineteenth century task of reconstructing cities in their physical characters, dealing with them as organic entities, and endeavoring to give such form to the visible body as will best accommodate the expanding life within, Paris has been the unrivaled leader. Berlin and Vienna have accomplished magnificent results in city-making, and great British towns — Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and others — have in a less ambitious way wrought no less useful reforms; but Paris was the pioneer. French public authorities, architects, and engineers were the first to conceive effectually the ideas of symmetry and spaciousness, of order and convenience, of wholesomeness and cleanliness, in urban arrangements.

There has been some disposition, however slight, among English-speaking people, to undervalue French civilization and to minimize the importance of French services to the world. The attainments of German scholarship in many directions are so colossal, and German energy and prestige are now so dominant, that, in our admiration for the progress and achievements of this younger people, we are in danger, perhaps, of giving the French less than their due. All countries are under lasting obligations for the clear political philosophy that furnished the French Revolution with its principles. And is it a trivial thing that we are indebted to the refined and artistic instincts of the French people for so many of the amenities and comforts of latter-day existence? When they began to show us how to build cities we were far from appreciating the fact that the twentieth century was to dawn upon a race that had, for the majority, adopted city life; and that the difference between good and bad municipal arrangements would mean either the conservation of the race in bodily vigor, and in the education of mind and hand, or else its rapid physical and mental deterioration. But for urban improvements of the sort that the French people instituted the death-rate would be higher than the birth-rate in all large population centers.

In the past decade or two there are other cities, outside of France, that have adopted appointments that are in some respects more scientific and effective than those of Paris; but it remains true that the French capital is the most conspicuous type of the thoroughly modernized city. Considered as such it would require at least a volume to enter with any fullness of description and analysis into the municipal history and life, the public arrangements and administrative methods, of Paris. Maxime Du Camp, a worthy Parisian author, has recently attempted to cover this subject in a work of six large volumes entitled, "Paris, its Organs, its Functions, and its Life in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century" ("Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions, et sa vie dans la seconde moitié du dix-neuvième siècle"). It is a monumental work, valuable for reference, but of course too voluminous for the ordinary reader. And now there has appeared another work, also of the highest importance, that should stand next to Du Camp's on the library shelf. It is upon the condition of Paris in 1789 — "L'État de Paris en 1789; études et documents sur l'ancien régime à Paris." It is the work of a public commission of historians who have searched old records and official archives. Du Camp describes the new Paris of our time, while the other work reconstructs for our edification the Paris that existed up to the very eve of the cataclysm. The contrast is startling. It is obviously important that there should be placed on record everything that can be known about the Paris of a hundred years ago, the outlines and remains of which have so nearly disappeared.

It is marvelous to note the ceaseless operations of the transforming energy derived from the Revolution. Rather inconspicuously placed in a hallway of one of the buildings in which the municipal authorities of the capital made their extraordinary display at the recent exposition was a map that had a fascinating interest for me. It was a street map of Paris, showing by different colors the periods in which the great boulevards, avenues, squares, and other visible improvements had been constructed. No change in the higher government

had seemed to check the mighty impulse. Everything that lay in the way of the broad, straight swath of a new avenue was razed unmercifully, and the street system of the old inner metropolis was made to conform to the systems of the splendid new quarters that were springing into existence, especially towards the west.

In the days of the Revolution the site of the present Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine was then so active, was upon the very western outskirts of Paris, while the prison of the Bastile — whose destruction in July, 1789, opened most significantly that long course of wholesale Parisian demolition, in order that freedom, science, and sunlight might replace the oppression, ignorance, and gloom of the old régime — was then on the eastern limits, and beyond it lay the open country. North of the inner line of boulevards, which had been already laid out, there was practically no Paris; and south of the Hôtel des Invalides and the Luxembourg, beyond which the vast city now stretches so far, there were in those days fields and a farming population. It should not be inferred, however, that these new parts have since arisen upon a ground plan wisely provided in advance. To some extent, it is true, such has been the case, and in the newest quarters of Paris — for instance, in Passy, Neuilly, and other suburbs beyond the gates on the west — the magnificent avenues have been laid down upon the open fields, and the exercise of forethought will have saved all the cost and trouble of subsequent reconstruction. But even in Paris since the Revolution there has been some of the improvidence that prevails elsewhere; and while the inevitable municipal plow has been cutting its stupendous furrows in one direction, new quarters have been allowed to form themselves improperly somewhere else, with the result of costly reconstruction when the time comes for extending to them the main arterial system of the metropolis.

Perhaps if parts of this Parisian transformation had been delayed until a later period, certain causes would have operated to make it less thorough. At the close of the French Revolution, and for some decades thereafter, there was in Europe no sentiment for old architectural monuments, and especially none for medieval churches. This sentiment now pervades all Europe; and the most affectionate preservation, with cautious, faithful restorations, is the order everywhere.

Such a spirit of appreciation was lacking in the generations immediately preceding our own, and nowhere was its absence more complete than in the French capital. The religious orders had built their great monastic houses and their splendid churches everywhere in Paris. They were a privileged caste and a heavy burden. The Revolution had no mercy upon them or their beautiful architecture, and the new street system plowed through their churches as relentlessly as through shabby tenement rows. Scores of examples of the most beautiful ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages were obliterated to make room for broad, straight avenues, open squares, and new, regular buildings. Nowadays such sacrilege would not be tolerated.

It is fortunate, therefore, for the Parisians that their central street reforms were chiefly accomplished before the rise of the new appreciation of church architecture. There are enough old churches remaining throughout France, if not in Paris itself, to represent adequately the beautiful art and work of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The narrow old Parisian streets of the last century wound in and out among these venerable piles in a manner that modern traffic could not have endured. To have spared them would have been to deprive Paris forever of an adequate street system. It was far better to sacrifice them and to make the city uncompromisingly modern. The population in 1789 was about 600,000, and in 1889 it was 2,500,000, including that of the immediate suburbs. And with the fourfold increase of population there has been at least a tenfold increase of traffic and of daily pressure upon the accommodations of the main street system. These facts, to my mind, fully vindicate the wisdom, redeem the "vandalism," and justify the immense cost of the modernization of Paris. It was the mission of France to teach the world a lesson of order, system, and logic, of emancipation and iconoclasm. Paris was made the visible embodiment of the revolt against the iniquities of the old régime, and of the creative vigor of the new era. We would not wish to see Rome modernized in any such spirit; and, indeed, the great reforms now progressing there, of which I shall write in a subsequent article, proceed upon the principle of preserving with the greatest veneration and care all important archæological remains and all worthy specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. But it was for Paris to sacrifice everything to the modern ideas of symmetry, spaciousness, and regularity, and to build the great opera house as a central feature, and as a suggestive symbol of the new spirit.

Louis XIV. and Louis XV. had not been without magnificent ideas for Paris, and they had left improvements — palaces, royal pleasure-grounds, boulevards, churches — that make a considerable array when put into a list; but these things, done to gratify the royal pride, had been of almost no benefit to the people, and

had not affected materially the medieval conditions. The absolutism of these monarchs could never have availed to cut the Gordian knots of a thousand claims, prescriptive rights, and intolerable immunities that the nobles, the religious orders, the old gilds,and various other corporate and private interests tenaciously held in the metropolis. Nothing but a revolution, sweeping everything away and beginning anew upon simple principles, could have effected any radical improvement.

The work of remaking Paris after the Revolution was begun upon the lines of a general plan for the cutting of new streets, prepared by a so-called "Commission des Artistes." The plan included 108 distinct projects. Although political changes interfered with the full execution of this particular plan, the work of reconstruction did not cease. Under the great Napoleon the rues de Rivoli, Castiglione, des Pyramides, and various other modern thoroughfares were created. To the fifteen years of the Restoration another considerable list must be credited, including, among others, the rues de Chabrol, du 29 Juillet, Lafitte, and those of the Quartier de l'Europe. And under Louis Philippe (1830–48) the rues de Rambuteau, de la Bourse, de Lyon, de Havre, and others were opened.

But it was in the period from 1852 to 1871, under Louis Napoleon, that the most comprehensive and magnificent work was done. A huge scheme was laid out, under the supervision of Baron Haussmann as prefect of the Seine, for the binding together of all the quarters of Paris by a system of grand avenues of general communication.

The plan of the new Paris is by no means so geometrical and easily understood as that of Washington, but it is none the less a philosophical and practical arrangement. Originally the narrow streets and lanes of Paris were either parallel with the Seine in general direction or were at right angles with the river. It became necessary to give the new Paris main thoroughfares broad enough and straight enough to accommodate traffic through the heart of the city along these original lines. Further, it was deemed necessary to construct a great number of diagonal avenues and boulevards directly connecting important localities. Still further, new lines of engirdling boulevards were found desirable; and finally, there were important reforms to be instituted in the suburban street systems. The net public expenditure incurred between 1852 and 1870 in carrying out the Haussmann-Napoleon project of new boulevards and avenues was in excess of 1,200,000,000 francs. The gross outlay was much greater, but large amounts of the original investment were recovered from time to time by the sale of building sites, the municipality having, by condemnation proceedings in every case, acquired the properties through which in part a new street would pass. Since 1870 the work has gone on with less energy, the proposed reforms having been mainly effected. But a number of important new projects have been carried out since 1875, and each year sees some addition to the main street system. Private individuals have been obliged to conform strictly to the plans and regulations of the municipality in building up the new frontage, and thus there has resulted that marvelous regularity — elegant and impressive rather than monotonous — which is the characteristic of Parisian street architecture.

THE FRENCH MUNICIPAL SYSTEM.

To study the governing organs of Paris before the Revolution would be a complicated task, interesting, certainly, but no part of our present purpose. There was, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has recently said, "a chaos of competing authorities, a tangle of obsolete privileges, and a nest of scandalous abuses. Anomalous courts jostled and scrambled for jurisdiction; ancient gilds and corporations blocked every reform; atrocious injustice and inveterate corruption reigned high-handed in the name of king, noble, or church." This, indeed, does not tell us what the mechanism of the municipal government was, but it shows us well enough its spirit and its results. For our purpose it suffices to add that the city, so far as it was centrally governed, was administered by a provost, or mayor, deriving authority directly from the king, and that various old, surviving local bodies shared, in an anomalous way, in the minor affairs of the city. The communes of France, of which Paris was the chief, had in earlier centuries won a high degree of local autonomy, and played a conspicuous rôle in history; but they had now been reduced to the condition of the mere territorial administrative units of the centralized authority.

The Revolution instantly changed all this. The ancient communes, which lay as a complete network over the whole territory of France,—some of them urban entities, most of them simply small rural townships, but each of them a natural and traditional unit of government,—recovered their dignity, and obtained a system of local representative administration. The old privileges were abolished, and the modern elective principle was introduced. The people of each commune were empowered to elect a mayor and several other executive officers, who formed a "corps municipal." They also elected "notables," so-called, to the number of twice the corps municipal; and the two

groups, sitting together, formed a "council general" of the commune, while the mayor and the executive officers were in charge of active administration. It was a clear, logical system. The number of officers varied in the ratio of the population of the communes, and the arrangement was thus adapted to the large municipalities on the one hand and to the petty townships on the other. It was a masterly piece of legislation, sweeping away all the fogs and mysteries of the traditional system, and putting in its place a complete and uniform, while simple and elastic, scheme of local organization and government.

With various changes and fluctuations that system of 1789–90 has survived to this day. It drew a logical line between the functions to be intrusted to the communes and those that belonged to the higher authority, and it made the local government absolutely independent and autonomous within the range of its powers and duties. The system was in many respects similar to that now employed in some of our American States, as, for example, Illinois and Iowa. In 1795 the Directory made novel experiments and changes, consolidating the smaller communes, and forming larger divisions called "cantons." But this system was unduly arbitrary, and in 1800 the Consulate restored to each commune its individuality. Freedom, however, was wholly lost, for the communes now became parts of Napoleon's great centralized machine. Napoleon's maxim, as exemplified in his administrative laws of the year 1800, was: "Agir est le fait d'un seul; délibérer est le fait de plusieurs" ("To execute is the business of one; to deliberate is the business of many"). France had been divided in 1789 into departments, districts, and communes. The departments, having a sort of provincial business to do, were at that time given popularly elected representative councils, and the executive work was performed by a standing committee selected from the membership of the council. The district — a subdivision — was governed similarly; and I have already explained how the communes or municipalities were organized. All was free and popular.

But the Directory, in 1795, leaving the deliberative councils to be elected as before, chose to empower the central government of the country to name the executive commissions in the departments, and to tighten the reins of the higher authority. And in 1800 the Napoleonic idea went infinitely farther in the same direction. Each department, by the law of 1800, was to be actively administered by a prefect, named by the "premier consul," *i. e.*, by Napoleon himself; and the deliberative councils of the departments, varying in membership from sixteen to twenty-four members, were now also to be selected by the premier consul. Then there was to be a "council of prefecture," of from three to five members, to deal judicially with disputes arising in the administration of the department or of its subdivisions, and this council was to be appointed by the premier consul. The districts, or departmental subdivisions,— called in the law of 1800 by the name of "arrondissements," which they still retain,— were governed by an underprefect and a council of eleven members, all named by the premier consul. Coming down to the communes and municipalities great and small, thousands of them altogether, we find them governed by a mayor and several "adjuncts," or assistant executive officers, and by deliberative councils; and we find that all the mayors, officers, and councilors were named by the premier consul, except as in the small communes he delegated the task to his agent, the prefect of the department.

Here was centralization absolute and complete. It shocks our ideas, yet we must remember that it bore no relation to the absolutism of the old régime. The new centralization was founded upon equality, justice, and the reign of law. It was a wrong system, but it was symmetrical and logical. Possibly it was for a time a better system for the French people, just emerging from the old tyranny of local lords and church dignitaries, than the free, popular system of 1789 would have proved. We can, however, but prefer infinitely the laws of 1789, based upon trust in the people and the natural right of local autonomy, to the huge centralized machine constructed by Napoleon as the instrument of imperialism.

The system of 1800 was maintained for thirty years; but it was much liberalized in 1831 as one of the results of the revolution of 1830, which unseated the Bourbon successors of Napoleon and placed Louis Philippe upon "a throne surrounded by republican institutions." The revolution of 1848 did still more to free the municipalities and communes; but another Napoleon was destined to restore the centralized system.

The third republic, which has now weathered the storms of twenty years, at the outset adopted a less liberal policy than that of the first and second republics. It was menaced from without by foreign complications and threatened from within by powerful monarchical factions, and its leading spirits were afraid to relinquish a firm central hold upon local administration throughout the country. Their policy in this regard was a complete mistake; but the third republic has been disposed to feel its way, and its system of administration has been more monarchical than that of most monarchies — notably more so, for instance, than Belgium's, Italy's, or Austria's.

At length the smaller communes were allowed to choose, through their councils, their own mayors and executive officers; but the larger municipalities were obliged to submit to mayors chosen by the central authorities. And in all their deliberations and activities the municipal councils and officers were subject to the departmental prefect named by the central power.

Great improvements were made by the consolidated municipal government act of 1884, which remains in force. This law gives the communes universal manhood suffrage in electing their municipal councils. It gives the councils of great as well as of small communes — excepting Paris, of which we shall subsequently speak — the right to elect from their own membership the mayors and adjuncts. It prescribes a considerable range of local affairs in which the communes are competent to act finally, without waiting in every instance, as was previously necessary, for the sanction of the prefect of the department. It also puts limitations upon the power of the prefect to suspend a mayor or a whole municipal council, and upon the right of the higher authorities to order a dissolution and a new election. There is still a needless and humiliating centralization, and an altogether objectionable amount of administrative authority in the hands of the prefects and sub-prefects, who emanate from the central government, and do its bidding. But the system is otherwise a fairly good one.

In summing up, let me commend the simplicity of the organization of French municipal government. The people elect a council, varying in numbers according to population upon a scale fixed by general law. In all but the large places the council is elected upon a general ticket. The important cities are usually divided into sections, or large wards, to each of which several councilors are assigned, and the ward chooses its councilors upon a general ticket. The councilors hold office for four years, and all retire together — being, of course, eligible for re-election. The English and American system of partial renewal annually or biennially is contrary to French habits and ideas. The council names the mayor, and also his executive assistants, from its own membership. The mayor is the presiding officer of the council, as well as the executive head of the municipality. His adjuncts, or executive assistants, are designated by their fellow councilors. In large places these number ten or twelve, and they have no executive duties except such as are specifically assigned to them by the mayor. The council holds four ordinary sessions every year, each of which may last for fifteen days, while the one in which the annual budget is discussed may last for six weeks. But the mayor may call extra sessions at any time, and he is obliged to convene the body upon request of a majority of the councilors. The council appoints consultative committees which meet *ad libitum* between sessions, with the mayor as nominal chairman of each, while one of his adjuncts is more usually the actual chairman. The mayor has the appointing power, and names the minor officials of the commune, subject in some cases, however, to the approval of the prefect of the department. With the advice of the council, and under the surveillance of the departmental authorities, the mayor executes the business of the commune. The council has a large authority in the levying of taxes, authorization of public works, provision for education, etc., but in most of these things its decisions must be approved by the higher authorities.

Such is the French system. It differs from the English in making the mayor a fully empowered executive officer, while limiting the council chiefly to deliberation. But the mayor is the creature of the council, his adjuncts are councilors, and the system is therefore logical and unified; and with all its differences, it seems to suit the French people as well as the English system suits the needs of British municipalities. The English system is that of administration by the municipal council. The French system is that of administration by a mayor and his adjuncts, forming a "corps exécutif." The American system is an absurd and futile attempt at combining the two systems. We attempt the hopeless feat of a government by the council and a government by the mayor at the same time. The result is conflict, dissipation of authority, and degradation of municipal life.

THE MECHANISM OF PARIS GOVERNMENT.

THE liberal legislation of 1789–90 gave Paris, with the other communes of France, a fully constituted, autonomous municipal government. The city was divided into forty-eight sections, each of which elected two common councilors, or notables, in addition to which a body of thirty-two councilors of higher rank, or aldermen, were elected, while the executive work was entrusted to a popularly elected mayor and sixteen administrators, so-called. The whole body of 145 governed the city, the mayor presiding over the council and directing the active administration of the city. In the fact of the popular election of the mayor this constitution resembled those of our American cities. The councilors and administrators were elected for two-year terms, and half of them were renewed annually. It was a fairly acceptable form of municipal government. But the Directory, in 1795, with its theory of cantonal

administration, consolidated the smaller communes of France and cut up the larger ones. Paris was divided into a dozen municipalities, with some sort of central administrative bureau, which the Directory constituted and managed in its own interest. The work that the Directory began Napoleon completed. He abolished absolutely the central mayoralty, and created the semblance of a central communal council, all the members of which were his own appointees. In each of the twelve sections, or arrondissements, as they have since that time been called, he established a so-called mayor, with assistants. But these officers were simply the local agents of the prefect, and were in no true sense municipal authorities. The real governor of Paris was the prefect of the department of the Seine — a department including Paris and some suburban communes. All administration was in his hands. In the levying of taxes and the planning of public works he had the advice of the municipal council of Paris and of the council-general of the department, all the members of which were the appointees of the central power. The revolution of 1830 improved matters to the extent of giving Parisians of certain electoral qualifications the right to choose the municipal council. But the central mayoralty was not revived, and the prefect, with his subordinates, and with the appointive officers of the arrondissements, governed the city still.

As in the country at large, so in Paris the brilliant revolution of 1848 restored for a brief interval the autonomy of communities. Paris again had its own municipal government, its own chosen mayor and executive staff. But the empire of Louis Napoleon took the city completely out of the hands of its inhabitants and restored the system of the first empire. The national assembly of 1871, after the downfall of the empire, gave back to Paris its elective council, but stopped there, promising that further concessions to the principle of self-government should be made at some subsequent time. Since then the suffrage, which was virtually universal, has been made entirely so. But Paris is still actively governed, as under Louis Napoleon, by the prefect of the Seine and his colleague, the prefect of police, both of whom are appointed by the general government and are amenable directly to the Minister of the Interior. In the smaller communes of France the police power is now confided to the municipal authorities, and is exercised actively by the mayors. In the larger ones a purely domestic police authority is exercised by the municipal officers, while a general control of police is vested in the prefect and his subprefects. But Paris is deemed too vast for the union of ordinary business administration and police administration in the hands of the one prefect of the department, and the police authority, covering a wider range of functions than the simple organization of the police force and the management of the police courts and station-houses, is put in the hands of a separate chief, the prefect of police.

Paris has now for many years been subdivided into twenty arrondissements, and in each of them there is a central building called the "mairie," in which is the bureau of an officer called the "maire" (mayor). He is assisted by three adjuncts. These men, who are appointed officers of the general government, and are, in fact, simply the agents or delegates of the prefect of the Seine, with a staff of clerks and assistants attend to a vast amount of routine business for the higher authorities and for the city, so far as the population of their several arrondissements is concerned. They make the registration-lists for elections. They record births, deaths, and weddings, and perform the civil ceremony of marriage. They receive taxes, have to do with matters of elementary education, render "assistance publique,"—*i. e.* administer the poor laws in their respective districts,— enroll under the army-service acts those liable to military duty, and perform various other routine functions. These twenty Parisian centers of local administration are admirably organized and conducted, and under any scheme whatsoever of a reconstructed municipal government they would be allowed to remain.

The municipal council of Paris consists of eighty members, four from each of the twenty arrondissements. Each arrondissement is subdivided into four quarters, and each quarter elects a municipal councilor. They are elected for three years, and all retire together. The municipal council of Paris, plus a few representatives of the outlying communes of the department of the Seine, constitutes the council-general of the department. Since these outlying communes are, in fact, the immediate suburbs of Paris, there seems to be no good reason why the city's jurisdiction should not be made coextensive with that of the department, so that the business of the municipal council and that of the council-general might be merged. These communes outside the fortifications of Paris have their elective councils and distinct municipal organizations, but all come under the common executive control of the two prefects.

SOME PROPOSED REFORMS.

EVER since 1871 there has been a constant demand upon the part of Paris, as represented by its municipal council, for a restoration of its

central mayoralty and a release from its position of tutelage. The situation of the council is certainly humiliating and unsatisfactory. It is dominated by the prefect, who has the right to attend its sessions and to take the floor whenever he pleases, and who is absolutely unaccountable to it for his management of the city's business. The council has, it is true, large discretionary power over finances and taxation, and indirectly it controls the departments of administration and the construction of public works through its hold upon the purse-strings. But it is, at best, hampered and restricted. The prefect is in theory accountable to the Minister of the Interior: but the prefect has not only to administer the affairs of the city, but also to act as the political representative of the government of the day; and in fact it is in his character as the political agent of the government that he is held accountable. French ministries are too short-lived, and too busy with interests more vitally affecting themselves, to permit the Minister of the Interior to hold the prefect of the Seine to a frequent and careful accounting for the ordinary administration of the affairs of Paris.

There is some reason to believe that the time may not be far distant when Paris will be given back to its citizens by the general government. The question has been much considered by the municipal council. A few years ago a council committee of which Sigismund Lacroix was chairman reported an interesting scheme of municipal organization for Paris. It provided for a council consisting, as at present, of at least four members from each arrondissement, but with additional representation for the larger ones, increasing the total body from 80 to 109 members. The councilors were to be elected for three years, one-third retiring annually, as in England, and the elections were to be upon general arrondissement ticket — a great improvement upon the present plan of "uninominal" election in quarters, which necessarily tends to fill the council with obscure men. It was provided that this council should be free from the present possibilities of suspension and dissolution by the higher authorities. Paris is the only French city that is without its own mayor, Lyons having, two or three years ago, been allowed to resume a full-fledged municipal government after years of tutelage similar to that of Paris. The proposition to which I refer authorized the council to elect from its own membership a mayor and eight adjuncts, forming an executive corps. Each of the adjuncts was to be assigned to the headship of a municipal department, for which he should be responsible to the council, while the mayor was made accountable in a general way as chairman of the executive corps. The mayor and the adjuncts were to keep their seats in the municipal council with power to speak and to vote. In all the other French cities the mayor is also the presiding officer of the council; but Lacroix's committee held that in the case of Paris it would be advisable for the council to relieve that functionary of the routine duty of the presidency, and to name another member of the council for the task of the speakership of the municipal parliament. The executive corps, *i. e.* the mayor and his eight adjuncts, were invested with the appointing and removing power for all employees and agents of the municipal administration, upon the initiative of the adjunct at the head of any particular department. To do the routine work now done in the mairie buildings of the arrondissements, it was provided that four or five officials should be appointed by the mayor's corps as "delegates of the mairie" to render the services now performed by the agents of the prefect. The council was to have full control of taxation and finance, but could not borrow money without the direct ratification of the voters at a popular election. The municipal authorities were to have entire management of the education system, primary, secondary, and higher.

These propositions, as it seems to me, embodied a most excellent municipal constitution. Its harmony and simplicity are not the least of its merits. Although it was an unrealized project, it is worthy of notice as an indication of what current European judgment and experience would pronounce a good framework of municipal organization.

It must not be supposed that all elements in Paris are clamorous for a larger degree of municipal autonomy. The educated and propertied classes, as a rule, prefer that the general government should keep its strong hand upon Parisian administration. They are somewhat distrustful of the municipal council, which they regard as radical and socialistic in its tendencies. There is very much to be said upon both sides. Paris has always, except for the brief intervals of the first and second republics, been administered by the central authorities. The change of prefects has at times been very frequent as ministries have risen and fallen; but the skilled administrative heads of the various municipal services, together with their corps of trained civil servants, have been practically permanent. It has been possible to carry out great policies of public improvement, and there has been a high and well-ordered efficiency in the execution of all kinds of municipal functions. If the municipal council had been all-powerful, it is possible that public business would have been less effectively prosecuted, and also that public works would have been upon a less

magnificent scale. Upon the other hand, it is possible that the real welfare of the masses of the Parisian people would have been more carefully guarded, and that the burdens of taxation would have been lighter.

The municipal council certainly contains a number of able and honest men; but as a whole it is open to the charge of being a body of men mediocre and unknown, and the primary reason for this is plain enough. Each member is elected in a separate district, eighty in all. The opportunity for what we in America call "ward politics" is altogether too favorable. It is not, of course, legally requisite that the councilor should be a resident of the quarter he represents, but in practice he is likely to be. Candidate A placards the quarter with gaudy posters declaring that as a resident he can represent the people far more satisfactorily than candidate B, who lives in an arrondissement at the opposite end of the city. Whereupon candidate B issues a manifesto in which he promises to obviate the difficulty by moving into the quarter if he is elected.

Such a system does not tend to fill the council with men known to Paris at large. Election upon a general arrondissement ticket, as proposed in the Lacroix draft, would result in greatly improving the average quality of the council. I am inclined to the opinion that it would be still better to elect a portion of the council upon a general ticket for the whole city, with the idea of securing men of acknowledged note and standing for candidates. While, then, I must confess my sympathy with the idea of greater municipal autonomy for Paris, I can also appreciate the reasons which actuate conservative Parisians, remembering the horrors of the commune of 1871, in clinging to the strong arm of France. Yet Paris will never have the government that is best for all its people until it intrusts itself to the people.

I would not for a moment have it inferred that the present council of Paris is not a far more intelligent, upright, and efficient body of men than the average council of a large American city. If it had full control over the executive administration, and if it were elected upon a less minutely local plan, I believe that it would soon become a magnificent body, to which it would be a great honor to belong, superior, possibly, in distinction to the councils of Berlin and Vienna, and equal to the new council of metropolitan London. Such positions should have no emoluments, or else should have large ones. A Paris councilor is not supposed to draw a salary, but he has been accustomed to allow himself 4000 francs a year for expenses. In view of exceptional demands, he increased this allowance for the recent exposition year to 6000 francs ($1200), and he has since neglected to reduce it. This transaction has an unpleasant savor about it, and seems to indicate a rather petty type of man. The movement for greater municipal autonomy is at present led with much vigor by M. Richard, president of the council, who, on December 15, 1890, issued the first number of his new daily newspaper, "La Cité," which is devoted to the advocacy of the claims and municipal interests of the commune of Paris.[1]

THE POLICE ADMINISTRATION.

But more important than anything else in the scheme of Lacroix and his colleagues, it was proposed that the odious prefecture of police should be abolished and that the police authority should be invested in the municipal government, as was the case in the law of 1790. The prefecture of police for the department of the Seine was the masterpiece of Bonaparte's administrative system. This police prefect was reconstituted in 1853 by Louis Napoleon as an indispensable part of his centralized government, and it was characteristic of the third republic, with its centralizing and monarchical instincts, that it chose for its own ends to retain the police prefect.

He is to-day the most unaccountable and the most powerful man in France. His functions are highly varied. He controls not only the ordinary police that patrol the streets and keep order, but also the detectives and officers who constitute the "police judiciaire," and who work up criminal cases. Besides these, he is master of the political police,— the government's secret agents,— and he has in his hands a secret-service fund to spend unaccountably except as regards his immediate superior, the Minister of the Interior. His department covers the maintenance of order everywhere in streets and public places, the punishment of misdemeanors, the inspection of weights and measures, the organization of important life-saving and sanitary services, authority to permit or to forbid public spectacles, licenses of numerous sorts,— such as omnibuses and cabs and river steamers,— the regulation of certain trades and callings, and, in general, the control of a great number of services that affect the security of life and property, the public health, and the convenience of a great community.

In all this varied array of business the prefect of police has practically nobody to please but himself. His budget goes to the municipal council, and it is obligatory upon that body to

[1] M. Richard died suddenly in January, just after the references above were written.

allow it and to appropriate the funds demanded. He is accountable nowhere for the expenditure of the vast sum that he draws from the municipal treasury every year. Thus his function seems to be one of darkness and mystery. He was a fit creation of such rulers as the Napoleons, but he has no proper place in a republican form of government. Engaged as he must be in the secret service of politics, he is not the suitable person to administer the ordinary police government of a great city. It would certainly seem feasible and reasonable that the central authorities, retaining the control of the "police judiciaire" and of such other police agents for the general service of the state as might be deemed desirable, should confer upon the people of the city, to be exercised by their responsible elective servants, the ordinary municipal police authority.

But it would be a great mistake to jump at the conclusion that the existing police administration is not orderly and efficient. The real protection that the people have against the theoretical absolutism of the prefect of police lies in the magnificent organization of the great machine that the prefect superintends. Every one of the numerous bureaus is manned with permanent officials, who have entered the service upon examination and who are promoted for merit. The ten or twelve thousand officials who are upon the pay-rolls of the prefecture of police constitute a body of men who are as methodically organized as an army; and nothing could be much farther from the truth than to assume that the excessive power vested in the prefect means looseness or corruption in the ordinary administration of the police system.

"THE BEST-LIGHTED CITY IN THE WORLD."

LIKE American cities, and in this respect wholly unlike those of England and Germany, French cities have been in the past, and still are, wholly disposed to leave the manufacture and sale of illuminants to private companies. But the resemblance between French and American cities as regards their management of this important service ends abruptly with the simple fact that they have chosen to employ private instead of public initiative. Municipal Paris has always fully protected public and private interests in its dealing with lighting companies. Even yet American cities have not thoroughly learned the simple lesson that there can be no real competition between gas companies in the same area, and that it is the height of foolish stupidity to attempt to regulate by competition a business that is monopolistic in its very nature. Paris, forty or fifty years ago, in the experimental period of public gas-lighting, had seven or eight different gas companies. But each was restricted to its own district; each was chartered upon terms that gave the city authorities large control; each furnished its quota of gas for street lights and public buildings at a price fixed by charter contract and approximating actual cost of manufacture; each paid a moderate street rental for the privilege of laying pipes under the sidewalks; each submitted to a scale of prices for private consumers, arranged by agreement with the city upon the basis of reports made by commissions composed of scientific authorities and experts; each submitted to a daily official examination of the quality of its gas and to penalties for failure to reach the standard, and each laid its pipes in its respective territory under strict regulations respecting injury to the pavement and the disturbance of traffic. All these matters involved very much discussion and no small difference of opinion, but all were from time to time adjusted in an equitable and enlightened way. I might easily write a small book upon the history of the Paris gas-supply; but simply to have known and appreciated the main facts in that history, accessible as they have been, might have saved our American municipalities many millions of dollars in the aggregate. But our municipalities have contemptuously refused to learn anything from foreign experience.

The six companies which for some years had been engaged in the distribution of gas to Paris were fused into one great company in 1855. Some of our American cities have in recent years been well-nigh convulsed with excitement and indignation because their local gas companies had been consolidated or brought under a unitary management. And yet it ought to be perfectly obvious that a consolidated-gas supply can be more economically produced and sold. The fusion of the Paris companies in 1855 was effected only after several years of negotiations between the companies and the government, and it rested upon a basis carefully prescribed. The results were highly beneficial to all parties concerned. In 1861 a fusion was accomplished between the Parisian gas company and the smaller companies that had supplied the suburban districts, Paris having meanwhile annexed the outer belt of arrondissements and given the city its present area, with the engirdling fortifications as the municipal limits.

In 1870 the charter of the gas company was renewed and revised, and was placed upon a basis that still exists, and that will hold good until 1910. The contract might have been studied with great advantage in this country; and even now, after the lapse of twenty years, it is a more

enlightened and satisfactory arrangement than any that has been made by large American cities. The capitalization of the company was fixed at 84,000,000 francs. The quality of the gas and the method of testing are prescribed. Pipes must be laid each year wherever the public authorities determine, and their removal, alteration, replacement, etc. are all subject to the order of the authorities at the expense of the gas company. There must be two lines of piping along each street that is fourteen meters or more in width, and along each street that is paved with asphalt, no matter how narrow. It is arranged that the company shall pay the city 200,000 francs each year for the right to lay its pipes under the sidewalks. In lieu of an octroi tax upon the coal consumed in making gas, the city receives .02 francs for every cubic meter of gas consumed in Paris. The price of gas per cubic meter to private consumers is fixed by agreement, and the price to the city for public purposes is fixed at about half that which private consumers pay. The company is allowed, after paying fixed charges and placing a certain lawful sum in its reserve fund, to devote 11,200,000 francs of net profits to paying dividends and interest upon its 84,000,000 francs of capital stock. All surplus dividends must be equally divided between the company and the municipal treasury.

The financial aspects of this charter can be briefly summed up. The company must furnish gas to individuals at a price not exceeding a fixed maximum. It must supply gas for public uses at what is practically the cost of manufacture. It must pay the city 200,000 (ultimately 250,000) francs a year for the right to pipe the streets. It must pay a tax of .02 francs on each cubic meter of gas supplied to Paris. Finally, it must not "water" its stock, but must keep its capitalization at 84,000,000 francs, and after paying 13⅓ per cent. out of net profits as dividends to the shareholders it must divide the surplus profits with the city. Finally, at the expiration of the charter, all rights revert to the city, which becomes also the owner of all the subways, piping, etc. that pertain to the plant. The city's share in the profits has steadily increased until the receipts from the gas company have become a large item of revenue. In 1870 about 5,000,000 francs were received from the company. For the year 1875 the amount exceeded 8,000,000 francs. In 1880, 12,400,000 francs were received, and in 1882 more than 15,000,000. For several years past the annual payment of the gas company to the city has been approximately 20,000,000 francs. As compared with American cities, this large sum is clear profit; for we do not in this country ordinarily obtain any public revenue from gas companies. On the other hand, moreover, it is to be noted that Paris enjoys the further advantage of obtaining gas for public lighting at rates approximating the lowest actual cost of manufacture. Most American cities would congratulate themselves that they had made an extraordinary bargain if, in return for the privileges they accord to the gas companies, they should have the streets and public buildings lighted at cost. But Paris obtains that concession, and 20,000,000 francs a year in addition to it. Inasmuch as street lamps and various public establishments consume nearly one-fifth of the total supply of gas in Paris, it is obvious that there is very substantial advantage in obtaining the public supply at cost. I would suggest that American municipal authorities might profitably take to heart the fact that in the past ten years the Paris gas company has paid into the city treasury 200,000,000 francs, or $40,000,000.

The inspection of gas manufacture, the testing of the quality of gas, the supervision of gas fittings in all kinds of buildings, and the management of the public lighting, belong to one of the bureaus of the department of public works, and come under general charge of an engineer-in-chief, who has under him a staff of nearly one hundred ordinary and assistant engineers. It is needless to say that this, like all other bureaus of the executive municipal government, is a model of efficiency. Paris, under its intelligent operations, has been, and remains, the most beautifully illumined of all large cities. Every detail of the service is brought under strict regulation, and there is the least possible ground for complaint against the gas company as a private monopoly. The question naturally arises whether the Paris plan is a wiser one than that of many great cities elsewhere in Europe which have assumed the gas manufacture as a public monopoly. Frenchmen decidedly prefer their own system. But I am inclined to the opinion that the largest possible use of gas, like that of water, is to be obtained under a system of public ownership, and that this large use is so eminently desirable in a city as to justify direct municipal administration. That the poor people of Paris could be provided with gas, both for light and for fuel, at a lower rate than they are now obliged to pay, if the municipal government were to supersede the existing company, seems to me to be indisputable. However, the present system is so good that there is comparatively little reason to desire a radical change.

But, satisfactory as are these arrangements, Paris is now on the eve of a revolution in her lighting system. Gas-lighting was first introduced in England, but Paris followed in good time and with a splendor unequaled elsewhere. In like manner America, Germany, and some

other countries have been earlier in the use of electric-lighting; but the Parisians, with their superior taste and skill in all matters of municipal arrangements and appointments, are destined to make by far the most brilliant use of the new illuminant. Within one year, or within two years at the farthest, it is confidently claimed that Paris will be incomparably the best-lighted city in the world and that electricity will have superseded gas in public use. In 1878, at the time of the universal exposition, the municipal government ordered the experimental illumination of the Avenue de l'Opera and several open spaces with electricity; but the new system was not ripe for large use, and the experiment was soon abandoned. Its principal effect was the stimulus it gave to the gas company, which invented and put into use certain large compound burners using 1400 liters per hour, and giving a most brilliant light. The great electrical improvements of the past decade were exhibited in the French exposition of 1889, and were studied with the utmost care by the Parisian authorities and municipal engineers. Undoubtedly the displays at the exposition had the most pronounced effect in stimulating the new zeal Paris is showing for the appliances of the electric age.

The manner in which Paris is now proceeding to introduce electricity in every portion of the municipal area is of the utmost importance to all other cities that have to do with similar problems. There has been no undue haste. On the contrary, the subject has been treated in a patient, scientific, systematic way. To begin with, the municipality has spent 2,000,000 francs or more in making a central electrical installation of its own in the basement of "Les Halles Centrales," the great central market of Paris. This plant is conveniently situated for the illumination of a number of public buildings and establishments, and it can be enlarged indefinitely. But it has never been intended to use this or any other municipal installation for the general work of lighting the city. It is for experimental purposes, and also for the purpose of acting as a regulator of charges. It enables the municipality to command the situation, and gives it a corps of men who understand the practical details of an electrical establishment. For the purposes of general illumination the city has been divided into seven "secteurs electriques." Paris is approximately a circle; and the secteurs are segments, the dividing lines of which radiate from the vicinity of the Halles as a center and extend to the circumference. Each of these secteurs has been granted exclusively for a short term of years to a responsible electric company. Thus Edison has been accorded one, the great Paris contractor, Victor Popp (using the Thomson-Houston system), has two, and the others are conceded respectively to the Messrs. Rothschild, the Société Alsacienne, the Ferranti Company of London, and Naze & Co. (representing the Westinghouse system). Several of the secteurs were granted in the latter part of 1890, completing the distribution. As one of the conditions, it has been required that the companies proceed at once to make their installations and that within two years their districts shall be completely served with main cables. Thus, before the end of 1892, such provision will have been made that, if desired, every street in Paris, as well as every house, can be illumined with electricity. It is required that the companies shall supply street-lighting upon terms that are as favorable as possible,— at cost or even less,— and a maximum rate of charge to private users is prescribed. Each company has been required to give a guaranty fund of several hundred thousand francs to insure the fulfilment of all the conditions imposed in the concession. No payment has been required for the charters, the terms being short, and permanent arrangements being deferred until use can be made of the results of five or ten years' experience. Meanwhile the city has its own central plant, and it is not debarred from laying its cables into any or all of the secteurs, with a view to regulating prices by competition. Thus Paris is on the point of being more completely supplied with electric-lighting facilities than any other large city in the world.

It should be noted that the question how to dispose of wires,— a question that makes so vast and so continually recurring an agitation in all American cities,— never comes up at all in Paris, and is seldom mentioned in any European city. There are absolutely no obstructive wires in Paris. The government has purchased the telephone as well as the telegraph system, and all the wires for these services are placed in the subways or sewers. The wires of the electric companies are buried under the sidewalks. Armored cables are laid in simple conduits, or even in the bare soil, without the slightest difficulty from any point of view. In crossing streets it is forbidden to break the paving, and underground connection is made from the manholes of the sewers. The whole city of Paris will have been laid with a network of electric-lighting cables a few months hence, and traffic on the sidewalks and in the streets will have suffered a minimum of obstruction, while no injury whatsoever will have been done to pavements. All these minor questions of practical municipal engineering that we in our cities are attacking in a fumbling, rude, original way, heedless even of the experience of our nearest neighbors, while densely and contentedly ignorant of the expe-

rience of foreign cities, have been thoroughly solved in Europe. Instead of leading the van, we are from ten to fifteen years behind Europe in all these matters. Even in our own field of electrical methods, as a prominent American electrician assured me in Paris last December, we are now five years behind the Continent. He declared that the difficulties our American corporations still complain about, when asked to bury their telegraph, telephone, and lighting wires, were all met and vanquished in Europe several years ago, and that our fellow countrymen insist upon remaining in a state of invincible ignorance rather than learn anything from the technical and scientific achievements of Europe. But perhaps he stated the case too strongly. Doubtless we shall in time learn to be ashamed when we come to a realizing sense of the fact that the one city of Paris has at its command a larger and more brilliant array of engineering and architectural talent than all the important cities of the United States taken together can show, and that many a small European town is better supplied in this respect than many a large American city.

POPULATION, HOUSING, AND TRANSIT PROBLEMS.

UNQUESTIONABLY the immediate problem *par excellence* of all great cities is the transit problem. Possibly some municipal economist of experience and repute may reply that the proper housing of the people is a more imminent problem. But in point of fact the two go hand in hand; and it is my profound conviction that more can be done to relieve the congestion of overcrowded urban districts by improved facilities for cheap and rapid transit than by direct treatment of the housing question, although I do not for a moment deny the imperative necessity of a clearing out of insanitary tenement property and a police regulation of house occupancy. It is but just to acknowledge that American cities have led the world in the development of the means of cheap public transit, and that one of the most important consequences has been the distribution of our urban populations over comparatively large areas, with the great advantage to health and morals of abundant air and light. Speaking in general, American cities cover several times as large an area for a given population as do European cities, and convey several times as great a number of people annually in street cars and suburban trains. European cities have a traditional compactness that has given direction even to their more recent growth and construction, and it is obvious that the more compact is the population the less business there is likely to be for transit systems.

Before giving an account of the transit arrangements of Paris it may be well to make some observations upon the growth and distribution of the population that is to be transported. Paris has from time to time made a number of concentric accretions. Its street and boulevard system and the division lines of the arrondissements, as indicated upon a map of the city, show some of its more important successive lines of cincture. Originally the "Ile de la Cité" in the Seine was the sum total of the municipality. Through the centuries it has annexed widening zones of territory. Henry IV. increased its area to 567 hectares (a hectare contains 2.4711 acres); under Louis XIV. it grew to 1103 hectares; Louis XV. revised the limits and made them include 1337 hectares, and finally, just before the Revolution, a hundred years ago, Louis XVI. more than doubled the area, and made it include 3370 hectares. The Paris of the Bourbons was nearly round, and was almost equally divided by the river one way and by the boulevards St. Michel and de Sebastopol at right angles with the river, being encircled by what is now known as the inner line of boulevards, with the Bastile at the extreme east, the Madeleine, Place de la Concorde, and Hôtel des Invalides at the extreme west, and the Mont Parnasse and Port-Royal boulevards marking the southern curve. Louis XVI.'s great annexation included chiefly the districts lying on the north side of the river, between the inner and outer lines of boulevards, an accretion very distinctly indicated on the map. This area remained without change until January 1, 1860. The government had constructed within the preceding two decades the great outer girdle of fortifications, and it was inevitable that this should sooner or later become the boundary line of the city. For more than thirty years, then, the limits have remained as established by the law of 1859. At that time the existing limits of the arrondissements were fixed, the old area being divided into what are known as the ten inner arrondissements, and the annexed districts, or "faubourgs," with adjacent parts of the inner city being divided into the ten outer arrondissements, each one being given a name and a number. At the same time each arrondissement was divided into four quarters, each of which was named.

The Paris of one hundred years ago contained a population of 600,000, the area now comprised in the outer ten arrondissements being rural, with only ten or fifteen thousand people. At the time of the annexation in 1860, as shown by the census of 1861, the inner ten divisions had more than 900,000 people, and the outer ten more than 700,000, a total exceeding 1,600,000. It is extremely interesting to

follow the subsequent development of population. The inner ten divisions actually lost more than 30,000 people in the decade from 1861 to 1871, a period in which great demolitions and street improvements were made; and in the same decade the outer ten divisions gained more than 200,000 people. From 1871 to 1881 the inner ten gained 116,000 while the outer ten gained 300,000. From 1881 to 1886 the inner ten lost 18,000 and the outer ten gained 94,000. The net result of the twenty-five years from 1861 to 1886 was a gain of 64,845 for the inner ten arrondissements and of 611,850 for the outer ten, the one half having 1,010,970 people, and the other 1,330,580, a grand total of 2,344,550. Obviously the inner divisions have reached their maximum inhabitancy, and the census of 1891 will doubtless have shown a slight further decrease. What we may call the old Paris has for fifty years had a population averaging about 1,000,000; and there have been added, up to date, nearly 1,500,000 more people, occupying the new belt of arrondissements inside the fortifications, the Paris of to-day having nearly 2,500,000 inhabitants.

Meanwhile the suburban population outside the fortifications has been growing rapidly. The little communes of the department of the Seine outside of Paris are grouped in the two arrondissements of Saint Denis and Sceaux. Altogether this exterior belt had a population of about 255,000 in 1861, which had grown to 617,000 in 1886, and will doubtless be shown in the present year to have attained a population of fully 725,000.

The existing Paris covers 19,275 acres, or about 30 square miles, while metropolitan London with 4,000,000 population contains 118 square miles, and Chicago, as recently enlarged, provides an area about as extensive for 1,100,000. The average distance from the center of Paris to the circumference is only three miles. Minneapolis, with only 165,000 people, has a municipal area more than twice as large as that of Paris. Almost the entire population of Paris is housed in the flats of tenement structures averaging from four to five stories in height. According to the revised figures of the census of 1886 there were nearly 75,000 houses in Paris, and the average number of people in a house was about 30. In the old arrondissements of the inner Paris there are probably about 30,000 houses, accommodating about 1,000,000 people. For a total contrast in the plan of house-construction we have only to cross the channel and to examine London, where we find an average of about eight persons to a house for the whole metropolis. But the people of Paris are better housed, all things considered, than those of London. A population of 2,500,000 within a circle whose radius is only three miles is certainly very dense, but it must be remembered that Paris is a many-storied city.

All these considerations bear most vitally upon the question of transit. The people of inner Paris have not, as a rule, far to be transported from their work. They live on the *étages* above their shops and business places. Instead of taking street cars or omnibuses to go home, they simply walk up-stairs. And the same thing is true of the major part of the population of the outer arrondissements. Every quarter of the city is at once a business quarter and a residence quarter. Nevertheless, as the city grows in its outer districts, and as population rapidly increases in the suburbs beyond the gates, there is a vastly enhanced regular daily movement to and from the central portions where the principal business operations are massed. Thus the transit question assumes constantly increasing importance in Paris, as in the other large cities of the world.

There are two kinds of municipal transit that must be recognized, just as there are two kinds of streets in the great European cities. These cities have (1) their network of minor streets, and (2) their system of great thoroughfares and boulevards pertaining to the metropolis as a whole. Similarly, they have their systems of merely local street transit, by cabs, street railways, and omnibuses, and their more rapid system of what may be called metropolitan transit. It is this latter system that great cities are now earnestly discussing. In London it takes the form of the underground railway connecting the great passenger stations, and of innumerable suburban trains on all the railway lines. In New York and Brooklyn it has its beginning in the elevated railway system, and it is to have great extensions in the early future. In Boston it is the topic of the day. In our western cities surface, cable, and electric lines are made to answer temporarily the double purpose of local and metropolitan lines. The Berlin system I shall describe in another paper. But Paris, thus far, has developed no metropolitan system at all except the belt line, the "Chemin de Fer de Ceinture." The density of its population and the prevalence of high houses, as I have shown, sufficiently explain the tardiness of this great capital in such matters. The merely local system of transit, by cabs, omnibuses, and tram-cars, has had a steady development in Paris, however, and for a number of years the public authorities and skilled engineers have been anticipating the necessity of a metropolitan rapid transit system and have given the subject a vast amount of study and discussion. The consequence is that an important beginning is about to be made, and

after an account of the existing transit arrangements I shall explain the new proposals.

All kinds of passenger transportation in Paris have always been strictly supervised by the authorities. The omnibus system of the metropolis became important about sixty years ago. In 1854, by arrangement with the administration, fifteen existing omnibus lines became absorbed in the "Compagnie Générale des Omnibus," to which an exclusive franchise was given for thirty years upon condition of large annual payments to the city — a franchise that was renewed after the enlargement of the city in 1860, and was then extended to the year 1910. Under the plan of 1854 the company was required to pay the city 640,000 francs a year, with additional sums for each vehicle exceeding 350. By the arrangement of 1860, which is still in force, the company agreed to pay 1,000,000 francs a year, and to pay in addition for every omnibus used beyond the number of 500 an annual fee of 1000 francs until 1871, to be increased to 1500 francs from 1871 to 1886, and thereafter to be fixed at 2000 francs. Thus the present payment is 2000 francs each for every omnibus in use, and the number actually in use in 1889 was 639. After 1873, street railways came into considerable use, and those of inner Paris were constructed and operated by the Compagnie Générale des Omnibus as an added part of its business, its street railway franchises also extending to the year 1910. The company pays into the city treasury 1500 francs per year for each tram-car on its lines, and in 1889 there were 300 in operation. There are also two other street-railway companies operating in the newer and suburban parts of Paris, one system being on the north side and the other on the south; the southern system paying the city 1500 francs a year for each car and the northern system paying 750 francs per car.

The omnibuses and street cars of Paris are very large, ponderous, and slow, but they are operated upon the most methodical system in the world. The routes are precisely defined, and along each route is a series of neat stations built upon the sidewalk. Everything pertaining to the size and construction of the cars and busses and of the station-houses; to the style of rails and placing of tracks; to the arrangement, change, and addition of routes; to the prices charged and the transfers given; and to almost every other imaginable detail affecting the business, is prescribed by the public authorities. Upon the principle employed in dealing with the gas company as a chartered monopoly, the city has a right, after dividends and all public charges and private expenses are paid, to one-half of the surplus profits of the "Compagnie des Omnibus et des Tramways"; but thus far little has been realized from residuary profits. The Compagnie Générale transported in its omnibuses in 1889 more than 121,000,000 passengers and in its tram-cars more than 80,000,000. Its business had grown from 108,754,560 passengers in 1872 to 201,945,280 in 1889. The other two tramway companies transported some 25,000,000 passengers each in 1889, making a grand total for Paris of 121,000,000 passengers carried by omnibus and 130,000,000 carried by street railway. These are not large figures when compared with corresponding ones for American cities; but it is worth while to remind American readers that the Parisian transit companies pay more than 2,000,000 francs a year to the city treasury as a rental for the privileges they enjoy on the streets.

Nearly all the cabs and public carriages of Paris belong to one great company,— the "Compagnie Générale des Voitures de Paris," which has about 8000 vehicles in use. For the use of the public cab-stands, and their license to do business, each carriage must pay an annual license fee of 365 francs — a franc per diem. In 1855, following the Compagnie Générale des Omnibus and the fusion of the gas companies, monopolies being the fashion, special privileges were accorded to a great cab company that was formed to absorb numerous small proprietorships; and in 1862 this company obtained an exclusive franchise for the use of cabs and public carriages throughout the enlarged municipality, upon the basis of a payment to the city of one franc per day for each vehicle and of a division with the city of the surplus profits, as in the case of the gas and omnibus companies, the patrons being protected by a fixed scale of charges and a minute code of regulations. But this monopoly was not deemed advantageous, and the exclusive privilege was revoked in 1866. To the surprise and indignation of the city government, the cab company obtained a judicial award of damages to the amount of 300,000 francs per year for each of the remaining 47 years of the original 50-year grant. That excessive award has of course given the company an advantage over all competitors, and it has steadily grown. Since 1866 the cab business has been free to all applicants, subject to the laws regulating the details of the service, and the fee has remained at 365 francs a year. There are probably about 10,000 public carriages in Paris, of which four-fifths belong to the general company. The annual receipts of the city from cab licenses exceed 3,600,000 francs; and the total receipts under the head of "voitures publiques" exceed 5,600,000 francs. In the past ten years, therefore, Paris has received between 50,000,000

and 60,000,000 francs as rentals from companies and individuals using the streets for passenger transportation. Undoubtedly for a number of years past the city council has not been especially friendly to the great monopoly companies of Paris, and it would be more than willing to have them superseded by a system of direct municipal operation. But conservative public opinion prefers the existing arrangements, and assuredly they are not seriously disadvantageous. What is especially needed in transportation facilities is a very great extension of the street railways and omnibus lines, with the introduction of small, frequent, and rapid vehicles, and a modification of the system of licenses that puts a penalty upon an increase in the number of tram-cars and omnibuses.

But in addition to these facilities for local transit, Paris needs a metropolitan system. I have referred to the belt railway. It follows the perimeter of the city just inside the fortifications. It is primarily a line for the connection of the great railways entering Paris. Only one of these roads has its passenger station conveniently near the center of the city, and the transfer of goods and passengers has been extremely inconvenient. The girdle line also serves, however, for a considerable amount of ordinary local transportation of passengers, and may be deemed part of a system of metropolitan rapid transit. For the completion of such a system several elaborate plans have at different times been worked out under the auspices of government and municipal engineers. Some have been plans for underground and others for elevated lines. But all have involved great expenditures and heavy subsidies or guaranties. Now, however, one of the great railway companies, the "Compagnie du Nord," and a well-known engineering and contracting firm, that of the famous M. Eiffel, have come forward with a joint plan requiring no public contributions or guaranties, and asking simply the right to proceed. The Compagnie du Nord proposes to build underground lines connecting its central station and the girdle line with the Halles Centrales on the one hand and with the Madeleine Quarter on the other; and M. Eiffel proposes, in continuation, to construct an inner circle of underground lines that shall follow in general the grand boulevards and shall pass under the Seine. The lines will be below the sewers and conduits, will be operated by electricity, brightly lighted, of course, with electric lights, and reached from the frequent stations on the streets by large passenger elevators. It is altogether probable, at the moment when this sketch is written, that the proposals will be adopted and the work taken in hand soon. The total cost is estimated at somewhat more than 100,000,000 francs. The system thus begun can at any time be extended. The underground electric road is, in my judgment, to be the permanent rapid-transit system of the world's greatest cities; and Paris seems now to be destined to resume her place in the forefront of progressive municipalities by securing the *Nord-Eiffel réseau* of underground lines. The fact that the abolition of the fortifications is now seriously contemplated, and that Paris is sure to expand rapidly in all the suburban directions, adds much to the timeliness of these new transportation projects.

WATER SUPPLY AND DRAINAGE.

Two kindred functions of the modern city that are now deemed primary and vital are the supply of water and the provision of drainage facilities. In a general way it may be said that the amount of pure water that is daily distributed to the people of a great city, and that is safely drained off with its accumulation of impurities, measures the progress of material civilization. In the first decade of this century the average daily water supply of Paris was 14 liters per inhabitant. At present there are important works in progress, begun in 1890, that will bring the supply up to 250 liters per head of population. Until 1855 the supply was decidedly insufficient; but at that time great projects for improving it were set on foot. It was then determined to make use of a double system of pipes, so that pure water for domestic purposes could be supplied to houses, and common river water, unfit for drinking and household uses, could be supplied for street sprinkling, for sewer-flushing, and for other purposes. It was also decided that the pipes should, wherever possible, be placed in the sewers, and that new aqueducts and reservoirs should be constructed to bring the supply up to an average of 200 liters per day. These projects were in part carried out; but the annexation of the suburbs in 1860 made important changes in the program. By this extension of the municipal limits 500,000 persons were brought into the city who were being supplied with a wretched quality of water in painfully insufficient quantities at exorbitant prices by a private monopoly, the "Compagnie Générale des Eaux." The city of Paris had always dealt directly with the users of water, and the question arose how to solve the problem of the suburban supply. It was finally decided that the city should own and control the entire plant and supply, and should in every way regulate the water system; but that it should charter the Compagnie Générale to conduct the business of dealing with householders and private users throughout Paris,

accounting from week to week to the city treasury. The company was allowed to earn a dividend upon 20,000,000 francs ($4,000,000), and all profits accruing above such dividend were to be divided between the city and the company. The municipality is in absolute control of the entire supply, public and private, and the water company is simply the city's agent for collecting rentals, making house connections, and transacting all business with private users. Meanwhile the company has nothing whatever to do with the second set of main pipes that carry water for street and public uses. As income from its share in the surplus profits of the business transacted by the company the city receives more than 12,000,000 francs a year. The company's charter will expire at the end of the year 1910, after which its services will doubtless be found superfluous. Meanwhile the arrangement works very well, and the whole management of the water question in Paris, whether from the administrative or the engineering standpoint, is in most favorable contrast with that of metropolitan London. The sources of supply are various springs and streams in the Seine valley within a hundred miles of Paris, as well as the Seine itself; and the system of canals, aqueducts, pumping-stations, reservoirs, filtration works, and other engineering appliances for collecting and distributing 500,000 cubic meters or more of water each day is extremely elaborate, and in most respects very scientific and admirable. There will have been spent between 1856 and 1892 upon the construction of water-works by the municipality of Paris a sum reaching nearly or quite 200,000,000 francs.

The development of the famous sewer system of Paris has been most intimately associated with that of the water supply. No city in the world possessed forty years ago what would to-day be called a tolerably respectable or complete system of underground drains. It was not until 1830 that the sewers of Paris began to have any considerable extension; and only in 1856, the date of so many of the huge reforms of Paris, did the present system, along with the enlargement of the water supply, have its beginning. It was in that year that M. Belgrand, *Directeur des Eaux et Égouts* (Director of Water Supply and Sewers), laid out the existing system of main sewer tunnels, or "collecteurs," as the French well call them. Of the collecteurs of the first class there are three: one on the right bank of the Seine, which is nine kilometers long and empties into the river at the Asnières bridge; one on the left bank, which is a little longer, and which passes under the Seine at the Pont de l'Alma, and joins the first collecteur at Clichy; and a third, which begins in north Paris at the Cemetery Père-Lachaise, follows the outer boulevards, and empties into the Seine at St. Denis. It is nearly twelve kilometers long. Besides these three great ones, there are several secondary collecteurs. As for the regular street sewers, it is the Paris principle that every street, however narrow, must have at least one sewer, and that every street of twenty meters or greater width must have two, one running under each sidewalk. The collecteurs and the principal street sewers are of enormous size, and accommodate large boats and wagons specially constructed. With reference to drainage, the Paris streets are divided into two categories, those of the "grande circulation" and those of the "petite circulation." The former, of course, have much the larger sewers. The average size in the ordinary streets is a sewer of elliptical shape about seven feet high and five feet wide. Small as is the area of Paris, it has not far from six hundred miles of good sewers, in all of which tall men can stand erect. These capacious tunnels have been costly, but Paris is finding them an excellent investment. All the water-pipes of the double water system are carried in the sewers and are easily cared for, replaced, or mended. The government is now the proprietor of telephone as well as telegraph lines, and the Paris municipality has various electric wires of its own; and all are readily accommodated in the sewers. Pneumatic tubes, for one purpose or another, are also distributed in these convenient subways.

Although carrying off all surface water, and a large amount of liquid refuse from houses and various establishments, the Paris sewer system was not originally constructed to receive solid waste. Under each house is a water-tight "vidange" or cesspool, constructed with strict reference to sanitary conditions, which is periodically emptied, under a scavenger system carefully regulated by law. But what the French people call the system of *tout à l'égout* (everything into the sewer), which prevails in the English and American cities, is being gradually introduced. The main difficulty to be met is the lack of sufficient fall in the sewers. Means are, however, being found to overcome all obstacles; and the highly objectionable system of cesspools will in the early future be totally abolished.

Paris, like all other great cities, has been much concerned with the question how to dispose of sewage. At present most of the outflow of the collecteurs pours into the Seine, to its serious pollution. But some years ago the municipality purchased several thousands of acres of land in the plain of Gennevilliers, a few miles down the river, and began the experiment of a sewage farm. The project has been an unqualified success. An extension from the Père-Lachaise-St. Denis collecteur carries a

large quantity of sewage to the farm, where it is used by irrigation as a fertilizer, with the best of results in every way. At present one-fifth or more of the total sewage effluent of Paris is used on the land at Gennevilliers; and in due time the whole quantity can be diverted from the river to this and other tracts of land which have been selected as suitable for the purpose.

WHAT PARIS DOES FOR ITS CITIZENS, AND WHAT IT ALL COSTS.

As the most highly organized of modern communities, a detailed study of Paris in all its municipal activities would easily fill a thousand pages. I can only hope to present the general characteristics and aims of the Parisian system, with a few salient facts and statistics. Paris, within its present limits, covers thirty square miles, ten of which are occupied by streets, waterways, and parks. Two and a half million people dwell upon the remaining twenty square miles. They live in a remarkable condition of order and apparent thrift and comfort. But, of necessity, their existence under such circumstances requires an exceptional development of social organization. In French parlance and law Paris is a "commune"; and, in fact, the Parisians are a community. An intelligent study of the municipal budget shows in the briefest possible way how much they have in common. It requires an ordinary expenditure of from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 francs every year to defray the expenses of the city government—$25 for each man, woman, and child. This sum is more than twice as great as the average corresponding figure for the other great cities of Europe, such as Berlin and Vienna. The great public improvements and transformations of Paris have imposed a debt upon the municipality of nearly $400,000,000, upon which the annual interest charge is about $20,000,000. This is a vastly greater debt than any other city carries; but it is steadily shrinking under a system of terminable annuities by which the yearly interest payments gradually extinguish the principal. Assuming the annual cost of the city government per inhabitant to be 125 francs, it may be instructive to show where the money is expended. Twelve francs go to the maintenance of the police department with all its various services; three are paid for the cleansing and sprinkling of the streets; three and a half are paid for public lighting; half a franc goes for protection against fire; ten francs are expended for the maintenance of the schools; ten more go for the support of hospitals and the relief of the poor; from eight to ten are spent in maintaining the ways of communication; a sum that varies greatly from year to year, but which we may assume to call five francs, is paid out on new construction of streets and means of communication; and forty francs are required to meet interest and other payments on account of the municipal debt. The expenses of the general offices and city council, with a large salary list, and of various minor departments and services that need not be specified, easily account for the remainder of the 125 francs.

Most of these items seem enormous when compared with corresponding figures for other European cities. But it does not follow that taxation is ruining the Parisian people, or that the heavy municipal expenditures are a hardship. Thus the cost of maintaining, cleaning, and sprinkling the public highways is vastly greater per capita than that of almost any other European community; but the work is done in the most thorough and scientific manner, and the money is honestly and skilfully applied. The Parisians live in such a way that clean, smooth streets are from every point of view a wise investment. Health and private property alike require freedom from dust.

Public lighting is so generous in amount that it is of necessity expensive, but it would be easy to demonstrate the soundness of such an investment in Paris. The paving of streets is as perfect as possible, regardless of expense, and is in the hands of the most expert government engineers. Such paving for Paris, if not for other cities, is a measure of true economy.

The expense of public education in Paris will not be seriously criticised in any quarter. Probably no other city in the world secures equally advantageous results from the outlay upon schools. Under the compulsory education act the attendance of children in elementary schools has actually been made almost universal. But Paris does not stop with elementary education in reading, writing, and numbers. It maintains a marvelous system of industrial and trade schools for both sexes, in which almost everything that pertains to the production and traffic of Paris is taught and encouraged. American and English visitors at the exposition of 1889 will remember the remarkable display of the Paris industrial schools, especially in lines of decorative manufacture and art. It is in these schools that Parisian dressmakers, milliners, artificial-flower makers, furniture designers, house decorators, skilled workers in metals, and handicraftsmen in scores of lines of industry are educated to do the things that keep Paris prosperous and rich. It is public money wisely spent that maintains such an educational system. I need not refer to the higher schools of science, of classics and literature, of engineering, and of fine art. All the flowers of civilization are encouraged by the Paris mu-

nicipality. The yearly expenditure of a moderate but regular sum for the promotion of fine arts, by means of the purchase, under a competitive system, of designs for public statues, of pictures and mural designs for schools and various public buildings, and of other artistic works, not only educates the popular taste and adds to the adornment and beauty of the city but helps to keep Paris the art center of the world, and thus to maintain what, from the economic point of view, is one of the chief and most profitable industries of Paris. The mercantile schools that train so many thousands of women as well as men in bookkeeping and penmanship are also an admirable investment.

The city's care for its poorer population, as shown in the famous Mont de Piété and in the great system of savings banks, as well as in the various kinds of hospitals and retreats, seems fully justified by the facts of Paris life. The Mont de Piété, now venerable, but thoroughly active, has been imitated in various other European cities. It is a great public pawnshop with several central establishments and with twenty or thirty branches in the different parts of Paris. It receives money on deposit from the thrifty savers, and it loans on chattel security at fair rates to everybody who needs to borrow in that way. Undoubtedly it has saved hundreds of millions of francs for the poor of Paris. It handles in a year some 4,000,000 pieces of property, and does a business exceeding 100,000,000 francs. On any given day its books would show nearly 2,000,000 articles loaned upon, and nearly 50,000,000 francs outstanding in the hands of borrowers. It is successful in the highest degree. The municipal savings bank is another great establishment that represents the thrifty side, just as the Mont de Piété suggests the unfortunate side, of the life of the common people of Paris. The savings bank receives no money except from Parisians, and on the 1st of January, 1890, its actual depositors numbered 582,043, to whom was due the sum of 139,804,413 francs. The number of patrons increases steadily each year. In addition it should be said that the Paris offices of the national postal-savings-bank system have a still larger number of depositors, although they receive a smaller aggregate sum of money. In the two systems there are not far from a million individual accounts running, with deposits probably reaching 240,000,000 francs. The savings bank of Paris has a branch in each one of the twenty arrondissements of Paris except the first and second, which are readily accessible to the central establishment.

It has seemed to me well to pass with only general mention the relation of Paris to what the French expressively call "approvisionnement." The great markets belong to the city, and the whole supply of food and drink comes under well-organized official cognizance. Paris was the first great city to abolish all private slaughter-houses and to concentrate the business in well-appointed municipal abattoirs. The municipal laboratory of chemistry is constantly testing foods and drinks, and the sanitary inspection of every kind of food supply is scientific and elaborately organized.

Having given the cost of Paris government, I must not omit in a summary way to explain how the 250,000,000 francs or more a year come into the treasury. More than 140,000,000 francs accrue from the octroi taxes — levied as local customs dues upon foods, wines, fuel, building-materials, and certain other articles brought into the city — and are therefore indirect taxation. Some 35,000,000 francs are obtained by direct forms of taxation, chiefly upon rental values and house occupancy. From 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 francs are gained by the profits of the city's various enterprises such as markets and abattoirs, and from its relations with the gas, water, street-railway, cab, and other profitable monopolies. The rest comes in large part from the national treasury, which pays its considerable proportion towards the cost of police, of paving, and of some other services in which the country as a whole is concerned. The octroi system, which prevails throughout the French towns and cities, tempts a digression. The chief arguments in its favor are its long-time existence, the fact that the people are accustomed to it, and the great practical difficulties that would be encountered in attempting to secure as large a municipal revenue by any other means, the national government having appropriated and applied almost to the limit of endurance nearly all the other usual sources and methods of taxation. In practice the Parisian octroi system is less objectionable than it is in pure theory, and there is no prospect of its abandonment in the early future. The large income that Paris derives as profits from special enterprises is a noteworthy topic. A critical discussion of the Paris budget is not in order in a descriptive article, and I may only say that my earlier unfavorable impressions, due to figures so large in comparison with other European cities as to seem indicative of extravagance, have been in the main removed by more careful study. If Paris spends vast sums in her municipal housekeeping, she has diverse, magnificent, and permanent results to show, and her people are, as I believe, enriched rather than impoverished by their common investments as a municipality.

Albert Shaw.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Nation for a Mortgage.

WE have in previous numbers of THE CENTURY set forth the details of two notable historical efforts to lighten the burdens of the people and to increase their wealth by making money cheap and plenty. In THE CENTURY for April the Land Bank experiment in England in 1696 was considered, and in that for May the Rhode Island Paper Bank experiment of 1786. In the June number we turned aside for a moment from the historical record to consider some of the modern cheap money plans, in order to enforce upon our readers, while the English and the Rhode Island failures were fresh in their minds, the fact that these modern plans sought to repeat in our own times the disastrous experiments of one and two centuries ago. From that list of modern plans we purposely omitted one which may be said to have been the inspiring cause of nearly all those which we named. We refer to the Land Loan scheme of Senator Stanford of California. This in brief is, that the Government shall lend an unlimited amount of money for twenty years at two per cent. interest on land pledged as security at half its value; that the value of the land shall be fixed by appraisers appointed by a land loan bureau in every county in which a loan is applied for, their services to be paid by the mortgagees; that there shall be no limit to the amount of the money issued as loans, except the needs of landowners, and their ability to pledge the land; and that the bills so issued shall be receivable for all taxes and all debts.

This is in substance the Rhode Island experiment over again, but lest some one shall say that that experiment was made in a State only, and not in a nation, and hence had not the wealth of the whole country to guarantee its success, we shall not rely upon it as constituting a complete demonstration of the fallacy of Mr. Stanford's ideas. What was attempted in Rhode Island in 1786 was merely an imitation, on a small scale, of what was done in France in 1718–20 under the inspiration of the notorious adventurer and gambler, John Law. The history of his famous performances constitutes so perfect an answer to the economists of Mr. Stanford's school that we shall make it the subject of the present article in our series.

John Law was the son of an Edinburgh jeweler and money-changer. After a career of gambling, dueling, and reckless adventure in every capital in Europe, he turned his ingenuity to the invention of schemes of finance and banking, and went about from capital to capital seeking acceptance for them. Having had no success anywhere else, he appeared in Paris in 1716, just after the death of Louis XIV., when the regent, the Duke of Orleans, was confronted with a national debt of more than three billions, which made national bankruptcy imminent. He listened earnestly to Law when the latter assured him that the prosperity of a nation depended entirely upon the size of its circulating medium; that Holland with its wretched soil and dangerous shores was the richest country in the world simply because of its immense circulating medium; and that France by doubling its capital would enormously increase its wealth and resources, pay off its debts, and become the richest nation in the world. How could France double its capital? Why, easily enough. All it had to do was to establish a bank on the basis of all the actual property of the State.

A private bank which Law established succeeded very well, its bills being accepted by the Government. It really laid the foundation of credit in France, since it was the first bank of circulation and discount. Its success turned the heads both of Law and the regent. If with a small capital they could by means of credit circulate a volume of notes several times the size of the capital, what might they not do with the whole of France for capital? The private bank was dissolved in 1718, and the Government established the Royal Bank with Law as its director-general. He at once began to put into practice his idea of uniting all the wealth of France into one great mass, and using it as a basis upon which to issue an illimitable volume of notes. "He had conceived the idea," says Blanqui in his "History of Political Economy," "of combining into one common association all the capitalists of France, and putting under their control, as a loan, all the elements of public wealth, from landed property to the uncertain ventures of colonial trade. What could be a finer mortgage than France!"

As a part of his great "Company of the West" he included his famous Mississippi scheme. The Chevalier La Salle, in his travels down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico, had taken possession of all the territory through which it flowed in the name of the French king, calling it, in honor of Louis XIV., Louisiana. Law obtained a concession of this district, gave dazzling accounts of its unlimited mineral and agricultural wealth, and founded a commercial company upon it with a capital of one hundred millions, divided into two hundred thousand shares of five hundred francs each. Other trading companies, the Canadian, Senegal, East Indian, and China were also taken into the bank, and each made a "basis" for the issue of notes. Then one after another the royal mint, the business of collecting the government taxes, and the receipts of the royal income were included. Law's idea was to get all the receipts and all the issues of the nation into the same hands, and then upon this vast basis, this fine mortgage of France, to issue notes at will.

The shares of his company were eagerly bought. He began the issue of paper money guaranteed by the Government, and based upon the value of all national property. "Bills issued on land," he said, "are in effect coined land. Any goods that have the qualities necessary in money may be made money equal to their value. Five ounces of gold is equal in value to £20, and may be made money to that value; an acre of land is equal to £20, and may be made money equal to that value, for it has all the qualities necessary in money."

As a beginning, Law had notes to the amount of one hundred and ten millions of pounds sterling struck off and circulated. They were receivable in taxes, nominally redeemable in coin, and made a legal tender. A great wave of instantaneous prosperity seemed to rush over France. The parliament of Paris, alarmed by the furor which seized the whole people, tried to check it by legislation, but was overborne at once. Law even threatened to abolish it for presuming to stand in his way. This bank lent the king twelve hundred billions of francs to pay off the debt. An eye-witness of the scenes in Paris, writing at the time, says: "All the town is in convulsion over the shares; the capital is thrown into a kind of state fever; we see the debt diminish before our eyes; private fortunes are made out of nothing." From all parts of France men poured into Paris to speculate. The street in which the bank was situated was crammed day and night. The shares rose to forty times their value in specie at the time of their issue. Everybody seemed to be getting richer, nobody poorer. The bank continued to pour forth paper money till its issue reached 3,071,000,000 francs, 833,000,000 more than it was legally authorized to emit. Its issue of shares at the extreme market value when the craze was at its height was twelve billion francs, which had been built up on an original issue of less than two millions.

M. Thiers, in his account of the situation at this time, says: "The variations of fortune were so rapid that stockjobbers, receiving shares to sell, by keeping them one single day had time to make enormous profits. A story is told of one who, charged with selling some shares, did not appear for two days. It was thought the shares were stolen: not at all; he faithfully returned their value, but he had taken time to win a million for himself. This power which capital had of producing so rapidly had brought about a traffic; people lent the funds by the hour, and exacted unprecedented rates of interest. The stockjobbers found, moreover, a way to pay the interest demanded and to reap a profit themselves. One could even gain a million a day." Law himself reaped a colossal fortune in paper, which he turned into land as fast as he could. He bought no less than fourteen titled estates in France, a fact which is cited as evidence that he had faith in his own schemes, for had he been a swindler he would have invested his profits in some other country.

Of course such a condition of affairs could not last. Scarcely had the whole system been made complete before the inevitable collapse began to threaten. People began to sell their shares for land, houses, coin, or anything that had stable value. Prices rose enormously, and gold began to be hoarded. The shares began to fall and the paper money to depreciate. Then Law, like his imitators a half-century later in Rhode Island, began to try to save his paper money from destruction by edicts or forcing acts. It was forbidden to convert the notes into gold or silver, and decreed that they should bear a premium over specie. It was decreed that coin should be used only in small payments, and that only a small amount of it should be kept in the possession of private persons. Any one keeping more than 400 or 500 francs in specie was to be fined 10,000 francs. The wearing of gems and diamonds was prohibited. Nothing made of gold was to weigh over one ounce. Old specie was confiscated, and domiciliary visits were ordered to discover it. Of course these signs of desperation only hastened the end. The shares, which had been fluctuating wildly, began to go down steadily. This was in February, 1720, less than two years after the founding of the bank. When all the violent edicts failed to stop the decline, the Government decreed in May that the value of the shares and notes should be reduced one-half. This was the end. The great bubble collapsed, for credit had been completely destroyed. The bank stopped payment, and the whole nation gave itself over to rage and despair. Law's life was in danger, and that of the regent was threatened. The bank was abolished; its notes were reconverted into the public debt, leaving it as it was when the bank was established; Law's estates were confiscated, and by November of 1720 not a trace of the bank or its various companies remained. Law himself remained in France till the end of the year, when he became a wanderer on the face of the earth, dying at Venice in 1729 almost a pauper. "Of all the industrial values produced under the hot atmosphere of Law's system," says Blanqui, "nothing remained but ruin, desolation, and bankruptcy. Landed property alone had not perished in the tempest."

This is the experiment which Senator Stanford proposes should be repeated in the United States. It is the same experiment which Rhode Island tried with similar results in 1786. It is the same experiment also which the Argentine Republic has been trying within the past five years, and the results which that unhappy country is now reaping from it we shall make the subject of our next article in this series.

The New York of the Future.

THE first formal statement of the proposition to consolidate New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and other adjacent territory into one great city was made over twenty years ago. In 1868 Mr. Andrew H. Green, in an official communication, called attention to the "important subject of bringing the city of New York, and Kings County, a part of Westchester County, and a part of Queens and Richmond, including the various suburbs of the city, within a certain radial distance from the center, under one common municipal government, to be arranged in departments, under a single executive head." In that communication Mr. Green placed the number of people comprehended within the area of the city and its immediate neighborhood at "more than one and a half million, all drawing sustenance from the commerce of New York, and many of them contributing but little to the support of its government." In a very valuable bulletin issued from the Census Bureau at Washington under date of April 17, 1891, entitled "Urban Population in 1890," the Superintendent of the Census, Mr. Robert P. Porter, puts down the number of people living "within a radius of fifteen miles of the city hall on Manhattan Island" as being "considerably in excess of 3,000,000, or two-thirds that of London." His estimate includes, of course, parts of New Jersey, which are excluded from the consolidation scheme; but a fair estimate of the total population within the proposed consolidated limits places it at about 2,750,000. Thus it appears that during the twenty-three years in which the consolidation project has been under discussion the population of the communities concerned has nearly doubled.

It cannot be said that the discussion attracted much attention till within the last few months. In 1890 the State legislature passed a bill creating a commission "to inquire into the expediency of consolidating the various municipalities in the State of New York occupying the several islands in the harbor of New York." This commission organized with Mr. Andrew H. Green as president, but little interest was taken in its proceedings till in April last it sent a report to the legislature, favoring consolidation, defining the limits of the greater city, and recommending the passage of a bill empowering the commission to frame a charter for the city's incorporation, government, and administration, to be submitted to the legislature for approval at some future date. This formal action commanded the attention of the press, with the result of arousing more public interest in the subject than had previously been felt. The passage of the bill by the upper branch of the legislature added to this interest perceptibly, so that it could for the first time since the discussion began be said that the matter had really become a public question.

The one point upon which all commentators are agreed is that the consolidation is inevitable at some time or other. This being the case, the date of the consolidation will be hastened or retarded by the strength or weakness of the arguments which are brought forward in its behalf. It is conceded that all the localities concerned owe their existence to their nearness to New York and draw their sustenance mainly from it. They have been built up by the overflow from the narrow confines of Manhattan Island. Whether union would result in good or evil, to one or all, whether there would be wiser, more intelligent, more economic government in the united city than there has been in the separate municipalities, are questions upon which there is the widest difference of opinion. Probably it would be more accurate to say that there is as yet very little real opinion to be found, for few persons have given any except the most superficial thought to the matter.

The magnitude of the subject is likely to stagger even the most thoughtful examiners. The total land area of the future New York, as defined by the commission, would contain nearly 318 square miles, or over 203,000 acres. The present city contains about 39 square miles, so that the new city would cover more than eight times the space of the old. New York would thus, both in population and area, be larger than any other city in the world with the exception of London. In order that its size may be fully comprehended let us compare it with the leading cities of the world, both as to population and acreage, and also as to number of inhabitants per acre:

	Acres.	*Population.*	*Persons per acre.*
New York (now)	24,760	1,515,301	60
New York (future)	203,000	2,750,000	13
London	441,587	4,764,312	11
Paris	19,200	2,269,023	117
Berlin	15,500	1,315,287	85
Chicago	96,200	1,099,850	11
Philadelphia	83,200	1,046,964	12
St. Louis	40,000	451,770	11
Boston	23,661	448,477	19

It thus appears that New York at present is the most crowded city in the world with the exceptions of Paris and Berlin, and that even if its limits were to be extended as proposed it would still have more persons to each acre than London has at present, with nearly double the population which the enlarged New York would have. If the past ratio of increase in New York be maintained, as there is every reason for believing that it will be, the population of the greater city will reach 10,000,000 by the middle of the twentieth century, or an average of forty-nine persons per acre.

It is not strange that the student of municipal government should find it difficult to form any opinion as to the kind of rule to be expected from a municipality of such colossal proportions. What reason is there for thinking that the union of New York and Brooklyn would result in giving us any better government for the two together than each is able to get separately now? Would union induce the intelligence and morality of the community to take any more active part in political matters than they have taken heretofore? We can make up our minds upon one point, and that is that the activity of the professional politicians would not be diminished. It is urged in favor of consolidation that we should be able to get a better system of wharves and docks, should be able, in fact, to construct a water-front worthy the foremost city of America, if we were to bring all the various municipalities at present owning parts of that water-front together and give them a common interest in its improvement. New York has had the sole interest in the greater part of it for many years, but she has shown little desire to make it worthy of her position as one of the greatest commercial ports of the world. If consolidation would arouse civic pride in her citizens in this or any other direction, it would be an unspeakable blessing.

If, however, there be no assurance of better things in government in the greater New York, it is perhaps equally true that neither is there assurance of worse things. The new territory would, by greatly enlarging the number of voters, make it very difficult for any central political organization like Tammany Hall to maintain control of a majority. The danger of internal dissensions among the political bosses in the various parts of the municipality would be increased as the size of the masses each was expected to control increased, and in such dissensions there is always opportunity for reform movements; but the amount of patronage and the opportunities for jobbery would at the same time be greatly increased, so that the greater possible good is counterbalanced by the greater possible evil. The limits of New York and other American cities have been extended many times within the past few years, but we have yet to hear that the enlargement of area has in a single instance led to a diminution in the evils of misgovernment.

It is, in fact, misleading to expect that consolidation, which is certain to be effected within a few years, will do much to solve the problem of municipal misgovernment, which is becoming more and more every year the most serious problem that confronts American sagacity. The Census Bulletin to which we have referred, gives very striking evidence of the rapidly increasing tendency of our population, in imitation of that in older countries, to congregate in the cities. It shows by the figures of the new census that nearly one-third of the entire population of the country is now living in cities, against about one-fifth in 1870; that while there was only one city which had over a million inhabitants in 1880, there are now three; that while there were only fourteen cities which had over 100,000

inhabitants in 1870, there are now twenty-eight; and that while the total city population has increased nearly sixty per cent. since 1880, the total population of the country has increased only twenty-five per cent. This increase in city population has been accompanied by a steady increase in municipal misrule, if the amount of attention and anxiety devoted by all thoughtful minds to that subject affords satisfactory evidence, and we believe it does. Surely, therefore, this tendency to make not only New York but all our cities larger ought to give all patriotic Americans a fresh and powerful incentive to grapple with the problem of municipal government and to solve it in the only way in which it can be solved; that is, by separating municipal affairs completely from State and national politics, and conducting them, as the citizens of Berlin, Glasgow, Birmingham, and Manchester conduct theirs, upon a thoroughgoing, non-partisan, business basis.

"Journalists and Newsmongers" Again.

A YEAR ago we printed a suggestive array of facts under the title "What 's the News?" which revealed the vast importance in a commercial sense of the expenses and revenues of a great modern newspaper. As the author, keeping within his purpose, had no call to discuss the moral side of the business of gathering and selling news, we thought his paper made a fit occasion for commenting editorially on the distinction which ought to be drawn between "Journalists and Newsmongers."

In effect we described a Journalist to be a responsible editor or publisher who seeks public support for a medium of important news, of trained judgment on public questions, and of unselfish criticism of persons and things that are prejudicial to the public welfare. Whatever he offers under those heads is an appeal to healthy intelligence and not to depraved taste; he measures these things by his own judgment and not alone by what he imagines to be a public craving. He recognizes that news is a force and not a commodity; a force that brings happiness and injury or punishment to thousands of fellow beings every time he sends it broadcast over his community; and that his license to lend this force is his moral acceptance of the duty of seeing that it is true and that it does not wantonly invade the rights of private persons. In so far as he is a purveyor of useful information and a wise and helpful censor of public affairs, his newspaper gains in influence, circulation, and business prosperity. He is a self-constituted public servant who is herald, soldier, statesman, and judge; his work, even with honest purpose, is colored by human qualities; but the evils of his faults are trifling compared with his enormous services to society. The Journalist of this pattern is numerous and honorable among us.

On the other hand the Newsmonger was described as an editor, or publisher, who looks upon the public functions of a journalist ás the opportunity and cover of making merchandise of other people's affairs to satisfy the curiosity of those who will buy. He recognizes in the public a depraved taste as well as a healthy intelligence, and caters to both; he measures the influence of his journal by the number of copies he can sell and not by the effect of his teachings; his public, so far as "news" should satisfy it, is any class, vile or innocent, whose interests may be cultivated. He lashes law-breakers on one page, and on another (maybe in his advertising pages) supplies them with the information that is a part of the tools of their lawlessness. While a doctor of divinity, perhaps, is assisting him with moral views in one department of his newspaper, a companion of ruffians is entertaining dog-fighters, pugilists, pool-sellers, and other law-breakers in the column alongside. And why? Because his self-constituted mission is to print whatever will sell, and because the news of vice is interesting, not alone to its professors, but also to thousands who are ashamed to practise it. He excuses his traffic in heartless gossip of weak or unfortunate persons, and in records of immorality and unlawful amusements, by saying that the public wants such news or it would not buy, and therefore if he did not take the profits of the sale himself somebody else, less scrupulous, would do so. He likes to wield the power of the press as much as does the Journalist, and is oftener tempted to abuse his facilities for dealing out private as well as public vengeance. Modern expansion of the means and ends of journalism gives him a power over the reputations of private individuals and public officers and law-makers that is the greatest tyranny of the time, and provides him with a capacity for self-defense which laughs at the few and superannuated restraints of the law. The Newsmonger of this pattern is also known among us, and the worst of his influence is the temptation to shade off into his methods which he offers to Journalists, by dint of his material success.

These views drew from the author of "What 's the News" an explanation on behalf of certain prominent publishers, which is printed in "Open Letters" and is called by the writer "Conscience in Journalism." It is valuable for its candor, for the proof which sensitiveness gives of good intentions, and for the illustration it affords of the ascendancy of the business idea among American conductors of newspapers. For it is clear that by the word "publisher" the author means the man who gets the profits of the newspaper, or who represents those who do, and who is therefore first of all responsible for its business success; it is equally clear that it is this business thinker (who may or may not be, also, the writing thinker) who is the maker of the tone and policy of the newspaper. He is represented as the employer of paid and unpaid scouts whose purpose is not alone to inform him as to the kind of news his public are prepared to buy, but also in part to help him determine how much idle gossip and pruriency must be supplied if he would not alienate some part of his daily patrons.

The men who revolt at this idea of the responsibility of a conductor of a newspaper are referred to as critics who are ignorant of the internal workings of a newspaper office. On the contrary most of the censors of the Newsmonger are men who are familiar with every sort of work on a newspaper, from setting type to writing editorials, except the sharing in the division of the net profits of the counting house. They know how salaries are earned; they realize the value of accuracy even in handling the details of a shop-girl's love affair, that otherwise might involve the owner in damages for libel; when they are sent to ask impertinent questions as to the private affairs of a man or woman, they are aware of the fact that their mission is infamous, and that

their employer, who is interested in having the "news" that he may sell it, would readily forego the profits if he were obliged to be his own inquisitor. We state an extreme case within which all shades of minor and proper inquisition adjust themselves. For it is well known that in general the part played by the reporter in the modern newspaper is alike most honorable to him and most useful to the public. When he is laboring heart and hand with a Journalist his task is elevating; it is only when he answers the behest of the Newsmonger that his work is degrading.

We are frankly told that "newspapers are run as the miller runs his mill, the miner his mine, the farmer his farm." But the Newsmonger counts as grist all that can be brought to his hopper; he dumps on the market the unrefined ore, and he sows tares with the grain; while the Journalist knows that he is working under a sacred trust to grind only what is wholesome, to bring to light only that which has the true ring, and to separate the chaff from the wheat. We are informed that in journalism "sentiment does not pay," which has a family resemblance to the remark of the Western editor, when he named a sum that would secure a reversal of his political policy, that "he was not running a newspaper for his health." But neither does the Journalist try to make Sentiment pay. With him Sentiment is a luxury that for his own manhood he may to some extent afford; while it is Sense that he relies upon to pay. Because "newspapers are rapidly coming under the control of corporations," and "require vast sums of money for their conduct," we are told that "they are worked as other money-making corporations are worked — for all the profit they can be made to yield," and that "there is no other way to work them." This condition of modern journalism, which may be a positive strength and need not be a weakness, is nevertheless the Journalist's temptation and the Newsmonger's necessity. Through a certain rivalry for readers these types have been known to approach each other, and even to become merged in the "money-making corporation." Some of the greatest Journalists of this power-press age have been servants of newspaper corporations, and yet have held their masters to their own high standards, whether the business might have been made to yield larger revenues or not. But as a rule the master-mind in a newspaper corporation is a single person owning a majority of the stock. He it is who determines whether the influence of his journal shall tend upward, or downward. In our view he is *not* carrying "the standard" of "public taste" "forward as fast and as far as the public permits" him. He is pursuing honor or gain, or both, according to his tastes and his lights. His newspaper is as much an expression of his mental and moral personality as the atmosphere of the *mephitis* or the clover-breathing kine is of its distinctive habits and nature.

OPEN LETTERS.

Conscience in Journalism.

THE publication of my article "What 's the News?" in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for June, 1890, brought me, in substance, the following request from upwards of a score of publishers, no less than seven of whom bear national reputations: "Many say the newspaper press is sensational; some declare journalism to be below the mean of the public taste; a few charge journalists with this, and only this, aim: 'To raise hell and sell newspapers.' Will you, through THE CENTURY MAGAZINE if possible, set forth the true position of the journalist."

The chief points of newspaper management that have been attacked are: The subject selected to be printed as news; the style in which the news is written; the head-lines with which the news is labeled. In what follows I endeavor to define the journalist's position, employing in my language the material furnished me for this purpose by the publishers referred to, who, to begin with, lay down these propositions:

1. We publish the misdeeds of mankind, not as examples, but as warnings; not for imitation, but for correction.

2. We aim at attractiveness in the presentation of news, not at sensationalism, and we give, not as many sensational details as we often might, but as few as the public will be satisfied with.

3. We know the public taste, and, while we cater to it, we likewise undertake, by the only practicable means we know of, to elevate it. Our critics neither know the public taste, nor take any practicable means to improve it.

The usual argument of those who speak for the publisher is the declaration that the newspaper is a business enterprise, dependent upon public support for its existence, and therefore bound to give the public that which the public will pay for. I shall not argue by this declaration, because, while business of most other kinds is conducted upon this level, the newspaper, with all its faults, is not. For example, the manufacturer makes and the merchant sells the machine, the fabric, the pattern, the style that the public will buy. The machine may be poor, the fabric shoddy, the pattern homely, the style old; but if the public, being warned only so much as by a reduction in the price, do but buy, the manufacturer and the merchant count their duty done.

Not so the publisher. His goods must be neither stale nor shoddy, no matter how cheaply he offers to sell them. It is not claimed, however, that newspapers even approach perfection. Some, it is frankly admitted, go farther in forbidden directions than they ought, but with this admission can be pointed out the rapidly diminishing number of journals of this class — not because the public refuses to support them, but because honest journalism has made them disreputable by comparison.

Publishers have to depend upon employees to whom the temptation to exaggerate, to pry into private affairs, to invent sensations, is peculiarly great. This lightning age demands that the news of the world be collected and printed between the hours of eight o'clock in the evening and three o'clock the next morning. Errors creep in; mistakes of judgment are made; but woe to him who errs or misjudges purposely. The re-

porter who begins by bringing in unfounded sensations, gross exaggerations, and false interviews soon ends in disgrace, and were the critic to enter the ranks of the newspaper makers and follow the rules which he appears to think govern there, he would see the back-door before he would reach the second floor of journalism.

Publishers have not failed to recognize the public obligation imposed by the character of their wares. They do not follow the rule unhesitatingly followed by the manufacturer and the merchant — to give the public that which the public will pay for. Whatever the critic may demand, the public demands sensation. Every such demand must be carefully examined. The publisher must consider its legal aspects, its moral bearings; the rights of those involved, as well as the rights of the public to be served.

If he decide upon publication — and he many times decides not to publish, although he knows the public would read the story with zest — the publisher must give the facts, and only the facts. To do so uniformly is not easy, for be it remembered that few men and women, however high their standing, hesitate to make false statements to reporters, if it be strongly to their interest to do so. Publishers invariably go to first hands for news, verify it to every extent that money, training, and limited time admit, and publish it with a freedom from opinion, from personal animus, and from sensational discolor, possible only to experienced chroniclers of events; and with a freedom from exaggeration that not one person in a hundred, having occasion verbally to repeat it, is able to command.

In party journalism it is true that political opponents are often charged with serious, sometimes criminal, frequently absurd, offenses, but these are excusable, in a measure, through the stress of party strife. Besides, these charges never hurt — mark that I say they never hurt — unless they are true. Party and personal journalism, in an offensive sense, will before long be things of the past. The journal of the future, almost of the present, is independent of the party whip.

In the case of crimes, of scandals, of political charges, the corrective principle is never lost sight of. Mere wrong, because it is wrong, is never retailed. Just as nations endure war that they may have peace, so newspapers expose wrongs against the public, that the public may correct them, and right prevail.

The demagogue in politics, the knave in office, the trickster in business, the wreckers of families, the beaters of wives, the charlatans in the professions, the upstarts in orders, the daubers in art — this vast horde are ruined by publicity. In their eyes the sin lies not in the sin itself, but in the public's discovery of it. Hence the newspaper, which discovers the sin to the public, comes in for abuse that is loud and prolonged. Sympathy is aroused, and even good people are often found lending their ears and their influence to this denunciatory harangue. In the midst of the muss a reputation is lost. How? Certainly not through the acts of the newspapers, for they never professed and never possessed such power. It was the truth that killed.

Do not understand me to say that newspapers are conducted solely upon sentiment. They are not. Why should they be? What obligation rests upon the dealer in news that does not likewise rest upon the dealer in flour, in meat, in iron, in real estate, to undertake the elevation of the standard of public morals? Newspapers are run as the miller runs his mill, the miner his mine, the farmer his farm. Sentiment does not pay. Newspapers are rapidly coming under the control of corporations, like railways and financial institutions, and they require vast sums of money for their conduct. Hence, they are worked as other money-making corporations are worked — for all the profit they can be made to yield. There is no other way to work them.

The newspaper critic demands flesh of one business man, fish of another, and fowl of a third. Without any obligation resting upon them above that resting upon other men of equal ability and opportunity, the men who make their money at publishing news are daily, weekly, monthly bringing wrong-doers, both private and public, to justice; serving their political party and their country by making it impossible for bad men to remain long in power; battling for better laws, better schools, better streets, better morals, better government; while the men who make their money at selling dry goods, groceries, clothing, coal — what are they doing in these desirable directions? Speaking for the majority, nothing. If they be wealthy, and therefore able to exert more than the average influence, they generally neglect to attend primaries, go abroad in the heat of the campaign, and steadily refuse to serve on school, reform, and similar committees because of an alleged press of business cares. It is the very excellence of the newspaper that has made the newspaper critic possible.

While newspapers are not conducted upon sentiment, their conductors, following a precedent that is as old as the newspaper itself, give part of their time and much of their energy to the battle for public and private improvements. Did the first American hotelkeeper lament the lack of general intelligence, and set about extending it? Did the importers of Benjamin Franklin's day, any more than the importers of our day, regularly give part of their time and money to the public good? Did the theatrical managers of Hezekiah Niles's time undertake to see that government officials were honest, not dishonest? Did even the lawyers of Thurlow Weed's period, any more than now, go out of their way that we may have better schools, better charities, and fewer Tweeds?

The publisher's time is as precious and his business as exacting as those of the landlord, the importer, the theatrical manager, or the lawyer; and yet, since the days of William Bradford, the publisher has led, and that in two senses: He has worked for the public taste while other men have worked chiefly for themselves, and he has slowly raised that taste, while other men, speaking as a class and barring the clergy, have been dead weights in the scales.

Conductors of great newspapers do not "go it blind." They leave that course to the critics. Men responsible for the conduct of properties worth millions, and compelled to earn dividends upon the sixty-fourth part of a cent profit, are required to have rules of action, and to follow them. They have a reason covering every item they publish. It is not a general reason. It is a particular reason. It dictates, not alone the length, the tone, the form, but every phrase and sentence. Other items are not in their papers — a circumstance for which specific reasons likewise exist.

Upon what basis do publishers act? Upon the same basis that a general directs the movements of his army — his knowledge of the "lay of the land." And he gets this knowledge by the same method that a general does — from "scouts." Every publisher has about him persons whose duty it is to ascertain the drift of public opinion, and report it to him. These persons are not reporters. They are not known as employees. Sometimes they do not themselves know the functions they fulfil. Hardly ever do they number less than a score; oftentimes, if the publisher be a live one, they number several hundreds. Some are paid in money, some get a free copy of the newspaper, and some are not paid at all.

Thousands of persons do not know news when they see it — unless, of course, they see it in the newspaper, properly labeled. Hence, when you seek news experts you must take them where you find them. Thus it happens that newspaper scouts are likely to be either the apple-woman at the street corner or the society belle; either the policeman or the railway president. In short, they are anybody and everybody who can and will undertake the work.

These publishers' outposts ask persons in all walks of life and in all sorts of business, their opinions of this and that newspaper; whether they like political news; are they fond of sports; why, if they express a liking for a certain journal, they hold the opinion they do; what they read first, and what last; do they enjoy details of murders; do they read religious news, society gossip, and editorials?

Publishers try the plan of hiring persons acquainted in the town or neighborhood to ask these questions, that they may get opinions of value. Then they send strangers into the same locality — and compare results. Occasionally persons are found with novel ideas, for originality, like the law, is no respecter of persons. A farmer who had never been beyond the limits of his county, and knew no more about conducting a newspaper than about commanding a ship, gave a bit of advice to a newspaper that saved it from bankruptcy — every one of you would know the journal were I to mention its name — and so completely changed its character that almost every journal in the country observed and commented upon it.

A newsboy furnished the suggestion that the large four-page sheets in general use a few years ago be changed to the eight-page form, on the score of convenience, and the newsboy's suggestion, having been acted upon, altered in the course of about five years the form of nearly every leading daily in America.

Every letter bearing upon the newspaper's contents is sent directly to the publisher's desk. And the critics, by the by, should read these letters. There are hundreds of them. Just such letters as you would expect? Not a bit. The leading lawyer wants more particulars about the church congress; a clergyman complains of the meagreness of the report of the murder trial; the politician criticizes, not the political news, but the account of the lawn fête; the banker wants to know the cause of the error in the report of the number of "put outs" in yesterday's ball game; and the up-town woman asks that a certain stock be quoted in the financial news. There they are, scarcely one containing the query or the criticism you would expect, if you looked first at the signature.

The publisher who constantly receives reports from two or three hundred "scouts," and daily peruses as many letters setting forth, as they set them forth to no one else, the wants, the vanities, the craving for puffs, the thirst for notoriety, the ambitions, the love for scandal, the threats, the idiosyncrasies, of people in all walks of life, including the very highest, has a knowledge of the public taste that is at once certain and positive.

Hundreds of publishers, sitting at the focus of these multifarious public demands, struggle year after year, sacrificing money, time, and peace of mind, with the knowledge that they can at any moment increase their circulation and their profits by lowering the moral and literary standards of their publications. Why do they not lower them? There are many reasons. The publisher finds in his hands a powerful lever. It is a lever of better private and public morals; of better laws; of better public service; of detection for the wrong-doer; of wider education; of purer literature; of better chances for the weak; and the publisher bears all the weight upon this lever that a not-high public taste will let him. He does so because he is conscientious, because he is patriotic, because he is ambitious, because he seeks an honorable name, and because the traditions, the precedents, the contemporaneous newspaper comparisons demand that he shall do so.

The newspaper of to-day — I speak of the ninety and not of the ten — is above the mean of the public taste which it serves. And this is true, whether the journal be published in the new communities of the West or in the old communities of the East, in the mining towns of Colorado and Idaho or in the college towns of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

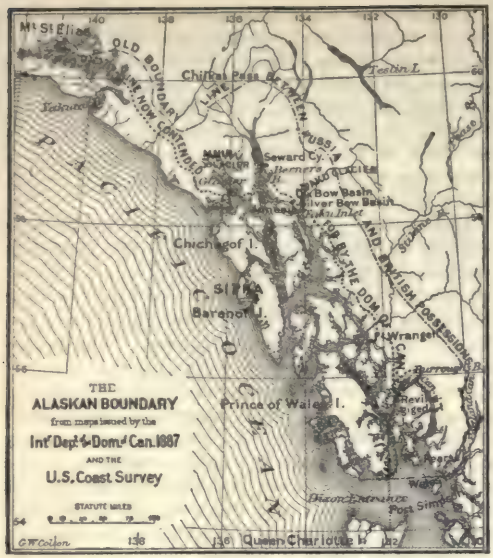
Publishers have acted with singular wisdom, rare public spirit, and remarkable unanimity. They ascertained the public taste, and then placed their standard as near the front of the column as possible. They do not go on ahead of the column, as their critics would have them do. Instead, they remain a part of the public demand, while leading it. In doing so they accomplish two things, impossible of accomplishment in any other way: they educate the public taste to their standard, and they carry that standard forward as fast and as far as the public permits them.

Eugene M. Camp.

The Disputed Boundary between Alaska and British Columbia.

THE boundary line between the United States and the British possessions in North America once more threatens to become the subject of international dispute, conference, and arbitration. A half century ago "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was a campaign cry, and the coming controversy begins at that line, from which President Polk retreated, the once northern boundary of Oregon Territory being the southern boundary of our territory of Alaska. The discussion of the ownership of Revillagigedo, Pearse, and Wales Islands, and of the line of the Portland Canal, will rival the contest over San Juan Island and San Rosario or De Haro Straits, decided in favor of the United States by the Emperor of Germany as arbitrator, in 1872.

Each year that the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia remains in question increases the difficulty of determining it. Each year settlements are



increasing in numbers, more private interests are involved, and the region in dispute becomes more valuable to either claimant. There is great indifference to the question on our side of the line, but in the Dominion it is well understood, and Parliament and public opinion have taken their stand. Canadian maps now differ from United States maps of that northwestern region, and this boundary question promises to provoke more international bitterness than the present Bering Sea dispute concerning the interests of a single company of fur-traders.

By his ukase of 1821, forbidding all foreign vessels from approaching within one hundred Italian miles of his possessions on either shore of the North Pacific, the Emperor of Russia purposely brought about the conferences of 1824 and 1825. Then were adjusted the claims of Russia, England, and the United States to various sections of the northwest coast of America. As the result, Russia was secured in the possession of the coast and adjacent islands, from the Arctic Ocean down to the line of 54° 40′, on the ground of Russian discovery and settlement, together with the northernmost third of the uninhabited and useless interior.

All overtures from England for the purchase of "the thirty mile strip" of coast accorded to Russia and now known as Southeastern Alaska were refused, but the tract was leased by the Russian government to the Hudson's Bay Company until 1867, when the Treaty of Washington, consummating the Seward purchase, once more defined its boundaries:

ARTICLE I.

His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias agrees to cede to the United States, by this convention, immediately upon the exchange of the ratifications thereof, all the territory and dominion now possessed by his said Majesty on the continent of America and in the adjacent islands, the same being contained within the geographical limits herein set forth, to wit: The eastern limit is the line of demarcation between the Russian and the British possessions in North America, as established by the convention between Russia and Great Britain, of February 28–16, 1825, and described in Articles III and IV of said convention, in the following terms:

"Commencing from the southernmost point of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude, and between the 131st and the 133d degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel, as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from this last-mentioned point, the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian); and finally, from the said point of intersection, the said meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean.

"IV. With reference to the line of demarcation, laid down in the preceding article, it is understood—

"1st. That the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia" (now, by this cession, to the United States).

"2d. That whenever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia as above mentioned (that is to say, the limit to the possessions ceded by this convention) shall be formed by a line parallel to the winding of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

The first contention as to the position of the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia arose in 1873–74, when thousands of miners of different nationalities rushed to the Stikine River and the Cassiar region at its head-waters. Gold commissioners, customs officers, and sheriffs were alike defied; mining camps on the Stikine were first under one flag and then under another; the custom house was moved from place to place, and criminals escaped trial upon mere technicalities, until a temporary and approximate line on the thirty mile basis was agreed upon by the British Columbian officials and the United States military authorities, then in control of Alaska. The custom house and Hudson's Bay Company's post still remain, as then placed, at a distance of sixty miles from the mouth of the winding river.

Since 1878, prospectors, often to the number of five hundred in a single season, have crossed the Chilkat Pass to the rich placer regions along the Upper Yukon. Coarse gold and dust to the value of $40,000 or $50,000 have been carried out each year. A few seasons since, the Canadian gold commissioner visited the camps on Forty Mile Creek to collect fees and prevent unlicensed miners from working. The men claimed that they were within Alaskan boundaries, and as they were a rough and muscular set the commissioner retreated, and the question of miners' licenses in that region was waived until the two governments should determine and mark the line of the 141st meridian, which there forms the international boundary line.

The official Canadian map of 1887 places Forty Mile Creek that many miles within British limits. Although no official publication has been made, returning miners have brought word that the Turner and McGrath parties of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey have determined that the meridian line crosses the Yukon almost at the mouth of Forty Mile Creek, leaving those rich placers in Alaska.

During the sessions of the Fisheries Conference at Washington, 1887–88, an informal discussion of this boundary question was arranged by Secretary Bayard and Sir Charles Tupper. Dr. W. H. Dall of the Smithsonian Institution and United States Geological

Survey, and Dr. G. M. Dawson of the Dominion Geological Survey were chosen as conferees, both being personally acquainted with the region in dispute. Dr. Dall is the most eminent authority on Alaskan matters, his close connection with the territory dating from his camping on the Upper Yukon in 1866–68. Dr. Dawson has for almost the same time devoted himself to surveys and scientific work in British Columbia.

By the Canadian interpretation in 1887 of the treaty's phrases, a considerable portion of the "thirty mile strip" which Russia had declined to sell to Great Britain, and which had always been mapped as Russian or United States possessions, is now claimed as British territory. Dr. Dawson's arguments were reinforced by a report and map made by Major-General R. D. Cameron of the British army, and parliamentary instructions had been given him to insist upon General Cameron's lines and yield nothing. Dr. Dall's report and memoranda of the discussion, including the papers and charts pertaining thereto, were published as "Extra Senate Document No. 146, 50th Congress — 2d Session," and there the subject was dropped.

The official Canadian map of 1887 shows General Cameron's lines, which disregard the old acceptation of the meaning of the treaties' clauses, previous maps, and even British admiralty charts. Dr. Dawson claims that "the crest (or summit) of the mountains situated parallel to the coast" means the summit of the first range of precipitous foot-hills, "everywhere rising immediately from the coast and which borders upon the sea . . . . and probably at an average distance of considerably less than five miles from it." The phrase "Ten marine leagues from the coast" is never considered, and as the coast presents no windings nor indentations to General Cameron's eye, he draws his line from Mount St. Elias southward without regard to such irregularities, or to the explicit instructions that the boundary line should run parallel to those windings. The Cameron line leaps bays and inlets, and breaks that portion of the Alaska coast into alternating patches of British and United States territory. This line does not even follow "along the channel known as Portland Channel" (to quote the treaty), but along Clarence Strait, Boehm Canal, and Burroughs Bay, thus including within British limits Revillagigedo and many smaller Alaskan islands, and a great peninsula as well.

By this picturesque method of partitioning Alaska, the boundary line would cross almost at the mouth of Glacier Bay, of Lynn Canal, and Taku Inlet; and on the Stikine River the boundary line would slip fifty miles down stream. Were it accepted, many canneries and settlements, the mining camps of Berners Bay and Seward City, the rich Silver Bow and Dix Bow basins back of Juneau would pass under the British flag, and the Muir, Taku, and other great tidewater glaciers — our most unique scenic possessions on this continent — would be taken from us.

On the first of July, 1891, the citizens of Alaska may, for the first time, enter town sites, purchase and obtain titles to their holdings, other than mineral claims, and legally cut timber; and this recent extension of the general land laws will rapidly attract settlers and investors into the region claimed as part of British Columbia. The completion of the Nowell tunnel and other costly pieces of mining engineering, opening basins back of Juneau, the erection of new stamp mills in remote cañons, and further discoveries of gold placers and silver leads must invite the attention of the Canadian authorities to all this unlicensed mining, if the Dominion is to contest its claim. No one knowing the American miner, prospector, and frontiersman doubts that there will be forcible resistance to British officers, if necessary.

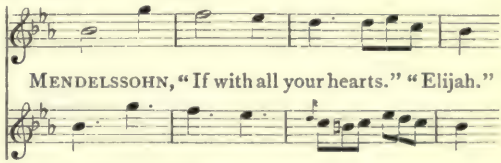
In any appeal to arms, the United States would be at every disadvantage in protecting Alaska, the impossibility of defending that possession being the chief reason for Russia's sale of it. There is no military force in Alaska, and no telegraphic communication beyond Nanaimo, British Columbia; there are no complete charts of its intricate water-ways, no lighthouses, and only one small man-of-war at Sitka. The British Asiatic squadron of twenty-four modern ships can reach Bering Sea in five days from its summer rendezvous at Hakodate, and Sitka but a few days later; and their naval force at Esquimault is sufficient to close Puget Sound and the inside passage northward.

To illustrate the importance which British and Canadian officials attach to an early settlement of this boundary dispute, it will be remembered that Sir Charles Tupper and his colleagues were instructed to discuss this matter with Secretary Blaine at the informal conference concerning a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States, which these commissioners had hoped to hold in Washington in April, 1891.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

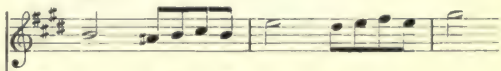
Similar Musical Phrases in Great Composers.

I HAVE thought it interesting to note some curious instances of the same musical phrase being conceived by different great composers. Those, that to the best of my knowledge I imagine to have been the first, I have put in the original key:



MENDELSSOHN, "If with all your hearts." "Elijah."

SCHUMANN, Berceuse.

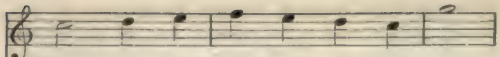


WEBER, Aria, "Der Freischütz."

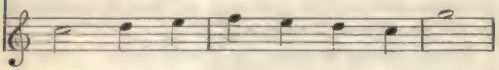
WAGNER, "Tannhäuser" March.

WEBER, "Oberon," Finale No. 15.

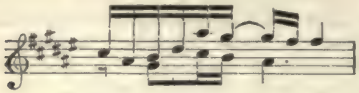
MENDELSSOHN, "Midsummer Night's Dream."
In this instance, the harmony differs somewhat.



MENDELSSOHN, "St. Paul." Tenor Song, "Be thou faithful."



GOUNOD, "Redemption." Part 3, No. 1.



BEETHOVEN, Sonata, op. 106, 3d movement.

GOUNOD, "Faust," duo, Garden Scene.

MENDELSSOHN, Overture "Melusine."

WAGNER, Music Drama, "Rheingold."

BELLINI, "Puritani," last act.

CHOPIN, Nocturne in E flat, 2d part.

BEETHOVEN, Concerto, C minor, 2d movement.

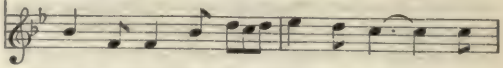
GOUNOD, "Faust," Cavatina, No. 8.

BEETHOVEN, Concerto in C, 2d movement.

CHOPIN, Funeral March (Trio).

The next two examples at least have a family likeness.

MEYERBEER, "Le Prophète," Tenor Song.



WAGNER, "Die Walküre," Tenor Song.

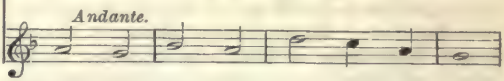
J. S. BACH, Concerto, D minor, last movement.

MENDELSSOHN, Rondo Capriccioso.

The peculiar part of all this is, that the sentiment expressed in both cases is very much the same, whether the case be "Elijah" or the "Redemption," "Melusine" or the "Rhine Maidens," the "Midsummer Night's Dream" or the "Oberon" fairies. Of course we must exonerate Beethoven from participating in the "Faust" scena, but *his* phrase is taken from what is generally known as the Devil's Sonata, probably on account of its difficulty.

Here is a remarkable case of the same music being equally beautiful in both instances:

WEBER, Opera of "Oberon," 1st Fairy Chorus, 1st act.



This was adapted from the above chorus, and is universally admired as a hymn tune. The rest of the tune can be found by tracing the chorus, the same harmonies being retained.

Perhaps the story of Balfe's method of making melodies when his inspiration failed him may be new to some readers of this article. He put the letters of the musical alphabet on separate bits of paper, duplicating each letter several times, and then drew them one by one, from a hat, and noted them down, having previously decided on the key, time, and value of the notes; and certainly the reiterated notes of some of his melodies warrant the truth of the story.

"The heart bow'd down" and "I dreamt that I dwelt" from the "Bohemian Girl."

Richard Hoffman.

Talleyrand.

THE paragraphs from the Memoirs which did not reach us in time to follow the passage given in the June CENTURY simply threw out the idea that Maubreuil, who accused Talleyrand of the desire to bribe him to assassinate the fallen Emperor, in 1814, probably obtained his passports for a "secret mission" merely as one of the numerous emissaries sent out by the royalists to all points in France to proclaim the "legitimate" government. Talleyrand again denies the attempted accusation, and shows, moreover, how absurd and useless it would have been, as well as infamous.

An Incident of "General Miles's Indian Campaigns."

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, after seeing the proofs of Major G. W. Baird's article in this number of THE CENTURY, wrote to the editor as follows:

Referring to the desperate fight with the Nez Percés in September, 1877 [see pages 363–364], in which Major G. W. Baird states that a staff officer went from me to give certain orders to Captain Hale and found that officer dead, Major Baird very modestly omits his own name, which should be inserted, as he was adjutant at that time, and in carrying the order he found Captain Hale and Lieutenant Biddle dead, and received two desperate wounds himself, one shattering his left arm and the other cutting the side of his head.

CALIFORNIANA.

Arrival of Overland Trains in California in "'49."

WITH the fall of '49 came to California the vanguard of the immense immigration that braved the hardships of weather, Indian perils, cholera, fevers and starvation, in that long march across a continent in pursuit of gold. Not only men, but delicate women and children shut their eyes to every comfort and association of home, and faithfully shared these dangers and perils, or were buried in nameless graves on prairie, mountain, or desert.

In every subsequent year the State of California, with liberal appropriation and abundant supplies, sent out her citizens with open hand to welcome and aid the feeble and exhausted with every necessary assistance at the latter end of their long journey. But in 1849 there was no organized effort for systematic succor. The emigrants of that year were numbered by thousands, and circumstances made it impossible, except to a very limited extent, to meet and greet them even with words of good cheer. It was only through individual effort that aid could be extended them, and almost every individual was in some respects as hard pressed as they.

I can find only one instance upon the official records where Government protection was thrown around them, and that is in General Riley's report to the War Department, under date of August 30, 1849, in which he says, in reference to his need of soldiers in place of those who had deserted: "The detachment of dragoons on their march to the Department with the collector of this district *and the Arkansas emigrants*, have not yet arrived."

Among those who contributed individual effort in going out to meet the trains I can name only a few — first of all General Sutter; Sam Brannan of Sacramento, who was identified with the so-called "Mormon battalion"; Colonel Gillespie, formerly United States consul for Lower California, then a merchant in Sacramento; General Morehouse, Dr. Semple, and, I may safely say, the business men of Sacramento generally. There were others, but at this late day it is impossible to name them. Even the name of the comrade who accompanied the writer is forgotten.

Among those who came to Auburn in May, 1849, was Dr. Deal of Baltimore, a physician and a Methodist preacher. He was very enthusiastic in stating his purpose to become one of the "honest miners," and calling a gathering together with a long tin dinner-horn, he expressed his intention to dig with them, and to institute divine worship the next Sunday, and he closed by making the hills echo with a cheery hymn. Monday morning's sunrise saw the doctor in the mines with tin pan, pick, and shovel. Eleven o'clock saw him with his shovel battered, his pick broken, his hands bruised and blistered, and his clothes muddy, placing his tools and tin horn in a wagon bound for Sutter's Fort. It was well he did, for together with another good Samaritan he leased a part of Sutter's Fort for a hospital, and when the forlorn bands of immigrants reached the Fort they found medical attention and care, which in many cases saved life or eased the passage to the grave.

The "Long Bar" mining claim on Bear Creek, where I was located, lay in the route of arriving immigrants, on the Sutter's Fort trail, a hundred miles from the fort. I shall never forget the sight presented by the tired, starved, sick, and discouraged travelers, with their bony and foot-sore cattle and teams. Men, women, and children, and animals were in every state of distress and emaciation. Some had left everything along the way, abandoning wagons and worn-out cattle to the wolves — leaving even supplies of clothing, flour, and food — and in utter desperation and extremity had packed their own backs with flour and bacon; some had utilized the backs of surviving oxen for the same purpose; and a few of the immigrants had thus made the last 600 miles on foot, exhausted, foot-sore, and starving.

Such as we could we relieved from our simple camp stores of flour, bacon, and coffee. Our blankets were spread on the ground for our nightly rest, always after an evening bath in the cooling snow-waters of Bear Creek, and our sleep was sweet and sound. But there was no comfort or relief for those worn-out men, women, and children. The few of us in that lonely river bed in the mountains did what we could, and then urged them on to Sutter's Fort and Sacramento.

I remember well the arrival of a once stalwart man, reduced almost to a skeleton. His comrades had perished on the way with cholera, his cattle had given out, and, selecting what he could carry that was most essential, he had finished the journey on foot. Reaching the place where we were digging and washing out the gold, he threw himself upon the ground, and said:

"And now I 've reached at last where you dig out the gold. For this I have sacrificed everything. I had a comfortable home, but I got 'the fever.' Everything is gone, my comrades are dead, and this is all there is left of me. I thought I would be glad to get here, but I am not. I don't feel the least desire to dig gold now. All I ask for is rest — rest — rest. It seems to me as if I never could get rested again. I want to find home — *home* — and there is no home here."

He inquired how far it was to Sutter's Fort, and refusing proffered food or a look at the gold, he staggered feebly on again to look for "rest" and "home."

In September the swarm of immigrants became so continuous and their condition was so wretched, that I obtained one of their mules that seemed able to carry me, and giving up my business of gold-digging for a time started with a comrade up the Truckee River route to advise and encourage the new-comers. Here I witnessed many sorrowful scenes among sick and hungry women and children just ready to die, and dead and dying cattle. The cattle were usually reduced to skeletons. There was no grass, and they were fed solely by cutting down trees for them to browse on. But the cattle were too many for this supply of food along the trail. I once counted as many as thirty yoke hitched together to pull an almost empty wagon up a hillside, while to descend an incline it was necessary to chain a large tree to the back of the wagon, with all its limbs attached that they might impede the descent of the wagon, for the cattle were entirely too weak to offer the necessary resistance. One after another the wagons would follow, and thus slowly work their way up and down the mountain sides of the Sierra pass, while the women and children wearily plodded along in the deep, dry, and exceedingly dusty trail. Some fared better, but I apprehend few would ever care to pass twice through the hardships of the overland journey of '49.

As an instance of courage and suffering: A preacher, of the Methodist Church in Indiana, accompanied by his wife (a delicate little woman) and three children, started overland with ox teams. On the journey he was suddenly attacked with dysentery and had to lie helpless in the bottom of his wagon, vibrating between life and death. His brave little wife took his place, walked by the side of the team and guided them; but she lost her way, and for two weeks, with husband and children to care for, trudged along alone until by good fortune or a good Providence she found the trail again. I afterward made their acquaintance in Columbia, where he was pastor of the Methodist church. Wishing his church sealed inside, he took off his clerical coat, chopped wood, broke up limestone boulders, burned them into lime, and with his own hands plastered the interior of the church in good style.

At first we tried to give the new-comers employment on our mining claims, but in every case but one their strength was not equal to the labor of digging gold, and on they swept, all eager to reach a "settlement." Some in their enthusiasm had, at great sacrifice, dragged along strange, heavy, and wonderful patent devices to work out the gold. Often they had thrown away their flour and bacon, thus reducing themselves to starvation, to make room for their pet machine, which on trial was found utterly worthless, and was left to rust or rot in the mines.

Special relief parties were also sent up the trail with supplies of food, medicine, and other necessaries, as well as with fresh animals, and many immigrants were safely brought in, before the snows fell in the mountains, who otherwise might have perished in the storms of early fall.

A. C. Ferris.

A Fourth Survivor of the Gold Discovery Party.

Rev. James Gillilan, of Nephi, Utah, informs us that in addition to the three survivors of the party at Sutter's Mill at the time of the discovery of gold in California — namely, Messrs. Bigler, Smith, and Wimmer, as stated by Mr. Hittell in our February number — there is a fourth survivor, Mr. Wilford Hudson (not "Willis" as printed on page 530 of that number). Mr. Hudson is living at Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah, and his description of the circumstances of the gold discovery, says our informant, "substantially accords with Mr. Hittell's account."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Ballad of Paper Fans.

Let others rave o'er Raphael,
And dim and ancient canvas scan;
Give me in this so tropic spell
The simple art of paper fan:
The long-legged stork of far Japan,
A-flying through its straggling trees,
Does all for me that painting can—
I bless the gentle Japanese.

Give me such dragons fierce and fell
As earth saw when its life began;
Sweet views of frog and lily-bell,
Of moon-faced maid, and slant-eyed man;
Of flow'ry boughs athwart the wan
Full-orbéd moon; of azure seas;
And roseate landscapes on a plan
Peculiar to the Japanese.

Give me the hills that sink and swell,
Faint green and purple, pink and tan.
Joy would it ever be to dwell
Where streams that little bridges span,
Ignored, may flow 'twixt maid's sedan
And lover's whispered flatteries;
For happy hearts are dearer than
Perspective to the Japanese.

L'Envoi.

O Love, how lightly, sweetly ran
Life's sands for us in climes like these!
Long leagues would lose their power to ban
Were you and I but Japanese!

Annie Steger Winston.

Spanish Songs.

GIVE THE KISS I GAVE TO THEE.

'T is my mother's step I hear;
Quick, oh, quickly give to me—
Haste, it is her step I hear—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
She doth fret me night and day;
"Kisses, prithee," she doth say,
"Never maid should give away,
Never maid her love betray!"
Give, oh, quickly give to me—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
"Have you kissed a man?" she 'll say,
And I 'll answer nay and nay;
Give, oh, quickly give to me—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.

IN THE MIRADOR.

All the night I am weeping;
But with the dawn's bright beauty,
I deck myself with blossoms.
All the night I am weeping.

All the night I am weeping.
I lean far out my balcony;
Below there 's one that passes.
All the night I am weeping.

All the night I am weeping.
Beside me, in her beauty,
Fair Zaide sits a-singing.
All the night I am weeping.

All the night I am weeping.
The rose from out my bosom
I lightly fling unto him.
All the night I am weeping.

All the night I am weeping.
Fair Zaide casts him lilies;
He loves the white flower best.
All the night I am weeping.

"PRAY FOR ME, SWEETHEARTS!"

Wrapped in a mantle black as night,
Sweet Doña Inés passed me by;
My heart was wounded till it bled,
With passion's dart from out her eye:
"I am dead; pray for me, sweethearts!"

Upon the Prado, 'midst the crowd,
Sweet Inés passed me once again;
She sighed, I hid myself away
Far from the prying eyes of men:
"I am dead; pray for me, sweethearts!"

Beside the rose hedge twice and thrice—
The nightingales with song aflame—
I brushed her perfumed, purple robe,
But dared not even breathe her name:
"I am dead; pray for me, sweethearts!"

She sits behind her lattice close;
I pass below, I dare not stay,
Yet like a prisoner on his rounds
I come again without delay:
"I am dead; pray for me, sweethearts!"

A WEEK, A YEAR, I 'LL LOVE—A DAY.

I 'll love for a week, I 'll love for a day,
I 'll love for a year, but not alway.
Alphonse my love he doth bespeak:
Dear heart, in vain he shall not seek;
I 'll love him for a week.

Base man, he turns from me away,
For a week's love he will not stay;
I 'll love him for a day.

He sighs once more. It doth appear
'T will break his heart, I surely fear;
I 'll love him for a year.

Not satisfied with this! Go 'way!
A week, a year, I 'll love—a day,
But not alway.

MY FIRST LOVE IT SHALL BE MY LAST.

I was so young and—oh, believed;
All hope within my breast has past.
I did not dream to be deceived—
My first love it shall be my last.

How can I bear the coming years,
The coming years of grief and gloom!
My only comfort in my tears,
My sole relief the silent tomb.
They say that I shall love again,
That grief like mine will hasten fast;
To comfort them I feign a smile—
My first love it shall be my last.

I seek the vale where last we met.
The roses were in bloom that day;
The roses they are blooming yet,
But love has stole itself away.
If one could only die at will,
I 'd die before the roses past;
But death it seeks a happy heart—
My first love it shall be my last.

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Ye Guilelesse Barde

I wiste he was a Guilelesse Barde,
Fore ore to plese hys Spouse
He wrought a litte of poesie
Alle daye within ye house.

He fetched ye sceede untoe ye dame,
And whan she oped ye ode.
She dealt hyr lord a buffetinge
Whereat hys blue bladde flowed.

Ye lynes were prettye lynes ynough,
And thatte whyche caused ye stryfe
Was butte ye fyfte that he chaunted:
"Ye Barde to hys firste wyfe!"

Terry McHayd'n's Wooing.

"ARRAH! jewel, sure Eileen, I swear by me troth
That the sun has been stealin' bright sparks from yer eye,
And the pure soul that peeps through that iligant spot,
— There are two of thim spots on yer face,— faith, I 'd die
To be j'ined to for life; for I 'm sure 't is meself
Would be peepin' at heaven whin gazin' far down
In the glorified depths of yer eyes. Yet a pelf
I 'd commit sure — I 'm selfish to seek such a crown.

"Ah! thin, Eileen, don't turn 'way yer iligant face.
Sure I don't praise yer eyes an' their beauty alone,
For yer soul plays in glory all over the space
Of yer nate, rounded cheeks. Thin yer mouth — och! I moan
For the want of a word to describe the quare charm
That comes into me heart whin its glory I scan;
An' och! Eily, yer hair an' yer taperin' arm,
Sure they ne'er were excelled since the world began.

"An' yer figure an' form — thin begor! one should peep
At the art works in Rome to behold thim surpassed.
Thin yer bosom — och! murther! what language can leap
To the call of me tongue for to paint it? 'T was cast
In mistake for a goddess above, so I think.
And yer — murther! me lips are now dumb for to say
What I think of yer foot. Oh! don't blush so like pink,
Eileen Conner — yet you look so much purtier that way."

"Och! thin, Terence McHayd'n, yer blarnified tongue,
Like the bard of Dunloe as he sings to th' past,
Would deludher the birds from the bushes that sung
Round the old fairy moat all the summer. Sure fast
Is me heart set ag'inst honeyed words, for no girl
Could live on swate, ranterin' praises alone,
An' no doubt you 've been wanderin' round in a whirl
Sayin' iligant things to the girls of Athlone."

Here fair Eileen made motion to hasten away
In mock anger that made her look ten times as sweet,
But her hand Terry seized, on his lips passion's say,
As he flung himself ardently down at her feet.
"Oh! thin, Eileen, be mine, darling Eily! I 've love
Sure for you, an' an iligant farm in me mindt,
An'—" Here Eileen fell into his arms like a dove.
"Och! Terry, you should come long ago to the p'int."

Daniel Spillane.

Cupid Rearmed.

PAINTERS, dip the brush anew,
Retouch the ancient masters!
Ring new jingles in your lays,
O choir of poetasters!

Cupid, merry little god
(His love-lore then was narrow),
Roamed the world in days of eld
With treacherous bow and arrow.

Many a heart he wounded sore,
And many a dart went flying
Far beyond the throbbing mark
And left a lone soul sighing.

Until, in dire disgrace, he found,
By youths and maidens banished,
From east to west, from north to south,
His occupation vanished.

Despair had seized the merry soul
Where erst reigned love's elation,
When on a fateful summer day
Joy flashed an inspiration.

Straightway a trusty net arose
Across a lawn of satin,
And then two "courts" wherein to court
And casually bat in.

"Love" points were scored at every "serve,"
"Love" points upon "receiving,"
And in the meshes spread between
Love's fingers had been weaving.

Again in triumph Cupid roved,
Each heart he stormed to sack it;
His arrows hung in quivered sleep,
He bore a tennis racket.

John Jerome Rooney.

"Not Suited to the Purpose."

"This pencil is too strong for me."—*Lewis Carroll.*

THE editor struggled in vain with his pen,
In only one way would it willingly move;
He made a beginning again and again,
And then said abruptly, "I must be in love!"

Yes; this must be why one fair face of all faces
Between him and his "copy" continually crept,
Presented itself in the smallest of spaces,
And smiled at him out of the clouds when he slept.

"The remedy 's surely before me — I 'll write!"
He muttered, and seized his recalcitrant pen.
"If I speak, I may possibly illustrate fright,
And girls, as a rule, adore courage in men."

Now this editor had a clear title to use
The letters "B. A." as attached to his name,
And why should so simple a matter confuse
A mind so long trained to directness of aim?

The printers were calling for copy — no time
Was his to debate, he must do it at once.
"Perhaps she would fancy it more done in rhyme,"
He murmured. "Oh, *why* do I feel like a dunce?

"Well, simple directness, it may be, is best;
It might be ornate should I call her 'divine.'
If she loves me, her own heart will furnish the rest."
"I love you," he wrote; "dearest, will you be mine?

"I have analyzed carefully that which I feel,
And I give it substantially in the above;
Reply by the messenger to my appeal,
And state, if you can, a return of my love."

He mused, and then dreamily added: "P. S.
Write plainly on one side of paper, and give —
It need not be published — your name and address.
It is merely a form, for I know where you live."

The answer came swiftly; he read it between
Two paragraphs of a discourse upon banks;
And he stole to the shade of a Japanese screen.
"It 's concluded," he said; "she 's declined me — with thanks!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY REICHARD AND LINDNER.

WILLIAM II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY TH. PRÜMM.

VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. AUGUST, 1891. NO. 4.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR:

A SKETCH OF THE FIRST THREE YEARS OF HIS REIGN.

WILLIAM II. has been for three years emperor, and in this time has succeeded not only in winning the respect of foreign cabinets but in strengthening himself at home. He succeeded a father idolized by all who came within the sphere of his gentle and generous nature; his grandfather left behind a warlike fame so great that only the age of Frederick II. can afford a parallel. The present Emperor has had, therefore, no easy task before him, for it has been necessary for him both to remove prejudice and to give the country confidence in his intentions as well as in his abilities.

The secret of the Emperor's power with his own people arises mainly from three causes:

First. He has courage.

Second. He is honest.

Third. He is a thorough German.

If the whole country had to vote to-morrow for a leader embodying the qualities they most desired, their choice would fall unquestionably on their present constitutional ruler. Perhaps the virtues I have specified appear commonplace, and will be taken for granted by the reader; but an emperor must be compared with others in the same trade.

His honesty has been the cause of nearly all the malevolent criticism that outside papers have accorded him, for he has said freely what older or more politic people might have placed in a different way. He has made many minor mistakes from acting upon the impulse of the moment, but these mistakes have never betrayed to his people a want of sympathy with their development. He has made his share of minor blunders in handling large masses of troops at the grand manœuvers, but the army would be happy to see him make a thousand times as many rather than to miss the active interest he takes in keeping the military machine in working order.

Since Frederick the Great no king of Prussia has understood his business like this emperor. He knows the routine of the public offices from having sat upon office stools. He knows what material development means from a practical inspection of foundries, mills, shipyards, irrigating-works, canals, factories, and the rest of the places where the strength of a nation largely displays itself. He knows the army from having carried a knapsack, obeyed his superiors, and worked his way up like the every-day Prussian. If a new ship is to make a trial trip, he goes in person to learn something new in naval construction. He has traveled in the most intelligent way the principal countries of the Old World, has come in contact with the men responsible for the state of affairs in Europe, and does not need to be prompted when a new ambassador presents his credentials.

From a child he has been noted for his love of outdoor sport, and as emperor has directed the taste of the growing generation away from pipes and beer-pots and has led them to seek their pleasures in more manly recreation.[1]

The Emperor believes in force, and with

[1] A press association furnished to the American papers of February 21 a charge of intoxication at the dinner in his honor given by the Brandenburg Diet. This article was fabricated either in London or in New York, though headed Berlin.

Such lies do more mischief than at first glance might be supposed, because, while a private man may occasionally venture to bring a libel action against an editor, the German Emperor has no such redress against the abuse of international courtesy.

I may add that I have seen the Emperor on a dozen or more convivial occasions when, if ever, he might with impunity have indulged the taste attributed to him by this ill-informed and poison-spirited scribe, and that on no occasion has he given grounds for such statements.

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

good reason. Prussia has fought her way into the family of European nations at the point of the bayonet; it has taken her about 250 years of drilling and fighting to make Europe understand that she has come to stay: and the habits engendered by generations of barrack-room education cannot be altered in a few years. Not only does the Emperor believe in force, but his Germans almost to a man hold the same creed. The people of the fatherland all serve in the ranks, not merely because their Kaiser wishes it but because they themselves are convinced that this sacrifice is the only one that can guarantee them against invasion. The universal service is to-day the most popular institution in Germany; and while outcry is made against particular abuses in the army, and many desire to have the term of service reduced, no government could live a day that attempted to abolish it altogether. The public language, therefore, which the Emperor uses sounds strangely autocratic when read in the columns of one of our dailies, but calls forth no such reflection in Berlin.

No man in his position has in so short a time expressed himself so freely on so many important topics as he, and if I have convinced the reader that his words are those of an honest and fearless man, I need offer no apology for quoting some of his own language as evidence that he is not devoid of judgment.

TOY FRIGATE ON THE HAVEL, NEAR POTSDAM, WHERE THE EMPEROR FIRST LEARNED TO BE A SAILOR.

On the 15th of June, 1888, William II. succeeded to the throne as German Emperor and King of Prussia. On the 25th he met the members of the imperial parliament, and gave them the assurance that he meant to govern according to the constitution, and to carry out vigorously all engagements, at home or abroad, connected with the welfare of the country. On the 27th he met the Prussian house of representatives, and, as King of Prussia, defined his position as head of the state more clearly still.

"I am far," said he, "from wishing to disturb the faith of the people in the permanency of our constitutional position by efforts to enlarge the royal prerogative. The present rights of the crown, so long as they are not invaded, are sufficient to assure the amount of monarchical influence required by Prussia, according to the present state of things, according to its position in the Empire, and according to the feelings and associations of the people. It is my opinion that our constitution contains a just and useful distribution of the coöperation of the different political forces, and I shall on that account, and not merely because of my oath of office, maintain and protect it."

Opinions differ, even in Germany, as to the best distribution of political forces, but every Prussian, and every German as well, breathed more freely when their emperor had spoken the blunt words I have translated. The people were already beginning to feel that while they had to deal with a man who could fight for his own, he was, at least, not disposed to claim more than was his by law. The whole of that address is instinct with individual conviction, but much of its force was lost to the outside world because few knew how much of it was meant. When, for instance, he closes by promising to be the "first servant of the state," it was looked upon as a conventional figure of speech, such as even a Prince of Wales might use. How few then thought that he would work with an energy and persistence that would wear out any two ordinary servants; that he would have his study lamp burning long before the kitchen-maids of Berlin yawned themselves out of bed; that he would in person wait upon the drill-grounds of his regiments to see that punctuality was observed; that he would be accessible to every

THE MARBLE PALACE, POTSDAM, WHERE THE EMPEROR LIVED AFTER HIS MARRIAGE, BEFORE HE CAME TO THE THRONE.

complaint, whether from a day laborer or cabinet minister.

Like others in commanding positions, he is taxed heavily for all that he utters in public, but no one tells us of what he is in private. Because as head of the army he draws his sword he is charged with warlike ambition; if on the other hand he looks into the troubles of the day laborers he is attacked as a socialist in disguise; if he travels to visit his neighbors the paragraphers make merry over his perpetual junketing. The papers of England have hardly yet forgiven him for the crimes they imagine he committed while his father was at San Remo, though it has been abundantly proved that he acted as a loyal son and subject.

On the 16th of August, 1888, he made a few remarks at Frankfort on the Oder that set all tongues wagging as though he had already signed a declaration of war.

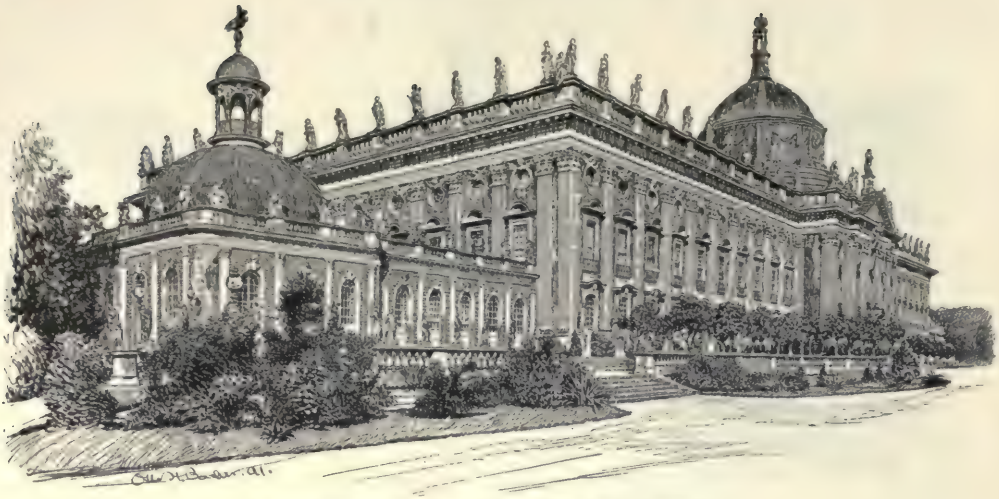
"Let me add one thing more," said he. "Gentlemen, there are people so weak as to say that my father thought of giving back what we conquered with the sword. We knew him all too well to accept coolly such a slander upon his memory. He was with us in thinking that nothing secured by the mighty efforts of those times should be given up.

"I believe that we of the Third Army Corps, as well as the whole army, know that on this subject there is but one voice: let us rather lose our eighteen army corps and forty-two million inhabitants on the field than give up a single stone of that which my father and Prince Frederick Charles have won."

This is not pleasant reading in Paris, but it is the kind of language I should expect to hear in New York if any philanthropic movement was on foot to hand Texas or Arizona back to Mexico. It is just the language that would be heard in London if an attempt were made to restore to France, not Alsace-Lorraine, but the Channel Islands.

Shortly after this much-abused speech came the great autumn manœuvers, at which two corps of about 30,000 men each, equipped as for real war, were made to fight one against the other, and to solve in an unknown country all the difficulties of a real campaign. Under the old Emperor William these manœuvers had of late years become rather perfunctory, because of his advanced years and his indisposition to make radical changes. The Emperor Frederick was of course too feeble to make any personal impression on the army during his three months of office, and all Germany looked with eagerness to see what their new emperor would do when commanding large bodies for the first time, and under conditions that would test in some degree his ability to command in real war. He had of course in the field veteran generals of three great wars, and a man of less courage could have readily found an excuse for taking a merely conventional part in these operations. But the Emperor dreamed of nothing less than this. From the beginning to the end of the seven-days' fighting I was able to watch him closely, and even a layman in warfare could note the extraordinary independence with which he made his dispositions, the coolness with which he met sudden emergencies, the attention he was able to give to detail, and the energy with which he appeared at every point of difficulty.

Did he make any mistakes? I presume so;



THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR AT POTSDAM.

I hope so, at least. And every soldier who saw him in those days blessed him for making them there rather than in the presence of a real enemy. He was learning to use his great military machine, and every German felt better at hearing that their Kaiser showed talent for his work. What if he did miscalculate the exact front that a division should occupy in an attack? what if he did bring his cavalry a bit too soon upon the enemy's infantry? The very fact of his doing so on this occasion was the best assurance that it would not happen in real war.

On the 14th of May, 1889, before he had been a year on the throne, he received a deputation of dissatisfied workmen, and, two days later, a similar body of employers. He spoke to each practically, briefly, sharply. He did not pat the employers on the back and order the workingmen about their business, nor did he seek to curry favor with the mob by using the delusive phrases so common with politicians on the eve of political elections. What he said to each gave no pleasure to either, but, spoken as it was, honestly and for the good of both, it has given workmen and their employers throughout Germany a feeling of confidence in the Government as a judge in matters industrial.

To the workmen he said:

"Every subject who has a desire to express has of course the ear of his emperor. I have shown this in giving you permission to come here and tell your wants personally. But you have put yourselves in the wrong; your movement is against law, if only because you have not abided by the fourteen-days' notice required to be given before striking. You have therefore broken your contract. Naturally this breaking of your engagement has irritated the employers, and does them a wrong. Furthermore, workmen who did not desire to strike have been prevented from working either by violence or threats."

He summed up the wrong they had done, but nevertheless promised to have the matter thoroughly investigated. It is needless to say that he kept his word. When the employers came before him, no doubt expecting sympathy as against strikers, they were taken to task more cuttingly still for their selfishness. "I beg of you," said the Emperor, "take pains to give workingmen a chance to present their grievances in a formal manner. . . . It is natural and human that each one should seek to better himself. Workmen read newspapers and know the relation that their wages bear to the profits of the company. It is obvious that they should desire to have some share of this."

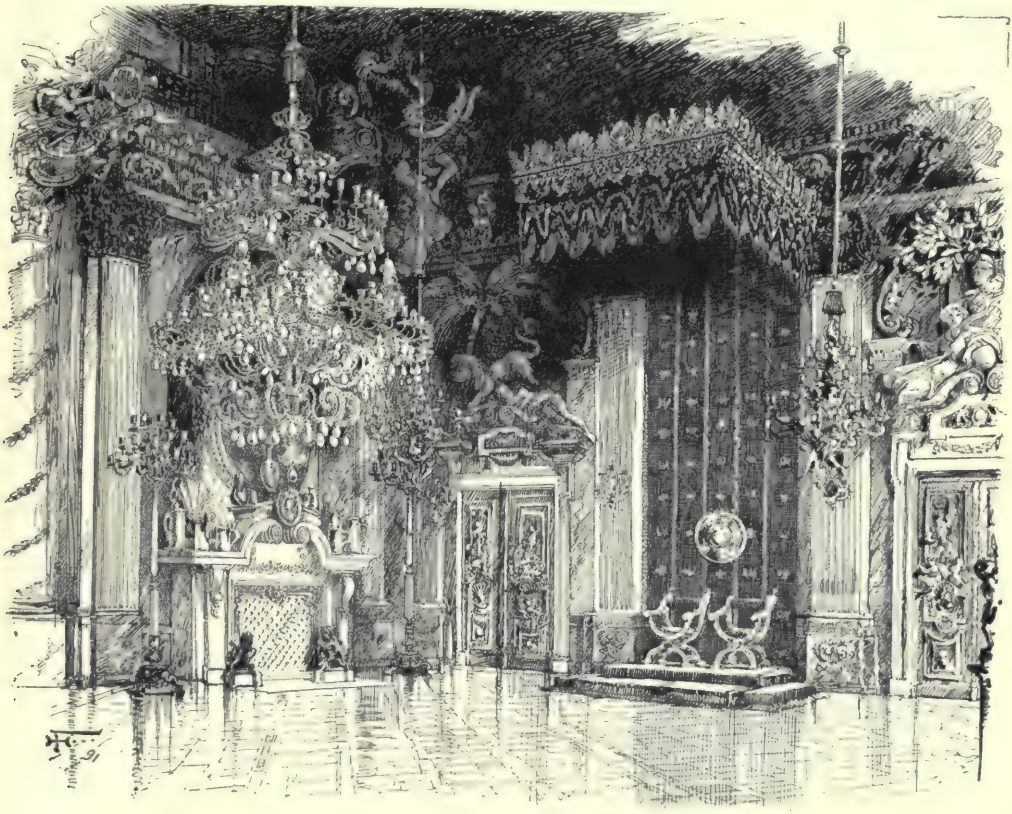
Were these utterances the dictation of a political economist paid for jogging the imperial elbow in matters industrial they would deserve only the attention accorded to official papers read from the throne. But when they reflect the convictions of a ruler bent upon solving questions that are tormenting every industrial community, they are remarkable.

During the grand manœuvers of 1889 he received a delegation of university professors and took the occasion to set the country thinking as to whether the present system of education could not be improved. "The more thoroughly and energetically the people understand history," said he, "the more clearly will they understand their position; and in this way they will be trained to united feeling in the presence of great undertakings." The language is not obscure to a German, who remembers the period of oppression under Napoleon I. and the many years that had to

pass before the people educated themselves to act and to think as one man in the struggle for unity. The Emperor has since taken means to put into practice the ideas he expressed to the professors of Göttingen, and Germans must thank him that the rising generation are permitted to form their ideals not merely from Greeks and Romans of very shadowy interest but from the flesh-and-blood patriots of these days — the Scharnhorsts, the Blüchers, the Gneisenaus, the Steins, the Colombs, Lützows, and other heroes of the great war of liberation.

entertain most strongly is that of relationship and friendship of long standing; and the future can only strengthen the heartiness of our relations."

This, I venture to say, is the most friendly language ever used by a German ruler or cabinet towards the United States, and it gains the more in value by coming from the mouth of a man who would not have said anything that he did not fully mean. The personal regard entertained for Mr. Phelps made the Emperor's language perhaps more easy for him;



THE THRONE-ROOM IN THE EMPEROR'S WINTER PALACE, BERLIN.

Shortly after the manœuvers of 1889 he received our minister, William Walter Phelps, in a manner more than complimentary, saying, among other things: "From childhood I have admired the great and expanding community you represent; and the study of your history, both in peace and war, has given me particular pleasure. Among the many conspicuous characteristics of your fellow citizens the world admires in particular their spirit of enterprise, their respect for law, and their inventiveness. Germans feel themselves the more drawn to the people of the United States because of the many ties that inevitably accompany kinship of blood. The feeling which both countries

but in addition to that, I am sure that few Germans who have not traveled in America are better informed of our conditions, our history, our resources, and our literature than he. When "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" appeared, it was read by him with interest; as an officer in the army he attended courses of lectures on our principal military operations; and only within the past few weeks he was discussing with an American George Kennan's work on the treatment of Siberian exiles.

In February, 1890, he issued an order the gist of which is in these words: "In my army each individual soldier shall receive lawful, just, and humane treatment." This order was

THE WINTER RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR, BERLIN.

unexpected, for the army did not appear at the time to suffer more than ordinarily from the excesses of non-commissioned officers or even of commissioned officers. But it is the Emperor's habit to find out for himself what is going on in barrack-yards as well as in the cabinet. He does not wait until official red tape has permitted the Government to notice an abuse, or until dissatisfaction has spread. His language in this order has not made men more humane, but it has certainly made the brutal more cautious about venting their brutality, and this is as much as human law can hope for.

In the same month he calls together a congress of interested nations to see if something cannot be done to avoid the increasing friction between wage-payers and wage-earners. This congress may or may not achieve all that some have hoped for it. The Emperor himself did not offer to solve any question of social philosophy; his attitude was strictly that of an inquirer. He virtually said to the delegates: "Gentlemen, the industrial situation of Europe is critical. Let us discuss it calmly, let us offer suggestions, let us see if the question is capable of simpler definition."

Whether anything comes of this effort, the fact is remarkable that the most conspicuous public effort of a young and powerful emperor has been to interfere in behalf of the daily laborers.

On the 20th of March, 1890, Bismarck left his office of Prime, or rather sole, Minister. I do not wish to enter upon this question here, except to point out that he left office immediately after a popular election which resulted in more votes for socialist candidates than were ever before cast in the history of the empire. He was in a hopeless minority in the Reichstag, and had proved to the satisfaction of his countrymen that, whatever his merits were as a foreign minister, they dwindled painfully when it came to treating the more delicate questions of finance, socialism, press laws, and internal improvement.

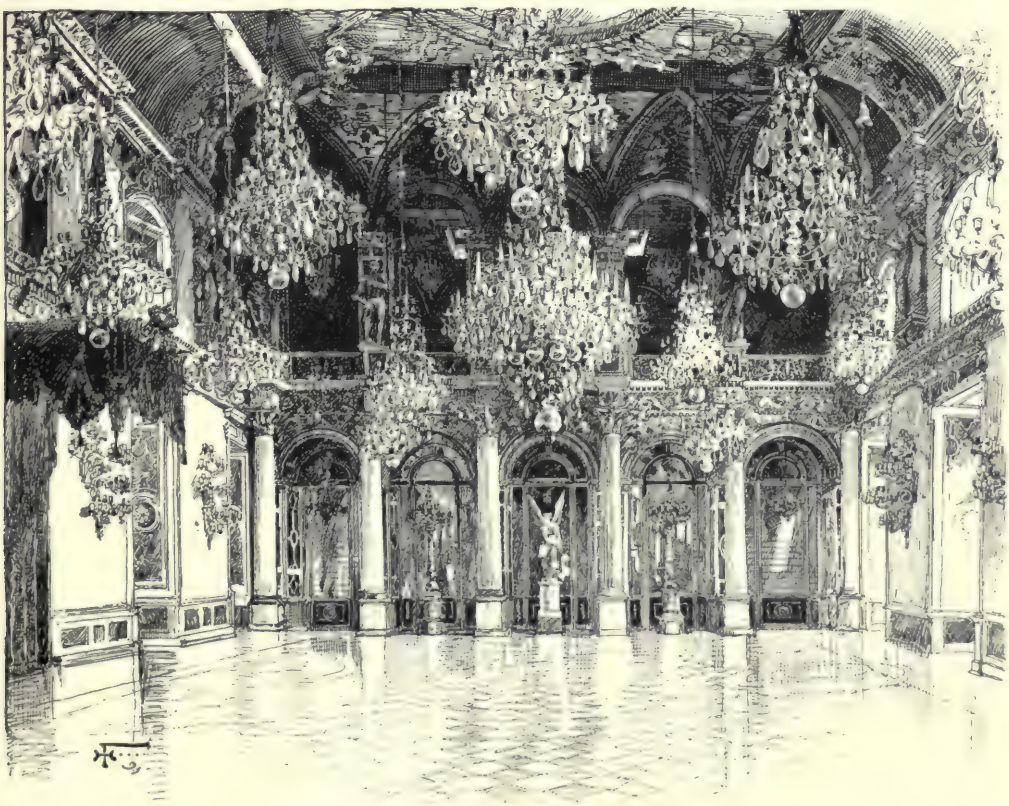
During the labor conference the Emperor showed marked civilities to the French delegate, Jules Simon, and afterward sent him as a present the musical works of Frederick the Great, accompanied by a most cordial letter. This was an opportunity offered to France to say something that might be regarded as a harbinger of peace; to cease the snarling over Alsace-Lorraine that has been kept up for twenty years, and promises to continue until after the next war. Germany was disappointed in the result, for France showed that she has now only one political faith, the basis of which is hate.

From the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain to the attics of Montmartre, there is but one feeling — France has had her vanity wounded; therefore Europe must expect no rest until she has had her revenge.

In 1890, on the 9th of August, Helgoland was added to the Empire without a blow or even an angry word. What Gibraltar is to Spain, that and much more was this little island at the mouth of her principal seaport to Germany. The peaceful accomplishment of so important an object is not so much an evidence of his desire to strengthen his coast-line as of the fact that England and Germany are today united in a friendship unknown since the year when Blücher and Wellington fought the French at Waterloo.

I have not spoken of the Emperor's travels in detail, for want of space. In general it may be said that no ruler of modern times has seen so much of the world, and made the fruit of his travels so directly profitable to his people. He has not merely traveled to distant countries, from the North Cape to the Golden Horn, and from the Thames to the Gulf of Finland. His acquaintance with his own country is no less thorough. He masters readily the industrial features of every neighborhood that he visits, and it is rare for him to meet a man with whom he cannot talk instructively on the country or town that he represents. He does not waste time in these travels, but has a railway train fitted somewhat after the pattern of the Chicago limited vestibule. On the way he despatches state business, and discusses, as he flies along, any proposition requiring signature. His yacht serves him when afloat as conveniently as his train ashore, and both are so well used as to be always in the best working condition.

As an after-dinner speaker the Emperor has no superior in Germany. He speaks readily without notes, expresses himself with vigor, never descends to conventional commonplaces, and, above all, gives the very best assurance that his words are not prepared for him. I have heard conspicuous speakers in England and in our own country, and, if comparisons are not in this case invidious, I should say that the German Emperor need not fear to meet such an audience as even a New England society dinner assembles. One of the prettiest speeches I have listened to was delivered by the Emperor in answering the toast to his wife in the province where she was born. It was during the great combined naval and military manœuvers of 1890, at which the United States was repre-



THE WHITE SALOON, WINTER PALACE, IN WHICH PARLIAMENT IS OPENED.

sented by Commander Ward, and Great Britain by Admiral Hornby.

The Emperor's words were: "I desire to express to you, my dearest sir, the gratitude felt by the Empress and myself for the kind words we have just heard; at the same time our thanks to the whole for the day we have passed and for the reception which the province has prepared for us. This day was, however, not needed in order to assure us of the warm friendship we have found here. The bond that unites me to this province, and chains me to her in a manner different from all others of my Empire, is the jewel that sparkles at my side, her Majesty the Empress. Sprung from this soil, the type of the various virtues of a German princess, it is to her that I owe it if I am able to meet the severe labors of my office with a happy spirit, and make head against them."

The words of the Emperor were unexpected, and to no one more so than to his wife, whose face beamed with happiness at the compliment she so publicly received. Nor did any one who listened to the speaker at that dinner think to question the spontaneity and honesty of the language.

In spite of the pomp that custom demands of an imperial court, the German Emperor is a man of singularly simple and healthy tastes. When he is out of office-hours his recreation is largely taken with his children in their nursery, or dropping in at the house of a personal friend and begging a cup of tea and a cozy chat. He knows the value of knowledge, and while the machinery of his Government provides him with elaborate reports on every subject and from every corner of the world, he still prefers to study his people at first hand, and never loses an opportunity of seeing for himself what is going on about him. He reads, of course, all the new books of importance; sees the good plays, and assists in bringing forward such as have merit; he takes pleasure in running into artists' workshops at unexpected hours; is ready to meet any one who has an idea of interest.

When I think of him as the business manager of a practical political corporation, I am constantly inclined to look for the key to his success and popularity in Germany by quoting the laconic opinion of him expressed by an American officer who was presented to him for the first time at the Baltic manœuvers in 1890. He came away from his audience flushed with excitement, and I expected a vigorous report from the fact that this officer had been drawing his impressions of Germany principally from Paris and St. Petersburg.

"What do you think of him now?" I said.

"Immense; he has a genuine Yankee head on him."

It only need be added that this compliment was the highest in the court vocabulary of my fellow countryman.

Poultney Bigelow.

THOU REIGNEST STILL.

QUEEN JUANA OF SPAIN, TO HER LONG-DEAD LORD, PHILIPPE LE BEL.

THOU liv'st and reignest in my memory,
Discrowned of earth, but crowned still in the soul
Subject to thee from pole to utmost pole:
This is the kingdom thou hast still in fee,
Though silence and the night have hidden thee—
King, crowned in joy, and crowned again in dole,
Sovereign and master of my being's whole,
My heart and life and all there is of me.
It is thy breath I breathe upon the air;
Thou shinest on me with the stars of night;
Thou risest for me with the morning sun;
And if I sleep and dream I find thee there,
And, finding, quiver with the old delight:
Monarch, yet lover, to thine arms I run.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

Thumb-nail Sketches

MOGLASHEN.

SOME one said that I should visit Beg Island while at Ingonish. But the advice made but little impression upon my mind at the time. In clear weather it might be seen from the shore, its shape resembling a squatty sugar-loaf upon the horizon.

One morning from my perch in the rocks, where I had securely fastened my canvas with ropes and boulders,—for the wind ever blows in this latitude,—I became conscious of the approaching figure of a man leaping from rock to rock, his arms waving wildly with the exertion. Evidently he was headed for the spot which I occupied.

I fancied that he had some message from the village for me, perhaps a letter; but a moment's reflection showed me that the semi-weekly mail was not due before the following day.

As he climbed the boulders I could see his face, a red dot in the center of a bushy growth of sandy whiskers which stood out in all directions.

Panting for breath, he reached the spot where I sat, and bounced himself down beside me at the risk of upsetting my color-box.

Cocking his head upon one side, and rubbing upon his trousers the hand which he had placed directly in the center of my well-covered palette, he ejaculated admiringly, with a sweep of the clean hand, "Hech, mon, but she 'll be a fine peentin' ye 're at."

"Yes?" said I, with an ill-suppressed smile at his predicament. "How did you know I was out here?"

"Aw 'll be speerin' you affshoor, an' the hale popilation kens what ye 're at, an' whaur ye are tae, for that matter; but, d' ye see? ye 're wastin' ye'r time here. This 'll no be place for the peentin', aw 'll be sayin' to masel' comin' o'er, whan she 'll have Beg Islan'. D' ye ken Beg Islan'?"

"Oh, yes," I said, taking up my palette and endeavoring to repair the havoc his hand had wrought; "I know of it; at least I 've heard of it."

"Of coorse ye 'll hae heard of it, as well as them that belongs te it, the Moglashens. Aw 'll be a Moglashen, d' ye ken? an', what 's more, aw envite ye te stop wi' us o'er te Beg Islan'," he said, wiping his perspiring forehead with the painty hand, and leaving thereon a thin line of new blue, running rainbow fashion with a broader one of ochre. "The fam'ly envites ye, d' ye ken? She 'll be proud te have ye, mairover."

He paused and looked longingly at me. I was about to say something in thanks for the proffered hospitality, when he broke forth, "Ye 'll no be apel te be waverin' here, whateffer, a-peentin' on yon," indicating the canvas with a sweep. "The nor'easter 's due, an' 'deed she 'll be here the night."

I saw that the sky did indeed look threatening, and the wind was changing.

"Ef ye 'll be acceptin' ma hospitality, aw 'll take ye ower te Beg Islan' the night."

I endeavored to persuade him of the impossibility of this.

"'Deed, then, an aw 'll no leave ye here, so ye mun just pack up ye'r traps, an aw 'll carry yer peentin' for ye."

As the wind had changed I saw the folly of remaining on the present spot; there was a

narrow gully to be passed, and in certain tides I had been warned that crossing was almost dangerous, for the water surged and boiled through the rocks with tremendous force.

When we came to this place I found that, in preparation for our return, the emissary of the Moglashens had so placed a drift spar that the crossing was comparatively easy. Once upon level ground, or at least that which is called level at Ingonish, his pent-up loquacity broke forth again, apropos of nothing. "Dinna ye see that the feshin 's no what it use te be? Theer aye an ill-gitted folk here, an' aw don't say, d' ye mind? that it 's no the hand o' Providence, for the wracks that 's been handled here."

"Were there wreckers here, then, in the olden times?" I asked idly, more to feed the flame of his loquacity than with an interest in the subject.

"In the olden time, is it?" he said. "Wha, mon,"—with a fearful look about, and a finger upraised,—"whist! aw tell ye, aw 'm keener te see uncommon things than ony. Syne aw takes a daunder through the shanties,—" with a contemptuous sweep of the hand in the direction of the village,—"do aw no see the belongings of the gaun-aboot bodies? Aw could tell ye o' the bagman's pack—Whist! Aw 'll ask ye—aw say te ye, come te Beg Island te the hoose o' the Moglashens. There ye'r belongin's an' ye'r peentin' 'll be safe fro' the deev'lish fingers; aw 'm sayin' that ye 'll be better off, d' ye see? aw 'm a-givin' ye a sicht o' ma mind—o' ma thochts. Aw 'm givin' ye warnin'."

"Do you mean to say that the people here will rob me?" I said.

"Aw mean te say that—" He broke off suddenly and pointed to the horizon, where Beg Island loomed up dark gray, a pyramid against the windy sky—"Aw mean te say that ye 'll be made welcome there for a twal month, if ye like te stop."

I began to be interested; there might be something in all this rigmarole, perhaps more than the fellow said. My picture was almost completed; it would be good to leave it for a while. The inn where I was stopping was by no means comfortable, hardly tolerable, and my room, being on the ground floor, was rather damp. No other was to be had; the upper rooms leaked from the roof, they said. Why not go over with this eager Gaelic gentleman of the open-handed hospitality? Surely I could be no worse off there than here in my present quarters.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do," I said, when we were nearly at the inn; "I 'll toss up a cent. Heads I stay here, tails I go with you to-night over to Beg Island."

"Tails it is, an' at the first cast of the bawbee," said the Moglashen, gleefully, as he touched the coin. "An' ye promised," seeing my glance at the gathering clouds.

Then he ran ahead, calling out that he would get the boat ready and carry down my traps and luggage.

I saw I was in for it now; there was no turning back—I was to be the guest of the Moglashens on Beg Island. There was some difficulty in explaining to the wondering inn people, but at length matters were settled, and I left word that any mail that arrived for me was to be sent over in a special boat.

In two hours we were off Beg Island, which loomed up before us vast and brown through a transparent mist of flying spray. The sea was rough, and before Ingonish was a mile away I had repented of my hasty decision. Soon I heard an exclamation from Moglashen, of whom I began to weary.

"There," he said, pointing to a white speck on the side of the hill, "there 's Moglashen's. They 'll be seein' us the noo. Jeannie 'll be in the toor,—Jeannie 'll be the eldest, d 'ye ken? then the' 'll be Patty; then the' 'll be Matty; then the' 'll be Tessie; then the' 'll be—"

"What!" I said, "all girls?"

"Aye. The' 'll be Lizzie; then the' 'll be Laurie—sax o' them, an' a' the most enticin' sort, d 'ye ken? But ye 'll see for yoursel. Aw mon say, though, that Jeannie 'll be the leddy," he exclaimed in an emphatic tone.

Here was an adventure sure enough! I was to live in a family of seven women, and I had evidently been brought here with the idea that I might fall a victim to one of the six of "the most enticin' sort."

The thought was so absurd that I laughed aloud, and this seemed to remove some lingering doubts in the mind of Moglashen, who had been eying me, for he exclaimed, with a great show of glee, "Aye," slapping his hand upon his knee, and rubbing it softly up and down. "Ye 'll be that happy—I 'll answer for 't, what wi' pianny playin' sax month on end, an' ye 'll no hae felt the time."

"What!" said I in surprise, "have you a piano here?"

"'Deed an' we hae. Wass a brig come ashoor—salvage, d' ye mind. Wull Taggart would hae it that 't was his, but"—with a chuckle—"aw would na. Mon," he added, after an interval of silence, during which we rapidly approached the island, "when ye hear

the skirl o' Jeannie's voice, and the manful pluckin' o' the pianny, ye 'll no regret yer uptassin' o' the bawbee."

In due time we reached the landing-place between two immense rocks, from which a path flanked by two spars — probably the remnant of the ill-fated brig — led up to the house, a long patchwork structure of stone, the lower part of which was whitewashed. It looked comfortable enough in the low western light.

Moglashen, who was busying himself with the boat, which he had hauled up on a sort of miniature ship-railway by means of a windlass, called out to me to follow the path up to the house, and he would "be joinin' me presently."

Somewhat to my surprise the door remained closed, nor did I see a sign of the "invitin' sort" who, according to Moglashen, were to make me so welcome to Beg Island.

I knocked loudly at the door, once, a half-dozen times, to no purpose, then boldly turned the knob, and entered. A fire was burning in a wide fireplace,— a fire of sea-wood from which tiny flames of green and blue flickered in a most delightful manner,— and a simmering kettle filled the room with harmonious sounds.

The floor was covered with mats of home manufacture, archaic in design and of various shapes. On the table by the window was a ball of yarn in which the needles were sticking, the half-finished stocking depending from it half-way to the floor, as if it had been hurriedly dropped, and beside the ball was a pair of silver-bowed spectacles. The room was a homely one altogether, and I threw off my greatcoat and high boots, seating myself in the armchair before the fire to dry my wet feet. The sea had been rough, and some water came over the bow in spite of Moglashen's skill.

While I was musing upon the absurdity of coming over to Beg Island, and almost dozing in the grateful warmth from the sea-wood fire, I heard voices in dispute, then the falsetto of Moglashen mingled with feminine exclamations. They seemed to come from the next room; a door slammed noisily, and then a woman's voice said distinctly: "She 'll no be able to stay here, an' that 's a fact, aw can tell ye, ye daundering aul' ejiot. Whaur in the name o' the prauphet 'll she sleep, when well ye ken that we 're aye sleepin' twa in a bed the noo?" Decidedly this was a welcome.

Just then the door opened, and Moglashen entered, saying with an uncouth attempt at lightheartedness that seemed absolutely ridiculous after what I had heard behind the closed door:

"An' aw hope ye 'll be enjoyin' yersel', ma freend, whiles the supper 's preparin'; an' after the supper we 'll aye hae a bit thump at the pianny. An' noo —" he tiptoed over to a cupboard, from which he brought forth a squatty, promising-looking jug and a cup, and set them before me — "an' noo we 'll just hae a wee bit drap te warm the cockles."

We were in the act of drinking each other's health when a female voice from the other room called out, "Will — yum!"

Moglashen almost dropped the cup from his hand, and, setting it down on the table, said in an awe-struck tone:

"An' aw 'll just hae te leave ye whiles I answer t' wife."

He closed the door after him. I seemed to hear a scuffle and smothered exclamations; then a door slammed, and silence fell. While I was speculating over these happenings Moglashen returned, bearing a lamp, for it had grown quite dark by this time. He still kept up the uncouth semblance of cheerful hospitality while laying the table, putting the tea to draw on the hob, and slicing a savory-looking ham, and then sat down beside me, his eyes fixed on the fire, his hands nervously rubbing his knees.

Determined to know what the trouble was, or rather to corroborate the surmise I had formed, I asked for his wife and daughters; were we not to have their company at supper?

"'Deed, then, aw 'll tell ye the hale lot o' them 's doon sick." He paused to note what effect this might have upon me, running his hand through the fiery red beard.

"Sick!" I exclaimed, "and you brought me here, knowing this?"

"Weel, ye canna be angered when aw tell ye aw deed n't ken they were as sick as aw that — eh, but they 're sare sick the noo," he exclaimed dismally, staring into the blaze, and rubbing his knees and thighs.

"But what ails them, man? Is it anything serious? Can I do anything to help —"

"Nae; ye jist canna, an' that 's aw aboot it, mon alive," he exclaimed, rising in a kind of desperation, and seizing the teapot. "Ye 'll just take a bit supper an' then —" A noise at the door and the voice calling, "Will — yum!" and Moglashen once more disappeared. When he returned we ate our supper almost in silence, and without further inter-

ruption; after which he cleared the table, handed out clay pipes and a box of leaf tobacco, and set a kettle of fresh water on to boil; then with a sigh, seating himself once more beside me before the fire, he delivered himself as follows:

"A mon may be hospeetable, an' yet hae no t' abeelity t' carry 't oot, d' ye see? Well, then, here ye hae a mon, as aw said, that 's aye hospeetable, an' aw thing 's ag'in' her. She 'll be wantin' for company o' the male kind, an' she 'll no be let hae it in peace, d' ye see? Well, then, aw 'll go a bit farther.

"Here ye hae a mon, as aw say, hospeetable, an' she finds an uncommon chance te hae a bit gossip aboot the grand great ceeties wi' a chap fresh frae it aw. Well, then, she takes a daunder ower the bit rocks, an' presents thae hospeetality te thae chap. Syne thae chap agrees," he continued miserably, "an' thae word 's gien." He paused, and, rubbing his whiskers meditatively, began again: "Here ye hae a mon wi'oot t' abeelity te carry 't oot, an' aw 'm sayin' she 's aye an ill-gitted mon that 's aye wi'oot a ward in her ain hoose; aw 'm sayin' here ye hae a mon wi'oot a word in her ain hoose, d' ye see?" he asked, anxiously seeking my eye.

"I see," I said reassuringly. Indeed I could not help seeing it all. In his own language, here we had a man who had a large element of hospitality in his nature, which he was forced to keep in abeyance in consequence of a difference of opinion on the part of his better half, and, for aught I knew, on the part of the "enticers" as well.

In his desire for companionship he had invited me to come to Beg Island and to stop with him for an indefinite period, all without consulting the wishes of his good lady, thereby getting himself into a difficulty from which he could see no means of escape.

"Well, what is to be done?" I said. "I cannot go out into the storm, and there 's no other house within reach, or—"

"Aw beg ye, don't, don't say anither ward aboot gangin' oot," he said piteously, wringing his hands. "Aw 'm—"

"Will—yum!" And he again disappeared.

I composed myself as well as I could in the huge chair before the fireplace; the wind howled dismally around the eaves, and I could hear the waves dashing against the rocks below. I struggled against the desire to sleep; I was conscious that Moglashen came in at intervals, that he replenished the fire, that he piled coats and blankets about me. . . .

I awoke at daybreak, and soon after Moglashen came in, threw some chips and a log on the fire, and began preparations for breakfast. We talked without saying anything, strictly avoiding any reference to the ladies or referring in any way to the Moglashen hospitality. He was garrulous, yet in a subdued manner, constantly glancing at me out of the corner of his eye. He made no resistance to my demand to be taken over to Ingonish immediately after breakfast. I gave him to understand that I believed the "pianny" to be a myth, and—well, there might be six beauteous creatures, but I was not prepared to believe in them.

Utterly cowed, and as different as possible from the canny Moglashen of yesterday, was the creature Moglashen of today; his hair and beard no longer stood boldly out from his face, but were brushed back smoothly, evidently by feminine hands.

He led the way down the path to the boat, shoved her down the ways, stepped the mast, shook out the sail to the fresh morning breeze, and thus we left Beg Island and the long, low whitewashed house of the Moglashens shining in the morning sun.

When we were about a mile away I fancied I saw fluttering dresses against the green of the hillside; but this was the only glimpse I had of the ladies Moglashen.

Every week since my return to town a bundle of New York papers goes to Beg Island addressed to William Moglashen, but I have neither heard from him nor seen him since I left him that July morning standing abject and humiliated in his boat under the wharf at Ingonish.

George Wharton Edwards.

A COMMON STORY.

MILTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE,
Oct. 3, 1889.

I AM thirty-two. I am not married. Yesterday I found a gray hair. My hair is light; it should not begin to turn so early. I am young. Isn't thirty-two young? We don't talk of age together. But of course he knows. I am not young; I have to remember that. By village standards, by marriage standards, I am just not middle-aged; that is, there is hope for me still. Oh! oh! oh! for the time when there will no longer be hope, for the day when they will all give me up — the mother (dear mother!), the aunts, my girl friends who have married, the men who notch off birthdays in their cane-bottomed chairs in front of the Iroquois House.

The girl friends are the worst — though there is always mother. But mother is happy. *Her* marriage is a success. The marriages of the girls have been failures in various keys. Mother came in under the old arrangement. What do I mean by the old arrangement? I don't know; but the arrangement under which Sallie Beaumont was *not* married. Yes; that 's it — the simple, natural arrangement. You should have heard Sallie's reasons for marrying Fred Maxim; *they* were n't simple, I promise you. Even to a journal I should n't like to tell all those reasons. When I think that Fred might some day come to know what they were I shrivel into a pucker. I wonder if men would ever dare to marry women if they could know *all* their reasons for consenting? Sometimes, perhaps. But none of the girls whose courtships, and engagements, and marriages I have watched from my maidenly watch-tower — my old-maidenly watch-tower, I should begin to call it now, I suppose — would like to be called upon to explain to their husbands all that was in their hearts as they went up the aisle on their father's arm. That I know. Perhaps I know too much. I know a great deal too much to make marriage the simple thing for me that it was for mother.

I wish to gracious that every one would n't tell me everything, and especially I wish that I had n't been obliged to go through Sallie Beaumont's engagement with her. Sallie's engagement, do I say? Dear me! Kate Duffield's, Margaret Hart's, Daisy Monteith's, Helen Everard's, Sadie Macafee's — what of them? It frightens me just to set them down. But it ought to strengthen me to think that I 'm here after it all.

Every one has his misfortunes. It has been mine to be the only girl in Milton who has not at some time between her twentieth and thirtieth year been engaged. I don't mean that my not having been engaged has been a misfortune; much the contrary. But my freedom from all such bother has given me time to look after the engagements of other girls. At least they have thought it did. Sallie could n't have brought her trouble about Fred Maxim and Jimmy Dexter (she was in love with Jimmy, and she knew she ought to marry Fred — Sallie was always intelligent) to Kate or Daisy. Kate was trying to think herself into love with Ned Fellows just then; and Daisy — but I could write a novel about Daisy's case. It was this way: the other girls were busy, and they each saw that I was n't — at least not in that way. Their doubts and their hesitations, and their woulds and their would n'ts, and their final plunge — well, they were awfully interesting. But they were wearing. I used to go upstairs, after Sallie had been proposing unanswerable problems about Fred and Jimmy for an hour in our parlor, and go to bed. Mother used to wonder what kept me so miserable. The truth was, I was suffering sympathetically for those girls. Perhaps you don't know what it is to decide to confide your future to six men at once. I did n't. But I know now. Twelve, I ought to say; for each of the girls had her doubts about some other man. But we declined him, so that really only makes six.

October 4. — I thought I could never keep a journal. I was sure that as soon as I tried to journalize this life I lead it would escape: the things that you can't say (that your hand gets too tired, and ink too shallow, and paper too small, to say) are so many, many more than the things you *can* say. And yet the things that you manage to fix are so interesting that, if you know how to fill up the blanks as I do, you find it fun, on the whole. That is the advantage of writing for your own eye alone: you don't have to fill up the blanks, and yet when you come to the real point, you can talk it down to bare bones with yourself, without caring for proportion or perspective or the relative importance of one of your doings to another. The relative importance of one's doings is just

what one thinks it, of course. My last winter's trip to southern California (it was delightful) would make more of a figure in a biography of me than the way Dick looked at me last evening when he said good-night, I suppose; but that only shows the stupidity of biographers. How can they know? — Which brings me to the real point: Why should I care how Dick looks at me when he says good-night? Or — no; that is n't the real point. The real one is, *Do* I care? Well, I guess I care. But you, Journal, are the only one who shall ever know it.

He has come back; it is two years since he was last in Milton. The last time he had a month's holiday, which left him three weeks here; the other week was spent in going and coming, for he was in Nebraska then. He says he feels like an Easterner now, for his work has taken him to Missouri (he builds trolley-car lines, like those in Boston, I believe, for the little cities out there); but Missouri has n't seemed to be far enough East to let him come back oftener than when he first went West. When he first went I did not care so much, I suppose; at least I did n't reckon time greedily. How strange it seems now; but it is true: whole weeks went by in those days when I did n't think of him. Yet we were friends then too; quite as good friends as now. Only I felt differently about him, I suppose. Suppose? Oh, don't let us pretend to each other, you safe, safe pen and paper, and my heart! To some one, to something, I *must* speak! Somewhere I *will* be all myself! I love him! I love him! . . . How dared I write that? It 's a frightful word. But I 'm glad. I wanted to look the dreadful thought in the eyes. I 've seen it now; perhaps it will do me good. I 'm not afraid to love him, though the word scares me. And, besides, no one knows.

October 6.—Yes; it is really true. No one knows. And how do you suppose I am sure of that? Why, because every one,—mother, and all the girls that I 've helped to engage and marry and settle, even the one I 've seen through her separation from her husband (that 's Daisy),—all, all are poking me and pinching me and nagging me into *accepting* Dick! Ah, I 've played my part of old maid too well. These twelve years in which I 've fought them and scorned them, and swept my skirt clear of their odious ideas of marriage, have convinced them of too much. They have come to believe that because I won't look at the wrong ones there never will be a right one. I have found the right one now, and he has not found me. I tell you the plain fact in that way, dear Journal. I don't mind adding that it 's not in this way I tell it to my pillow. He came a fortnight ago to-night. When did I last sleep the night through? It was on a Wednesday. He came on a Wednesday. Oh me, how hot and wet one's pillow gets by two in the morning! And there is still the long night. They wonder why I get up so early. It 's not because I 'm rested. Oh, I 'm tired, tired! How do other girls do who love men who don't love them? They don't. They don't allow themselves to. They have their pride. I 've lost mine. And then they don't have a whole village at their heels begging them to like the man just a little, entreating them to give him a chance. There, I 've said it. Give him a chance! I blush even to write it. How can I?

October 10.—You see what I mean, you poor, patient Journal. I am being thrown at the head of the man I love (O Dick, under my breath, hear me say how I love you!) upon their wicked and revolting theory about marriage. I am to trade upon the weakness of men; I am to bring him to my feet; I am to allure, to call him on, to snare him — why not say it? I am to make love to him — I who love him, I who would die ten deaths rather than that he should know it! Oh, is it likely?

October 13.—Dick is just a little younger than I am — perhaps a year. We went to the village school together long ago. We were in the same class. He used to bring me apples; we ate them together straight on through the season, from the blossom to the Baldwin. And then there was the Strawberry apple, which was good too, with its pretty streaks of red through the center. Dick used to call them blushes, and to make comparisons. He does n't make comparisons since he came back this time, and he is otherwise much changed. I like the changes. They only make him more utterly, Dickily Dick. Well, Journal, you would like him too if you could see him.

What is he like? What is any young girl's dream like? What is the love of a youthful spinster like? Like the nicest thing there is. Dick is a man, you know. That 's it. Except my father, he is the only quite man I know. There are male beings and men. He was a man even as a boy, when he fought Tommy Maeder for me, and charged a snowballing mob of boys in my defense, single-handed. I liked him then. He knows that; he believes I still like him. I don't; but he will never know the difference. Mama and Aunt Caroline and the girls have arranged all that. Every time I meet him I say to myself, "I will conquer this feeling; I will. I will be natural with him. I will be myself." And every time it is the same old story. I am not myself: I am not any one at all. He does n't recognize me. I can see it. Why should he? I don't recognize myself. I am like a person who longs to shout, and can only produce dumb sounds. All the natural out-

flow of my nature — there really used to be one — seems dammed up the moment we meet now. I am baffled. I almost think I used to have a sort of charm for him once; and if I ever had it is there still, perhaps. But it might as well not be. It will never reach him; the wires are down. It all appears so strange that it somehow seems at times as though it could not concern me. At these times it seems another girl's story,— the story of a girl not less cruelly helpless,— at which I look on sadly. Ah, I 've listened to other girls so long!

I shake mother; but what good does that do? It 's a feeling. You can't shake a feeling. It sounds like a simple thing to say to these eager, urgent, watchful girls who come to see me every morning and talk of nothing else. "It 's not urging I need. What I need is his love, and you are making it impossible." But the only simple thing about it is its brevity. I could never say it, of course, and if I could they would n't understand. Did n't I engage them and marry them? Don't I know their impossible ideas about marriage? — the ideas common among women, I mean. And my mother's ideas — yes, even my own dear mother's — are the same. In a way I bear it better from her. As I said, her marriage has been a success. The results of the marriages of the others make advice from them an impertinence. I have learned that it is n't, though; it is simply the married woman's view of marriage, which is one and the same the world over. They mean it for my good — they always make that plain — when they pluck at me in private and throw me at his head in public; and that they are killing me, instead, is just what I can't tell them.

They treat us as if we were engaged. I believe they come to the house when they know Dick is coming in order to go away on his arrival and leave us *tête-à-tête*. They nod kindly to me as they make their adieus on these occasions, and include us both in a look of understanding. If we go out together,— and on the whole it is less conscious, I have decided, to accept Dick's invitations than to refuse them,— we are isolated at once by common consent, as if I were n't already cut off from him enough by my own feelings! Perhaps it is merely the unskilled rural way of doing a thing which might be carried off naturally enough in town; but it gives me the cold shivers. And do you think I can speak a natural word to Dick that evening? I don't know that I am more than common shy (though I 'm not brazen, either), but I have my woman's senses. I can't help that. And these things simply stupefy and paralyze all our intercourse.

In a village it is easy to bring the entire population to agreement upon questions of a certain kind. Since Dick's arrival my mother, my aunt, and the girls have unintentionally made it as plain to every one as if they had posted it at the town hall, that they look upon Dick Lester as a man whom I might capture if I would. I put it grossly. They state it more prettily to me; but this is really what they mean. They are accustomed to add that it is my last chance — again putting it more politely.

Last night at the Unitarian fair I helped them out as "Rebecca at the Well," and from behind my curtain had the satisfaction of hearing young Mrs. McGregor (the wife of our doctor) say to Dick, "Is n't Miss Devius coming this evening?" I said that they treat us as if we were engaged. I should have said that they treat us as if we were married. And they think this the way to throw me into his arms! Of course he sees; an owl must see. Imagine our graceful, natural, and easy conversation! Ugh!

October 17.— I have just learned that Dick's vacation expires a week from to-day.

October 18.— Yes, of course he sees. My too amiable mother made up a party yesterday to go over to the lake. I declined to make one of the carriage company. But mother insisted. They put us together on the front seat of course, and made Dick drive. I believe mother thinks Dick is the *driver* of his trolley cars. He does drive very well, because he does every thing well, and on this occasion he gave his whole mind to it. I saw he had begun to feel my inexplicable conduct; but he said nothing then, and I could say nothing. I don't think we exchanged fifty words on the way to Lake Mesowree.

After luncheon on the shore — it 's really a beautiful lake, hemmed in by the most gorgeous old hills — the company divided into rowing parties. You can imagine how they arranged it for Dick and me. He pulled for a mile or two in a silence which I made a number of efforts to break. But I could not force myself to speak. It has come to that. I can no longer so much as break a silence with this man whom I love, and whose reading of me I dread in every nerve. How he must wonder! But I am helpless. Stiff, formal, lifeless — that is what all our talk has become. It 's a blight. I can do nothing with it. Two years ago, when he had been three years in the West and came home on his first vacation, it was all so different. We met then on the sure footing of our childish friendship; there was the common liking to which we could both trust, and the common understanding. That is gone now, and we have nothing in its place. We have merely drifted into the doldrums.

If they had let us alone I don't say that the other would have come; but things have their natural way of blossoming, and love has come

before of such relations. I suppose I must have loved him then — that is, before he went away. I was sure of it when he took my hand a little more than two weeks ago, the night he came back for this second time, and said in that deep, good, honest voice of his, "Well, Ellen?" Ah, if they would but let me have him,— if they would not snatch my love away and cry it in the streets so that every natural act becomes a shame to me, and I must seem to propose to him with every civil word I give him,— well, everything might be different!

Oh, I say might! I don't know. He might care, he might not. But I could give him "the chance" my mother talks of in her awful ignorance of her daughter. I mean I could be myself; I could let things take their course. It is all that a woman has — that right: it does not seem a great privilege, does it? But I am denied it.

This is the sort of thoughts that keep racing through my head when I am with Dick. I was watching him pull silently on with big sweeps of his strong arms, and I ought to have been chatting with him, like the sensible and lively person I really am, but I was thinking instead, and thinking thoughts which never helped any one to such conversation — thoughts which I hardly dared think in the same boat with him. It always seems to me that he must see through the thin partition between such thoughts and him, his eyes are so clear; and something he saw in my face seemed actually to make him speak after a moment. I remember very well that it was at that moment that I was making my eyes seem to see him far, far away again, and wondering how I should bear it. He was drifting, drifting steadily out of my reach in my fancy,— it was the boat, I suppose, that gave me that idea,— and I was standing on a beach stretching my helpless arms out to him, and crying after him to come back; and he was willing, or not unwilling, but he too was helpless. He was being quietly, and steadily, and pitilessly carried away from me. His question brought me back to an actual lake, and to a real Dick who was asking me, ever so gently, in a kind way which is like no one's else, why I was so different lately. Of course I had known this must come some time; but between my sad vision and my surprise at the suddenness of the question, I was in a panic, and had to think how to make myself appear quite calm before I could answer his question.

I said the very idlest and stupidest thing I could have said, naturally.

"Am I changed?" I asked.

Then it lay with him to show me how I was changed; and he did n't lack circumstances for the accusation. It was impossible to answer him; I knew that from the start. But I really think it would have been easier if he had n't been so generous through it all, so anxious not to wound me, and so solicitous for our old friendship. He would hate to lose it, he said; he hoped I felt the same about it. O Dick! Dick!

For that one moment I wanted to be a man. In that one moment I would have given everything I possessed for the man's right to be honest.

I don't know what I said to him. I was thinking one thing and saying another, and what I said does n't count except for its effect, which was to give him the impression that I was changed and was conscious of it, and that there *was* a reason which I would rather not tell him. I can see now that that impulse in defense of modesty, which, to women, is like the instinct of self-preservation, forced me to let him believe that the change, if there was one, was perhaps the dumb protest of a decent woman against the intention he must perceive in those about me. I saw that, whatever I had intended he should believe,— and I can never be sure now what it was,— this was what he did finally arrive at. I saw it from the sympathy and the respectful understanding implied by his tone, his manner, everything. And, as I sat there, watching him row on and on, I grew coldly, deadly sure that if there had ever been a chance for me to fight my way back to our old understanding — an understanding which now should include the new — it was gone. The half-truth he had got hold of was worse than any whole error. For half-truths there are no explanations.

Dick's glad, cordial manner — a complete change from the Dick of the drive over — was in itself a definite and kindly assurance that no explanations were needed. If he could have known how I longed to explain, and how miserably unexplained I remained after he had understood everything! That friendly effect of having understood everything was in all his bearing towards me until we parted that night in the cool darkness at my mother's door, and there he confirmed it in his lingering and speaking hand-clasp. We drew near in spirit at that moment, and again, as in the boat in the afternoon, I seemed to see our destinies taking form. But this time I saw clearly that we might be all in all to each other, that he could love me, that he *must* love me if we could know each other's hearts. But what his hand-clasp was actually saying was that he understood — and everything! Good heavens! *Everything!*

October 21.— My mother has seen that we have entered on a new phase. I think my behavior, as she always calls it when it is a question of men, had begun to discourage even her; not in itself, but through its obvious effect on

Dick. But since Dick has understood he is so different, and we are so different together, in appearance, that mother has taken heart. She sees the kindness for me in all his bearing which now no one could help seeing; what she does not see is that she and the others have made it impossible for me to assist at the change of that kindness to anything nearer, in the way that all women assist at their love-affairs by merely consenting to them. If I was incapable of a natural attitude with him before, what do you suppose I am now? If I could not let him love me before, has it been made easier for me? But mother, naturally, cannot see this, and I certainly cannot tell her. So she has been going over the whole matter with me this morning again, making a last despairing appeal. As if I could do for appeals what I can't do for my own heart!

Yet I pity mother. Even if she does n't understand, I pity her. Ah! understand! You and I and our tears understand one another, don't we, Journal?

Dick comes daily now, and stays a long time, and is infinitely, tirelessly, agonizingly kind. Sometimes he is so kind that I feel as though I must scream. I really can't keep it up much longer. If he had not already set a day for going I believe I should beg him to do me the final kindness — the only one in his power — and go at once. He would even do that for me. He *does* like me; we talk of each other's lives; we have such heart-searching talks about everything but the only thing that matters; we find each other's thoughts and feelings intuitively; we get along. Why should n't we? We were made for each other, were n't we? That we are not going to carry out the arrangement — well, that 's not our fault, is it? At least it 's not mine, and I 'm sure it 's not Dick's. I forgot to say that I am quite, quite clear now that Dick would have loved me. . . .

October 24.— He came to see me last. He wanted me to be his last impression of home, he said. It was a chilly morning, such as comes up here in the mountains towards the last of October. The leaves on the hill we see from our front windows have all fallen; they were very gay three weeks ago — when he came. The Seckel pears are just ripe. He would n't come in; he held his hat in his hand as he came into our hallway for a moment. In his other hand he carried a small hand-bag.

"So you 're really going?" I said. He had said the night before that he would look in on his way to the station, and all the morning I had waited his coming, imagining just this scene. But, now that he was here, it was this that I found to say.

He looked into my eyes — Dick's honest, stanch look — and said, "Yes; it 's been good to be at home."

"But it 's good to be going back to work, too," I said. I did not find the courage for a look like his; my eyes halted at his chin.

"Of course; work is always good. But the best thing is old friends. These have been happy times, Ellen, seeing you again. I sha'n't soon forget our talks. I shall have time to remember them in Missouri."

"But you have the new friends there." I wanted to hear him say it, and of course he said it, as he looked into my eyes, and took my hand.

"They 're not like the old," he said.

"No?" asked I.

"No. Good-by." He took my hand in a wonderful, strong, warm, hearty grasp, and released it almost instantly.

"Good-by," I said, following him to the door as he put on his hat.

"Good-by."

At the gate he kissed his hand to me.

Wolcott Balestier.

TWO KINGS.

I.

ONE was a king of ruthless power
Who spurned his people's trust,
All whiteness from his soul erased
By tyranny and lust.

One was a monarch just to all
Within his kingdom's reach,
His creed of charity and love
Flowered in act and speech.

II.

The tyrant on a sumptuous couch
Outbreathed his final breath,
And his life lapsed all unconsciously
From tranquil sleep to death.

The king beloved by grateful hearts
Throughout his prosperous land,
While issuing some benign decree
Died from a murderer's hand!

William H. Hayne.

ON THE STUDY OF TENNYSON.

(*To Miss Grace Newlight,*
Oldport, near Boston.)

MY DEAR MISS NEWLIGHT:

IT is very good of you to begin your letter by saying that you have read my book on "The Poetry of Tennyson." Almost every candid author (except, perhaps, a few who have written, but not published, in or near your native place) will acknowledge that he has what the French call a "*faible*" for the persons who have voluntarily become his readers, and that he inclines to form a high estimate of their wisdom, taste, and personal character. In this weakness I share, and take no shame in confessing it. Whether the opening of your letter was dictated by the natural goodness of your heart, or whether you have added a gentle diplomacy to your many other accomplishments, you have certainly put your request for "advice about the best way to study Tennyson" in such a form as to make me sincerely desirous of offering you my poor best.

Candidly, then, and after serious reflection, upon my literary honor and conscience, I believe that the very best way to study any poet is to read his poems.

There are other ways, of course; perhaps easier, unquestionably more in vogue. You remember those profound lectures which Professor Boreham gave last Lent on the "Pessimism of Petrarch," and how many young women were stimulated by them to wear the Laura hat and to enter a higher life. You know also the charming Mrs. Lucy Liebig, in whose "Class for General Information" it is possible to get the *extractum carnis* of several modern poets in an hour, so that thereafter one can speak of all their principal characters with familiarity and even with accuracy. You have been a member of the "Society for the Elucidation of the Minor Moral Problems in Sordello," and a subscriber to "The Literary Peptone," whose accomplished reviewers have made the task of digesting a book for one's self seem like an obsolete superfluity. With all of these devices for poetical study, so entertaining and in their way so useful, you are familiar. But, after all, if you really care to know and love a poet, I must commend you to the simple and old-fashioned plan of reading him. Nothing can take the place of that.

And with Tennyson, believe me, you will not find this plan difficult. It is not an adventure for which you will need great preparation or many confederates. You may safely undertake it alone and for pleasure. Here and there, especially in "The Princess," there are hard places where good notes will help you. And perhaps with a few poems, notably with "In Memoriam," one needs an analysis or commentary. But in the main Tennyson is a clear poet, and therefore a delightful one. The only book which is indispensable for understanding him is that thick, green volume which bears on its back the title "The Works of Tennyson." Get a copy of this book for your very own,— and if you are wise, my dear young lady, you will get one that is not too fine for you to mark on the margin, and if you have a tender conscience you will get one that has not been pirated,— take it with you into a quiet place, among the mountains, or on the seashore, or by your fireside, and read it with a free mind and a fresh heart. Read not as if you were preparing for an examination or getting ready to make an index, but read for the sake of seeing what the poet has seen, and feeling what he has felt, and knowing what he has thought — read the book not for idle pastime, but for noble pleasure; not for dry knowledge, but for living wisdom. And if you read thus, I am sure it will do for you what Dr. Johnson said that every good, great book ought to do — it will help you to enjoy life and teach you to endure it.

Now I am perfectly sure that you are not a member of the tribe of the Philistines, and therefore you will not think of reading such a book as you would read a treatise on logic, straight through, from the first page to the last. You will want a plan, a principle of order, to direct your reading. The first question you will ask is, Where to begin among the poems, and how to continue? Is it possible to classify them? Can we "get a line through Tennyson" which may help us to understand the meaning of his works, and their relation to one another?

Well, as to classification, I am not inclined to set a very high value upon it in the study of poetry. There are certain broad divisions which can be made — none better, after all, than the old Greek trichotomy of epic, lyric, and dramatic, corresponding to the intellect, the emo-

tions, and the will. But unless you use this division in a strictly formal and mechanical fashion, it will not be possible to make the works of Tennyson, or of any other modern poet, fit into it exactly. You will find that some of the poems do not belong to any one of the three divisions, and others plainly belong to several. You will not know at all what to do with "Maud," or "Locksley Hall," or "The Palace of Art," or "Ulysses," unless you put them into a borderland. And when it comes to more minute classification, on the lines of psychology,— poems of reflection, poems of imagination, poems of fancy, poems of sentiment, and the like,— I doubt whether even a great poet can accomplish such a thing with his own works successfully. Wordsworth tried it, you know; and Matthew Arnold, an avowed Wordsworthian, confessed that it was not worth much. The first of Browning's commentators, Mr. Nettleship, made an even more elaborate analysis of that master's poems in the first edition of "Essays and Thoughts." Here is a specimen of it:

II. A. Poems not strictly dramatic in form, but which deal with the history, or some incident in the history, of the souls of two or more individuals mutually acting on each other towards (1) progress, or (2) arrest, in development.

But in his second edition Mr. Nettleship, with amiable frankness, makes fun of his own analysis. I would rather not attempt anything of the kind with Tennyson's poems, even for the pleasure of ridiculing my own failure afterward.

But though an exact classification may be useless or impossible, a general order, a broad grouping of the poems for the purpose of comprehending them as a whole, might be helpful and not too difficult to make it worth trying. It would serve, at least, as a guide to your reading, and bring together the poems which are most closely related in spirit and manner. I beg you then, to accept what follows, not as a classification, but simply as

AN ARRANGEMENT OF TENNYSON'S POEMS.

I. MELODIES AND PICTURES.

1.

Claribel.
Leonine Elegiacs.
Nothing Will Die.
All Things Will Die.
"The winds, as at their hour of birth."
The Owl.
The Dying Swan.
The Blackbird.
The Throstle.
The Snowdrop.
Early Spring.
Far — Far — Away.
"Move eastward, happy Earth."
"A Spirit haunts the year's last hours."
The Death of the Old Year.
A Farewell.
A Dirge.
The Merman.
The Mermaid.
The Sea-Fairies.
The Lotos-Eaters.
Child-Songs.
The Song of the Wrens.

2.

The Kraken.
The Eagle.
The Oak.
Recollections of the Arabian Nights.
Ode to Memory.
The Progress of Spring.
The Daisy.
Mariana.
Mariana in the South.
A Dream of Fair Women.
The Day-Dream.
The Beggar-Maid.
Isabel.
Lilian.
Madeline.
Adeline.
Margaret.
Rosalind.
Eleänore.
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.
The Lady of Shalott.

II. STORIES AND PORTRAITS.

1. *Ballads.*

Oriana.
The Sisters.
The May-Queen.
In the Children's Hospital.
Edward Gray.
The Letters.
Lady Clare.
The Lord of Burleigh.
The Captain.
The Victim.
The Revenge.
The Defense of Lucknow.
The Voyage of Maeldune.
The First Quarrel.
Forlorn.
Happy.

2. *Idylls.*

Audley Court.
Walking to the Mail.
Edwin Morris.
The Golden Year.
The Brook.
Sea Dreams.
The Lover's Tale.
The Sisters.
The Ring.
The Miller's Daughter.
The Talking Oak.
The Gardener's Daughter.
Godiva.
Dora.

Enoch Arden.
Aylmer's Field.
Œnone.

3. *Character pieces.*

A Character.
Love and Duty.

Tithonus, Teiresias, Demeter, } *Classical.*

Lucretius, Ulysses, Columbus, St. Simeon Stylites, Sir John Oldcastle, Romney's Remorse, } *Historical.*

Fatima, St. Agnes' Eve, Sir Galahad, } *Mystical.*

Amphion, Will Waterproof, The Northern Farmer, Old Style, The Northern Farmer, New Style, The Northern Cobbler, The Village Wife, The Spinster's Sweet Arts, Owd Roä, To-morrow, } *Humorous and Dialect.*

The Grandmother.
Rizpah.
Despair.
The Wreck.
The Flight.
Locksley Hall.
Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.
Maud.

III. EPICS.

The Princess.
Idylls of the King.

IV. DRAMAS.

Queen Mary.
Harold.
Becket.
The Cup.
The Falcon.
The Promise of May.

V. PATRIOTIC AND PERSONAL.

1.

"You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease."
"Love thou thy land."
"Of old sat Freedom on the heights."
Freedom.
England and America in 1782.
The Third of February, 1852.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.
Hands all Round.
The Charge of the Light Brigade.
The Charge of the Heavy Brigade.
Prologue to General Hamley.
Epilogue.
To the Queen — "Revered, beloved."
To the Queen. "O loyal to the royal in thyself."
Dedication to Prince Albert.
A Welcome to Alexandra.
A Welcome to Alexandrovna.
Dedication to the Princess Alice.
To the Marquis of Dufferin.
To the Duke of Argyll.
To the Princess Beatrice.
To the Princess Frederica of Hanover.
Politics.
Beautiful City.
To one who ran down the English.
Ode for the International Exhibition.
Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition.
On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.
The Fleet.

2.

To ——. "Clear-headed friend."
To J. S. (James Spedding).
To E. L. on his travels in Greece (Edmund Lear).
To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.
A Dedication (to his wife).
In the Garden of Swainston (Sir John Simeon).
To E. Fitzgerald.
To Alfred Tennyson, my Grandson.
Prefatory Poem to my Brother's Sonnets.
Epitaphs on { Sir John Franklin. / Lord Stratford de Redclyffe. / General Gordon. / Caxton. }
To Ulysses (W. G. Palgrave).
The Roses on the Terrace.
To Mary Boyle.
To Professor Jebb.
In Memoriam — William George Ward.

VI. POEMS OF THE INNER LIFE.

1. *Of Art.*

The Poet.
The Poet's Mind.
The Poet's Song.
The Palace of Art.
The Flower.
Merlin and the Gleam.
The Spiteful Letter.
Literary Squabbles.
"You might have won the Poet's name."
The Dead Prophet.
Poets and Their Bibliographies.
Frater, Ave atque Vale.
Parnassus.
To Virgil.
To Milton.
To Dante.
To Victor Hugo.

2. *Of Life, Love, and Death.*

The Deserted House.
Love and Death.

Circumstance.
The Voyage.
The Islet.
The Sailor-boy.
The Vision of Sin.
The Voice and the Peak.
Will.
Wages.
"Flower in the crannied wall."
"My life is full of weary days."
"Come not, when I am dead."
Requiescat.
On a Mourner.
"Break, break, break."
In the Valley of Cauteretz.

3. *Of Doubt and Faith.*

Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind.
The Two Voices.
The Ancient Sage.
By an Evolutionist.
In Memoriam.
The Higher Pantheism.
De Profundis.
Vastness.
Crossing the Bar.

Now if you will bear in mind that this arrangement is confessedly imperfect, you may have the double benefit of using it and finding fault with it at the same time. I think, at least, that it omits nothing of importance, that it is constructed on the lines of poetic development, and that it will be easy to discover the inward relationship and coherence of the principal groups, so that you can follow a clue from poem to poem.

You will do well to begin with the melodies and pictures, because Tennyson began with them, and because they belong to the lowest form of his art, although it is the form in which he has done some of his most exquisite work. There are many people — and not altogether illiterate people — who still think of him chiefly as a "maker of musical phrases." Well, he is that; and he meant to be that, in order that he might be something more. At the very outset he sought to win the power of expressing sensuous beauty in melodious language. The things seen and heard, the rhythm, the color, the harmony of the outward world — these were the things that haunted him, and these, first of all, he desired to convey into his verse. He threw himself with all the passion of youth upon the task of rendering these things perfectly.

I call it a task, because no man has ever done this kind of work by chance. Even to the painting of a simple flower or the making of a little song perfectly, there goes an infinite deal of preparation, of learning, of effort. Sometimes it is conscious, sometimes unconscious; sometimes it is direct, sometimes it is indirect: but always it is there, behind the music, behind the picture; for no one can do anything good in any art without labor for the mastery of its little secrets which are so hard to learn.

If, then, you find some traces of effort in Tennyson's first melodies and pictures, like "Claribel," "The Mermaid," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," you will say that this is because he has not yet learned to conceal the effort; and if you find that in the best of them, like "The Lotos-Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott," the chief interest still lies in the sound, the form, the color, you will say that it is because he has set himself to conquer the technique of his art, and to render the music and the vision beautifully, for the sake of their beauty. Mr. R. H. Hutton, who does not always see the bearing of his own criticisms, has said, "Tennyson was an artist even before he was a poet." That is true, but it does not take anything away from his greatness to admit such an obvious fact. Giotto was a draftsman before he was a painter. Mozart was a pianist before he was a musician.

If you are wise, you will look chiefly for the charm of perfect expression in these melodies and pictures. Take a little piece which has stood on the first page of Tennyson's poems for sixty years — "Claribel." It does not mean much. Indeed its charm might be less if its meaning were greater. It is mere music — every word like a soft, clear note, each with its own precise value, and yet all blending in a simple effect. The difference between the sound of the quiet wave "outwelling" from the spring, and the swift runlet "crisping" over the pebbles, is distinct; the "beetle boometh" in another tone from that in which the "wild bee hummeth": but all the sounds come together in a sad, gentle cadence with the ending *eth* —

Where Claribel low-lieth.

In the picture-poems you will find a great deal of Preraphaelite work. It is exact and vivid, even to the point of seeming often too minute. It is worth while to notice the color words, how few they are, and yet how perfectly they do their work. Here are two lines from the "Ode to Memory":

What time the *amber* morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

That "amber" sheds all the splendor of daybreak over the landscape.

And here, again, is a stanza from "The Lady of Shalott":

Willows *whiten*, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever

By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

How exquisite is the word "whiten" to describe the turning of the long willow leaves in the wind, and how well it suggests the cool coloring of the whole picture, all in low tones, except the little spot of flowers below the square, gray castle.

I do not think that this is the greatest kind of poetry, but certainly it has its own value, and we ought to be grateful for it. The perfection to which Tennyson has brought it has added a new sweetness and fluency to our language. Just as a violin gains a richer and mellower tone by the long and loving touch of a master, so the English language has been enriched and softened by the use that Tennyson has made of it in his beauty poems.

But already we can see that something deeper and stronger is coming into these beauty poems. The melodies begin to have a meaning, the pictures begin to have a soul. Of many of the young women in his gallery of female figures — Lilian, Adeline, Madeline, and the rest — it may be said in Tennyson's own words:

The form, the form alone is eloquent.

But in Isabel we see a character behind the form, and the beauty of her nature makes her sisters seem vague and unreal beside her. "The Lady of Shalott," which I have placed last among the melodies and pictures, is in effect a mystical ballad, foreshadowing the transition from the dream-world of fancy to the real world of human joy and sorrow. And so we come to the second group of poems, the stories and portraits.

The interest here centers in life and personality. It is some tale of human love, or heroism, or suffering, that the poet tells; and then we have a ballad. Or it is some picture that he paints, not for its own sake alone, but to make it the vehicle of human feeling; and then we have an idyll; that is, a scene colored and interpreted by an emotion. Or it is some character that he depicts, some living personality that he clothes with language, either in a meditative soliloquy which shows it in all its breadth of sentiment and thought, or in a lyrical outburst from some intense mood; and then we have what I have ventured to call a character-piece. The lines between these three divisions cannot be very clearly drawn. I have been much in doubt as to the best place for some of the poems. But there is a real difference among them, after all, in the predominance of the narrative, the descriptive, or the dramatic spirit; and you will feel the difference as you read them.

In the ballads I think you will feel that the secret of their charm lies quite as much in their human sympathy as in the perfection of their art. The clearer, simpler, more pathetic the story, the more absolutely does it control and clarify the music. The best of them are those in which the beauty comes from delicate notes, so slight that one hardly hears them, though their effect is magical. How much the pathos of "The May Queen" is enhanced by the naïve touch in these verses:

Oh look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, *and all of them I know.*
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine —
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

Or listen to the last lines of "The Lord of Burleigh":

Then her people, softly treading
Bore to earth her body, *drest*
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

This is perfect simplicity — words of common life charged with the richest and tenderest poetic meaning. No less simple in its way — which is utterly different — is the glorious fighting ballad of "The Revenge." It is the passion of daring, now, that carries the poem onward in its strong, heroic movement. There is not a redundant ornament in the whole ballad. Every simile that it contains is full of swift motion.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, *like a flutter'd bird*, came flying from far away.

. . . . . .

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven.

. . . . . .

Sir Richard spoke, and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little "Revenge" ran on sheer into the heart of the foe.

Among the idylls you will find a great difference. In some of them the pictorial element seems to count for more than the human feeling, and these I think are the poorest. Of such slight sketches as "Audley Court" and "Edwin Morris" all that can be said is that they have pretty passages in them. Tennyson was right in caring little for "The Lover's

Tale." "Aylmer's Field" is weaker than "Enoch Arden" just in so far as it is more ornate and complicated. "Dora" is the best of all, and I doubt whether you can discover one metaphor, or figure of speech, or decorative adjective in the whole poem. It moves like the book of Ruth, in beauty unadorned.

In the character pieces you will be impressed, first of all, by the breadth of their range. They touch the whole circle of humanity, from the Roman philosopher to the English peasant; they even go beyond it, and breathe into the ancient myths, like "Tithonus" and "Demeter," human life and passion. Some of them are humorous, as "Will Waterproof" and "The Northern Farmer"; and others are mystical, as "St. Agnes' Eve" and "Sir Galahad"; and others are passionate, springing out of the depths of life's tragedy, as "The Wreck" and "Despair." But almost without exception they are true and distinct portraits of persons.

And then you will observe that (with one early exception, "A Character") they are all dramatic. The characters are not described; they speak for themselves, either in blank-verse monologues or in dramatic lyrics. The first is the form that is used chiefly when the mental quality is to be expressed; the second is the form chosen to reveal the emotional quality. In all of them the thing that you will look for, and the test by which you will value the poems, is the truth of the thought and the utterance to the character from which they come. And I think that most of them will stand the test. If Mr. Swinburne had written them he might have made Ulysses and Columbus and Sir Galahad and the Northern Cobbler all speak the Swinburnian dialect. Mr. Browning might have set them all to analyzing their own souls and talking metaphysics. But with Tennyson each character speaks in a native voice and thinks the thoughts which belong to him. Take the subject of Love and hear what the Northern Farmer has to say of it:

> Luvv? What 's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too,
> Maakin' 'em goä togither, as they 've good right to do.
> Could n' I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laaïd by?
> Naäy — for I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it: reäson why.

And then listen to the hero of "Locksley Hall":

> Love took up the harp of Life and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Or take the passion of exploration, the strong desire to push out across new seas into new worlds, and mark how differently it is felt and expressed by Ulysses and Columbus. Ulysses is the "much-experienced man," with a thirst for seeing and knowing which cannot be satiated.

> I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
> Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
> Greatly, have suffer'd greatly . . . .
> . . . . . I am become a name;
> For always roaming with a hungry heart
> Much have I seen and known; cities of men,
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
> And drunk delight of battle with my peers
> Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
> I am a part of all that I have met;
> Yet all experience is as an arch wherethro'
> Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever when I move.

This is the deep impulse of motion without a goal, the mere *Reiselust* of a restless heart. But Columbus is a man with a mission. It is the glory of Spain and the spread of the Catholic faith that drives him to seek an undiscovered continent.

> I pray you tell
> King Ferdinand who plays with me, that one,
> Whose life has been no play with him and his
> Hidalgos — shipwrecks, famines, fevers, fights,
> Mutinies, treacheries — wink'd at, and condoned —
> That I am loyal to him till the death,
> And ready — tho' our Holy Catholic Queen,
> Who fain had pledged her jewels on my first voyage,
> Whose hope was mine to spread the Catholic faith,
> Who wept with me when I return'd in chains,
> Who sits beside the blessed Virgin now,
> To whom I send my prayer by night and day,—
> She is gone — but you will tell the King, that I,
> Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd with pains
> Gain'd in the service of His Highness, yet
> Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,
> And readier, if the King would hear, to lead
> One last crusade against the Saracen,
> And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Or take the subject of death. To the weary philosopher, Lucretius, resolved on suicide, it means simply absorption into nature.

> O thou,
> Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
> Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
> Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
> Without one pleasure and without one pain,
> Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine,
> Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
> I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
> How roughly men may woo thee so they win,—
> Thus — thus: the soul flies out and dies in the air.

But to the peasant mother in "Rizpah" it means the fulfilment and recompense of her intense, unquestioning passion of maternity.

Election, Election and Reprobation — it 's all very well;
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in Hell.
For I car'd so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into my care,
And He means me I 'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

Nothing could be sharper than the contrasts among these six poems; nothing more perfect than the consistency of thought, and feeling, and utterance, with the character in each.

"Maud," the longest of the character pieces, is a series of dramatic lyrics uttered by one person. Tennyson calls it a monodrama. The estimate that you will put upon it depends somewhat, I imagine, upon the age of your mind. If you are in the storm and stress period of mental adolescence, you will probably find that "Maud" is splendid. If you have passed a little beyond that, you will probably add that it fails in method. The lyric is overtasked; the passion is driven too hard. The finest passages — and some of them are superb in melody — lose something of their beauty because the reader comes to them half-wearied by the prolonged emotion of the poem. They would touch us more if they stood alone, or against a background of simple narration. And yet, though one may confess that "Maud" is a little incoherent, no one can say that it is not consistent as a study of the action of romantic love and tragic error upon a mind with a taint of hereditary insanity. This, it seems to me, is the right key to the understanding of the poem.

Of Tennyson's complete dramas I have said elsewhere that which seemed to me needful and fitting. Let me only beg you to study them for yourself, — at least the historic trilogy, — and not to be satisfied with taking the judgment of other people.

The finished epics, also, I have tried to criticize in another place. "The Princess" is the one of Tennyson's poems which stands most in need of notes. It is fortunate that they have been supplied by such an accomplished scholar as Dr. W. J. Rolfe, in his annotated edition. For my own part, I am inclined to think that this very need, which must arise from obscurity in the allusions and complexity in the diction, marks the poem as belonging to a lower order than Tennyson's best.

The epic entitled "Idylls of the King," besides its interest as the broadest and noblest piece of imaginative work that Tennyson has done, is the place in which you may most wisely make a careful study of his poetic manner. It is common to speak of the Idylls as a gorgeous medieval tapestry, full of rich color and crowded with elaborately wrought figures. But I should like you to discover whether there is not something more precious in it; whether the very style has not rarer and finer qualities than mere ornament. Take some of the best passages, in which the so-called "Tennysonian manner" is quite distinct, and examine them thoroughly. For example, here is Arthur's description of his Round Table, from the idyll of "Guinevere."

But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence their King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Now there is no mistaking this for the work of any other poet of our century. It belongs to Tennyson as obviously as if he had signed his name to every line. But what is it that gives the style its personal flavor, what constitutes the "Tennysonianism," as Mr. Howells calls it? Certainly it is not any redundancy of ornament, or opulence of epithet. This is not elaborate, decorative verse. The words are familiar and simple; most of them are monosyllables. There is only a single instance of alliteration. I think the peculiar effect, the sense of rich and perfect art, comes from the flow of the words. It is the movement that makes the style. And this movement has three qualities. First, sweetness: not a word is harsh, abrupt, strange; the melody flows without a break. Then, certainty: this comes from the sense of order and proportion; every word fits into its place. Then, strength: the strength which consists in fullness of thought and fewness of words.

Reflect upon the ideal of a true aristocracy which is expressed in this brief passage. It must begin with reverence and obedience; for only they are fit to command who have learned to obey. It must be brave and helpful, daring

to resist the heathen invaders, and devoted to the redress of human wrongs. It must be pure in thought and word and deed; for the thinking and speaking evil of others is one of the besetting sins of an aristocracy, and the spirit of slander is twin-sister to the spirit of lust. It must not banish the passion of love, nor brutalize it, but lift it up, and idealize it as the transfiguration of life, and make it a true worship with a ritual of noble deeds. And out of all this will come the right manhood, in thought, in speech, in manners, in ambition, in sincerity, in "all that makes a man." Now the art which can put this broad and strong conception of a class worthy to rule, to defend, and to lead society into a score of lines, so clear that they read without effort and so melodious that they fill the ear with pleasure, is exquisite. I think, more than anything else, it is this presence of a pure ideal shining through a refined and balanced verse, this union of moral and metrical harmony, that marks the consummation of the Tennysonian manner in "The Idylls of the King."

I have no time to speak of the patriotic poems, except to say that they ought to be studied together, because there is something in almost every one of them which is essential to the full understanding of the poet's conception of loyalty and liberty and order as the three elements of a perfect state.

The last division in the arrangement which I have made is poems of the inner life. You can probably conjecture why it is last. Partly because it is more difficult, and partly because it is higher, in the sense that it gives a more direct revelation of the personality of the poet. It is for this reason that we should not be in haste to enter it. For it is always best to look first at the fact and then at the explanation; first at a man's objective work and then at the account which he gives of himself and the spirit in which he has labored.

The group of poems in which Tennyson deals with art is important, not only for the poems themselves, but also for the light which they throw upon his artistic principles and tastes. It is not altogether by chance that the poets to whom he gives greeting are Milton, Virgil, Dante, and Victor Hugo. In "The Poet" you will find his early conception of the power of poetry; in "The Poet's Mind," his thought of its purity; in "The Poet's Song," his avowal that its charm depends upon faith in the immortal future. "The Palace of Art" is an allegory of the impotence of art when separated from human love. "The Flower" tells in a symbolic manner his experience with unreasoning critics. "The Spiteful Letter" and "Literary Squabbles" are reminiscences of the critical warfare which raged around him in his youth, and made him sometimes forget his own principle of doing his work "as quietly and as well as possible without much heeding the praise or the dispraise."

But to my mind the most important, and in some respects the most beautiful, of these art poems is "Merlin and the Gleam." The wonder is that none of the critics seem to have recognized it for what it really is — the poet's own description of his life-work, and his clear confession of faith as an idealist.

> The light that never was, on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream,—

this is the "Gleam" that Tennyson has followed. It glanced first on the world of fancy, with its melodies and pictures, dancing fairies and falling torrents. Then it touched the world of humanity, and the stories of man's toils and conflicts, the faces of human love and heroism, were revealed. Then it illuminated the world of imagination, and the great epic of Arthur was disclosed to the poet's vision in its spiritual meaning, the crowning of the blameless king. Then it passed through the valley of the shadow of death and clothed it with light.

> And broader and brighter,
> The Gleam flying onward,
> Wed to the melody,
> Sang thro' the world;
> And slower and fainter,
> Old and weary,
> But eager to follow,
> I saw, whenever
> In passing it glanced upon
> Hamlet or city,
> That under the Crosses,
> The dead man's garden,
> The mortal hillock
> Would break into blossom;
> And so to the land's
> Last limit I came —
> And can no longer,
> But die rejoicing;
> For thro' the Magic
> Of Him the Mighty,
> Who taught me in childhood,
> There on the border
> Of boundless Ocean,
> And all but in Heaven
> Hovers The Gleam.
>
> Not of the sunlight,
> Not of the moonlight,
> Not of the starlight!
> O, young Mariner,
> Down to the haven,
> Call your companions,
> Launch your vessel,
> And crowd your canvas,
> And, ere it vanishes
> Over the margin,
> After it, follow it,
> Follow The Gleam.

That is the confession of a poet's faith in the ideal. It is the cry of a prophet to the younger singers of a faithless and irresolute generation.

Among the poems which touch more broadly upon the common experience of mankind in love, and sorrow, and death, you will find first a group which are alike only in their manner of treatment. It is allegorical, mystical, emblematic — find a name for it if you will. I mean that these poems convey their meaning under a mask; they use a symbolic language, just as "Merlin" and "The Flower" do in the preceding group. You must read "The Deserted House," "The Voyage," "The Sailor Boy," "The Islet," "The Vision of Sin," "The Voice and the Peak," for their secret significance. Then come three precious fragments of philosophy more directly uttered. "Will," "Wages," and "Flower in the crannied wall" go down to the very roots of human action, and aspiration, and thought. Then follows a group of poems more personal, varied in manner, and dealing in different moods with the sorrow of death. Their deepest and sweetest note is reached in the two lyrics which sprang out of the poet's grief for the death of Arthur Hallam. The world has long since accepted the first of these as the perfect song of mourning love. "Break, break, break," once heard, is never to be forgotten. It is the melody of tears. But the fragment called "In the Valley of Cauteretz" seems to me no less perfect in its way. And surely a new beauty comes into both of the poems when we read them side by side. For the early cry of longing,

> But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!

finds an answer in the later assurance of consolation,

> And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
> The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

Of the final group of poems I shall say nothing, because it will not be possible to say enough. "In Memoriam" alone would require a volume, if one attempted to speak of it adequately. Indeed no less than five such volumes have been written; three in England by F. W. Robertson, Alfred Gatty, and Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, two in America by Professors Thomas Davidson and John F. Genung. If you need an analysis or commentary on the poem you can find it easily. The one thing that I hope you will feel in reading this great poem, and the others which are grouped with it, is that they are real records of the inward conflict between doubt and faith, and that in this conflict faith has the victory. And you may well ask yourself whether this very victory has not meant the winning and unsealing and guarding of the fountainhead of Tennyson's poetic power. How many of his noblest poems, "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen," "Rizpah," "Guinevere," "Enoch Arden," find their uplifting inspiration, and reach their climax, in "the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for"! Could he have written anything of his best without that high faith in an immortal life which he has expressed in the rolling lines of "Vastness," and in that last supreme, faultless lyric, "Crossing the Bar"? Can any man be a poet without faith in God and his own soul?

And now when you turn to look back on your study of Tennyson, what are you to think of him? Is he a great poet? Your reply to that will depend on whether you think the nineteenth century is a great century. For there can be no doubt that he represents the century better than any other man. The thoughts, the feelings, the desires, the conflicts, the aspirations of our age are mirrored in his verse. And if you say that this alone prevents him from being great, because greatness must be solitary and independent, I answer, No; for the great poet does not anticipate the conceptions of his age; he only anticipates their expression. He says what is in the heart of the people, and says it so beautifully, so lucidly, so strongly, that he becomes their voice. Now if this age of ours, with its renaissance of art and its catholic admiration of the beautiful in all forms, classical and romantic; with its love of science and its joy in mastering the secrets of nature; with its deep passion of humanity protesting against social wrongs and dreaming of social regeneration; with its introspective spirit searching the springs of character and action; with its profound interest in the problems of the unseen and its reaction from the theology of the head to the religion of the heart — if this age of ours is a great age, then Tennyson is a great poet, for he is the clearest, sweetest, strongest voice of the century.

Henry van Dyke.

THE SQUIRREL INN.—IV.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

XVIII.

SWEET PEAS.

WALTER LODLOE was now as much flushed with the fever of love-making as Lanigan Beam had been flushed with the fever of money-making, but he did not have the other man's luck. Mrs. Cristie gave him few opportunities of making her know him as he wished her to know him. He had sense enough to see that this was intentional, and that if he made any efforts to improve his opportunities he might drive her away.

As he sat at his tower window, his fingers in his hair and his mind trying to formulate the prudent but bold thing he ought to do, a voice came up from below. It was that of Ida Mayberry.

"Mr. Lodloe! Mr. Lodloe!" she cried; and when he had put his head out of the window she called to him:

"Don't you want to come down and help us teach Mr. Tippengray to play tennis? He has taught us so much that we are going to teach him something."

"Who are going to teach?" asked Lodloe.

"Mrs. Cristie and I," said Ida. "Will you come?"

Instantly consenting, Lodloe drew in his head, his love fever rising.

The Greek scholar was one of the worst tennis-players in the world. He knew nothing of the game, and did not appear capable of learning it. And yet when Lanigan Beam appeared, having just arrived on horseback from Romney, Mrs. Cristie would not allow the Greek scholar to give up his place to the younger man. She insisted on his finishing the game, and when it was over she declared the morning too warm to play any more.

As she and Lodloe stood together for a moment, their rackets still in their hands, Mrs. Cristie smiled, but at the same time frowned.

"It is too provoking," she said; "I wish Douglas would wake up and scream his very loudest. I was just on the point of asking Ida to go with me into the garden to pick sweet peas, when Mr. Beam hands her that horrible bunch of wild flowers, crammed full of botany, I 've no doubt. And now just look at them! Before one could say a word, there they are on that bench, heads together, and pulling the weeds to pieces. Think of it! Studying botany with *him*, and Mr. Tippengray on the same lawn with her!"

"Oh, he 's too hot to teach anything," said Lodloe. "You don't seem to approve of Mr. Beam's attentions to that young woman."

"I do not," said she. "You know what he is as well as I do."

"Better," said Lodloe. For a moment he paused, and then continued: "Mrs. Cristie, I wish you would let me go into the garden with you to pick sweet peas and to talk about Mr. Beam."

"Mr. Beam?" she repeated.

"Yes," said Lodloe; "I wish very much to speak to you in regard to him, and I cannot do it here where we may be interrupted at any moment."

As a young and pretty woman who knew her attractions, and who had made resolutions in regard to the preponderance of social intercourse in a particular direction, Mrs. Cristie hesitated before answering. But as a matron who should know all about a young man who was paying very special attention to a younger woman in her charge, she accepted the invitation, and went into the garden with Lodloe.

The sweet-pea blossoms crowded the tall vines which lined one side of a path, and as she picked them he talked to her.

He began by saying that he had noticed, and he had no doubt that she had noticed, that in all the plain talk they had heard about Mr. Beam there had been nothing said against his moral character except that he did not pay his debts nor keep his promises. To this Mrs. Cristie assented, but said that she thought these were very bad things. Lodloe agreed to this, but said he thought that when a young man of whom even professional slanderers did not say that he was cruel, or that he gambled or drank or was addicted to low company and pursuits, had determined to reform his careless and thoughtless life, he ought to be encouraged and helped in every possible way. And then when she asked him what reason he had to suppose that Mr. Beam had determined to reform, he straightway told her everything about Lanigan, Chicago oats and all, adding

that the young man did not wish him to say anything about this matter, but he had taken it upon himself to do so because Mrs. Cristie ought to know it, and because he was sure that she would not mention it to any one. When Mrs. Cristie exclaimed at this, and said that she thought that the sooner everybody knew it the better, Lodloe told her of the state of affairs between Calthea Rose and Lanigan Beam, and why the latter did not wish his reform to be known at present.

Mrs. Cristie dropped upon the ground every sweet-pea blossom she had gathered.

"I cannot imagine," she said, "how you can take the part of a man who would deliberately attempt to lower himself in the eyes of one woman in order that he might have a better chance to win another woman."

"Mrs. Cristie," said Lodloe, "I am a young man, and I have lived much among young men. I have seen many of them in dangerous and troubled waters, floating down to ruin and destruction, and now and then I have seen one who had turned and was trying to strike out for the shore. In every case of this kind I have tried to give the poor fellow a hand, and help him get his feet on firm ground. Sometimes he jumped in again, and sometimes he did n't, but all that was not my affair; I was bound to help him when I saw him facing the right way, and that is just the way I feel about young Beam. I do not approve of all his methods, but if he wants moral support I say he ought to have it."

Mrs. Cristie looked at the pink, blue, and purple blossoms on the ground. "His sentiments are good and generous ones," she thought, "and I shall not say one word against them, but Ida Mayberry shall not marry that exceedingly slippery young man, and the good Mr. Tippengray shall not be caught by Calthea Rose." She came to this resolution with much firmness of purpose, but as she was not prepared to say anything on the subject just then, she looked up very sweetly at Lodloe, and said:

"Suppose we drop Mr. Beam."

He looked for an instant into her eyes.

"Gladly," he exclaimed, with an impulse like a lightning-flash, "and speak of Walter Lodloe."

"Of you?" she said.

"Yes, of me," he replied; "of myself, of a man who has no scheme, no plan, no concealments, and who only wishes you to know that he loves you with all his heart."

She looked at him steadfastly for a moment.

"Was it for this," she said, "that you asked me to come with you and pick sweet-pea blossoms?"

"Not at all," he exclaimed; "I meant no more than I said, and thought of no more. But the flowers we came to gather you have dropped upon the ground."

"They can easily be picked up again," she said.

"Not at all," he cried, and, stepping forward, put his foot upon the fragrant blossoms. Then with a few rapid dashes he gathered a bunch of sweet peas and extended them towards Mrs. Cristie.

"Will you not take these instead?" he said.

She put her hands behind her back.

"I do not mean," he said, speaking low but strongly, "that in accepting them you accept me. I only want to know that you will talk to me of what I said, or at any rate think of it."

But still she kept her hands behind her back. In her heart she knew that she wanted those flowers, but the knowledge had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly, and so unreasonably, that she did not even look at them, and clasped her fingers together more tightly.

"Some one is coming," said Lodloe. "Tell me quickly, must these flowers be dropped?"

Steps could be plainly heard not far away. Mrs. Cristie looked up.

"I will take one," she said; "the very smallest."

He thrust the bunch of flowers towards her, and she hastily drew from it one which happened to be the largest of them all.

The person who now appeared in the garden walk was Calthea Rose. She experienced no emotions but those of mild amusement at seeing these two together. At present she did not care very much about either of them, although, when she had heard of the expected coming of the young widow, she had been afraid of her, and was prepared to dislike her. But finding her, as she supposed, already provided with a lover, Calthea was quite satisfied with Mrs. Cristie. She liked Lodloe on general principles, because he was a man. Her greeting was very pleasant. It often happened that the people whom Calthea Rose neither liked nor disliked were those who found her the most pleasant.

She was inclined to walk on and leave them among the sweet-pea blossoms, but Mrs. Cristie would not allow this. She joined Calthea, and the three went on together. When they stepped upon the open lawn, Calthea gave a quick glance around, and the result was very satisfactory. Ida Mayberry and Lanigan were still sitting together under a tree, and she saw Mr. Tippengray talking to Mrs. Petter not far from the summer-house. Nothing could be better arranged. Lanigan was on the right road, and it would be quite as natural for her immediately to join Mrs. Petter as it would be easy to get rid of her.

The party separated, Lodloe going to his

room and Calthea walking towards the summer-house. She had come that day to the Squirrel Inn with a purpose; she was going to be taught by Mr. Tippengray. In this world we must adapt ourselves to circumstances, and she was going to adapt herself to the Greek scholar's hobby. She was a sensible woman, and did not for a moment purpose to ask him to teach her the dead languages, philosophy, or science, things in which he knew she took no interest. Indeed, she would not ask him to teach her anything, but she was going to give him the opportunity to do so, and she was quite sure that that would be sufficient for her purpose.

She intended to make herself an audience of one, and to listen in a way she knew would please him to the recital of his travels and experiences. Of these he had often essayed to talk to her, but she had not encouraged him. She never liked to talk upon subjects of which other people knew more than she did, and she always endeavored to bring the conversation into a channel where she could take an equal part. If she could lead, so much the better. But now she was going to let Mr. Tippengray talk to her just as much as he pleased, and tell her all he wanted to tell her. She now knew him better than she had done before, and she had strong hopes that by this new string she would be able to lead him from the Squirrel Inn to Lethbury whenever she chose.

Mrs. Petter had long been accustomed to look upon Calthea Rose as a person whose anger would blaze up very suddenly, but would go out quite as promptly,— which was true, when Miss Calthea chose to put it out,— but she was a little surprised that Calthea, after so recently going away in a huff, should treat Mr. Tippengray with such easy friendliness. If the Greek scholar himself felt surprised, he did not show it, for he was always ready to meet a cordial overture.

Miss Calthea had just accepted an invitation to be seated in the shade,— which she knew would very soon be followed by Mrs. Petter's going into the house, for that good woman was seldom content to sit long out of doors,— when up stepped Ida Mayberry.

" Mr. Tippengray," said she in the clear, dis-

"WILL YOU NOT TAKE THESE INSTEAD?"

"I HAVE DISSECTED ONE."

tinct way in which she always spoke, "here is something which I have been trying to explain to Mr. Beam, but I am afraid I have n't a quite correct idea about it myself. Will you please read it, and tell me how it strikes you?"

This was too much for the patience of Calthea Rose. Her resolutions of geniality and good nature could not stand for a moment against such an interruption at such a time. She turned sharply upon the nurse-maid and, without attempting to disguise her feelings, said it seemed to her that a person so anxious to learn would be much better employed in attending to her business and in trying to learn something about babies than in interrupting conversation in this impertinent way.

"Learn something about babies!" exclaimed Miss Mayberry. "Nobody knows more about babies than I do — I have dissected one."

At this Mrs. Petter gave a cry of horror, and Miss Calthea stepped back, speechless with amazement. As for the Greek scholar, he suddenly retired to a little distance and leaned over a bench, his back to the company. He was greatly agitated.

Without further remark Miss Mayberry closed her book, and, with dignity, walked back to Lanigan Beam.

XIX.

THE AROUSED ROSE.

THE soul of Miss Calthea Rose was now filled with one burning purpose, and that was to banish from the Squirrel Inn that obtrusive and utterly obnoxious collegiate nurse-maid who had so shamelessly admitted a desire for surgical research in connection with the care of an infant. It was of no use for Miss Calthea to think at this moment of her plans in regard to Mr. Tippengray, nor indeed of anything but this one absorbing object. Until she had rid herself of Ida Mayberry she could expect to do nothing that she wished to do. Leaving Mr. Tippengray to the quiet enjoyment of his agitations, Miss Calthea and Mrs. Petter immediately set off to find Mrs. Cristie.

"She must instantly know," said the former, "what sort of a serpent she has in her service. If I were in her place I would never let that creature touch my baby again."

"Touch the baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Petter, "I would n't let her touch me. When a person with such a disposition begins on infants there is no knowing where she will stop. Of course I don't mean that she is dangerous to human life, but it seems to me horrible to have any one about us who would be looking at our muscles, and thinking about our bones, and wondering if they worked together properly, and if they would come apart easily. Ugh! It 's like having a bat in the room."

Mrs. Cristie was not in the mood to give proper attention to the alarming facts which were laid before her by the two women, who found her sitting by the window in her room. It had been so short a time since she had come from the garden, and the blossom of the sweet

pea, which she still held in her hand, had been so recently picked from its vine, that it was not easy for her to fix her mind upon the disqualifications of nurse-maids. Even the tale that was told her, intensified by the bitter feeling of Miss Rose, and embellished by the imagination of Mrs. Petter, did not have the effect upon her that was expected by the narrators. She herself had been a student of anatomy, and was still fond of it, and if she had been able properly to consider the subject at that moment, she might not have considered it a bad thing for Ida Mayberry to have the experience of which she had boasted.

But the young widow did not wish at that moment to think of her nurse-maid or even of her baby, and certainly not to give her attention to the tales of her landlady and the spinster from Lethbury.

"I must admit," she said, "that I cannot see that what you tell me is so very, very dreadful, but I will speak to Ida about it. I think she is apt to talk very forcibly, and perhaps imprudently, and does not always make herself understood."

This was said with an air of abstraction and want of interest which greatly irritated Miss Calthea. She had not even been thanked for what she had done. Mrs. Cristie had been very civil, and was evidently trying to be more so, but this was not enough for Miss Calthea.

"We considered it our duty," she said, with a decided rigidity of countenance, "to tell you what we know of that girl, and now we leave

MRS. CRISTIE CONSIDERS.

the matter with you"; which was a falsehood, if Miss Calthea was capable of telling one.

Then with much dignity she moved towards the door, and Mrs. Petter prepared to follow; but before going she turned with moist eyes towards Mrs. Cristie, and said:

"Indeed, indeed, you ought to be very careful; and no matter how you look at it, she is not fit for a nurse, as everybody can see. Make up your mind to send her away, and I 'll go myself and get you a good one."

Glancing out of the door to see that the

Lethbury lady was out of hearing, Mrs. Cristie said:

"You are very good, Mrs. Petter, and I know you wish me well, but tell me one thing; was n't it Miss Rose who proposed that you should come to me with this story about Ida?"

"Of course I should have told you myself," said Mrs. Petter, "though I might have taken my time about it; but Calthea did not want to lose a minute, and said we must go right off and look for you. She was as mad as hops any way, for we were talking to Mr. Tippengray at the time, and Calthea does hate to be interrupted when she is talking to him. But don't you worry yourself any more than you can help, and remember my promise. I 'll stick to it, you may count on that."

When Mrs. Cristie had been left to herself she gave enough time to the consideration of what had been told her to come to the following conclusion: "She shall not have him; I have made up my mind to that. Interrupted by Ida! Of course that is at the bottom of it." And having settled this matter, she relapsed into her former mood, and fell to thinking what she should do about the sweet-pea blossom.

She thought until the supper-bell rang, and then she rose and with a pretty smile and flush upon her face, which showed that her thoughts had not in the least worried her, she put the sweet-pea blossom into a little jar which she had brought from Florence, and which was just big enough for one small flower.

At supper Walter Lodloe was very quiet and very polite, and Mrs. Cristie, who was opposite to him, though not at all quiet, was also very polite, but bestowed her attention almost entirely upon Mr. Tippengray, who sat beside her. The Greek scholar liked this, and his conversation sparkled.

Miss Calthea Rose, who had accepted Mrs. Petter's invitation to spend the night,— for if ever she was going to do anything at the Squirrel Inn, this was the time to do it,— did not like Mrs. Cristie's politeness, and her conversation did not sparkle. In fact she was quieter than Mr. Lodloe, and paid little heed to the chatter of her neighbor, Lanigan Beam. This young man was dissatisfied. There was a place at the table that was sometimes filled and sometimes not filled. At present it was empty.

"I cannot see," said he, speaking to the company in general, "why babies are not brought to the table. I think they ought to be taught from the very beginning how to behave themselves at meals."

Mr. Petter fixed his eyes upon him, and, speaking through the young man, also addressed the company.

"I 'm not altogether in favor of having small children at the table," said he. "Their food is different from ours, and their ways are often unpleasant; but I do think —"

"No, you don't," interrupted Mrs. Petter from the other end of the table —"you don't think anything of the kind. That has all been fixed and settled, and there 's no use in bringing it up again."

Mr. Petter looked at his wife with a little flash in his eye, but he spoke quietly.

"There are some things," he said, "that can be unfixed and unsettled."

Mrs. Cristie hastened to stop this discussion.

"As I own the only baby in the house," she said, with a smile, "I may as well say that it is not coming to the table either by itself or in any other way."

A thought now tickled Mr. Tippengray. Without any adequate reason whatever, there came before him the vision of an opossum which he once had seen served at a Virginia dinner-table, plump and white, upon a china dish. And he felt almost irresistibly impelled to lean forward and ask Mr. Lodloe if he had ever read any of the works of Mr. Jonathan Carver, that noted American traveler of the last century; but he knew it would n't do, and he restrained himself. If he had thought Lodloe would understand him he would have made his observation in Greek, but even that would have been impolite to the rest of the company. So he kept his joke to himself, and, for fear that any one should perceive his amusement, he asked Mrs. Petter if she had ever noticed how much finer was the fur of a cat which slept out of doors than that of one which had been in the house. She had noticed it, but thought that the cat would prefer a snug rug by the fire to fine fur.

Calthea Rose said little and thought much. It was necessary that she should take in every possible point in the situation, and she was doing it. She did not like Mrs. Cristie's attention to Mr. Tippengray, because it gave him pleasure, and she did not wish that other women should give him pleasure; but she was not jealous, for that would have been absurd in this case.

But the apparent state of feeling at the table had given her an idea. She was thinking very bitterly of Mrs. Cristie, and would gladly do anything which would cause that lady discomfort. There seemed to be something wrong between her and Mr. Lodloe, otherwise the two lovers would be talking to each other, as was their custom. Perhaps she might find an opportunity to do something here. If, for instance, she could get the piqued gentleman to flirt a little with her,— and she had no doubt of her abilities in this line,— it might cause Mrs.

Cristie uneasiness. And here her scheme widened and opened before her. If in any way she could make life at the Squirrel Inn distasteful to Mrs. Cristie, that lady might go away. And in this case the whole problem that engrossed her would be solved, for of course the maid would go with the mistress.

Calthea's eyes brightened, and with a smile she half listened to something Lanigan Beam was saying to her.

"Yes," she thought; "that would settle the whole business. The widow is the person I ought to drive away; then they would all go, and leave him to me, as I had him before."

And now she listened a little, and talked a little, but still kept on thinking. It was really a very good thing that her feeling towards Mrs. Cristie had so suddenly changed, otherwise she might never have thought of this admirable scheme.

XX.

AN INGENUOUS MAID.

MRS. CRISTIE was unusually prompt that evening in going to the relief of Ida Mayberry, but before she allowed that young woman to go down to her supper she put a question to her.

"What do you mean, Ida," she said, "by talking about dissecting babies? Whatever you may have done in that line, I do not think it is very nice to bring it forward when you have charge of a child."

"Of course it was n't nice," replied Ida, "and I should never have thought of speaking of it if it had not been for that thing from Lethbury. She makes me so angry that I don't know what I say. You ought to hear Lanigan Beam talk about her. He has confided to me, although I am not sure that he should have done it."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Cristie, very promptly; "he should not have confided anything to you."

"Well," continued Ida, "he told me, but said he would not breathe it to any one else, that the great object of his life at present was to rid this neighborhood of Calthea Rose. He says she has been a plague to this community ever since he has known her. She is always ready to make mischief, and nobody can tell when or how she is going to do it. As for himself, he vows she has made it impossible for him to live here; and as he wishes to live here, he wants her to go."

"And how does he propose to make her go?" asked Mrs. Cristie.

"He wants her to marry Mr. Tippengray, which she is very willing to do, and then he is quite sure that they will go away and travel, and stay abroad for a long time. He knows that this will be the very thing that she would want to do."

"And I suppose," said Mrs. Cristie, "that Mr. Beam told you all this in order that you might be induced to help on the match between Mr. Tippengray and Miss Rose."

"That was exactly his object," said Ida; "he said that everybody ought to help in this good work."

"And then, I suppose, he would like to marry you," remarked Mrs. Cristie.

"He has n't said so yet," replied Miss Mayberry, "but I think he would like to do it."

A MATRIMONIAL CONVERSATION.

Mrs. Cristie brought down her little fist upon the table, regardless of her slumbering child.

"That man is utterly without a conscience," she exclaimed. "If he had n't kept on engaging himself over and over again to Calthea Rose, she might have married somebody else, and gone away long ago. He has no one but himself to blame that she is still here to worry him and other people. And as to his wishing to sacrifice Mr. Tippengray to his ease and comfort, I think it is the most shameful thing I ever heard of. I hope, Ida, that you did not encourage him in this iniquitous scheme."

Ida laughed, but quietly — remembering the baby.

"Not much," she said; "in fact, I have determined, if I can, to rescue Mr. Tippengray from that clutching old thing."

"How?" asked Mrs. Cristie, quickly.

"By marrying him myself," said the nurse-maid.

"Ida Mayberry!" exclaimed Mrs. Cristie.

"Yes," said the other; "I have been considering the matter a good deal, and I think it can be done. He is much older than I am, but that is n't of great importance when people suit in other ways. Of course I would not wish to marry a very old man, even if he were suitable, for I should have to look forward to a married life so short that it would not pay; but Mr. Tippengray was not born so dreadfully far back, and he is one of those men who keep young for a long time. I think he likes me, and I am sure I can easily make him like me more, if I choose. There is nobody here that I need be afraid of, excepting you, perhaps."

Mrs. Cristie looked at her in amazement.

"Me!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Ida; "and this is the way of it. For a time I rather liked Lanigan Beam, for he 's young and good looking, and particularly because he seems very much in love with me; but although he pretends to be anxious to study, I know he is not very deep, and will probably soon tire of that. So when my sympathy for Mr. Tippengray was fairly aroused,—and it has been growing for some time,—it was easy enough to drop Lanigan; but before I allowed myself to become too much interested in Mr. Tippengray I had to consider all sides of the case. You seem to like Mr. Tippengray very much, and of course if you really made up your mind to prefer him to anybody else, one great object would be gained, just the same as if I married him, and he would be saved from the hole those two are digging for him."

"And in that case," said Mrs. Cristie, repressing a strong disposition to laugh, "what would you do? Perhaps you would be content to take anything that might be left."

"I suppose you mean Mr. Lodloe," said Ida. "Well, to speak plainly, I have never thought that I had a right to take him into consideration, but if the field were entirely open, I would not hesitate a moment in preferring him to either of the others."

Now Mrs. Cristie laughed outright.

"I could never have imagined," she said, "that a young girl such as you are could have such practical and business-like views about matrimony."

"Well," said the nurse-maid, "I don't see anything out of the way in my views. I want to bring an intelligent judgment to bear upon everything I do, and if the higher education is of any good at all, it ought to help us to regulate our affections."

"I have nothing to say on the subject," said Mrs. Cristie, "except that they did not pretend to teach us that at Vassar. I don't see how you can bring yourself to such calculations. But one part of your scheme I approve of highly: positively you ought to drop Lanigan Beam. As to marrying Mr. Tippengray, that is your affair, and his affair. And you may be sure I shall not interfere in any way."

Ida looked at her and smiled.

"I was n't very much afraid of that," she said, "though of course I thought I ought to steer clear of even a possible interference; but now I can go ahead with a clear conscience."

Mrs. Cristie felt drawn towards this ingenuous maid.

"Ida," she said, taking her by the hand, "as you have been so confiding towards me, I will say to you that since you have concluded to drop Mr. Beam your choice is decidedly restricted."

"I am glad to hear it," said the other, warmly; "he is a good man, and I think he has brains that you can count on. Is it all settled?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Mrs. Cristie; "and mind, Ida, don't you say a word of this to a living soul."

"Oh, you need n't be afraid of that," said Miss Mayberry; "I never betray confidences."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Cristie to herself, as she stood alone by her baby's bedside, "that I went a little too far. It is n't settled yet, and it would have been better not to say anything about it. However,"—and then her thoughts went wandering. She was going down-stairs and out of doors as soon as she had satisfied herself that Douglas could be prudently left to his slumbers.

XXI.

TWISTED TRYSTS.

MRS. CRISTIE found the lower floor of the Squirrel Inn quite deserted. She stopped before a window in a Norman tower and looked out. Twilight was fading, but there was a young moon in the sky. By stepping a little to one side she could see the moon, with the evening star twinkling not far away from it. She did not go out, however, but slowly wandered into a long room under the roof of a Swiss chalet. Here she went out on a queer little balcony and sat down; but her view was cut off by an out-jutting upper story of the old English type, with rows of small-paned windows, and she soon came in from the balcony. There was a light burning in the taproom, and as she passed its open door she stopped for a moment and gazed reflectively at the row of dilapidated stuffed squirrels, each of which had once stood guard upon the guide-post to the inn. But she took no note of the squirrels, nor of anything else in the quiet room, but as she stood, and instinctively put her finger to her forehead, a resolution came.

"I will be sensible, like Ida," she thought. "I will go out and let things happen as they may."

She went out into the young moonlight and, glancing across the lawn, saw, near the edge of the bluff that commanded the western view, two persons sitting upon a bench. Their backs were towards her, but one of them she knew to be Calthea Rose.

"I hope that is not poor Mr. Tippengray," said Mrs. Cristie to herself. "If she has secured him already, and taken him out there, I am afraid that even Ida will not be able to get him away from her. Ida must be still at her supper. I should not have detained her so long."

But Ida was not at her supper. As she turned towards the end of the lawn Mrs. Cristie saw her nurse-maid slowly strolling over the grass, a man on each side of her. They were plainly to be seen, and one man was Mr. Tippengray and the other Lanigan Beam. The three were engaged in earnest conversation. Mrs. Cristie smiled.

"I need not have feared for Ida," she thought; "she must have made a bold stroke to leave her rival in the lurch in that way, but I suppose in order to get one man she has to take both. It is a little hard on Miss Calthea"; and with an amused glance towards the couple on the bluff she moved towards the gardens.

CALTHEA HOLDS HIM WITH HER LISTENING EAR.

Her mind was in a half-timorous and undetermined state, in which she would have been glad to wander about by herself and to meet nobody, or, if it so should happen, glad to meet somebody; and wistfully, but yet timidly, she wondered which it would be. All at once she heard a step behind her. In spite of herself she started and flushed, and, turning, saw Mr. Petter. The sight of this worthy gentleman was a shock to her. She had been sure he was sitting with Calthea Rose on the bluff. If it was not he, who was it?

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Cristie," said the landlord of the inn, "for I want to speak with you. My mind is disturbed, and it is on account of your assistant, Miss Mayberry. She has been talked about in a way that I do not

at all like. I may even say that my wife has been urging me to use my influence with you to get her dismissed. I assured Mrs. Petter, however, that I should use that influence, if it exists, in exactly the opposite direction. Shall we walk on together, Mrs. Cristie, while I speak further on the subject? I have a high opinion of Miss Mayberry. I like her because she is what I term blooded. Nothing pleases me so much as blooded service, and, I may add, blooded associations and possessions. So far

THE BABY AND THE SWEET-PEA BLOSSOM. (SEE PAGE 524.)

as I am able to have it so, my horses, my cattle, and all my live stock are blooded. I consider my house, this inn, to be a blooded house. It can trace its various lines of architectural ancestry to honorable origins. The company at my house, with the exception of Lanigan Beam,—who, however, is not a full guest, but rather a limited inmate, ascending by a ladder to his dormitory,—are, if you will excuse me for saying so, blooded. And that one of these guests should avail herself of blooded service is to me a great gratification, of which I hope I shall not be deprived. To see a vulgar domestic in Miss Mayberry's place would wound and pain me, and, I may say, Mrs. Cristie, that I have been able to see no reason whatever for such substitution."

Mrs. Cristie had listened without a word, but as she listened she had been asking herself who that could be with Calthea Rose. If it was not Walter Lodloe, who was it? And if it was he, why was he there? And if he was there, why did he stay there? Of course she was neither jealous nor worried nor troubled by such a thing, but the situation was certainly odd. She had come out expecting something, she did not know exactly what; it might not have been a walk among the sweet-pea blossoms, but she was very certain it was not a conversation with Mr. Petter, while Walter Lodloe sat over there in the moonlight with Calthea Rose.

"You need not have given yourself any anxiety," she said to her companion, "for I have not the slightest idea of discharging Ida. She suits me admirably, and what they say about her is all nonsense; of course I do not mean any disrespect to Mrs. Petter."

Mr. Petter deprecatingly waved his hand.

"I understand perfectly your reference to my wife," he said. "Her mind, I think, has been acted upon by others. Allow me to say, madam, that your words have encouraged and delighted me. I feel we are moving in the right direction. I breathe better."

"How is it possible," thought Mrs. Cristie, during the delivery of this speech, "that he can sit there, and sit, and sit, and sit, when he knows at this hour I am always somewhere

about the house or grounds, and never in my room? Well, if he likes to sit there, let him sit"; and with this she looked up with some vivacity into the face of her landlord and asked him if even his pigeons and his chickens were blooded, and if the pigs were also of good descent. As she spoke she slightly accelerated her pace.

Mr. Petter was very willing to walk faster, and to talk about all that appertained to his beloved Squirrel Inn, and so they walked and talked until they reached the garden and disappeared from view behind the tall shrubbery that bordered the central path.

Mrs. Petter sat on a little Dutch porch, looking out on the lawn, and her mind was troubled. She wished to talk to Mr. Petter, and here he was strolling about in the moonlight with that young widow. Of course there was nothing in it, and it was perfectly proper for him to be polite to his guests, but there were lines in politeness as well as in other things, and they ought to be drawn before people went off walking by themselves in the garden at an hour when most farmers were thinking about going to bed. The good lady sat very uneasily on her little bench. The night air felt damp to her and disagreeable; she was sure there were spiders and other things running about the porch floor, and there were no rounds to the bench on which she could put her feet. But she could not bear to go in, for she had not the least idea in the world where they had gone to. Perhaps they might walk all the way to Lethbury, for all she knew.

At this moment a man came up to the porch. It was Lanigan Beam, and his soul was troubled. The skilful Miss Mayberry had so managed the conversation in which she and the two gentlemen were engaged that its subject matter became deeper and deeper in its character, until poor Lanigan found that it was getting very much too deep for him. As long as he could manage to keep his head above water he stood bravely, but when he was obliged to raise himself on the tips of his toes, and even then found the discourse rising above his chin, obliging him to shut his mouth and to blink his eyes, he thought it wise to strike out for shore before he made a pitiful show of his lack of mental stature.

And in a very bad humor Lanigan walked rapidly to the house, where he was much surprised to see Mrs. Petter on the little Dutch porch.

"Why, madam," he exclaimed, "I thought you never sat out after nightfall."

"As a rule, I don't," the good lady answered, "and I ought n't to now; but the fact is—" She hesitated, but it was not necessary to finish the sentence. Mr. Petter and Mrs. Cristie emerged from the garden and stood together just outside its gate. He was explaining to her the origin of some of the peculiar features of the Squirrel Inn.

When the eyes of Mr. Beam fell upon these two, who stood plainly visible in the moonlight, while he and Mrs. Petter were in shadow, his trouble was dissipated by a mischievous hilarity.

"Well, well, well!" said he, "she *is* a woman."

"Of course she is," said Mrs. Petter; "and what of that, I 'd like to know?"

"Now that I think of it," said Lanigan, with a finger on the side of his nose, "I remember that she and her young man did n't have much to say to each other at supper. Quarreled, perhaps. And she is comforting herself with a little flirt with Mr. Petter."

"Lanigan Beam, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried the good lady; "you know Mr. Petter never flirts."

"Well, perhaps *he* does n't," said Lanigan; "but if I were you, Mrs. Petter, I would take him out a shawl or something to put over his shoulders. He ought n't to be standing out there in the night wind."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she answered shortly, "and I ought n't to be out here in the night air either."

Lanigan gazed at Mrs. Cristie and her companion. If that charming young widow wanted some one to walk about with her in the moonlight, she could surely do better than that. Perhaps a diversion might be effected and partners changed.

"Mrs. Petter," said he, "I would n't go in, if I were you. If you move about you will be all right. Suppose we stroll over that way."

"I am ready to stroll," said Mrs. Petter, in a tone that showed she had been a good deal stirred by her companion's remarks, "but I am not going to stroll over that way. The place is big enough for people to keep to themselves, if they choose, and I am one that chooses, and I choose to walk in the direction of my duty, or, more properly, the duty of somebody else, and see that the hen-houses are shut"; and, taking Lanigan's arm, she marched him down to the barn, and then across a small orchard to the most distant poultry-house within the limits of the estate.

When Mr. Stephen Petter, allowing his eyes to drop from the pointed roof of his high tower, saw his wife and Lanigan Beam walking away among the trees in the orchard, he suddenly became aware that the night air was chilly, and suggested to his companion that it might be well to return to the house.

"Oh, not yet, Mr. Petter," said she; "I want

you to tell me how you came to have that little turret over the thatched roof."

She had determined that she would not go in-doors while Calthea Rose and Mr. Lodloe sat together on that bench.

Early in the evening Miss Calthea had seen Mr. Lodloe walking by himself upon the bluff, and she so arranged a little promenade of her own that in passing around some shrubbery she met him near the bench. Miss Calthea was an admirable manager in dialogue, and if she had an object in view it did not take her long to find out what her collocutor liked to talk about. She had unusual success in discovering something which very much interested Mr. Lodloe, and they were soon seated on a bench discussing the manners and ways of life in Lethbury.

To a man who recently had been seized with a desire to marry and to live in Lethbury, and who had already taken some steps in regard to the marriage, this subject was one of the most lively interest, and Lodloe was delighted to find what a sensible, practical, and well-informed woman was Miss Rose. She was able to give him all sorts of points about buying a building or renting houses in Lethbury, and she entered with the greatest zeal into the details of living, service, the cost of keeping a horse, a cow, and poultry, and without making any inconvenient inquiries into the reasons for Mr. Lodloe's desire for information on these subjects. She told him everything he wanted to know about housekeeping in her native village, because she had made herself aware that his mind was set on that sort of thing. In truth she did not care whether he settled in Lethbury or some other place, or whether he ever married and settled at all. All she wished was to talk to him in such a way that she might keep him with her as long as possible. She wished this because she liked to keep a fine-looking young man all to herself, and also because she thought that the longer she did so the more uneasiness she would cause Mrs. Cristie.

She had convinced herself that it would not do for life to float too smoothly at the Squirrel Inn. She would stir up things here and there, but prudently, so that no matter who became disgusted and went away, it would not be Mr. Tippengray. She was not concerned at present about this gentleman. It was ten to one that by this time Lanigan Beam had driven him away from the child's nurse.

Walter Lodloe was now beginning to feel that it was quite time that his conversation with Miss Rose, which had really lasted much longer than he supposed, should be brought to a close. His manner indicating this, Miss Calthea immediately entered into a most attractive description of a house picturesquely situated on the outskirts of Lethbury, which would probably soon be vacated on account of the owner's desire to go West.

At the other end of the extensive lawn two persons walked backward and forward near the edge of the trees perfectly satisfied and untroubled. What the rest of the world was doing was of no concern whatever to either of them.

"I am afraid, Mr. Tippengray," said the nurse-maid, "that when your Greek version of the literature of to-day, especially its humorous portion, is translated into the American language of the future it will lose much of its point and character."

"You must remember, my dear Miss Mayberry," said the gentleman, "that we do not know what our language will be in eight hundred or a thousand years from now. The English of to-day may be utterly unintelligible to the readers of that era, but that portion of our literature which I put into imperishable and unchangeable Greek will be the same then as now. The scholar may read it for his own pleasure and profit, or he may translate it for the pleasure and profit of others. At all events, it will be there, like a fly in amber, good for all time. All you have to do is to melt your amber, and there you have your fly."

"And a well-shriveled-up fly it would be, I am afraid," said Ida.

Mr. Tippengray laughed.

"Be not too sure of that," he said. "I will translate some of my Greek version of 'Pickwick' back into English, and let you see for yourself how my amber preserves the fly."

"Let me do it," said Ida. "It is a long time since I read 'Pickwick,' and therefore my translation will be a better test."

"Capital!" cried Mr. Tippengray. "I will copy a few lines for you to-night."

From out an open Elizabethan window under a mansard roof and overlooking a small Moorish veranda there came a sound of woe. The infant Douglas had awakened from a troubled sleep, and with a wild and piercing cry he made known to his fellow beings his desire for society. Instantly there was a kaleidoscopic change among the personages on the grounds of the Squirrel Inn. Miss Mayberry darted towards the house; the Greek scholar, without knowing what he was doing, ran after her for a short distance, and then stopped; Mrs. Petter screamed from the edge of the orchard to know what was the matter; and Lanigan ran to see. Mr. Petter, the natural guardian of the place, pricked up his ears and strode towards the inn, his soul filled with a sudden fear of fire. Mrs. Cristie recognized the voice of her child, but saw Ida running, and so, relieved of present anxiety, remained where her companion had left her.

Walter Lodloe, hearing Mrs. Petter's voice and the running, sprang from his seat; and seeing that it would be impossible to detain him now, and preferring to leave rather than to be left, Miss Calthea hurried away to see what was the matter.

XXII.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE LITTLE JAR.

PERCEIVING Mrs. Cristie standing alone near the entrance to the garden, Walter Lodloe walked rapidly towards her. As he approached she moved in the direction of the house.

"Will you not stop a moment?" he said. "Do not go in yet."

"I must," she answered; "I have been out here a long while — too long."

"Out here a long time!" he exclaimed. "You surprise me. Please stop one moment. I want to tell you of a most interesting conversation I have had with Miss Rose. It has animated me wonderfully."

Considering what had occurred that afternoon, this remark could not fail to impress Mrs. Cristie, and she stopped and looked at him. He did not give her time to ask any questions, but went on:

"I have been asking her about life in Lethbury — houses, gardens, everything that relates to a home in that delightful village. And what she has told me opens a paradise before me. I did not dream that down in that moonlighted valley I should be almost rich; that I could offer you —"

"And may I ask," she interrupted, "if you have been talking about me to Miss Rose?"

"Not a word of it," he answered warmly. "I never mentioned your name, nor referred to you in any way."

She could not help ejaculating a little sarcastically:

"How circumspect!"

"And now," he said, coming closer to her, "will you not give me an answer? I love you, and I cannot wait. And oh! speak quickly, for here comes Mrs. Petter straight towards us."

"I do not like Lethbury," said Mrs. Cristie.

Lodloe could have stamped his feet, in the fire of his impatience.

"But of me, of myself," he said. "And oh! speak quickly, she is almost here."

"Please cease," said Mrs. Cristie; "she will hear you."

Mrs. Petter came up panting.

"I don't want to interrupt you, Mrs. Cristie," she said, "but really and truly you ought to go to your baby. He has stopped crying in the most startling and suspicious way. Of course I don't know what she has done to him, and whether it 's anything surgical or laudanum. And it is n't for me to be there to smell the little creature's breath; but you ought to go this minute, and if you find there is anything needed in the way of mustard, or hot water, or sending for the doctor, just call to me from the top of the stairs."

"My dear Mrs. Petter," said Mrs. Cristie, "why did n't Calthea Rose come and tell me this herself, instead of sending you?"

"She said that she thought you would take it better from me than from her; and after we had made up our minds about it, she said I ought not to wait a second."

"Well," said Mrs. Cristie, "it was very good in you to come to me, but I do not feel in the least alarmed. It was Ida's business to quiet the child, and I have no doubt she did it without knives or poison. But now that you are here, Mrs. Petter, I wish to ask your opinion about something that Mr. Lodloe has been talking of to me."

The young man looked at her in astonishment.

"He has been telling me," continued Mrs. Cristie, "of a gentleman he knows, a person of education, and accustomed to society, who had conceived the idea of living in Lethbury. Now what do you think of that?"

"Well," said Mrs. Petter, "if he 's married, and if his wife 's got the asthma, or he 's got it himself, I have heard that Lethbury is good for that sort of complaint. Or if he 's failed in business and has to live cheap; or if he is thinking of setting up a store where a person can get honest wash-goods; or if he has sickly children, and is n't particular about schools, I suppose he might as well come to Lethbury as not."

"But he has none of those reasons for settling here," said Mrs. Cristie.

"Well, then," remarked Mrs. Petter, somewhat severely, "he must be weak in his mind. And if he 's that, I don't think he 's needed in Lethbury."

As she finished speaking the good woman turned and beheld her husband just coming out of the house. Being very desirous of having a talk with him, and not very well pleased at the manner in which her mission had been received, she abruptly betook herself to the house.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Cristie, turning to Lodloe, "what do you think of that very explicit opinion?"

"Does it agree with yours?" he asked.

"Wonderfully," she replied. "I could not have imagined that Mrs. Petter and I were so much of a mind."

"Mrs. Cristie," said Lodloe, "I drop Lethbury, and here I stand with nothing but myself to offer you."

The moon had now set, the evening was

growing dark, and the lady began to feel a little chilly about the shoulders.

"Mr. Lodloe," she asked, "what did you do with that bunch of sweet peas you picked this afternoon?"

"They are in my room," he said eagerly. "I have put them in water. They are as fresh as when I gathered them."

"Well," she said, speaking rather slowly, "if to-morrow, or next day, or any time when it may be convenient, you will bring them to me, I think I will take them."

In about half an hour Mrs. Cristie went into the house, feeling that she had stayed out entirely too late. In her room she found Ida reading by a shaded lamp, and the baby sleeping soundly. The nurse-maid looked up with a smile, and then turned her face again to her book. Mrs. Cristie stepped quietly to the mantelpiece, on which she had set the little jar from Florence, but to her surprise there was nothing in it. The sweet-pea blossom was gone. After looking here and there upon the floor, she went over to Ida, and in a low voice asked her if she had seen anything of a little flower that had been in that jar.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, putting down her book; "I gave it to baby to amuse him, and the instant he took it he stopped crying, and very soon went to sleep. There it is; I declare, he is holding it yet."

Mrs. Cristie went softly to the bedside of the child and, bending over him, gently drew the sweet-pea blossom from his chubby little fist.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Frank R. Stockton.

THE PRESS AS A NEWS GATHERER.

BY THE MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

IS it true, as recently declared by a British writer, that "every respectable American is heartily ashamed of at least two things in his country — the press and the politicians"? and that "he shows it by openly despising both — for he does not believe a word on the authority of the newspaper, and has no faith in the honesty of a politician"? Or is this merely a new outburst of British dislike of Americans so noticeable in the early part of the century?[1] However that may be, let us prefer to regard this opinion as an example of that hyperbolism which the writer condemns in American newspapers, rather than as a correct expression of the British sentiment of to-day. It would be extraordinary indeed if the free intercourse of a century had not increased the respect for one another of the two branches of the English-speaking race. And yet the words just quoted are quite as censorious as earlier opinions from British sources, even when the moral tone and intelligence of the American press were at the lowest. The author of "Cyril Thornton" said in 1830 that he found American newspapers "utterly contemptible in point of talent, and dealing in abuse so virulent as to excite a feeling of disgust not only with the writers, but with the public which offered them support." Tried by this standard he concluded that the moral feeling of this people must be low indeed. Tried by a different standard (Could it be literary — the "uncouth alliterative verses of Joel Barlow"?) the charming Miss Berry in 1809 reached the same conclusion, that America then was, "perhaps, the lowest in the scale of moral education, the farthest from that intellectual character and perfection which such a system supposes."

If it shall be shown that the newspapers of to-day are as licentious and depraved as charged will not the opinions of Mr. Hamilton and Miss Berry be confirmed and the responsibility for the character of the press be placed at the door of the American citizen? If we are to believe the author of "Cyril Thornton," we have retrograded as a people from the beginning of the century. "Men here," said he, "are judged by a lower standard than in England; and this standard, both in regard to knowledge and manners, is becoming lower every generation."

However, it is some satisfaction to know that, as regards the press, British censure has, after all, been pretty impartial, and that the newspapers of the United Kingdom have come in for their share. "There is not only no person so important or exalted," said Mr. Brougham in 1811, "but no person so humble, harmless, and retired as to escape the defamation which is daily and hourly poured forth by the venal crew, to gratify the idle curiosity, or still less excusable malignity; to mark out for the indulgence of that propensity individuals re-

[1] MS. State Department. Richard Rush, United States Minister, in a letter to President Monroe in 1818, said that the influential circles were not well disposed to Americans — believed them degenerate English. Lord Holland was an exception.

tiring into the privacy of domestic life, to hunt them down and drag them forth as a laughing-stock to the vulgar, has become in our days, with some men, the road even to popularity; but with multitudes the means of earning a base subsistence." And Cobbett, the greatest polemic writer of his day, declared that the London editors spared characters neither public nor private. We find that Christopher North, while conceding that the "Times," "Chronicle," and "Globe" might be defended by a good devil's advocate in a gown, given him by a patent of precedency, denounced "the shameful yet shameless slave, the apostatizing 'Courier,' whose unnatural love of tergiversation is so deep, and black-grained, and intense, that once a quarter he is seen turning his back upon himself."

Less than sixty years ago the London "Times" denounced members of the House of Commons as "public enemies — usurpers of the people's franchises — cutpurses, robbers, plunderers, hired lackeys of public delinquents." Which is pretty good evidence that there was a time when at least the press of England had no faith in the honesty of a politician sitting in Parliament. Perhaps the severest arraignment of the head of a government that ever appeared in a responsible journal was the warning of the "Times" to the Duke of Wellington to look to the consequences, if he forced through coercive and obnoxious laws. "Oppressive and revolting laws," said the "Times," "must be enforced by violence; there is no other method. It is not, then, the people's bill, but the people's butchery. This is to be our prospect, is it? If so, may the right hand of every free Englishman perish from his body if he do not himself, his children and country, right upon the head of the murderer."

More clearly seditious, certainly, than anything that appeared at an earlier period in our own press. But the fact is that the British and American newspapers have moved on parallel lines, whether in the abuse of privileges, mistaking license for liberty, or whether as the honest publishers of news, the defenders of their own rights or the rights of the people. "We have lived to hear the strange doctrine that to expose the measures of rulers is treason," indignantly exclaimed Channing. "Sae it 's actionable to despise the government!" said the Ettrick Shepherd with an air of humorous contempt.

And at every stage in the progress of journalism since 1776, we shall find the same obstacles to be overcome, the same mistakes in yielding to corrupt influences, or in becoming the brutal instrument of party rancor, the same heroic and obstinate defense of the freedom of the press and of speech to the extent of the loss of property and the endurance of imprisonment, the same fearlessness in facing death in the presence of brutal mobs, the same democratic tendency in the discussion of social and political questions, and the employment of the same aids in promoting the influence and circulation of newspapers, on one side of the Atlantic as on the other.

At least one Englishman appreciated the partizan character of the American newspapers early in the century, and expressed the hope that the British government might have the benefit of such extrinsic aid in molding public opinion.[1] He said, in the publication of truth

[1] MS. British Archives. Phineas Bond (Consul at Philadelphia) to George Hammond, August, 1808. The strictures in the "United States Gazette," said he, on the British Orders in Council and French Decrees, "have had so good an effect that I heartily wish we had under our influence some *good* press, through which truth might be detailed and mischievous falsehood constantly exposed. Is there no way of managing this?"

Mr. Bond was not in the secrets of his own government. The following copy of a confidential paper, found by the writer among the "Vansitart Papers" in the British Museum, will show that the British Government had not failed to enlist in its support the powerful aid of the press:

Secret and Confidential.

GENERAL POST OFFICE, February 15, 1806.

DEAR SIR: The hint in your secret note of Wednesday induces me to explain in writing some of the circumstances which have attached to me in regard to the newspapers.

During Mr. Addington's administration and for some years previous thereto, many of the respectable country papers received a small encouragement at the expense of Government, viz.: two daily papers, a three-day paper, occasional gazettes, etc., etc. This originated in the year 1792 with Mr. Charles Long, and was placed under my management. The condition with the proprietors was that they should from time to time *insert any articles having for their object a refutation of the dangerous principles disseminated by Paine and others for the subversion of every established principle and order.*

I have the heartfelt pleasure to recollect that in my earnest, active, and laborious attention to this important service, I rendered considerable benefit to my country, and that the good effects of my proceedings were particularly evident at Norwich, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and various other places where seditious meetings and practices were openly convened and carried on.

In the course of time this agency assumed more of a political shape, and was occasionally, though not often, directed to calling the attention of the printers to the objects of a less general nature, but of sufficient importance to the Government. I always expressed a disinclination to be thus identified with the politics of the day, and frequently desired to be relieved from so unpleasant a service. This was, however constantly refused, both by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington, from each of whom I experienced many personal kindnesses.

I can appeal to Mr. Hely Addington as to the difficulties I encountered during his brother's administration. He knew them well, and the goodness of his heart led him to enter fully into all my views upon it.

When Mr. Pitt resumed the government I was called upon to continue the papers, but the printers *were not required to insert any one article whatever.* The papers were merely forwarded to the printers, who pursued their own line, certainly not hostile to his measures. But so

and the exposure of falsehood; but truth from his standpoint was British administration, right or wrong. Its exposition was not in the publication of all of the facts—the news—for the information of the people, but in an *ex-parte* editorial statement to support the view of his party. That was an American method.

Where does this history lead us? Few, perhaps, have thought of the tremendous significance of the press in its relations to the most advanced civilization of the nineteenth century; and that it flourishes only within the limits of the smallest portion of the human race. How insignificant are the Anglo-Saxon peoples in number when compared with the millions upon millions of the eastern lands, whose present is only a repetition of the life of past centuries—a superstitious adherence to the manners, customs, and religions of their ancestors! With these hope of amelioration is dead. In striking contrast is the restless energy of the exceptional civilization—of the progressive races—of which the press is typical, which constantly develops new conditions in political and social life, in harmony with moral law. In estimating all of the grand human agencies let us not forget that (as Talleyrand finely said) the press is the chief instrument of representative government. That is, a free press, for without freedom of discussion the truth cannot prevail, and government will be a tyranny as it was in England after the close of the war with France. Her press had been enslaved, and "the masses of her population had been reduced to a state of degradation and a state of want which were enough to compromise all the fame that all her triumphs, whether in field of battle or upon the field of political liberty, had been able to secure for her." It was through the press reform came, and there was formed a public opinion of greater moral force and authority, which ministers were unable to subdue, and to which statesmen of all parties learned more and more to defer. But not only in the domain of politics is its usefulness felt. It fosters the spirit of inquiry in other fields, while in return its own influence is extended and its power for good augmented by the products of science and the mechanic arts. "The discovery of yesterday is only a means to arrive at a fresh discovery to-morrow."

If the activity of the press is typical of the restless forces observable among enlightened peoples, it is greater in America than in any other country, because of the greater freedom and the more general diffusion of education. The American is vigorous, active, and dexterous, and the journalist preëminently represents the national character.

The brutality of the American press, which embittered the life of Jefferson and drew from the gentle Channing the remark that the influence of the press was exceedingly diminished by its gross and frequent misrepresentations, was even less offensive and virulent than the warfare of public men, conducted in correspondence or pamphlets. And if we study the sources of political information we shall find that the violence and unfairness of the press have been but the expression of party feeling, in which the most intelligent have shared. Parties have existed for centuries; the educational influence of the learned professions has meliorated social life and molded governments for ages, but the press, the mightiest influence for good or evil to-day, is the growth of only about one hundred years. In the answer to the question, Is it better in 1891 than in 1791? as it may be yea or nay, lies the hope for good or the fear of evil of every patriotic citizen.

WARFARE OF POLITICAL BEES AND WASPS.

THE newspapers of the close of the eighteenth century bear slight resemblance to the newspapers of to-day. A historical writer has said that the "Aurora" down to 1800 was the "nearest approach to a modern newspaper to be found in the country." This statement set down in the pages of history is as open to the charge of inaccuracy as a statement hurriedly made in a daily paper. There were several other newspapers quite equal to the "Aurora"; and notably one, the "Herald," of Augusta, Georgia, more nearly approached the better class of modern newspapers. But as a rule the

strongly did I feel what I have already described, that the day after Mr. Pitt's decease I wrote to Mr. T. Bourne that "nothing could induce me to continue an agency so troublesome in itself, so liable to misconstruction and invidious comment, an agency for which no adequate recompense ever was or ever could be made," and I declined it from that day.

Before I proceed any further I must acquaint you that I never lent myself to the circulation of anything personal or offensive to any individual whatever.

My object in troubling you with this detail is to discharge a duty which I conceive I owe to the Government by pointing out how the country press has been influenced. You will best judge whether the engine should again be resorted to; in such case all the information in my power ought to be afforded to any person to whom it may be entrusted. My own motives for declining have been fully stated; they are such as you must approve, especially, too, as there was a time in which I was severely arraigned. I was contemned as a worm, a busy partizan, when I never meant to do more than obey the commands of Government with that zeal and fidelity which have characterized me in all instances in life. I was threatened also (in the year 1796 or 7), with a motion in the House of Commons, but (as I was told) the intervention of a friend prevented that proceeding. It was in the recollection of all these circumstances that I wrote my letter to Mr. T. Bourne, but it does not follow that Government should be deprived of what they may consider to be essential to their support, by any nice feelings or scrupulous objections of an individual anxious to discharge his full duty by all without becoming a political object of resentment to any. I have the honor to be, etc.,

F. FRECHING.

news given related chiefly to foreign affairs, with brief space to such accidents, calamities, and other domestic events as were publicly known. The paper was the exponent primarily of a party or of the selfish views of a party chief. A single illustration may not be out of place:

Connecticut was an inhospitable State for Democrats, and after a brief and disastrous career at New London, the "Bee" in 1802 went in search of a new field in Columbia County, New York. The day after Holt, the proprietor, issued his prospectus, in which he promised to begin the publication of the "Bee" as soon as he obtained three hundred and fifty subscribers, the following *jeu d'esprit* appeared in the same place:

> If there perchance should come a BEE,
> A WASP will come as soon as he.
>
> MYSELF.

PROPOSALS

For *Publishing in the City of Hudson* a *new* paper, to be *entitled*

THE WASP,

By ROBERT RUSTICOAT, ESQ.

This paper will be issued occasionally as may best suit the editor, at the moderate price of two cents a number. It will be printed with a legible type, on good paper, and will make its appearance as soon after Holt's "Bee" is commenced as possible, whether three hundred and fifty subscribers are obtained or not.

The editor will make but few promises. Wasps produce but little honey: they are chiefly known by their *stings;* and the one here proposed will not materially differ from others. The "Wasp" is declared to be at enmity with the "Bee." Wherever the "Bee" ranges the "Wasp" will follow — over the same field, and on the same flowers. Without attempting to please his friends, the "Wasp" will only strive to displease, vex, and torment his enemies. With his sting always sharpened for war, he will never accept of peace. He will never accede to the philosophical doctrine, that

> We are all Wasps — we are all Bees.

This stinging reference to the President's "We are all Republicans — we are all Federalists," cost the editor of the "Wasp" dear. When he reproduced the Callendar calumny, Mr. Jefferson's district attorney, Ambrose Spencer, who induced the "Bee" to locate at Hudson, prosecuted him for libel. It was a famous case, in which defendant offered the truth in evidence in justification, as had been permitted under the sedition law, but the court ruled that this could not be done under the common law, under which the prosecution was had.

The period of activity from the close of the second administration of Washington to the close of the second war with England was followed by a period of impotency, as deadening in its influence as the era of good feeling on the moral sense of the community. When at last the pent-up passions burst forth, and party divisions were formed on the lines of personal ambitions and antipathies, the newspapers were swept into the whirlpool of personal strife, their legitimate functions were sacrificed, and they reached a greater depth of degradation than ever before or since. This may be best described as the Dark Age of journalism. Daniel Webster was seeking contributions to end the neutrality of newspapers or to set up new ones to counteract the aggressive audacity of Jackson-Clinton prints.[1] At a later day a deserter from the army of Jackson journalists, a man who had won some distinction as a member of the American Philosophical Society, offered his pen for hire to Clay, and on being spurned threatened to revenge himself on the great party leader through the press.[2] There was no longer a distinct newspaper press. In journalism the rule obtained that governed in personal warfare —

> . . . he wha 's seeking
> To sway the mob
> Maun often do, against his liking,
> A dirty job.

If there was preserved a semblance of dignity in the Crawford-Calhoun controversy, it was altogether abandoned in the newspaper correspondence between Major Eaton, Secretary of War, and Mr. Ingham, Secretary of the Treasury. The decent courtesies of life were thrown aside; the coarsest epithets were employed by both parties; the most atrocious charges were advanced, and even female character was not spared in this ferocious controversy. There were not lacking protests from good citizens against such blackguardism in political life; and in the columns of a few decent newspapers in Richmond and Washington there was evidence of ability and a disposition to discuss public questions on their merits. But it was from the West that the most powerful influence for reform was to emanate. Charles Hammond, when not discussing legal questions in court, amused himself in shaping the course of the old Cincinnati "Gazette," and infused a new spirit into journalism, the spirit of manly independence and a love of the truth. One who knew him well, and in the next generation himself won distinction, said that "as a writer of great ability, and a man of large acquirements and singular integrity, Hammond was scarcely equaled by any man of his time." No other writer of his day could express an idea so clearly and so briefly. This protest against the brutalism of

1 MS. 1827, Clay Correspondence.
2 MS. Clay Correspondence.

partizanship, this gleam of light, gave promise of better things. Obviously the time had come for a revolution, a breaking away from old methods.[1]

The modern American newspaper, however, had its beginning in New York. It was here that it was first clearly demonstrated that newspaper publishing could be divorced from the fortunes of a public character or of a party, and made a profitable business. No hand of writer to-day could draw so vivid a picture of the new journal, or so well describe the manner of its production, as the following from the files of a famous paper. The year is 1836:

We published yesterday the principal items of the foreign news, received by the *Sheffield*, being eight days later than our previous arrivals. Neither the "Sun" nor "Transcript" had a single item on the subject. The "Sun" did not even know of its existence. The large papers in Wall street had also the news, but as the editors are lazy, ignorant, indolent, blustering blockheads, one and all, they did not pick out the cream and serve it out as we did. The "Herald" alone knows how to dish up the foreign news, or indeed domestic events, in a readable style. Every reader, numbering *between thirty and forty thousand daily*, acknowledges this merit in the management of our paper. We do not, as the Wall street lazy editors do, come down to our office about ten or twelve o'clock, pull out a Spanish cigar, take up a pair of scissors, puff and cut, cut and puff for a couple of hours, and then adjourn to Delmonico's to eat, drink, gormandize, and blow up our contemporaries. We rise in the morning at five o'clock, write our leading editorials, squibs, sketches, etc., before breakfast. From nine till one we read all our papers and original communications, the latter being more numerous than those of any other office in New York. From these we pick out facts, thoughts, hints, and incidents, sufficient to make up a column of original spicy articles. We also give audience to visitors, gentlemen on business, and some of the loveliest ladies in New York, who call to subscribe — Heaven bless them! At one we sally out among the gentlemen and *loafers* of Wall street — find out the state of the money market, return, finish the next day's paper — close every piece of business requiring thought, sentiment, feeling, or philosophy, before four o'clock. We then dine moderately and temperately — read our proofs — take in cash and advertisements, which are increasing like smoke — and close the day by going to bed always at ten o'clock, seldom later. That's the way to conduct a paper with spirit and success.

There is a piquant flavor in the above that one misses in his morning paper now, calculated "to freshen even a town-bought egg," — a flavor, however, that is in this more cultivated age better omitted, even at the expense of one's digestion.

We have put behind us the past — a partizan, unscrupulous, dependent, frequently an inane journalism — and have begun a new era. What though the beginning be crude, it is a beginning nevertheless in the right direction, promising better things. We have left behind us the pronounced individuality of the conductor of the newspaper, and have taken on a new character that has challenged criticism quite as severe as that employed against the older journalism.

The fact most notable during this transition period is the demonstrable value of news. In England the London "Times" made the departure from the traditions of the past; in America the New York "Herald," which dates from 1835, inaugurated the new system of journalism. In every issue the "Herald" gave evidence of the energy, enterprise, courage, and practical common sense of its proprietor. He was in touch with the people of New York, studied their peculiarities, and every day gave them the news written up in an attractive style. The views and personal characteristics of the proprietor were predominant, but as one who seeks to please. All of the practical affairs of life were touched upon as the news of the day: markets, sanitary conditions, banking, commerce, the mechanic arts, labor, politics, religious affairs, etc., etc. The proprietor broke away from old forms in his Wall-street reports, and began what he was pleased to call a new era in commercial intelligence. It simply gave the spirit prevailing on the street and in the exchange, and causes of transactions, as determining values. "This," said he, "is my new philosophy in commerce, and this philosophy is one of the most pleasing and enchanting studies that the mind can dwell upon."

When the crash came in 1837, the "Herald" exercised a powerful influence for good. It covered the news features of the day with great thoroughness. It exposed the mistakes of political leaders and the rottenness of the banking system intrepidly and with fairness. When there was danger of disturbances of the peace, the "Herald" counseled calmness, forbearance.

[1] Personal journalism still held its preëminence, but the following from the pen of Hammond is in a different spirit from the daily utterances of contemporaries:

"I am afraid my quondam crony, Mr. Shadrach Penn, of the Louisville 'Public Advertiser,' has kept a great deal of bad company since the days of our political intimacy. He seems to mistake vulgarity for wit and misrepresentation for argument; errors from which, in days of yore, he was as free as most men. I am sometimes constrained, upon better acquaintance, to think and speak well of men whom I once reprobated. I have never yet felt disposed to vituperate a man that I once esteemed and commended. If such sink into vicious courses, I leave their exposure to others. I should as soon think of assassination as attacking a friend because he differed from me in politics."

On the 18th of May this was the most conspicuous editorial:

If the merchants cannot pay their debts in the legal standard, that itself is quite calamity enough, without adding insurrection or revolution to it. The country at heart is right. A tenth part of the great trading class cannot overturn the government. Let it be changed in due course of law — by the free suffrages at the polls. Let there be no public meetings in this crisis. Public meetings are foolish and dangerous things. They produce no effect on sense or justice — they settle no principles — furnish no argument. If other cities run into riot and confusion — if the outrageous conduct of the fraudulent banks, that stop paying specie, with specie in their vaults, drive Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore to madness, *let the people of New York show to the whole civilized world of Europe and America an example of* MORAL DIGNITY — *of* INTELLECTUAL ELEVATION — *of* PURE PATRIOTISM — *of* LOVE FOR PUBLIC ORDER — that will prove them to possess at least some of the fire, of the purity, of the honesty, of the integrity of the sacred Revolutionary age of 1776. Let us have no public meeting — no assemblages of an excited people. But let us refuse the irredeemable rags in every and all payments — let us return to gold and silver — let us deal in specie alone, or paper currency founded on personal integrity. But, above all, let us wait patiently till the day of election comes round — and then speak in a voice of thunder from the ballot boxes. We have "worn and eaten and drank too much" — let us get sober, eat in moderation, and cast away our purple and fine linen.

And when election day approached, the people were advised to demand of the new Legislature:

1. A repeal of the atrocious Suspension Law.
2. A repeal of the unjust Mortgage Law.
3. A repeal of the Usury Law.
4. A repeal of the ridiculous Restraining Law.
5. A repeal of the bank charters that will not resume specie payments instantly.
6. A repeal of all laws that unite the privilege of banking with the political powers of the State.
7. A repeal of all the corporation meat laws which cause the high prices of provisions.

ORIGIN OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

From this time on until 1849 the individual papers continued to collect news without co-operation. A news-boat system had been introduced by the "Courier and Enquirer," but as this was a temptation to collusion, it failed to receive public confidence. During this year a "Harbor News Association" was formed, the leading members of which were the "Journal of Commerce" and the "Herald," and subsequently telegraphic and general news associations were organized for the purpose of covering a wider field. These undoubtedly had their origin in the success of the "Herald" and the "Sun" in getting through from Texas, and Mexico, during the progress of the war, despatches by pony express in advance of the Government's advices. It was manifest to the conductors of other newspapers that if they were to compete successfully with the new system inaugurated by Mr. Bennett they must adopt new methods. Negotiations were entered into and in 1851 the present "New York Associated Press" was organized under the following agreement:

It is mutually agreed between G. Hallock of the "Journal of Commerce," J. and E. Brooks of the "Express," J. G. Bennett of the "Herald," Beach Brothers of the "Sun," Greeley and McElrath of the "Tribune," and J. W. Webb of the "Courier," to associate for the purpose of collecting and receiving telegraphic and other intelligence.

The "Times" and "World" came in later — the latter under the "Courier" franchise — and since their accession there has been no change in the membership of the "New York Associated Press."

Even at this time, the electric telegraph, which had introduced a new element in the making of newspapers, was used sparingly because the facilities were inadequate to a large business, and because the income of the best papers did not yet justify incurring extraordinary expenses. The mail, the express, and carrier pigeons were still the principal means for collecting news. The people had not yet acquired the intense habit that exacts uninterrupted service. That came with the great war.

As the telegraph has become the most serviceable of all agencies in the gathering of news, we may properly devote brief space to its development. In 1838, Morse and his associate Alfred Vail, who were endeavoring to enlist the aid of the national legislature, gave an exhibition of the working of the electric telegraph in Washington. In an invitation to a senator to be present the confident prediction was expressed that it would be practicable to get quotations of the New Orleans cotton market every day.[1] And when Henry O'Rielly's lines (known as the "Atlantic, Lake, and Mississippi Telegraph") reached St. Louis in 1849, a national telegraph and railroad convention was held in that city, which adopted an elaborate report recommending the immediate construction of a telegraph line to the Pacific Coast. The gold fever was at its height, and the Western people were impatient on account of the slow method of communication across the plains, or via Panama. Mr. O'Rielly's plan was not brought to the attention of Congress until the session of 1851–2.

[1] MS. Clay correspondence.

It proposed that Congress should pass a law providing that instead of establishing forts, with hundreds of men at long intervals apart (as suggested by the War Department), the troops designed for protecting the route should be distributed in a manner better calculated to promote that and other important objects on the principal route through the public domain; namely, by stationing parties of twenty dragoons at stockades twenty miles apart. It provided also, that two or three soldiers should ride daily, each way, from each stockade, so as to transport a daily express letter-mail across the continent, protect emigrants, and incidentally the construction of a telegraph to California. At this time the line had been carried into New Orleans, and the O'Rielly system included 7000 miles of wire. This was scarcely forty years ago, and yet to-day the system of the Western Union Telegraph Company embraces 680,000 miles of wire, and all American companies combined, more than enough to girdle the world 27 times. At the close of the war this great company controlled 75,686 miles of wire, and distributed business through 2250 offices. In 1876 the system had been extended to 183,832 miles of wire and 7072 offices; in 1881 to 327,171 miles of wire and 10,737 offices, and in the last ten years the mileage and offices have been doubled. For many years the use of the wires in the collection of news scarcely kept pace with the growth of facilities. As I have said above, the business of the newspapers hardly justified lavish expenditures, and telegraphic rates continued to be high. Therefore the wires were employed only for brief mention of the most notable events of domestic news within a radius of a few hundred miles. The readers of newspapers had not yet outgrown the deliberate movements of the Post Office Department.

GOVERNOR SEWARD AIDS A JOURNALIST.

HON. CHARLES A. DANA relates an incident in his journalistic career that most happily illustrates the old ways of making a paper, when the steamship brought the news of Europe, and the mail the news correspondence of the United States.

There was to be a celebration of the opening of the Rochester and Niagara Railroad as a through line, at which Mr. Seward was to speak, and Mr. Dana went to represent the "Tribune." There was a large attendance at Niagara Falls, of members of the legislature and other dignitaries of the State, and of local municipal bodies, as the event was of more than usual importance. Mr. Dana knew it had been Mr. Seward's habit carefully to write out his speeches before delivery, and to supply the "Tribune" with an advance copy. Mr. Seward had not done so in this case, and in order to have an adequate report Mr. Dana took full notes of his remarks. At the conclusion of the ceremonies he called upon the orator at the Cataract House, and asked him if he had prepared his speech on this occasion. Mr. Seward said that he had started to do so, but was prevented by other engagements. He had a half-dozen pages—the introductory part—roughly written out. With this and his notes Mr. Dana wrote out the speech for publication and submitted his manuscript to Mr. Seward, who made extensive corrections, until finally the report was satisfactory. An hour or two later he sent for Mr. Dana to say that a reporter from another paper had called upon him for his speech, and he suggested that Mr. Dana should permit him to make a copy of his report. "Governor Seward," said Mr. Dana, "I cannot do that. I attended the meeting and have made a report for my paper, and it would not be fair for me now to give to another, who was not in attendance through indifference or idleness, the benefit of my labors." Governor Seward admitted that Mr. Dana was right, and good-naturedly dictated a report, which from necessity was much briefer, to the other newspaper man. The next day Mr. Dana started for home by train, and in due time the report of Mr. Seward's speech appeared in the "Tribune," which of course had it in much better form than any competitor. There was no necessity for telegraphing, as no other reporter had the speech, and the exigencies of journalism in that day did not require the immediate and unrestricted use of the telegraph in all cases.

The telegraph companies were the pioneers in the news collecting and distributing business west and south. In 1860 the telegraphic reports scarcely exceeded fifteen hundred words a day for such cities as Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis. The files of the Charleston "Mercury" show even less for the South. The cotton markets of New Orleans and New York, brief mention of the latest European dates by steamship, and briefer even of Congress made up the variety.

All of this changed with the breaking out of the war. The "Associated Press" supplemented its reports of routine business with accounts of the movements of troops, of the transactions of departments, and with patriotic appeals; while the great journals of the principal cities inaugurated special correspondence from the fields of battle which increased their popularity and made the reputation of many able writers. People acquired the habit of reading daily papers, and new and improved machinery was constructed to meet the increasing circulation.

NEW METHODS TO MEET CHANGED SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

We have now reached the latest stage in the development of the newspaper. The demand is as wide as the continent. How shall it be met? Very high authority says: "The first thing which an editor must look for is news. If the newspaper has not the news, it may have everything else, yet it will be comparatively unsuccessful; and by news I mean everything that occurs, everything which is of human interest, and which is of sufficient importance to arrest and absorb the attention of the public, or of any considerable part of it." These are the conditions which, once fulfilled, make the newspaper the most wonderful production of the times. What energy, what alertness, what intelligence, what comprehensiveness in its pages! All arts and inventions and subtle forces are called into play in its creation: The shorthand characters that preserve the spoken words of the statesman, the minister, the philosopher, or the man of business; the telegraph that transmits; the typewriter that puts copy into form; the linotype that sets the copy and casts the bars from which the impression is made; the electric motor that supplies power and light, and the steam press that throws off tens of thousands of sheets — representing the discoveries of science, the inventive genius and mechanical skill contemporaneous with the development of the newspaper. Then look at the contents. Every human interest touched upon, local and general domestic affairs with photographic minuteness, while from the four corners of the earth have been gathered in clear and comprehensive accounts of the achievements and accidents attending human activity during every twelve hours. From Melbourne to Montreal — from St. Petersburg to San Francisco — from Valparaiso to Halifax — all are within the magic circle. Space is obliterated. Time may be said in a sense to anticipate the sun. This activity tends not only to the increase of wealth, but to the promotion of a higher civilization. From the two great centers, London and New York, radiate influences that are rapidly revolutionizing governments and promoting a higher social order. The bloody past gives place to a humane policy. Man is the most important factor.

A further reference to the telegraph and the Associated Press, as agencies in the production of a newspaper, will make our story clearer. Not only has been realized the sanguine prophecy uttered in 1846, that it would be possible to transact commercial business between New York and New Orleans through telegraphic advices exchanged daily, but the commercial business of the leading cities of the world is transacted by telegraph through almost momentary exchange. And what the telegraph is to the commercial world it is to the press. The New York Associated Press, whose organization has been described above, is the center of a combination of nearly all of the leading newspapers of the United States and Canada, known as "The Associated Press." Soon after the close of the war, on account of the meagerness of the service supplied by New York, the great papers of the chief western cities organized "The Western Associated Press," which made more favorable contracts with the Eastern organization and the Western Union Telegraph Company. In January, 1883, still closer relations were formed with the New York Associated Press, by which the management of the two organizations was consolidated for more effective work. Included in "The Associated Press" are the New England, the New York State, the Philadelphia, the Baltimore, the Southern, the Texas, the Kansas and Missouri, the Northwestern, the Trans-Mississippi, and the Colorado Associations. The basis of the Associated Press is coöperation. The papers have associated together for the convenient and economical conduct of one branch of their business. In this manner they have brought the collection of news to a state of great efficiency. The entire world is covered. For convenience in handling reports, despatches are sent to central points, such as Washington, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto, Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, New Orleans, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco, and Portland, and there edited and such news as is of interest to other sections of the country retransmitted. Only the largest cities receive the bulk of the news; to the smaller places are sent reports carefully condensed. Only an extensive telegraph system, such as that of the Western Union Telegraph Company, would meet the requirements of the Associated Press. It renders a service incomparably the best in the world, and, considering the extent of country and population to the square mile, the cheapest. The facts given below will substantiate this statement.

In the Associated Press system New York is the principal center. From it extend to the east, to the west, to the northwest, to the south, and to the southwest, its leased wires exceeding 10,000 miles in length, which are operated under its own direction, and over which an enormous amount of report is received each day. It is thus practicable for the management to have as direct and prompt intercourse with agents in all of the great cities as with persons in the same office; or with the papers of Boston, Minneapolis, Denver, New Orleans, and other intermediate cities, as quickly as with the

papers of New York City itself. Here is first received the foreign news, except such as comes from China, Japan, and the Samoan Islands, through San Francisco; reports of the commercial transactions of Europe, India, and Australia; of debates in Parliament, in Reichstag, in National Assembly, or Cortes; of industrial and social movements; of the achievements of science, etc., etc. At its office in London, Berlin, or Paris is delivered for its use, as may be most convenient, the news collected by the great news agencies of Europe — Reuter, Wolff, and Havas, and their allies, with which the Associated Press has exclusive contracts. In addition to these, the resources of the Central News of London and the English Press Association are at the service of the Associated Press, which also employs special correspondents in the principal capitals of Europe to collect intelligence of distinctively American interest. These despatches are clearly and concisely expressed, except on occasions of unusual interest, when they are treated as elaborately as domestic reports. Market quotations are always transmitted by cable in an elaborate cipher, to insure accuracy and economy. These are promptly interpreted, verified, and sent out to the press and the various commercial exchanges.

THE WORK OF A SINGLE DAY.

FIGURES will give a clearer idea of the extent of the work performed daily by the Associated Press than any other form of description. The New York office handles daily from 75,000 to 100,000 words, equal to from fifty to seventy columns of matter. On January 13, 1891 (a date taken at random), this news amounted to 95,000 words. Of course, of this mass of material no paper prints the whole; but most of it finds a place somewhere. To meet the requirements of the service, the Associated Press adapted the type-writer to receiving directly from the Morse instrument, and a special paper was made which facilitates the handling of reports. These details may seem of small moment, but they go to show the pains taken to insure perfect work. The agents of the Associated Press, who are selected for character and ability, are instructed to get all of the news, but if need be to sacrifice the "story" to the facts — in a word, to tell the truth.[1] They are required to treat all political and religious events with judicial fairness, and to omit social happenings having an immoral tendency. We do not find that anything is lost to thorough journalism by such limitation, but on the contrary much influence is gained thereby. The Associated Press enjoys the public confidence in its reliability to a degree unapproached by any other organization, and this enhances the value of the franchises of the papers supplied by it. This confidence is based upon an experience of forty years.

The enterprise of the Associated Press has been equal to every emergency. It began to make verbatim reports of the great national conventions of the political parties in 1872. Its descriptions of the scenes occurring in the halls during the sessions of the various conventions were made with such photographic accuracy as to give to the readers of the newspapers in distant cities a clearer idea of what was said and done than was possible to most persons who were actually present. The stenographers, type-writers, and operators followed the speeches and transactions with such rapidity and precision, that within fifteen minutes after the close of each session of 1880, 1884, and 1888, the last sentence was delivered to the papers in the various cities. When Mr. Cleveland was nominated in St. Louis, the Associated Press bulletin announcing the fact was put upon the Western Union wires, and was on the bulletin boards of the newspapers of San Francisco, and other cities, in less than two minutes. And, as a rule, announcements of this kind are generally displayed on the bulletin boards of the newspapers before the fact is known in the convention; the Press reporters keeping tally of the vote do it more quickly than the secretaries of the convention, and generally have the result on the wires before the footing is handed to the reading clerk.

The dynamite explosions of Westminster Hall and London Tower, in the winter of 1885, occurred between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. By ten o'clock New York time the forenoon of the same day, a bulletin reached the Associated Press announcing the explo-

[1] Within the pale of truth, said Jefferson, the press is "a noble institution, equally the friend of science and of civil liberty." In this connection we cite, as affording a curious and striking illustration that inaccuracy of statement is not peculiar to journalists, but may be alleged against many who write books, even historians, who are expected to verify their facts, the use made of the best known of Mr. Jefferson's utterances upon the press. We give below two instances of misquotations, 'followed by the text' from Jefferson's works:

When Jefferson declared, that if he had to choose between a government without a free press, or a free press without a government, he would prefer the latter, he begged the question twice, etc.— "*A Critical Review of American Politics.*"

I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers.— *Introduction to Hudson's "Journalism in the United States."*

What Jefferson did say was:

The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right; and *were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.* But I should mean that every man should receive those papers, and be capable of reading them.— *Works. Jefferson to Col. Carrington, Paris, Jan. 16, 1787.*

sion. That was hardly written and sent to the papers before the details began to follow in frequent despatches. So quick was the service, that one New York afternoon paper before noon had an "extra" on the street with a half-column report of the outrage, while the last editions had accounts filling several columns.

Extraordinary time has been made in transmitting the result of the Oxford-Cambridge boat race to the Associated Press. The despatch must first be sent by the government lines to connect with the cable, thence across the ocean to the American land lines, and thence to New York. Yet this has been done in ten seconds.

Mr. Gladstone made his great speech in Parliament in support of his famous Irish bill on the evening of June 7, 1886. The Associated Press cabled from London 13,000 words of this speech, giving large parts of it verbatim. It was doubtless the largest single cable despatch ever sent across the Atlantic. The orator finished speaking soon after ten o'clock London time. By the same hour New York time, ten columns of his speech and of description of scenes and incidents were in every important newspaper office in the United States.

The reader will recall the graphic account of the destruction of ships in the harbor of Apia by Mr. John P. Dunning, a staff correspondent of the Associated Press, who had been sent to investigate the political complications in Samoa; the reports of the great flood in the Conemaugh Valley; the report of the destruction of a part of Louisville, and more recently the accounts supplied of the Liberal dissensions in Great Britain, and of the Indian troubles in Dakota.

We have thus far considered only what is known as the "regular" service. The special service of the great newspapers of the principal cities is very large and expensive, and the editor of each is justly proud of what he has accomplished in this field. This spirit of enterprise gives an individuality to the journal which, in a notable case such as Mr. Bennett's sending Stanley to Africa, endures for many years. The "Tribune," the "Times," the "World," and the "Sun" of New York have scored their memorable "beats," and so have the newspapers of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, and San Francisco. But aside from notable occasions this special service has been, and continues to be, widely extended, covering not only political correspondence from the national capital, but also a great variety of social, business and political events in the States and Territories. Money is not spared to meet the demand of the reading public. A great journal will spend for this class of news between $8000 and $9000 a month, or $100,000 a year in round numbers.

THE WORK OF A GREAT TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

THE records of the Western Union Telegraph Company may be consulted to show the extent of the expenditures by the individual newspapers and the Associated Press, for telegraphic tolls alone, on this the largest telegraph system.

During the year ending June 30, 1890, the Western Union Telegraph Company delivered at all stations 322,088,438 words of "regular" or Associated Press report. This was delivered to an average of two newspapers in each place, at an average cost of fifteen cents per one hundred words for each place.[1] During the same period the company handled 206,025,094 words of specials, at an average cost of fifty-one cents per hundred words. These figures do not include reports transmitted by the Associated Press over its leased wires, or special correspondence sent on individual newspapers' leased wires. Estimating these two classes and the reports of the outside press, there was delivered to the newspapers during that year an aggregate amount of 1,500,000,000 words of telegraph news. On the regular service a little more than twenty-two per cent. is handled by the telegraph company in the day-time, while on the special service only about five per cent. of the volume is handled in the day-time. The day rate is twice the night rate. On the Associated Press leased wires, the proportions are thirty-four per cent. of day report to sixty-six per cent. of night report, and the difference in cost the same as by Western Union lines. The total press receipts by the telegraph company for the year ending June 30, 1890, including regular, special, and leased wires, were $1,848,247.23.

It should be borne in mind that these figures do not include tolls on other lines, or cable tolls, or the wages of correspondents and operators, or miscellaneous expenses, or the sums paid for news by both individual newspapers and the Associated Press, which would aggregate a very large sum.

One very interesting feature of the news service, of which the public has no knowledge, is telegraphing in cases of storms and interruptions. It is on such occasions that the utility of a vast system is made manifest. During the blizzard of March, 1888, for instance, the Washington report was sent to Philadelphia via New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, and Pittsburgh; while New York City received it from Albany, it having reached Albany via New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, and Buffalo. A more extraordinary case is that of Boston, which received a condensed report

[1] This is rendered possible only by the great number of places served on a circuit — from thirty to forty being supplied in some cases at the same time.

from New York, via London, it being sent by one cable from New York to London, and thence back by another cable which lands in New Hampshire. Boston is frequently served with New York news via Montreal, and Albany via Pittsburgh and Buffalo, the route being via the Pennsylvania Railroad to Pittsburgh, thence across via Cleveland to Buffalo, and thence down the New York Central to Albany.

PUBLIC CRITICISM CONSIDERED.

WHILE the extravagant opinion cited in the opening paragraph of this article is not shared by the general American public, a good deal of well-founded criticism is indulged in. With such vast resources at command, why are newspapers so unreliable? Has the objector ever taken into account the satisfaction he derives daily from the perusal of pages of carefully prepared and entirely trustworthy news matter, touching home and foreign affairs, in his paper? The one or two objectionable articles—untruthful or personally offensive—are the dead flies in the ointment, and the whole is condemned. Editors as a rule are painstaking, and, while aiming to excite interest, hope to inspire confidence. But there is a sensational journalism, as there was formerly a personal and a brutal partizan journalism, that offends the more intelligent members of the community, which will have its day as did the other. Three or four years ago the papers contained despatches of a startling character from the mining regions of Pennsylvania and West Virginia and the oil regions of Ohio. Their frequency led to an investigation, and it was found that two or three unscrupulous young men had adopted a system of invention for a livelihood, and had deceived the editors for a time. And within a few months the newspaper market has been flooded with cable fables—piquant and readable, but fables none the less. Even several conservative English papers became eager patrons. They call it the "Americanizing" method of making papers. January 14, the London "Times" devoted one of its ponderous editorials to demolishing the American State Department, which had its inspiration in a faked cable despatch sent from this side. "We are even warned," said the "Times," "that the American Minister here is to be specially instructed to tell Lord Salisbury what President Harrison thinks of his conduct." After this astounding statement is revealed the *motif* of the fable: "At the same time, these rumors of agitation are not easy to reconcile with Mr. Blaine's eagerness to inform an opportune interviewer that 'the Department of State has not been taken unawares,' that he had known for some time that judicial proceedings of some sort were contemplated by the Canadian authorities, and that the present step has not been a *coup* on the part of the British Government in the least." All of which would be interesting if true. But the Secretary of State says he saw no interviewer, and of course did not unseal his lips on the subject to any one. Therefore his "eagerness" was evolved from the imagination of the "opportune interviewer." To such *baseness* has the Thunderer descended.[1]

A good "story" always finds a ready market, and doubtless this fact is usher to much that is objectionable and injurious. Again, lack of experience or faulty judgment may admit what ought to be excluded. Youth is impulsive, opinionated, and venturesome, and the staff of a newspaper is largely made up of young men. The possession of power is a great temptation to exercise it regardless of the effect produced. Since the days when Pendennis and his friends wrote for the newspapers and became popular, other young men have assumed impertinent airs and have tied up victims to their posts for the amusement of the public. This may be a defect of the system, but as long as readers of newspapers laugh, the comedy is pretty sure to be played. It is when wrong is intentionally done that one loses patience with the press. But even here "the antidote to the press is to be found in the press itself."

The whole responsibility for misinformation should not be charged upon the press, but partly upon those who, having a knowledge of the facts, when the public is concerned, refuse to divulge them. At such times it is the duty of the press to make public the information, even rumors, obtained in order to develop the truth through agitation. For instance, it is in the power of railroad officials to work a reform in this regard, by promptly communicating the truth to representatives of the press in cases of railroad accidents resulting in loss of life. The real facts are pretty sure to be known eventually, and, if given immediately, would prevent the publication of rumors calculated to excite the people unduly. This remark will apply to other interests of a public or semi-public character.

HOW SHALL THE PRESS BE REFORMED.

IN the discussions that have been had recently a wide diversity of opinion is noticeable as to the responsibility of the press and its re-

[1] Another instance showing the tendency of the "Times" towards sensational journalism was recently afforded in the publication of a romantic story describing Prince Bismarck at the feet of the Empress Frederick, praying her interposition to prevent his dismissal from office.

lations to society. Judicial authority has declared in favor of requiring every article to be signed with the name or initials of the writer. A senator has expressed the opinion that regulation through legislative enactment might be had without impairing the freedom of the press; and a writer[1] of some distinction would use the power of the government through the press for the education of the people. His object is not the same as the senator's. He says:

> Society may indeed, through its members, withdraw its support from an obnoxious press; but such action involves a trial of social force in which the respective press has all the advantage, even if it is not the medium of a sect, or party, or class, or the hampered tool of a clique, as most of them are. If, therefore, there is to be fair play, the vantage-ground must not be with the one or the other; but there must be an organic authority somewhere that sees to it that neither society nor the press exercises its power arbitrarily and oppressively. Neither should have an unlimited monopoly; but neither should, on the other hand, be bound down to unlimited submission; and this free status we get, when we are just as much on our guard against men and things when they call themselves "the press," as when they are mere citizens, and at the same time give them their rights equally in both conditions.
>
> And the conclusion lies near, that there are things which somebody ought to compose and which somebody ought to publish; and with it goes the opposite perception, viz., that there are things which nobody should either write or publish. And these observations raise the question: Who is to be the authority to determine the issues raised by these social and political necessities? Who else but society, by the same organs which make, enforce, and execute all our laws?
>
> We are, of course, aware that there is a public sentiment which denies the existence of these necessities, and asserts that no public authority ought to exercise such a power; but we beg simply to say, that it will be time enough to argue this proposition when somebody shall show us a human society that has not done to some extent these two things. We need only instance public notices, the town crier, public documents, the reports of public debates. We repeat, therefore, the only issue is: How shall these public wants be supplied?
>
> The most formidable, because most plausible, proposition in contravention of this view is the one that the press can be this authority to itself; and that it does not need even to be organized and subjected to self-regulation for this. We might simply answer by asking: Why, then, has it not done it? But we prefer to point to the historic fact, that no institution which has to look for support, honor, or wealth to its public will tell to that public the truths which it needs, to be truly ethical. Each party organ abuses the other party, but does not expose the vices of its own. Where, then, is the disinterested action, the virtue, and the wisdom to come from that is to give the press its higher tone? The press associations and conventions display inclinations in that direction; but their leading motive is the desire to make money and to rule. They embrace, moreover, only the press in the narrow newspaper sense, and cannot have full ethical interaction. Hear the press and all connected with it, give them full liberty to pursue their class as well as personal interest, but do not allow it to be the sole master-authority in the land.

[1] Hon. Charles Reemelin.

He would, if the press failed to do its own proper *assaying*, have the government supply deficiencies by the criterion that its work shall be beneficial to all. "The reports of our consuls from abroad, the bulletins of foreign and domestic markets, the telegrams of the 'Associated Press,' all these have one object, viz: to place society *au fait* on the subjects vital to their private and public conduct. In brief, do everything that shall relieve the republic of those most abject, as well as most dangerous, individuals that form their opinions by reading their party press and then vote a party ticket."

This opens up a wide field for speculation, and naturally leads us to consider, as having a part in that speculation, the capacity of the newspapers. It is doubtful if a dozen years ago any one dreamed that the next revolution in journalism would be to double the size of the papers, double the quantity and variety of matter printed, and reduce their price one-half at the same time. Have these changes really responded to a public demand? It is doubtful. Rather, a sharp competition and the ample facilities at the command of the press have brought about this result. A great variety of subjects are treated elaborately. There is such a bewildering diffuseness that the mind grows weary, and one recalls with regret the satisfaction with which the Scottish humorist, in the halcyon days of early journalism, scanned the advertisements of his newspaper —"models o' composition, for every word 's pay'd for, and that gies the adverteeser a habit o' conceese thocht and expression, better than a logic class." The frivolous character of much that is printed is calculated to create a distaste for more weighty subjects that would have an educating value. To this extent society is injured.

MORAL RESPONSIBILITY DIVIDED.

We have thus traced the development of the press as a news-gatherer. We have noted its small beginning; its use as an instrument of party; its degradation as the mere representative of the personal ambition of a party chief; its still deeper degradation in suppressing the news, or stifling all discussion of the news. We have described also the remarkable changes that

have been made in the methods of producing a newspaper, growing out of changed conditions. Something has been gained and something lost. A greater degree of independence has certainly been gained, and in character corresponding with the advance of civilization.

On the other hand, on account of the change in the conditions of proprietorship, the work of the employees lacks something in feeling as they conform to the ideas of the directing head. Something of respect for and confidence in others has been lost. The "great man" has disappeared forever. The confidences reposed in the editor, the egotism and selfishness laid bare in his sanctum by statesmen and politicians, the revelations that reach him from the domain of society have taught him that all men have their weaknesses and frequently incline him to the unhappy belief that real greatness is a delusion. The first revelation of this is a shock, and its frequent recurrence deadens and too often makes the editor a cynic. This leads us to certain moral considerations which are of the highest importance because of the rapidity of the growth of the press. We have seen that it is identified with all of the interests of man, and that it daily photographs, so to speak, the acts of the individual and of every people. In other words nothing is kept from public view. Nothing is kept from view save the real motive of human action, and in the absence of knowledge the ingenious reporter can, and too often does, supply a motive which may or may not be right. To the patron nothing seems to be omitted from the picture; but to us who are gravely discussing the subject this defect shows that the picture is not perfect, and gives rise to the painful reflection that it may be the means of gross injustice. If this ceases to be ephemeral and becomes a part of history the wrong is deepened. A distinguished divine, eminent in theology and brilliant in speech, once said that "the newspaper hauls the rough marble out of which the historian may build eternal temples." The figure is appropriated from Lucian without credit, and adapted to this modern social force. It is of a kind to please, but is superficial. We ask, if the historian fail to discover the interior defects, will his work endure? If he do not separate the good and true from the wicked and false, will virtue be promoted?

Good is sure to come out of the extended discussion of the relations of newspapers to society, if the public conscience be quickened thereby to respond when the press exposes wrongs committed against the public. Let journalists be held to a strict accountability; let them be reminded that their profession is one with high responsibilities which ought never to be lost sight of; but let those who sit in judgment upon the press impartially condemn other evils incident to modern social life, likewise having far-reaching effects. We might name several which have been exposed in the newspapers, but name only one; we refer to that legal practice that abets crime — that corrupts legislative bodies and counsels evasions of law enacted to promote the general welfare of society. If we despise the low arts of the political demagogue and the harmful work of the newsmonger, shall we not be brave and virtuous enough openly to condemn those who poison the morals of a community and bring the laws into contempt? Not the members of these two influential professions only, but men of all callings will find it to be as true to-day as in the time of Jeremy Taylor, that "a prosperous iniquity is the most unprosperous condition in the whole world."

William Henry Smith.

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR LABORER.

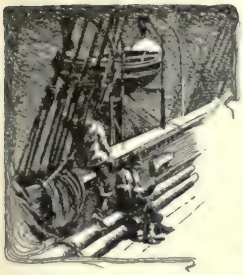
IDLERS all day about the market-place
They name us, and our dumb lips answer not,
Bearing the bitter while our sloth's disgrace,
And our dark tasking whereof none may wot.

Oh, the fair slopes where the grape-gatherers go!—
Not they the day's fierce heat and burden bear,
But we who on the market-stones drop slow
Our barren tears, while all the bright hours wear.

Lord of the vineyard, whose dear word declares
Our one hour's labor as the day's shall be,
What coin divine can make our wage as theirs
Who had the morning joy of work for thee?

L. Gray Noble.

LIFE ON THE SOUTH SHOAL LIGHTSHIP.



NO. 1, Nantucket, New South Shoal, pitches and plunges, rears and rolls, year in and year out, twenty-four miles off Sankaty Head, Nantucket Island, with the broad ocean to the eastward, and rips and breakers to the westward, northward, and southward. No. 1, Nantucket, New South Shoal, is a lightship—the most desolate and dangerous station in the United States lighthouse establishment. Upon this tossing island, out of sight of land, exposed to the fury of every tempest, and without a message from home during all the stormy months of winter, and sometimes even longer, ten men, braving the perils of wind and wave, and the worse terrors of isolation, trim the lamps whose light warns thousands of vessels from certain destruction, and hold themselves ready to save life when the warning is vain. When vessels have been driven helplessly upon the shoals over which the South Shoal Lightship stands guard, her crew have not hesitated to lower their boat in seas which threatened every moment to stave or to engulf it, and to pull, often in the teeth of a furious gale, to the rescue of the shipwrecked, not only saving their lives but afterward sharing with them, often to their own great discomfort, such cheer as the lightship affords. Yet who ever heard of a medal being awarded to the life-savers of No. 1, Nantucket, New South Shoal?

Before we left Nantucket for the lightship I gleaned from casual remarks made by grizzled old salts who had heard of our proposed expedition that I might expect something different from a cruise under summer skies. The captain's watch of five men happened to be ashore on leave, and when I called on the captain and told him I had chartered a tug to take Mr. Taber and myself out to the lightship and to call for me a week later, he said, with a pleasant smile, "You 've arranged to be called for in seven days, but you can congratulate yourself if you get off in seven weeks." As he gave me his flipper at the door he made this parting remark: "When you set foot on Nantucket again, after you 've been to the lightship, *you will be pleased*." Another old whaling captain told me that the loneliest thing he had ever seen at sea was a polar bear floating on a piece of ice in the Arctic Ocean; the next loneliest object to that had been the South Shoal Lightship. But the most cheering comment on the expedition was made by an ex-captain of the Cross Rip Lightship, which is anchored in Nantucket Sound in full sight of land, and is not nearly so exposed or desolate a station as the South Shoal. He said very deliberately and solemnly, "If it were n't for the disgrace it would bring on my family I 'd rather go to State's prison." I was also told of times when the South Shoal Lightship so pitched and rolled that even an old whaleman

THE LIGHTSHIP.

who had served on her seventeen years, and had before that made numerous whaling voyages, felt "squamish," which is the sailor fashion of intimating that even the saltiest old salt is apt to experience symptoms of *mal de mer* aboard a lightship. Life on a lightship therefore presented itself to us as a term of solitary confinement combined with the horrors of sea-sickness.

The South Shoal Lightship being so far out at sea, and so dangerous of approach, owing to the shoals and rips which extend all the way out to her from Nantucket, and which would be fatal barriers to large vessels, the trip can be made only in good weather. That is the reason the crew are cut off so long in winter from communication with the land. The lighthouse tender does not venture out to the vessel at all from December to May, only occasionally utilizing a fair day and a smooth sea to put out far enough just to sight the lightship and to report her as safe at her station. The tender is a little, black side-wheel craft called the *Verbena*, and is a familiar sight to shipping which pass through the Vineyard Sound; but during long months the crew of the South Shoal Lightship see their only connecting link between their lonely ocean home and their firesides ashore loom up only a moment against the wintry sky, to vanish again, leaving them to their communion with the waves and gulls, awakening longings which strong wills had kept dormant, and intensifying the bitterness of their desolation.

The day on which we steamed out of Nantucket Harbor on the little tug *Ocean Queen*, bound for the lightship, the sky was a limpid, luminous, unruffled blue, and the sea a succession of long, lazy swells; yet before we reached our destination we encountered one of the dangers which beset this treacherous coast. We had dropped the lighthouse on Sankaty Head and were eagerly scanning the horizon ahead of us, expecting to raise the lightship, when a heavy fog-bank spread itself out directly in our course. Soon we were in it. Standing on until we should have run our distance, we stopped and blew our whistle. The faint tolling of a bell answered us through the fog. Plunging into the mist in the direction from which the welcome sound seemed to come, we steamed for about half an hour and then, coming to a stop, whistled again. There was no answer. Signal after signal remained without reply. Again we felt our way for a while, and again whistled. This time we heard the bell once more, but only to lose it as before. Three times we heard it, and three times lost it, and, as the fog was closing in thick about us, it seemed hopeless for us to continue our search any longer at the risk of losing the opportunity of putting back to shore before nightfall and the possible coming up of a blow. Then, more than three hours after we had first heard the bell, it rang out to windward clearer and stronger than before. Then there loomed out of the fog the vague outlines of a vessel. There was a touch of the weird in this apparition. Flying mist still veiled it, and prevented its lines from being sharply defined. It rode over the waves far out at sea, a blotch of brownish red with bare masts; and the tide, streaming past it out of some sluice between the shoals, made it appear as if it were scurrying along without a rag set —a Flying Dutchman, to add to the terrors of reefs and rips. The weirdness of the scene was not dispelled until we were near enough to read in bold white letters on the vessel's side, No. 1, Nantucket, New South Shoal. After groping around in the fog, and almost despairing of finding the object of our search, we felt, as we steamed up to the lightship, a wonderful sense of relief, and realized the feeling of joy with which the sight of her must inspire the mariner who is anxiously on the lookout for some beacon by which to shape his course. Two days later we had what was perhaps a more practical illustration of the lightship's usefulness. It was a hazy morning, and the mate was scanning the horizon with his glass. Bringing it to bear to the southward, he held it long in that direction, while a look of anxiety came over his face. Several of the crew joined him, and finally one of them said, "If she keeps that course five minutes longer she 'll be on the shoal." Through the haze a large three-masted schooner was discernible, heading directly for a reef to the southwest of us. She was evidently looking for the lightship, but the haze had prevented her from sighting us, although our sharp lookout had had his glass on her for some time. Then too, as the mate remarked with a slightly critical smile, "These captains feel so sure of their course that they always expect to raise us straight ahead." Suddenly there was evidence that she had sighted us. She swung around as swiftly as if she were turning upon a pivot. She had been lunging along in an uncertain way, but the sight of us seemed to fill her with new life and buoyancy. Her sails filled, she dashed through the waves with streaks of white streaming along each quarter like foam on the flanks of a race-horse, and on she came, fairly quivering with joy from keel to pennant. Such instances are of almost daily occurrence, and if we add to them the occasions — and they must run far up into the hundreds, if not into the thousands — when the warning voice of the fog-bell and the guiding gleam of the lamps have saved vessels from shipwreck, it seems as though the sailor must look upon the South Shoal Lightship as one of the guardian angels of the deep.

A HAZY MORNING.

Only the peculiarly dangerous character of the coast could have warranted the Government in placing a lightship in so exposed a position. Nantucket is a veritable ocean graveyard. There are records of over five hundred disasters to vessels on its shores and outlying reefs. How many ships, hidden by fog or sleet

TAKING IN THE LIGHT.

from the watchers on shore and never heard from, have been lost on the latter, is a question to which the sea will never give answer; but many a poor fellow whose end has remained a mystery to anxious hearts at home has laid his bones upon the sands of the Nantucket shoals, which are a constant menace both to coasters taking the outside route for New England and Dominion ports and to European shipping, which shapes its course for New York after sighting the South Shoal Lightship. This vessel, therefore, stands guard not only over the New South Shoal, near which it is anchored, but over twenty-four miles of rips and reefs between it and the shore of Nantucket.

It has been on this station since 1856. A lightship was placed on the Old South Shoal, some miles farther in, during 1855; but its cable parted in one of the winter storms, and the vessel was wrecked on Montauk. Meanwhile the New South Shoal had been discovered, and the new lightship was anchored some two miles to the southeast of it. The shoal itself is marked by a red buoy.

No. 1, Nantucket, New South Shoal, is a schooner of two hundred and seventy-five tons, one hundred and three feet long over all, with twenty-four feet breadth of beam, and stanchly built of white and live oak. She has two hulls, the space between them being filled through holes at short intervals in the inner side of the bulwarks with salt—"to keep her sweet," as the nautical paradox runs. These holes are closed by black plugs which are attached to the bulwarks by short bits of tarred rope, and the line of plugs running the length of the vessel forms a series of black dots near the rail which at once strikes the eye as a distinguishing mark between this and other ships. She has fore-and-aft lantern-masts seventy-one feet high, including topmasts, and directly behind each of the lantern-masts a mast for sails forty-two feet high. Forty-four feet up the lantern-masts are day-marks, reddish brown hoop-iron gratings, which enable other vessels to sight the lightship more readily. The lanterns are octagons of glass in copper frames five feet in diameter, four feet nine inches high, with the masts as centers. Each pane of glass is two feet long and two feet three inches high. There are eight lamps, burning a fixed white light, with parabolic reflectors in each lantern, which weighs, all told, about a ton. Some nine hundred gallons of oil are taken aboard for service during the year. The lanterns are lowered into houses built around the masts. The house around the main lantern-mast stands directly on the deck, while the foremast lantern-house is a heavily timbered frame three feet high.

THE SOUTH SHOAL LIGHTSHIP.

This is to prevent its being washed away by the waves the vessel ships when she plunges into the wintry seas. When the lamps have been lighted and the roofs of the lantern-houses opened,— they work on hinges, and are raised by tackle,— the lanterns are hoisted by means of winches to a point about twenty-five feet from the deck. Were they to be hoisted higher they would make the ship top-heavy.

A conspicuous object forward is the large fog-bell swung ten feet above the deck. The prevalence of fog makes life on the South Shoal Lightship especially dreary. During one season fifty-five days out of seventy were thick, and for twelve consecutive days and nights the bell was kept tolling at two-minute intervals, until the crew became so used to its iron voice that when the fog lifted they had to

accustom themselves to getting along without it, the silence actually disturbing their sleep the first night. Shackled to the keelson is a chain of two-inch thickness, which runs through a deck-pipe to the deck and over the latter forward to a hawse-pipe, through which it runs into the water full one hundred and five fathoms to the "mushroom," an anchor shaped like an inverted saucer and weighing 6500 pounds, which holds the vessel in eighteen fathoms of water. It is difficult to imagine that any power could part a chain of such strength, yet the South Shoal Lightship has been adrift twenty-three times, leaving a regular mushroom plantation at the bottom of the sea around the spot over which she is anchored. On one of these occasions she was fourteen days at sea, and on another she came to anchor in New York harbor. In spite of her two sailmasts she is rather indifferently rigged for such emergencies. Carrying only trysails to the sailmasts, a square-sail to the fore lantern-mast, a forestaysail, and a jib, she cannot beat against the wind, and hence when she parts her cable in an offshore gale she is blown out to sea until the wind shifts to a favorable point.

The most thrilling experience of this kind fell to the lot of the Cross Rip Lightship, which is anchored in Nantucket Sound. Her position is not so exposed or so desolate as the South Shoal, but she happens to have once parted her cable under peculiarly perilous circumstances, no word of her or her crew being received for over a month, when, after both ship and men had been given up for lost, the mate telegraphed the safe arrival of all hands in New Orleans. On the night of December 27, 1867, the captain being ashore, the Cross Rip Lightship took a heavy, icy gale from the southwest and rolled and plunged until one o'clock in the morning, when, the gale having increased to a perfect hurricane, she parted her cable, at the same time shipping a sea that carried away her lifeboat. The harbor anchor was then cleared away, the mate giving her the whole of the chain. In spite of the terrible strain, she rode on this chain about ten hours, when she parted it some twenty fathoms from the anchor. The wind was then directly from the west. With her small sail area and her bow heavily weighted by the chains she was dragging, the handling of her was a difficult matter. There was not a cold chisel aboard with which the chains could be cleared away, for, owing to the frequent parting of the South Shoal, the Lighthouse Board suspected the crew of having tampered with the cable and had adopted rigorous measures to prevent any one taking a cold chisel aboard a lightship.

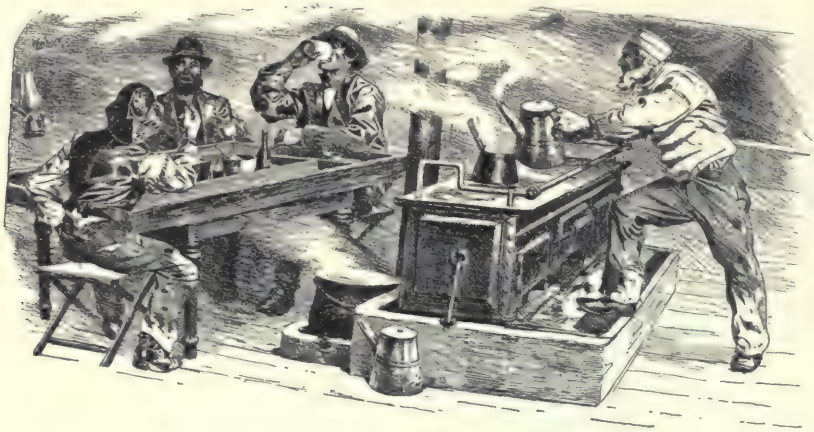
About one o'clock in the afternoon the lighthouse on Great Point, Nantucket, was made, and the mate endeavored to beach the vessel; but finding she would go on the rip, he wore ship and stood out to sea. At three o'clock the mainsail split, and an examination showed four feet of water in the lower hold. She was fairly sheathed with ice, which had to be cleared away from around the pump before the men could get to work at the latter. At eight o'clock that night the foresail split, and, with a gale still blowing and a heavy sea running, there was nothing to do but to keep the pumps manned to prevent the ship, which was now at the mercy of wind and waves, from sinking. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 30th the crew were nearly exhausted, and the water had gained so that the vessel was settling. In this predicament, rendered more desperate by the loss of the boat, which left them absolutely without means of saving themselves, a sail was sighted to windward. The colors were set union down, and three hours later a vessel, which proved to be bound for New Orleans, spoke the distressed lightship, and, lowering a boat, took off the crew. They were saved just in time. Before they sailed out of sight the Cross Rip Lightship took her last plunge.

The South Shoal, like all lightships, is very high in the bow and heavily timbered—built to stay and built to kill. A lightship is in frequent danger of collision from other vessels, and as its preservation is of such importance to shipping interests it is constructed so that of the two ships it will be the one to survive the shock. Life aboard a lightship is in itself so desolate that the men's quarters are made as roomy as possible. The captain and the mate have a pleasant cabin aft, with two staterooms, a large table, lockers, and the ship library, a small case of miscellaneous books supplied by the Lighthouse Board. It cannot be said of the South Shoal's crew that they make much use of the library. About the only book aboard that looks well thumbed is a little pamphlet giving a record of the vessels that have met with disaster on the Nantucket coast. This is often referred to as an authority in settling disputes regarding the date and circumstances of certain wrecks. A door leads from the cabin into the berth-deck, which occupies the space usually taken for the upper hold. On each side are bunks which slope in towards the middle so that their occupants will not be thrown out by the violent rolling and lurching of the ship. In front of these bunks are the men's chests, which they also use for seats. Forward on the berth-deck is the cooking-stove and beyond it the mess-table. The lightship version of the "dinner under difficulties," familiar to every ocean traveler, is, if anything, a little livelier than the original. The method of keeping the table

THE FOG-BELL.

service in place is, however, somewhat more primitive than that in use on the ocean greyhounds. There are holes in the table into which pegs are fitted, and around each dish and cup is a little fence of these pegs. Sometimes, however, a plate will clear the fence on a running jump and deposit its contents in a dish of quite a different character, the result being a conglomeration mysterious enough to puzzle even a person who has solved the most profound problems of the culinary art. The mainstays of life aboard a lightship are scouse and duff. Scouse is a wonderful commingling of salt beef, potatoes, and onions, with varied trimmings. Duff seems substantially like the dumplings served in Yorkshire pudding with a sauce of melted brown sugar. Plum duff—with raisins—is a great luxury; but often the plums are nothing more than "Nantucket raisins"—in plain English, dried apples. Now it is easy to imagine the result if a rolling sea causes the scouse and the duff, with its sugary sauce, to fraternize. The cook's duties on the South Shoal are performed under similar difficulties. So ve-

hement is the pitching and rolling of the vessel that the pots and kettles are lashed to the stove to prevent them from winging their flight into various corners of the berth-deck. Despite these precautions, however, certain courses have at times been served with unexpected expedition. Thus, on one occasion during our stay, the pork made a flying leap from the pot into one of the port bunks, the occupant of which, while gratified at the generous proportions of the ration, expressed his preference for a service less automatic and rapid.



HOT COFFEE.

The routine of work on a lightship is quite simple. At sunrise the watch lowers the lights. At six A. M. the captain or the mate stands in the doorway leading from the cabin into the berth-deck and shouts, "All hands!" The men tumble out of their bunks and dress, breakfast being served at twenty minutes past six. At half-past seven the lamps are removed from the lanterns and taken below to be cleaned and filled. In smooth weather this duty can be performed in about two hours, but if the vessel is rolling and pitching the task may be prolonged an hour or two. When the lamps have been returned to the lanterns there remains nothing for the crew to do except to clean ship and to go on watch until sundown, when the lamps are lighted and the lanterns hoisted. The crew is divided into the captain's watch and the mate's watch of five each. Twice between spring and winter each watch goes ashore for two months, so that each member of the crew is aboard the lightship eight months in the year. It is not believed that they could stand the life longer than this. In fact, many men throw up their work as soon as they can get ashore. Three members of the South Shoal crew have, however, seen unusually long terms of service — twenty-one, nineteen, and seventeen years respectively, and others have served on her a remarkably long time when the desolate character of the service is considered. This is probably due to the fact that the dangers of this exposed station warn off all but those inured to the hardships of a seafaring life. The men who have been there so long are old whalemen, accustomed to voyages of several years' duration and to the perils of a whaleman's life. The pay aboard the South Shoal is somewhat higher than on other lightships. The captain receives $1000, the mate $700, and the crew $600. These sums may not seem large, but it must be borne in mind that even the prodigal son would have found it impossible to make way with his patrimony on the South Shoal Lightship, especially as the Government furnishes all supplies. Opportunities for extravagance are absolutely wanting. Occasionally a member of the crew may remark in a sadly jocose tone that he is going around the corner to order a case of champagne or to be measured for a dress-suit; but there is no corner.

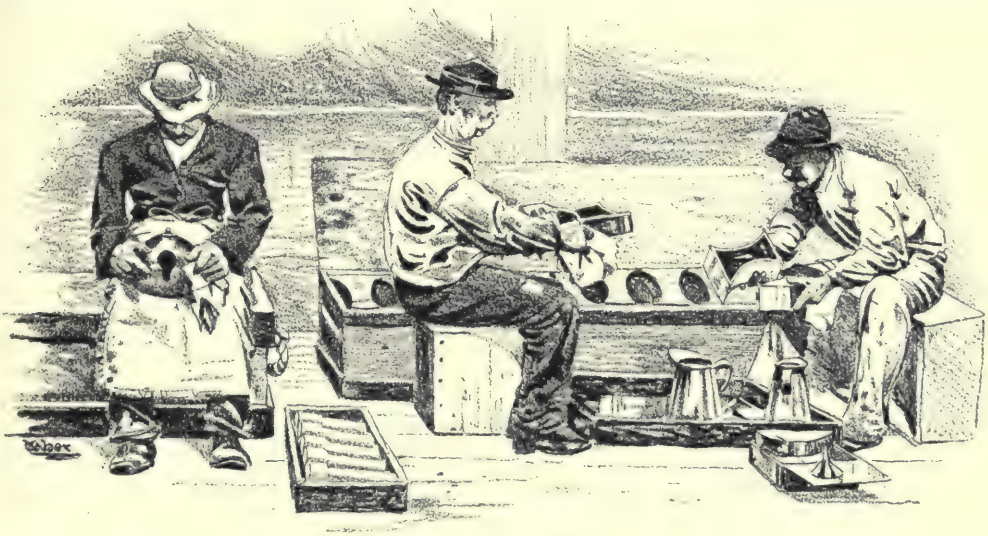
A number of stores in Nantucket sell what are known as lightship-baskets. They come in "nests," a nest consisting of five or eight baskets of various sizes fitting one into the other. These baskets are made only on the South Shoal Lightship. Their manufacture has been attempted ashore, but has never paid. This is because there is a very narrow margin of profit in them for the lightship crew, who make them chiefly for the purpose of whiling away the weary winter hours. In summer the crew occupies its spare time "scrimshawing," an old whaling term for doing ingenious mechanical work, but having aboard the South Shoal the special meaning of preparing the strips of wood and ratan for the manufacture of the baskets in winter. The bottoms are turned ashore. The blocks over which the baskets are made have been aboard the ship since she was first anchored

off the New South Shoal in 1856. The sides of the baskets are of white oak or hickory, filled in with ratan, and they are round or oval, of graceful lines and of great durability, the sizes to a nest ranging from a pint to a peck and a half.

But notwithstanding these various attempts at killing time, life on the South Shoal Lightship is at its best a life of desolation, with only a few gulls or Mother Carey's chickens for visitors, who seek refuge aboard in stormy weather. The red buoy bobbing up and down two miles to westward has become almost as much endeared to the crew as if it were a human companion. A man rarely comes up from below without casting a look over the bulwarks to see if the buoy is still there. Fog is dreaded, not only because it throws a pall over the sea and because the dismal tolling of the bell adds to the depression aboard, but also because it hides the buoy from sight; and as the fog recedes all eyes anxiously scan the horizon until the bonny buoy looms up out of the mist. As the ship swings around a good deal with wind and tide, the buoy marks a fixed point of the compass for the crew, and thus the men have grown to regard it with a feeling of affectionate reliance. When that buoy parts and drifts away, as it sometimes does, the crew seem as depressed as if they had lost their only friend in the world.

One night when I was on deck the mate, who had the watch, rushed to the hatch and shouted down into the berth-deck, "Sankaty!" It seemed but an instant before the entire crew had scrambled up the gangway and were crowded at the bulwarks watching the light from Nantucket's grandest headland flash out towards them from over the sea; and when the mirage melted away, and they felt again that twenty-four miles of ocean rolled between them and land, they turned away dejectedly and silently went below. Once, so one of the crew told me next morning, the mirage had been so strong that they had seen Nantucket plainly enough to discern the dories on Sunset Beach, and that this fleeting sight of land, after they had been exposed for nearly five months to the weary life of the lightship, had so intensified their longing for home that they were dejected enough to have been a set of castaways on a desert island, without hope of ever laying eyes on their native shores.

The emotional stress under which this crew labors can hardly be realized by any one who has not been through a similar experience. The sailor on an ordinary ship has at least the inspiration of knowing that he is bound for somewhere; that in due time his vessel will be laid on her homeward course; that storm and fog are but incidents of the voyage: he is on a ship that leaps forward full of life and energy with every lash of the tempest. But no matter how the lightship may plunge and roll, no matter how strong the favoring gales may be, she is still anchored two miles southeast of the New South Shoal.



CLEANING THE LAMPS.

Those who endeavor to form an idea of the motion of the South Shoal Lightship must remember that she is as much at the mercy of the waves as a vessel stripped of sails or deprived of motive power in mid-ocean. Even in smooth weather the motion is entirely different from that of a ship under way. For a few minutes she will lie on an even keel, and

A RESCUE.

then without warning she will roll so that the water streams in through her scuppers. In the expressive language of her captain, "She washes her own decks." For this reason the port-holes of the cabin and the berth-deck are never opened, she being liable at any moment to swing around into the trough of the sea and to roll so as to take in water at them. In winter the violence of the pitching and rolling is such as to try the hardihood of the men to the utmost. On one occasion she rolled so sheer to starboard that she filled the starboard life-boat, which was swung high on davits, and then rolled so sheer to port that the boat emptied itself down the hatch into the berth-deck, drenching every one.

In winter, when the rigging begins tuning up until it fairly shrieks like a gigantic æolian harp at the touch of the hurricane, the poor fellow who, while dreaming of home, is awakened to take his turn at the watch on deck is exposed to the full fury of the elements. Then the ship, being unable to "use herself," butts at the waves so that the bow is submerged one moment and the boom the next, while the spray flies like a "living smoke" all over her, sheathing even the masts to the height of fifty feet with ice. At times the water and spray freeze so quickly upon her that the ice extends for twelve feet or more on each side of the bow, and a thick layer of it covers her deck, while the bulwarks are built up with it until holes have to be chopped through it to enable the crew to look out to sea. It also forms to the thickness of a barrel around the rigging. In fact, it has covered the ship so completely that not a splinter of wood could be seen. In some seasons the severest storms have burst over the vessel about Christmas time, so that on Christmas eve each man has passed his watch standing forward on the icy deck pulling at the rope of the lightship bell, with the wind shrieking in the stays, the spray dashing over him, and sleet drifting wildly about him. What a celebration of the most joyous festival of the year, with the thought of wife and children ashore!

Besides enduring the hardships incidental to their duties aboard the lightship, the South Shoal crew have done noble work in saving life. While the care of the lightship is considered of such importance to shipping that the crew are instructed not to expose themselves to dangers outside their special line of duty, and they would therefore have the fullest excuse for not risking their lives in rescuing others, they have never hesitated to do so. When, a few winters ago, the *City of Newcastle* went ashore on one of the shoals near the lightship and strained herself so badly that although she floated off she soon filled and went down stern foremost, all hands, twenty-seven in number, were saved by the South Shoal crew and kept aboard of her over two weeks, until the story of the wreck was signaled to some passing vessel and the lighthouse tender took them off. This is the largest number saved at one time by the South Shoal,

but the lightship crew have faced greater danger on several other occasions. One stormy morning about the middle of January the watch descried a small, dark object over the water several miles to windward, and drifting rapidly away on the strong tide. The captain, on examining it through the glass, thought he perceived signs of life. In spite of the heavy sea that threatened every moment to stave the life-boat, it was lowered, and the crew pulled in the teeth of the furious gale towards the object. As they drew nearer they made out a man feebly waving a cloth. A full view, as they came up, disclosed the evidence of an ocean tragedy. Here, driven before wind and tide, and at the mercy of a winter storm, was a small raft. Stretched upon it was a corpse, held fast by the feet, which had caught under the boom. On the corpse sat a man, his face buried in his hands, and nearly dead with exposure. The man who had waved to them stood upon the grating holding himself upright by a rope which, fastened at two ends of the raft, passed over his shoulder. Having taken the two men who were still alive into the boat, the captain of the South Shoal at once asked them what disposition he should make of the corpse. Being, like all sailors, superstitious, he was unwilling to take the dead body into the boat and bury it from the South Shoal, lest it should sink directly under the lightship and bring ill luck upon her. The poor fellow's shipmates agreed that he should be given over to the sea then and there. So the captain, raising his voice above the storm, pronounced a verse of Scripture, and, drawing the corpse's feet from under the boom, allowed it to slide off the raft. But the sleeves of the dead man's oilers, having filled with air, prevented him from sinking, and, as it would have been a bad omen had he been allowed to float, one of the lightship crew slit the sleeves, and the waves closed over the frozen body of poor Jack. Often vessels lie to near the lightship for provisions and water, and during the war, when the Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee* destroyed the fishing fleet on St. George's Bank, three of the crews, rather than be made prisoners, took to their boats and pulled all the way in to the South Shoal.

It might be supposed that after the crew have been subjected to the desolation of a winter twenty-four miles out at sea, their hearts would bound with joy when the *Verbena* heaves in sight in the spring. But the sight of her is as apt to raise the anxious thought, "What news does she bring from home?"

But after all is said of the hardships endured by the crew of No. 1, Nantucket, New South Shoal, the fact remains that the men are about as hale a looking set of fellows as one can find anywhere. Then, too, they at times discover in very gratifying ways that their vocation is appreciated. A fruiterer may lie to long enough to transfer to the lightship a welcome gift of bananas or oranges, and not infrequently passing vessels signal their readiness to take the crew's mail off the ship and to forward it from port.

The lightship's utter isolation from other parts of the world is, from certain points of view, a great hardship, but from others it has its advantages. When there is a heavy sea running, the view of the ocean as one "lays off" in a warm sun is unrivaled. The proximity of the rips and shoals gives the scene a beauty entirely its own. On every shoal there glistens at regular intervals the white curve of a huge breaker. Sunsets can be witnessed from the deck of this vessel which, if faithfully reproduced on canvas, would be unhesitatingly pronounced the gorgeous offspring of the artist's imagination. I remember one evening when the sun vanished beneath a bank of fog, permeating it with a soft purple light and edging it with a fringe of reddish gold. Right above it the sky melted from a soft green into the lovely blue that still lingered from the glorious day. Overhead the clouds were whipped out in shreds of fiery yellow, while in all directions around the ship was an undulating expanse of rose-colored sea. Gradually the colors faded away; the creaking of the winches, as the crew raised the lanterns, broke upon the evening silence; two pathways of light streamed over the waves—and No. 1, Nantucket, New South Shoal, was ready to stand guard for another night.

Gustav Kobbé.

TIRED OUT.

PLAY IN PROVENCE.

THE GRAND ARRIVAL OF THE BULLS.

SEVEN O'CLOCK: SALVOS OF ARTILLERY.

THIS was the first announcement on the program for the feast, industrial, commercial, and agricultural, at Arles, signed by M. le maire, and painted on great posters that we had seen for the last few weeks on the walls not only of that town but of all Provence.

Now the morning of the feast had come. We awoke to the banging, we dressed to the banging, we drank our coffee to the same music. In the South half the fun of the holiday is the noise made to celebrate it.

EIGHT O'CLOCK: SERENADE OF THE TAMBOURINES.

FROM a distance first, but drawing nearer and nearer, we heard the strangest music we had ever listened to. Shrill flute-like notes gave the tune, a dull drumming beat the accompaniment. It was not in the least like a fife and drum corps; it was not in the least like anything else. The musicians reached our hotel shortly after the hour. They were eight or ten in number. Each carried suspended on his left arm a long, antiquated-looking drum,—it was not really a tambourine at all,—and with the left hand he held to his mouth a little three-fingered flute, upon which he blew, while with the right he beat his drum. They were the most famous *tambourinaires* left in Provence: one was from Barbantane, another from Bolbonne, a third from Fontvieille — from Salon, from Maillane, from all around Mistral's country, they came. But unlike Daudet's Valmajour, these men were gray-haired and bent with age. Not one could have been under sixty-five. A crowd marched at their heels. At the first sound of their music people rushed to their doors and waited. All the morning they kept up their concert. Wherever we walked we heard the old-fashioned airs shrilly piped.

In the narrow streets small children joined hands and danced along in front of them.

THE FARANDOLE.

In front of St. Trophime and on the Lices, the wide, shady boulevard, market-women were driving hard, noisy bargains over their fruit, vegetables, and poultry, and traveling showmen had set up their gilded vans. But as the music passed everybody stopped to look up and listen. You could see that the old men felt their importance and enjoyed their success; they held themselves proudly, despite their bent backs. And when there was a min-

THE MARKET IN FRONT OF ST. TROPHIME.

ute's interval, like a great singer with a cold, they made their excuses. "One does n't really know what the tambourines are on a damp morning like this"—for the sky was overcast. "If the sun were shining or the mistral blowing, then we could play! *Allez!*"

NINE O'CLOCK: GRAND REGATTA AND NAUTICAL GAMES.

THE three races of the regatta were rowed on the fast-flowing Rhone. The racing-boats started from far up above Arles and came down with the tide; the river did the hardest part of the work, the steersmen almost all the rest. The nautical games were in a large basin of the canal. Men walked a pole over the water, climbed races up the masts of a big black boat, and swam matches with ducks, their prizes when caught. Even the dogs joined in, and splashed and barked in hot pursuit. But the dogs of Arles always take part in the amusements of the people. I have seen them run in a cycle-race on the boulevards, and bait bulls in the old amphitheater with the bravest amateur in the town. It was all great fun, but greater was still to follow.

At twelve o'clock we had breakfast, and an hour or two afterward coffee.

FOUR O'CLOCK: THE GRAND ARRIVAL OF THE BULLS.

THIS was the event of the day. Usually the bulls for the Sunday's bull-fight are brought into the town from the Camargue in a closed van, and scarcely any one knows when they arrive.

NAUTICAL GAMES.

THE FARANDOLE.

But at rare intervals they are driven by their Camarguan keepers through the streets to the stables in the amphitheater. In most parts of the civilized world all precaution is taken to keep wild cattle out of the public thoroughfares; in Provence, to send them tearing through the towns is the treat of treats reserved for holidays. The route they were now to follow had been officially announced, with M. le maire's signature to the proclamation. The greater part of it of course lay along the boulevards. The whole place was barricaded with wooden barriers to prevent their escape down any cross street, and everywhere shutters were drawn in lower windows, and doors were closed, and shops were shut, in case they did, by chance, get loose. Business was suspended.

By three o'clock, the entire town of more than 20,000 people had turned out to meet them. At the cafés on the Lices there was not a vacant table. Gay parties were at every window and in every pretty hanging-garden. The paths opposite were thronged, and the market was over. To greet the bulls the stately, handsome women of Arles had put on their finest costumes, their long gold watch-chains hanging over the Quaker-like shawls and soft fichus, the pretty Arlesian cross at their throat, a tiny square of rich old lace inclosed in the velvet ribbon of their head-dress. They walked together arm-in-arm on the wide road, conscious that they were, as a sight, equal to any other part of the day's show.

Boys already were climbing into the trees, in a delicious tremor of fear and expectation.

And the tambourinaires were out again. They marched straight to the public gardens. They were playing the *farandole*, and was it really because the clouds had now cleared away and the sun was shining, or because they had just come from a good breakfast and had had their *coup de vin*, that they played it with a fire and spirit we had not noticed in the morning? On the boulevards the women nodded their classic heads and swayed in time as they walked. In the garden, at one end, children

RACING FOR ONE MORE LOOK AT THE BULLS.

went tripping over the grass. The gaiety spread; it was hard to stand still.

Presently a man, a young Arlésienne in blue, an old wrinkled woman, her head done up in a handkerchief, danced out hand-in-hand from the crowd and down the gravel walk.

"La farandole! La farandole!" the people shouted on every side.

The dancers had not taken many steps before a dozen men and women had joined them, and then as many more. In a long line, slowly at first, with arms swinging, they started off. As the last passed us our hands were caught, and we were dragged along. We did not know a step, but what matter? No one else seemed to, either. Swinging their arms, they all jumped in the air, sang, and laughed, and, in a long line that kept getting longer, ran faster, and faster, and faster. But suddenly there was a cry of, "Yé! les taureaux!" and the dancers, hot and breathless, rushed to the garden railings. Out on the Lices people were fleeing in every direction, springing across the little ditch by the roadside, jumping up on the high marble benches.

At the far end of the boulevards rose a cloud of white dust. The next minute eight black bulls thundered past on a dead gallop, the foam streaming from their mouths, guarded on each side by men, each one of whom carried a long trident and was mounted on a white horse of the Camargue. After them came at full tilt men and boys and even women. From the gardens the crowd turned and made a short cut for the amphitheater. From every street people were running towards it, laughing, shouting, pushing, panting. All Arles was racing for one more look at the bulls.

We reached the front of the main entrance just in time to see the black bulls galloping up a narrow street, one or two a little in advance, and the white horses, their riders sitting firm in the saddle, the long tridents in their hands. They were at the top of the street. The only way now open for them led into the stables. Suddenly the barrier fell. Eight bulls were at large in the streets of Arles.

Everybody left. I did not wait to see anything more. But when, once safe inside the amphitheater, I looked out again, near windows and balconies were still crowded, and there were still groups on many housetops; but no one was on the street.

A NARROW STREET.

Gradually the women came back to the doors, lifting up the green curtains and peeping out, while they kept the children well behind them. Men walked boldly about. Then at last we started cautiously for the hotel. Wild rumors were abroad. "One bull has gone into the Café du Forum. It jumped through the glass of the front door. The waiters and the *patron* ran. It knocked down the tables; it went out through the back door." "Two are in the Place de la République. They have got into the Hôtel de Ville, and are mounting towards the man of bronze. The clerks have flown." "They are coming here now! *Les taureaux! les taureaux!*" Then came precipitate flight.

But the bulls were seen no more that night. They had gone back to the Camargue. Eight others, fresh and fit for combat, were brought in the covered van to take their places.

Preposterous as it may seem to let a regiment of cowboys and bulls loose in this town,—a flourishing city long before the Christian era,—

THE PEOPLE'S BALL.

there was a barbaric picturesqueness about the grand arrival of the bulls not to be found in the better-regulated spectacles of more serious people.

NINE O'CLOCK: GRAND ILLUMINATION, TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

THERE were lanterns in the Place du Forum, in the Place de la République, along the Lices. There were lanterns on long poles borne by men and boys marching with the tambourinaires, who still blew their little flutes and beat their long, light drums, as if they had not been blowing and beating and marching ever since early morning. In a blaze of light they passed through the dark streets into the brilliant boulevards. Great lamps flared in front of the tents and showmen's booths, where loud steam organs screeched, and pretty Arlésiennes bought tickets to see Venus, queen of love, the wild animals, the serpent-charmer, or any of the other wonders whose portraits, stuck up outside, had always their group of gaping admirers. There were crowds at the cafés, crowds walking on the wide road, crowds sitting on the chairs which industrious women in fichus and ribbons were busy hiring out.

TEN O'CLOCK: THE PEOPLE'S BALL.

THE ball-room was an inclosed space under the trees, with four gay arches of many-colored lamps and a loud brass band. The pretty women in their pretty dress, with their less attractive partners, danced far into the warm summer night, dancing not the farandole, but waltzes and quadrille-like figures.

And this is the way they keep a feast day in Arles. In the land of "Provençal song and sunburnt mirth" they need no Walter Besant to teach them how to enjoy themselves. Nor is there any use for philanthropic millionaires to provide a few easily spared francs. The city pays all.

Viva la joia !
Fidon la tristessa !

they still sing, as in the days when Tristram Shandy danced it across the broad plain of Languedoc.

THE TAMBOURINAIRES IN THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

THE FERRADE.

"BUT you must come back for the Ferrade," said the little lieutenant of Zouaves as we bade him good-by one August day in Arles, where we had descended for a moment on our way to Martigues. "Oh, you must see it, and Madame also. It will be splendid, magnificent,

immense! Me? I have been here five years and have seen only one—there has been only one other in that time. You will go? Very good. You don't know what a Ferrade is? But, *mon cher*, it is the most beautiful thing of Provence. In the morning they go to the Plains of Meyran. Then they chase the bull, and they brand him. One bull? *Mon Dieu*, no! Forty, or a hundred. Then all the world has a grand lunch. Then, after one has had one's drop of

ARRIVING ON THE GROUND.

wine, all the world dances the farandole. Then one chases the bull some more, and then one reënters one's self. Oh, *qu'es béou!*"

Well, on the first of October we came back for it. We waited a week, and it rained, and then Madame had to go home. But finally, about two weeks later, one perfect Sunday morning, the lieutenant *in civil*, and the sous-préfet in a top hat, and I in no condition to be seen in such company, in a gorgeous turnout, crossed Trincataio Bridge and made our way along the road that leads to Meyran. In front of us and behind us was a solid mass of "footers," country carts, diligences, wandering horse-cars, bicycles, omnibuses, and every conceivable sort of conveyance, all advancing, silhouetted in a glory of dust. The whole road seemed to be going with them. Far ahead, when the mistral blew the dust away, we could see flags waving over a grand stand, and as the people turned out of the highroad on to the plains they were divided right and left by a squad of gendarmes, and sent down to join one or the other of two lengthening files of vehicles, which, as soon as

LETTING LOOSE THE BULL.

the horses were taken out, were placed together, end to end, forming a complete barrier.

Of course swells like myself, the sous-préfet, and the officers of the garrison were allowed to do very much as we wished, and we sat proudly in our carriage, quite conscious of our superiority and of the fact that we had paid fifty francs apiece for a day's spree.

After having paraded nearly all the way round the grounds, we drew up at the grand stand, from which the whole arrangement of the Ferrade was plain. The inclosure formed by the carriages was a parallelogram, probably half a mile long by about three hundred yards wide. At both ends tall masts with flags were stuck up some yards apart like a foot-ball goal. It was between these that the bulls were to be chased by the horsemen, overturned, and branded. Once a bull had passed the lower goal he could be run after by any one, but here the guardians would never follow. Behind one of the goals was a big square pen, or corral (*toril* they call it), the top of which was decorated with a frieze of excited Provençaux who were amusing themselves and the bulls by means of canes, goads, and tridents, and apparently with very good success, if one might judge from the crashes that came from inside.

Li Santo, Agui Morto, Albaron,
And Faraman a hundred horsemen strong
Had sent;

COWBOYS OF THE CAMARGUE.

and on their well-fed, beautiful, long-maned, long-tailed white horses they posed themselves, "on their long goads leaning," talking of I have not the faintest idea what, for I cannot, and I never knew a Frenchman out of Provence who could, make head or tail of Provençal. Or with tridents carried like lances they statuesquely rode about, "*des vrais Buffaler Beels*," as the sous-préfet put it.

I endeavored, to the best of my ability, to explain the difference between a cowboy and the Hon. W. F. Cody, but I do not know whether I succeeded.

Although the whole Camargue is probably not as large as some of the great western ranches, the life on it and the herdsmen are just as picturesque, and more pictorial in a certain way. Like the Arlésiennes, the herdsmen know their value in the landscape, and they are always posing. Their gray soft hats, black velvet coats and waistcoats are now taken off and tightly

rolled up behind the saddle. For a fête like to-day's all wear boiled shirts and white linen or corduroy trousers, but around their waists, or rather from their armpits down to their hips, a red or a blue sash is wound. Put a hundred men like this on white horses in a glittering plain and the effect is not bad. In fact, I doubt if the West could equal it. Their stirrups are steel-barred cages, their saddles have a back to them, and their harness is all tied on; there is hardly a buckle about it. On both sides of the horse there hangs down a mass of ropes and strings which give rather a disorderly effect.

Tara-ta!
Tara-ta!
Tara-ta-ta!

"Aha! they begin!" And the sous-préfet and some more officers who had come up carried me off with them to the tribune on the grand stand. With the mayor in his sash and the heads of the different administrative departments of Arles, we must have looked very imposing. At any rate, the people appreciated us, and applauded loudly, and we bowed condescendingly.

Tara-ta!
Tara-ta!
Tara-ta-ta!

The doors of the *toril* open. We see, for it is too far off to hear, a great excitement in the human frieze, and presently a young bull comes out. He starts on a run at once, passes between the goals, and, as he does so, the guardians, who have gone back and formed a line on each side of the pen, come after him, although

THE CHASE OF THE GENDARME.

he has gotten nearly a hundred yards' start. He tears away right down the center of the ground, followed by the whole troop. They gain rapidly. They lean over their horses' necks, their tridents at rest, and, just as one man is about to give him a push on the flank

THE CHASE OF THE BULL.

with his trident which shall upset him, the bull swerves, the horseman, who has distanced the others, recovers himself with difficulty, the bull darts between the two goals, and the crowd on foot rush after him; but the horsemen let him go, for they are not allowed to follow him farther. They walk slowly back to the starting-place, surrounded by their friends, the younger fellows here and there taking up behind them a pretty girl. By the time they have gotten back to the toril there is a wild commotion at

THE BULL DANCES THE FARANDOLE.

the other end of the inclosure. A long line of men and boys is unwinding itself, and a tambourinaire is playing the farandole; they hold a rope which has been put around the bull's neck, for they have thrown and branded him. Now he wears a wreath of grape leaves, and a young fellow, also crowned with vine leaves, sits proudly astride him like a young Bacchus, while others keep the bull straight by means of his tail. It is thus that the first bull of the day is made to dance the farandole. The whole affair, save for the costumes, is classic; and about it, too, is much of the old Roman cruelty. The people plagued the bull unmercifully, and he would be savage enough were he not played out. But then this is not so cruel as the English way of slaughtering rabbits and pheasants. One is play, the other is sport; that is all the difference.

"Tell them to let him go," said the sous-préfet to a gendarme, and they did at once.

Tara-ta!
Tara-ta!
Tara-ta-ta!

Now the same race began again. A gendarme who had been telling some people to get off the ground had forgotten to get out of the way himself, and the moment the bull saw another big black object dancing around on the plain he made for it. The prevalent idea is that a bull's gallop is not very rapid; but even the little white horses could scarcely catch him when he was given a hundred yards' start. When the big black charger of the solitary gendarme woke up to the fact that the bull was almost upon him he lay back his ears and ran. There was no dodging with him, as there would have been with the little white horses. The bull overhauled him, stride upon stride. It was all over in a few seconds. There was a thud, a shriek from the people, the black horse turned a somersault, the gendarme flew as if he had been shot; then he was carried away, and the horse was dragged off the ground. It was exciting and realistic, but not pleasant. Only two or three incidents of this kind happened during the morning, but they were quite enough. One man was caught in the middle of the plain, and,

"Sham dead!" went up a cry of agony.

Another time, however,

. . . The beast his victim lifted high
On cruel horns and savage head inclined,
And flung him six and forty feet behind.

It was "Mirèio" realized.

One detail, perhaps, Mistral never saw. Not

BETWEEN THE COURSES.

all the bulls went out at once between the goals and escaped, even though they were not overturned and branded; but they tore up and down the plain until they were upset. One, more clever than the rest, went between the wagon-wheels at the side; but finding three horses in his way, he lifted them out on his horns, and vanished into the Camargue.

But even Provençaux get hungry, and in October it is very hot at noon. Another bugle sounded, and the play stopped, and two or three hours were consumed in the serious business of dining. All had not quite finished their *coup de vin* when from in front of the grand stand the music was heard.

"La farandole! La farandole!"

Up from the tables they jumped at once, catching one another's hands as they rose. Little lines of men and women, boys and girls, danced out on the plain from the rows of wagons, and longer ones from the pine groves where they had been lunching, They came dancing and running towards one another. And then with a change in the tune a long line started straight

THE FARANDOLE.

across the plain, a line of probably two thousand, swells and peasants, officers and cowboys, whole families; in fact, in ten minutes a third of the fifteen thousand people present must have joined it. The old tambourinaires played faster. The head of the line, now hundreds of yards long, had come back again. It wound in and out in circles. It went faster and faster. It swung round and round like a great "crack-the-whip." Then, with a wild scream from the flutes, a roll from the drums, and a great cheer, it stopped.

That is the way one "makes the feast" in Provence.

More farandoles, more bulls, more farandoles. Long twilight is coming on. The bulls, branded or not, are scattered all over the Camargue; the tambourinaires are exhausted. The people are as gay as ever. In a whirlwind of dust, with galloping horses, every one returns to Arles.

And yet this was not all. Every street in the twilight was lined with Arlésiennes sitting in rows upon the sidewalk; and just as we came into the town a band of vintagers, garlanded and happy, each with vine leaves on his brow and a few sous in his pocket, danced over Trincataio Bridge.

"Do they know they are so picturesque?" I asked the sous-préfet.

"Why do they wear their costume?" was his answer.

And as, white with dust, we passed St. Trophime, two red-booked pilgrims slowly uttered, "Now, ain't that handsome!"

You visit a country; you see it, or you don't.

Joseph Pennell.

THE RETURN TO ARLES.

ALONE WE COME INTO THE WORLD.

ALONE we come into the world, alone
Pass out of it upon the still, dark way
Whence there is no return. Alone for aye,
Each in a narrow circle of his own,
Even here must dwell, till life's last spark has flown,
Whatever thou, O wounded Love, may'st say,
With tears of passionate protest — thou, whose sway
Is mightier than immortal Death's. Unknown
To all thy power is the supernal art
That makes two spirits one. Yet, oh, take heart,
And shout for joy, my soul, for thou shalt find
Even there thy hope eternal. Through the dim,
Close prison bars that shut thee from thy kind
God reaches down to make thee one with him!

Stuart Sterne.

THE LITTLE RENAULT.

AN EPISODE OF TONTY'S LIFE IN THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY.

— "And a Parisian youth named Étienne Renault."—*Parkman.*

I.

THE tenth of September of the year 1680 was a day of sunshine and languor in the great village of the Illinois. Lodges shaped like the covers of modern emigrant wagons, but colossal in size, and having an opening left along the top for smoke, filled a wide plain between river and northern bluffs.

In one of these lodges the central row of half a dozen fires had all died down to ashes except one pile of pink embers. Above it the air reeled with that tipsy tremulousness which heat imparts. An old Indian woman sat on the side occupied by the blankets of her family, and her fingers flew like dark streaks among rushes which she was braiding into a mat — the gray-green shingle of every Illinois wigwam. A French lad stood beside her, ready to go out into the open air.

"My mother," said he, using the name as a title of respect, "you have shown me how to bind an arrowhead to the shaft; now I will show you how to dance."

The squaw, half-understanding his imperfect use of her language, looked up, smiling with many wrinkles, willing to be amused by a pretty creature who avoided Indian girls and came for counsel and chat to an old woman.

He flung himself back, brandishing the finished arrow, and, turning on one foot, spun around and around at the very verge of the fires. It was like the wheeling flight of a thistle plume through the open lodge end. Outside he still whirled and sprung, keeping a tune in his throat.

Some lazy old braves were gambling with cherry stones, having spread a blanket where a wigwam shielded them from the afternoon sun. One of them shot a cherry stone after the flying, singing boy, and they all grinned with good humor at his merry defiance.

Naked children rolled on the ground, stirring up with kicks puppies as fat as themselves.

The lad skipped past a small arbor of bark wherein sat an Illinois girl and her silent lover. He checked his steps, and glanced back at them with that wistful, half-contemptuous curiosity of youth, and as he walked on lightly his flying curls settled to thick, black clusters around his neck. He had an exquisite feminine throat and face, and small, sunburnt hands. His dress was the buckskin suit of frontiersmen, yet it outlined a figure of undulations, unlike the square and masculine build of a man standing in the lodge door of the French.

He also was young, though his face had grown thin and his high temples sunken during his two years' exposure in the wilderness with the explorers La Salle and Tonty.

This Frenchman could see the whole Illinois town and the bluffs across the river. A mile or more up-stream one bold promontory jutted into the water, its glistening ribs of sandstone half clothed with cedars. This was the Rock of St. Louis, which La Salle had ordered his lieutenant Tonty to fortify. It stood waiting then, as it stands waiting to-day, for any human life which may briefly swarm over it and disappear.

Patches of cornfield around the outskirts of the Indian town had each its attendant squaw with her brood of children, driving off crows from the ripening maize. Farther away was the tribe's burial-place. Some of the sleepers were hidden from sight in the ground; but many were lifted high on platforms, with skins or blankets for their motionless palls, in sun and dew and rain, the voices of children and the monotone of the river forever sounding

below them. The whole country was mellow with that afternoon light of the year which we call autumn haze.

"Runaway," said the man in the lodge door, smiling at the sauntering lad, "where hast thou been idling?"

THE ARROW DANCE.

"In the old mother's lodge, learning to set arrowheads. Has Monsieur de Tonty yet returned, Sieur de Boisrondet?"

"He is coming yonder with L'Espérance. The fathers are now settled in their retreat. I saw no hint of a monk's hood in the canoe as it came down."

As the boy turned towards the river Boisrondet detected on his face the sweet eagerness which sometimes molds the features of a young girl.

Henri de Tonty was already striding up the bank, while L'Espérance pulled ashore the canoe they had used.

La Salle's lieutenant had at that time much to depress him. With only five followers, including two priests, he was holding ground in the midst of a suspicious savage tribe until La Salle could return from Fort Frontenac with new supplies and more men for their western venture.

Fort Crèvecœur—below that expansion of the Illinois River called the Lake of Pimitoui—had been destroyed by insurgents and deserters, its stores stolen, its magazine emptied, and a half-finished ship left to rot. Only the seed of future enterprises seemed saved in this Illinois town where Tonty was waiting on the explorer's order to fortify that great rock jutting into the river. He had first thought of

pitching his camp on the natural stronghold, and setting up palisades. It could be ascended at one corner only, and might be held by the smallest garrison. But that would rouse distrust in Indian neighbors whom the French could never spare. He therefore built his lodge like any other wigwam in the midst of the town.

"You stopped at the Rock again, as you passed it, Monsieur de Tonty?" inquired Boisrondet.

"Yes," replied Tonty. A line of anxiety stood upright between his black eyebrows. His face was flushed with heat, and his cap and clustering hair were pushed back from his forehead. The ends of his mustache swept down his face. The frontier dress adorned his large presence, for Tonty unconsciously carried with him always the air of courts and battlefields.

He struck dust off the stiff right gauntlet which covered his metal hand.

"Never mind, Boisrondet. We will begin our fortification the moment Monsieur de La Salle arrives. The severest discipline in any campaign is waiting for reinforcements. On that rock you can see the country as from a cloud, except the prairie south and eastward beyond the ravine and the woods. If the fathers were of my mind they would be making their retreat on the Rock."

"And what spot have they selected for their retreat?"

"A place about a league from here, not distant from the sulphur spring. L'Espérance helped them build their lodge, and we stocked it well for them. They themselves made a cross of two unhewn limbs, and planted it beside their door."

"I do congratulate them," laughed Boisrondet, "that they are able to make a religious retreat from these tiresome heathen. There were never two priests more disgusted with missionary work than Father Membré and Father Ribourde."

The peasant L'Espérance, stooping in gait and grizzled around the temples, flung some feathered game past Tonty's back at the listening French lad.

"Thou art young, thou little Renault," he called, "and I am old and tired. Dress these birds for the commandant's supper."

"How many times have I told thee, L'Espérance," exclaimed Tonty, turning on him, "not to be constantly shirking upon the little Renault?"

"But I will dress them," cried the little Renault, snatching up the task. "It is nothing for me to do, Monsieur de Tonty."

"I am tired," repeated L'Espérance in a mutter. "The lad is ever as full of spring as a grasshopper, yet must I bear all the wood, and dress all the game, and be the squaw of the camp, and take revilings if he lifts a finger to be of use."

"Growler," laughed the little Renault, striking at the old man with the birds, "go into the lodge and lie down to sleep." And L'Espérance trotted in willingly, while around the lodge side, with the hunting spoil, trailed that youthful treble which had so often waked Tonty and Boisrondet early in dewy mornings.

The two men looked at each other with silent intelligence, and forbore to interfere. Neither ever spoke to the other about the little Renault as a girl, though Boisrondet had been present when her father put her in Tonty's charge at Fort Crèvecœur. The father was a sickly and despondent Parisian of the lesser nobles who had wedded and survived a peasant censitaire's stout daughter, and roved from trading-post to trading-post, putting his orphan into boy's attire that he might keep her with him through all experiences. His selfish life ending at Fort Crèvecœur, he desired to send his little Renault home to Paris, and Tonty, in consternation, took charge of her jointly with the priests.

To Tonty she was never a girl. She was a free and vivid spirit—pinkly clothed in flesh, perhaps, and certainly looking through happy black eyes, but having above everything else a tiptoe facility in dancing over dangerous spots.

Crowded among men at Crèvecœur she never seemed to hear any brutal jest. The chastening presence of priests made safer such a place for a young girl; yet there was in her a boyish quality which deceived all but her father's confidants. She had been born to the buckskin. She had never worn women's drapery; her round childish limbs spurned any thought of it. The beautiful fire of virgin youth seemed to flash from her person. In an age when women were pretty toys or laden beasts she lived the life of a bird in the wilderness. The license of a savage camp in no way touched her. She had never suffered deeply, for the early teens are kind to natural sorrow; and all visible things around her she mingled in her mind with invisible saints.

Tonty lay down on the grass, but Boisrondet still stood in the large door.

"It fills me with envy to see you so tired, Monsieur," said the younger man.

"It was necessary that one of us should stay and guard our lodge and the little Renault," replied his commandant. "But this lying like lazy, voiceless dogs at a lodge door doth unman us. Nothing has happened since our setting forth at daybreak?"

"Nothing, except that the cry of insects in the grass never seemed so loud before."

Tonty smiled, finding in himself full response to this impatient restlessness. But even men

THE IROQUOIS ARROW.

who were waiting in the midst of negative dangers might take some delight in that mellow picture of savage life.

The river was cut by a single canoe darting from the farther bank across to the town with impetuous rush like a water-fly. Boisrondet noted it, and thought idly that some hunter must be returning empty-handed and sullen.

The little Renault could be heard caroling at the other end of the lodge while she plucked birds. Their lodge was divided into three apartments by stretched blankets, and hers was the central shrine. Tonty and Boisrondet occupied one end, and the other held L'Espérance, a forge, and some tools saved from the pillage of Crèvecœur. The servant readily yielded his fire to the necessity of cooking, but it vexed him daily to have a mere boy — the little Renault, in fact — set apart as if more reverend than a priest. The priests, look you, had not been above sleeping and teaching in the lodges of the very Illinois.

Tonty lay with his head in the grass, letting the sun dazzle his half-shut eyes, while he piled up visions of this Illinois country like those transparent clouds pinnacled in the zenith. His two years in the wilderness with La Salle had been a constantly rising tide of misfortune. But tides are obliged to ebb, and this silence must be the turn. La Salle had started to Fort Frontenac in March. He was surely retracing the five hundred leagues with supplies. La Salle could outmarch any man of New France.

They would soon fortify the Rock and make it a feudal castle to these timid savages. Neighboring tribes would gather close and help to form a strong principality. It would be easy from this vantage-point to penetrate that unexplored river called the Mississippi.

But a yell rent this structure of thought like a tongue of lightning, and Tonty bounded to his feet. Calls and cries streamed in every direction, as if the whole Indian town had become a shower of meteoric voices. The women started from their cornfields, wailing in alarm, and naked children sprawled and uttered the echo of woe. Cherry stones and the stakes won thereby were forgotten. The hunter who had crossed the river was surrounded with lamentation.

Tonty found his followers at his side almost as soon as the yell broke out. They had lived so long on the edge of peril that union was their first instinct. L'Espérance was wide awake. Tonty put the little Renault between Boisrondet and himself, and as the savage mob surrounded them he unconsciously held her with his sound arm. Little Renault's curls were full of bird down, but her black eyes were full of courage.

"What is the matter?" demanded Tonty in imperfect Illinois.

"The Iroquois are coming! The Iroquois are marching here to eat us up."

"The Iroquois," screamed a wrinkled old warrior, "are your allies. They are at peace with all the French. They are your friends. But you are no friends of ours. Children, these Frenchmen have come here to betray us. They have brought the Iroquois upon us."

Out came the knives, Tonty with iron-handed arm pushing them back — persuading, shouting. The Indians drowned his voice with yells. The very squaws ran with firebrands. Some of the furious multitude fell upon the French lodge, and its mats flew in every direction. From the midst of falling poles ran sinewy red-bodied fellows dragging the tools and heavy forge which Tonty and his men had brought with such pains through the wilderness. The splash of the clinking mass in the river testified to their final use.

The lives of the Frenchmen standing back to back were scarcely a breath long. Tonty's stiff gauntlet kept the knives back, and he made his voice heard through the howling.

"If you kill us you kill yourselves. I tell you we are your friends. If you kill us your French father will not leave a man of you alive. We brought no invaders to your country. We know nothing about the Iroquois. But since they have come, I tell you we will go with you to fight them."

II.

"FULL of intelligence and courage," as a priest has described Tonty in this strait, his imperfect Illinois made the Indians slow to understand him. But as they understood, their tense threats relaxed; and with continued lamentation they turned to break up the camp.

The canoes were pushed out and filled with women, children, and provisions. Nearly all the young braves were away in a war-party in the northwest. The three or four hundred remaining were the oldest or youngest warriors. The Illinois Indian at his best estate was no model of courage. About sixty men accompanied the retreating town to a flat, wooded island down the river, where temporary lodges could be set up and defended.

The remainder at once began to prepare for battle. They brought wood and built great fires along the shore. Weapons were made ready, bodies greased and painted, and a kind of passover meal eaten.

The sun went down, and mists brooded on the river, but there was no silence all that night. The Illinois sang war-songs and danced war-dances under the slow and majestic march of the stars. Their fires shone on the water, and their dark, leaping bodies threw shadows across the deserted town.

Tonty and Boisrondet sat apart, also sleepless, taking counsel together. L'Espérance had been missing since the tumult of embarking. He, also, had taken a canoe and slipped away. Both masters were severe on him until they found next forenoon that he only went to bring the priests back, lest some of his faith should die without absolution.

Boisrondet had brought some of the scattered mats for the little Renault, and she hid in them as in a nest from the growing chill of night, sleeping like some sylvan creature reliant on the power that sheltered it.

Scouts sent out in darkness came back at early morning with news. They had seen the army of Iroquois creeping under cover of woods, armed with guns and pistols, and carrying rawhide bucklers. They had seen, they said,—scowling aside at the Frenchmen,— La Salle himself leading the invaders. And at that the whole camp again rushed to take Tonty and his followers by the throat.

"If all the Iroquois had stolen French clothes you would believe there were many Monsieur de La Salles coming to fight you," declared Tonty. "He does not turn upon his brothers as you do. I tell you we will go with you to fight the Iroquois."

The frenzied tribe at once threw themselves into their canoes with these allies and crossed the river.

It seemed to both guardians that nothing could be done with the little Renault except to carry her into the action. Boisrondet gave a bitter thought to the selfishness of her father, and Tonty regretted not sending her with the priests. But life in her rose to the occasion. Her moccasins moved in swift unison with Tonty's and Boisrondet's up the wooded hill and across a tangled ridge. Her buckskin blouse was scratched by briers, but she herself went laughing and rose-lipped like Diana, carrying a weapon and eager for game. It seemed to Boisrondet the cruelest thing ever done, this shouldering a child into battle with wolfish men.

Few of the Illinois Indians had guns. They were armed with bows and arrows. They swarmed out on the prairie to attack the Iroquois, who came from covert with whoops and prancings, and roar of firearms and low song of flying shaft mixed with savage battle-cries.

At the instant of encounter Tonty saw how it must go with his allies. They were no match for the Iroquois with all forces mustered, and this fragment of them began to give back even in the fury of onset.

He offered to carry a wampum belt to the Iroquois and to try to stop the fight, and the leaders gladly gave him the flag of truce and sent a young brave with him.

Tonty started out across the open field towards the smoking guns of the Iroquois with this Indian at his right side. He felt a touch on his left elbow, and turned his eyes to find little Renault and Boisrondet keeping abreast of him. He stopped and commanded:

"Go back—both of you. Boisrondet, your orders were to take care of the lad."

"Monsieur," said Boisrondet, to the spat of Iroquois bullets on the prairie sod all around them, "the little Renault would not be kept back."

"Monsieur de Tonty, we go with you," she said.

"You will go back," repeated Tonty, meeting the living light of her eyes with military decision. "Boisrondet, pick up the lad and carry him back. Your duty as a soldier and a gentleman is to keep him out of this danger."

Boisrondet seized and lifted the little Renault in his arms. She struggled with all an untamed creature's physical repugnance to handling, and with all a woman's despair at being dragged from the object to which she clings. In her frenzy she struck Boisrondet upon his bulging forehead with no unmuscular fist.

"Go back with them," said Tonty to the willing young Indian. And running on alone, he did not see the Iroquois arrow which stooped, jarred, and stood upright in the girl's shoulder.

The young Indian alone saw it, and pulled it out as he hurried at the heels of Boisrondet, who felt his load relaxing while he panted and trampled through resin weed and yellow flowers back to the Illinois lines.

Tonty had left his gun when he took up the belt of peace. He held the wampum strip as high as his arm could reach, and rushed directly upon the muzzles pointed at him. His dark skin and frontiersman's dress scarcely distinguished him from the savage mob which closed around him, and before he could speak one of the Iroquois warriors stabbed him in the side. The knife struck a rib and made only a deep gash instead of killing him. He half fell, but caught himself, and opened lips from which blood, not words, gushed first. He held up and shook the wampum belt, and an Iroquois chief shouted that he must be a Frenchman, since his ears were not pierced. This brought some about him who opened his shirt and tried to stop the wound. But the great howling multitude—which an Indian army must become before it can act as an engine of war—was for finishing him.

Tonty spat the blood from his mouth, and declared to them that the Illinois were under the protection of the French king and governor. He demanded that they should be let alone.

One of the braves snatched Tonty's cap and waved it high on a gun. At that the half-sus-

pended firing broke out more fiercely than ever. He urged and demanded with all his strength. A cry rose in front that the Illinois were advancing, and that instant Tonty felt a hand grasp and twist his scalp-lock. He looked over his shoulder at the fierce face of a Seneca chief; but an Onondaga knocked the scalping-knife from the Seneca's hand.

Tonty was spun in a whirlwind of clamor and threats, putting his own shout against the noise of savage throats, and proclaiming that the Illinois had countless Frenchmen to fight with or to avenge them.

No one ever worked with imperious courage more successfully on the temper of Indians. The quarrel sank to his demands. Old men ran to stop the young braves from firing.

The little Renault had been docile, and walked willingly up the ridge with Boisrondet. She told him she was ashamed of her behavior and of keeping him out of the action. But she said nothing about her wound to a man who would insist upon examining it. The arrow stab in her buckskin blouse gave no vent to the blood, for that had taken to moving in a slow trickle down her back. Boisrondet, trembling betwixt chagrin and rapture, said little, but kept his gaze upon her and around her like an atmosphere of protection.

She sat down facing the fire, and Boisrondet stood by her, on his part seeing neither smoke nor moving figures, neither dew on the turf nor distant blue strips of forest.

Two Récollet capotes moved down among the waiting Illinois, for L'Espérance had not tarried about bringing the priests. They hurried to meet Tonty. He came staggering back across the open prairie holding up an Iroquois wampum belt as the sign of his success.

The little Renault let her restrained breath escape in a sob.

"He is safe! But he is pitching forward! He is wounded, monsieur! They have hurt him!"

She herself reeled as Tonty did before the priests received him in their arms, and a deadly sickness, the like of which the little Renault had never felt before, brought her head down among the knotty herbage of the hill.

III.

THE clear September morning seemed to stream around Tonty's eyes in long pennons of flame as Father Ribourde and Father Membré helped him to reach his allies. He was still under a nightmare, and struggled for speech to warn his weak people of the treacherous enemy who were checked only by his threats. He held up the wampum belt and told the Illinois that it was an Iroquois peace, but it would be wisdom on their part to retreat from an Iroquois peace. If they and their families withdrew down the river, leaving some of their wise men in sight of signals, he would treat with the invaders and try to induce them to leave the country.

The small army which had escaped defeat could indeed see nothing better to do. They recrossed the river to their town, and set the lodges on fire, thankful for any chance of saving their national life.

An Indian might have little sentiment about his lodge, which was only a shelter, and never contained very much besides the row of fires. If destroyed, it could be rebuilt anywhere with new poles and mats. But his dead, on platform or in earth, were sacred relics to him. In the fleet of canoes retreating down the Illinois River many a shaven, dusky head was turned, many a mournful eye rested on that spot which could be no longer kept, and might soon be desecrated by a wolfish enemy.

Boisrondet and L'Espérance with the Récollet friars set to work to repair their own lodge, which the Illinois had torn down. Here the priests gave Tonty's wound a better dressing than that of his wild surgeons, and the little Renault lay on her blanket at a distance from him, seeking no remedy for her stiff hurt except to keep him in her sight.

Tonty had made the Iroquois pause; but they promptly crossed the river and prowled over that great field of smoking lodges. They took such poles and posts as had not burned, and built themselves a rough fort in the midst of the abandoned town.

Boisrondet found some blankets which he hung around the little Renault when night came. But she needed no privacy for sleep. He thought the prowling and yelling of the Iroquois made her toss, and draw her breath in tremulous starts. In the morning he was careful to get food for her, while he let L'Espérance serve Tonty and the priests. The Illinois had carried away much of their corn from the underground storehouses, but their ungathered fields still stood; and while the invaders trampled the crop, L'Espérance found some supplies for the inmates of Tonty's lodge. The little Renault awoke with fever, but that day was so full of effort and danger that the men, her guardians, overlooked her state.

They were called to a council by the savages. Tonty rose up and went with his followers into the sapling fort.

On the girl's fever-swimming eyes the circle of hideous Iroquois faces and half-naked bodies made grotesque impression.

Tonty sat in front of her, on each side of him a priest. When he had to rise they helped him; but on his feet he was like the cliff across the

river. His voice kept respect hovering in all those glittering and restless eyes, though a chief began the council by asking him insolently where were all the Illinois warriors he had boasted of, and the army of French who would keep the Iroquois braves from eating the flesh of a worthless tribe.

Tonty repeated the threats and demands he had before made. Six packs of beaver skins were laid before him. A chief proffered them piecemeal. Two were to promise that the Iroquois would not eat the children of the French — those cowardly Illinois; a third was the plaster which must heal Tonty's wound; the fourth was oil for anointing all French joints present at the council; the fifth said the sun was bright, and it was a good day to begin a journey; and the last ordered the French to arise and leave the Illinois country.

Tonty again came to his feet, and thanked his red brothers for their gift. But he desired to know when they themselves meant to leave the Illinois country.

Every copper-hued face turned darker; every guttural voice broke out, in presence of the pledge just made, with a declaration that their tribe would eat Illinois flesh before they went.

Tonty kicked the pack of beaver skins from him. It was their own method of expressing contempt for a one-sided treaty.

The Indians sprang up and drove his party out with drawn knives. The little Renault, hurried by Boisrondet, turned to see Tonty come last from the palisade, still restraining the savages by the threat they dared not disregard. He was determined to stand to the last risk between them and the tribe they had invaded.

During that day L'Espérance felt that he was throwing his scalp at the Iroquois by the frequent trips he made to the river, and all on account of that lad pampered among blankets, who would be constantly laving, and bathing, and drinking, for lack of other amusement.

Clean as a flower at all times, the little Renault was appalled to discover something like infection in her flesh, which she could not soak out. As the day wore to a close her illness so increased that she was forced to look around the blanket with glittering eyes, and whisper for the help of Father Ribourde. As shy of handling as a fawn, aversion even to his touch made her face piteous.

"Father, I cannot endure any longer to be filled with sickness from an arrow wound," she pleaded in excuse for the attendance craved. "There is something foul in my shoulder which I cannot wash away."

The buckskin was drawn partly off, and though she had covered herself, the stain of shame deepened the pink of her angelic flesh as she submitted to the surgeon.

"Why did you not speak of a wound before?" demanded Father Ribourde.

"My father, I could not."

The priest's outcry brought his brother Récollet and Tonty behind the blanket, and jealously, though reluctantly, at their heels, Boisrondet. He took note of the cowering, blush-burned girl; but Tonty saw only the green-rimmed wound on the little lad's shoulder.

"It was a poisoned arrow," pronounced Father Membré.

At that Boisrondet wheeled and rushed into the open air cursing himself, and Father Membré followed close by his ear rebuking him. In many a victim the wound must have worked death within the time she had suffered, but her strong health and wholesome blood resisted. No medicine, no surgeon's skill, could now take the burning foulness out. The poison was in her eyes; it beat in her wrist and hammered in her brain.

"Poor little lad!" groaned Tonty. "I wish I could take this from thee and add it to my dagger cut. We have all been bad guardians. The boy would not be sacrificed thus if Monsieur de La Salle had been here."

"Must I die, father?" inquired the little Renault, lifting her eyes to the priest's sorrowful face when Tonty no longer stood by.

"The lives of all of us are in the hands of God," he answered. But while he dressed the gangrened spot he examined her conscience, and finished by giving her absolution.

"The only penance I shall lay upon thee, my daughter," murmured on his priestly monotone, "is to bear with patience such suffering as may result from this misfortune."

He added tales of martyrs and triumphant saints to keep from her ear the stormy agony of Boisrondet and Father Membré's remonstrances outside the lodge.

The Iroquois allowed another night to pass, and then ordered the French to be gone, giving them a leaky canoe for their voyage.

Tonty had done all he could to protect the timid tribe in retreat. He saw that he must now set off up-river, so the boat was provided with some corn and blankets and the guns of his men. Already the Iroquois were busy tearing down the scaffoldings of the dead. The plain, so lately a peaceful barbarian city, smoldered in little heaps. Groups of Iroquois paused in their work of desecration to howl a derisive adieu to the voyagers.

As the canoe passed the foot of the Rock Tonty looked up its height, hopeless — so poorly do we gage the future — of ever planting the French flag on its summit.

IV.

THE canoe was so leaky that it had to be pulled ashore when Tonty's party had rowed up-stream about twenty-five miles. They camped early in the afternoon. The two priests built a fire, while Boisrondet and L'Espérance cut branches, and with these and blankets made a couple of knotty mattresses on which Tonty and the little Renault could rest with their feet towards the blaze. Tonty's wound was again bleeding. After efforts to mend the boat he dropped upon his pallet in deadly sickness, and lay there while the autumn afternoon dimmed and faded out as if the smile of God were being withdrawn from the world.

Father Ribourde and Father Membré tended both patients with all their monastic skill. The little Renault was full of delirious laughter. L'Espérance, while he labored on the boat with such calking as the woods afforded, groaned over the lad's state and reproached himself for ever grudging the child service. Boisrondet worked at dragging fuel as if his one desire was to exhaust himself and die. As night came on he piled a fire of huge size, though it was a dangerous beacon, for they were camped on a flat and wooded strip some distance from sheltering bluffs, and their light perhaps drew other prowlers than the Iroquois. During the night there were stirrings in thickets, and once a soft dip or two in the river, as if a canoe paddle had incautiously lapsed to its usual motion.

After a meagre supper Father Membré and L'Espérance lay down to sleep while Father Ribourde and Boisrondet kept guard. The weather was changing, and a chill wind swept along the river valley. It continually scattered the little Renault's curls over her fever-swollen face, and Boisrondet, unable to endure this, built up a screen of brush. He sat on the ground beside her pallet, and Father Ribourde sat at the other side, though the priest rose at intervals and examined Tonty.

The whole pile of burning logs was heaped between the little Renault and Tonty. He lay opposite her, with his feet, also, to the fire, sleeping as only exhausted frontiersmen can sleep. Nothing in woods or stooping clouds, or in the outcry of spirits around him, reached his consciousness all that night. He was suspended from the world in a swoon of sleep. His swarthiness was so blanched by loss of blood that his black hair and mustache startled the eye. Father Riboude listened for his breath, into such deep recesses had his physical life made its retreat.

But the girl on the opposite side of the fire brought echoes from the darkness. She sang. She thought she was dancing in a whirl along peaks, or fishing in the river with L'Espérance, or shooting arrows at a mark with young Indians, or moving across the prairie with Tonty on his errand to the Iroquois. Through every act ran gladness. She exulted upward through the fire-gilt branches.

"O Mother of God, what joy thou hast given me! If there had been no Monsieur de Tonty — think of that! Then I should have crouched like fields blackened in frost. Then I should not know what life is. How desolate — to be without Monsieur de Tonty! The savages, and the wretches at Crèvecœur, they are all like grasshoppers beside him. I would rather have him call me his little lad than be queen of France."

The priest's soothing had no effect on her fever-driven imagination. She drank when he held a cup to her mouth, and stared at him, still laughing. But during several hours there was scarcely a pause in her talk of Tonty.

Boisrondet sat behind her back — for she lay upon her sound shoulder — and endured all this. The flower of martyrdom and the flower of love bloomed there before the priest in the dank woods beside the collapsing camp-fire. The lonesome, low wail of wind was contradicted by the little Renault's glad monotone. All the innocent thoughts which a girl pours out to her mother this motherless girl poured out to Tonty. It was a confession more sacred than any made to a priest. Boisrondet put his hands upon his ears.

Ruddy embers shone on Father Membré and L'Espérance, Récollet's capote and servant's shaggy dress rising and falling in unison throughout the night; for the watchers did not wake them at all.

When Father Ribourde rose up again to look at Tonty, Boisrondet crept to his place and sat by the delirious girl's head. The priest said nothing, and accepted the change. It became his care to keep the little Renault from jarring her wound with her groping hands.

Boisrondet's eyes may have pierced the floating veil of delirium to her consciousness. The smile of vague happiness which she gave the priest turned to a look of solicitude.

"Sieur de Boisrondet, did I hurt you?" she cried.

He shook his head.

"Forgive the blow."

"I was grateful for it," muttered Boisrondet.

Still his heart-broken eyes pierced the pavilion of her gladness, and she cried out again:

"Sieur de Boisrondet, did I hurt you?"

"No, no, no!"

"Forgive the blow."

"O saints in heaven!" the man groaned, holding his head in his hands.

"How good is God," said the little Renault, returning to her heights, "who made all his creatures so happy! My Monsieur de Tonty, *my* Monsieur de Tonty—" So she moved on through the clouds.

Tonty awoke at daybreak and stood up weak and giddy, looking first at the pallet on the other side of the sylvan hearth. A stiff small figure was covered there, and Boisrondet was stretched beside it face downward on the ground.

"The poor little lad!" groaned Tonty, coming down on one knee and lifting a blanket edge. "When did he die, Boisrondet?"

Without moving Boisrondet said from the ground:

"She died not long after midnight."

Her face in its pillow of black curls was a marble dream of gladness. She had the wonderful beauty of dead children, and Tonty saw her as a dead child rather than as a woman triumphant in flawless happiness, whose uninhabited face smiled on at her wondrous fate. She had seen her hero in his splendor without man-cruelty and pettiness. The world had been a good place to the little Renault.

Father Ribourde had no candles to put at her head and feet, but he knelt saying prayers for her peace.

The day was chill and sullen, and occasional spatters of sleet glazed twigs and grass tufts. Father Membré and L'Espérance silently took the labors of the camp upon themselves. They dug roots to add to the scant breakfast, and brought fuel. Boisrondet made no response to priest or commandant, but lay on the ground without eating until the slate-gray afternoon began to thicken.

"Boisrondet," then said Tonty, stooping, and taking his subaltern by the shoulder, "the Indians left us not a tool, as you know. We cannot hollow out any grave which would be deep enough to keep the little lad from the wolves."

Boisrondet shivered as if he were beginning to feel the sleet in his hair and on the little Renault's blanket.

"We shall have to sink him in the river, Boisrondet. Be a man."

Boisrondet rose directly, with fierce readiness to do the thing at once if it must be done. He did not look at her again, but sat under a tree with his back turned while preparations were made.

L'Espérance brought many stones, and the priests ballasted and wound the body in the best blankets the camp afforded, tying the packet well with buffalo thongs. They placed it in the canoe, and Tonty called Boisrondet.

Both Récollets stood on the bank repeating prayers while Tonty and Boisrondet pulled up against the current. The river was a dull monster, but a greedy one, reaching for its prey through the boat's seams.

"Will this do, Boisrondet?" appealed Tonty.

"Pull a little farther, monsieur. I cannot bear it yet."

Tonty with his single-handed stroke continued to help hold their boat against the current.

Three times they pulled up-stream and floated down past the friars.

"Will this do, Boisrondet?" twice repeated Tonty. Twice the answer was:

"Monsieur, I cannot bear it yet."

The commandant avoided gazing at Boisrondet's misery. His fraternal gaze dwelt on the blanket chrysalis of the little Renault. He would have given his remaining hand — which meant his future career — to bring back the boy's life, but even to his large sympathy Boisrondet's passion was like a sealed house. It had been impossible for him to grasp the feminine quality in that lad's black curls and flower-fresh face.

"My poor Boisrondet," he urged, "we must have the courage to lift the little lad and do for him what he would do for us."

"Lad! lad!" burst out the other with scoffing. "Always lad to you — the sweetest woman that ever drew breath!" His voice broke down, and he distorted his face, sobbing aloud.

Tonty broke down and sobbed with him. They arose with a desperate impulse together, the man she loved and the other man who loved her, lifted their heavy burden, poised, swung, and threw it out upon the water. It smote the river and sank, and their canoe reeled with the splashing and surging of a disturbed current. Tonty staggered and sat down gripping the sides of the boat, feeling his wound start afresh. Nature's old sigh swept across the wind-harp of tree-tops. The river composed itself and again moved steadily, perhaps rocking the packet in some pebbly hollow, perhaps passing it on towards the Mississippi. And the priests' voices concluded their monotone for the dead.

"Heaven give him sweet rest in this river of the Illinois!" uttered Tonty. But Boisrondet said nothing more.

When the canoe touched the bank Boisrondet took his gun and hurried into the woods. He did not come back at nightfall or in the morning. The others at first respected his quest after comfort. Then they searched for him, discharging their guns, and calling. Yet one more day they waited for him, the weather's increasing bitterness threatening instant winter.

When they finally broke camp the worthless boat had to be abandoned. Each man made up his little pack of necessaries. The little Renault lay in the Illinois. Either Boisrondet's scalp hung before some savage wigwam, or he had hidden himself to die in the depths of the wilderness. They could only take their fate in their hands — as we must all do — and toil on towards the great lake.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

ON ELKHORN.

SONG-MAKING Elkhorn! ever-flowing stream!
Lovely forever, whether winter holds,
Or spring awakes thee, or if summer's gleam,
With leaf and bloom and shadows warm in folds;
Or if upon thy sparkling waters float
The myriad mimic fleets launched from the trees,
The gold and russet tribute from each breeze
Of autumn, charmed by thy melodious note.
Always thy music, loud or soft, is dear;
Always with rapture thy sweet voice I hear.

How heavenly fair the ever-changing scene
With which is blent thy variable mood!
Wide, level lands of many-tinted green
With margins of young trees, new-leafed and wooed
By softest sighs of amorous-breathing spring,
Whose filmy veil of opalescent mist,
Rose-tinted, white, and palest amethyst,
Half hides the distant hills and seems to bring
The earth and sky together in a dream,
Through which, in silence, flows thy limpid stream.

In silence here, but I will follow thee,
For thou art changeful as the April skies
That gloom and flash and weep amidst the chance
Of cloud and sun — or like my lady's eyes,
Where mirth and sadness mingle in one glance.
If here thy quiet flowing seems to be
Thy pensive musing on some happier day,
It doth foretell that the next turn shall see
A glittering sweep of jostling waves at play,
Whose intermingling laughter dies away
In murmuring eddies — circling interludes —
Which whirl, and sway, and join again the tide
Of many-sounding harmonies, that meet
In one and deepen where the strain intrudes
Upon the silence of the woodland wide,
Whose leafy friendliness thy notes repeat,
Afar, amidst the dewy solitudes.

Amidst the cool and dewy solitudes! —
Away, away!
My song, impatient, will no longer stay
For numbers fitly framed: the fine delay
Of rounded tropes my eager verse eludes.
Away, away!
By field and grassy bank and shadowed hill,
And dappled slope and cliff and woodland still:
Speed, speed thy wave!
Be thou or swift or slow —
Dream thou, or rave
And fret thy heaving breast where thou dost lave
The mossy rocks which hedge thy winding way
In thy haste hasting — stayed by thy delay,
My spirit shall go whither thou dost go.

Be fleet, be free!
The fairest-fall'n inheritance is thine, —
The wide-spread dewy lea,
The endless, leafy archings of the trees,
And weavings of the perfume-breathing vine,
Stirred by caressing winds unceasingly, —
And over these
The passing pageant of the clouds, divine.
Away, away!
Leap through thy narrowing channel. Let the gray,
High-jutting walls repeat the clamoring
Of thy foam-figured waves. Lace with thy net
Of quivering beams the vaulted rock, and let
The wavering snare
Keep captive thy song's battling echoes there.

Be wayward, fierce, fantastic! Crash and swing
Along thy course, a living voice that swells
Forth from the passion of the wilderness.
Turn madness into desperate mirth, and fling
In many a glittering jet,
High on the sun-shot and vibrating air,
The momentary blossoms of the spray.
Still shall my spirit share
The unimaginable joy that dwells
In thy tumultuous rest, the peaceful war
Of Nature's effortless control, the stress
That makes repose, the storm-calm which compels
In place the dewdrop and the mightiest star.

How slowly flows thy crystal current here!
And silent as the sky, which looks through thee
Upon another sky as blue and clear
And soundless — deep as its own self can be.
And all the shimmering green which frames thee in

Is imaged in thy depths, each leaf and stem,
And white gleams of the flashing sun on them;
The spider's film that floats out long and thin,
The flitting birds, the insects they pursue,
Are semblanced all — each motion and each hue.

'T is early June by this — the clover's red
Usurps the green of meadows. In the shade,
Where thick-leafed sugar-trees their branches spread,
The clustering sheep a resting-place have made.
A murmuring army hath besieged the sweet
Down-hanging blooms upon the linden trees;
Far on the hill a soft-compelling breeze
Makes long, slow ripples in the headed wheat.
Here dwells the nameless happiness which brings
The soul still nearer to all lovely things.

Dear stream, when morning gilds thy lapping wave,
How sweet it is to haunt the friendly scenes
Where leaning elms their sweeping branches lave
In waters cool, which their deep shadow screens!
There with some loved companion to retreat
Awhile from wounding cares, and from the pain
Of killing disappointments, and the vain
Pretense of shallow minds and empty hearts — how sweet
To soothe the soul with quietness, and, there,
Wring from the earth new strength against despair!

Here in the glimmer of thy dappled brim
How often do I see the angler stand,
As silent as the trees which shelter him,
Winding and casting with unwearied hand.
The gentle melancholy of his face
Changed by the light upon thy changing breast,
He seems a part of Nature's secret rest,
Like some belated scion of that race
In ancient fable famed — and all the scene
Swims in soft light of mythic hue serene.

Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Gone is the summer-tide: the summer days
Are gathered in the sheaf; the summer's blaze
Is now a smoldering glow. Slow murmurs call
Across the changing vale; an answering knell
Creeps from the slumbering hills, where drowsy echoes dwell.

There is a touch of scarlet on the field,
Which speaks of dear days passed beyond recall,
Like a bright ribbon on a conquered shield,
And on the dark, deep-bosomed, forest wall
Of August green one branch is shimmering,
A banner flaunting from an alien hall;
But thy delight knows no diminishing.
Whatever may befall,
If fields be gray and leaves be withering,
Amidst the autumn's flame thou dost prolong
The deathless flow of thy unworded song.

The vision sweeps on with the curving sweep
Of thy commingling cadence, where thy shores
Are paved with glistening pebbles, and thy deep,
Dark-flashing blue breaks, rippling silver-bright
Across the slanting bars that gleam with light
Among the giant, white-armed sycamores —
The grave historians of thy life, that die
And leave thee youthful still. Their bronzéd leaves
Slip with crisp rustlings through the branches dry,
And drift away in silence.

Dost thou fade
In light and beauty, O immortal stream!
I see thy dazzling radiance where it cleaves
The golden splendor of the hills, and turns
To meet the westering sun, and cannot tell
Thy wave, transfigured, from the glinting beam
Which makes its brightness thine.
The distance burns
A crimson glory, where the heavens have made
A matchless gateway for thy entering.

What happy fate is thine!
Therefrom the clouds shall bear thee back to cheer
Thy native vales; thy brooding hills shall know
The sweet distraction of thy murmuring
Forever and forever. There thy flow,
With song triumphant, evermore shall bring
To tree and vine
The whispering enchantment of the spring,
And the departing year
Shall linger long, and autumn-time shall seem
Like days in May, and brooding winter here
His sorrows shall forget — O stream divine,
Thou art a dream — a dream!

Robert Burns Wilson.

OUR SUMMER MIGRATION.

A SOCIAL STUDY.

DURING the last thirty or forty years our summer migration has been increasing until its magnitude can be grasped only by a wide treatment of details coupled with some exercise of the imagination. Figures on the subject are not easily accessible. The statistician does not deal with them. To sift them from the records of railroads, steamboats, hotels, boarding-houses, cottages, and camps, would be an almost impossible task. The summer boarder of twenty-five years ago no longer represents the mixed multitude of which he was the herald. All classes and conditions of men enter the streams of population which from the middle of May to the middle of October ebb and flow through the land. Every social grade, every occupation, is represented. The rich and the well-to-do middle classes appear most conspicuously, but the currents are swelled by small tradespeople, by pensioners on limited legacies, who hive in the city during the winter, and swarm early in summer among the country orchards, where cheap living is to be had. Then come the work-people, who in one way and another manage to move with the rest. Your colored barber, when trade begins to slacken in the large town, informs you that he is thinking of taking a little vacation. The carpenter and joiner sends his wife and babies a hundred miles away to spend weeks or months on a farm that takes boarders. Factories frequently shut down for a week or more, and empty their armies into the open fields of retired country places. Household servants go in part with the families which they serve, but hundreds pack their trunks and bundles for the homeward journey. Professional men, college students, teachers, seamstresses, and fresh-air fund beneficiaries pour forth to the mountains, the seaside, the lakes, where they spend their summer outings in rest or in various forms of service.

This migration is limited to no region of country. It sweeps over all portions of the land available for summering — in Maine, and northward beyond the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the seacoast far to the south, in the mountain ranges of the Carolinas, in the interior and the great West, among the Rockies and the Sierras, on the route to Alaska, along the northern lakes, in the wildernesses of the States and the Canadas. In order to comprehend, one must see what is taking place along all thoroughfares, over every mountain trail, in innumerable hotels and boarding-houses, each of which harbors from ten to a thousand or more of these fugitives from heat and toil.

Those who limit their excursions to the principal routes and resorts have little conception of the manner in which these people push into out-of-the-way places. It has been my practice for years to take long tours by private conveyance through various parts of New England, sometimes driving the entire distance from Long Island Sound to northern Vermont, coursing through the seclusions of our mountain ranges, stopping at out-of-the-way taverns, loitering by trout brooks, dreaming through old villages, sleepy and quaint, in the late spring, in midsummer, or in the yellow autumn. While on these journeys I have been surprised to learn into what regions visitors penetrate. Wherever one stops in front of a neat farmhouse commanding a view and overshadowed by maples, he will hear, while taking the draught of water which he has begged, the oft-repeated announcement, "We take summer boarders." By the unfrequented road the house with its piazza, and the red chairs set out, and the hammock swung aloft, advertise the same fact almost as unmistakably as did the old swinging sign, with its fierce lion glaring down on our childhood, show that the village tavern held its doors open to travelers.

Less inviting places have their guests. While making a long detour through a lake-dotted region in western Vermont I was drawn to a low, rambling house of cheap construction, without other inviting feature than a veranda of the simplest kind across its front, though near by slept a lake in tempting beauty. Here were to be had only mean accommodations and coarse fare. The people were kindly, but of uninviting appearance. They kept summer boarders. During a portion of the hot season all available space had been packed with factory hands. Released for a time by a shut-down, they had rushed hither for rest, under what would have seemed to most of us hard conditions. I doubt not they had a good time, lounging by the water, breathing the fresh air, flirting and courting, and at last going back to

their work refreshed; some of them to honeymoons that might never have shone but for the boat ride on the lake, the stroll along the beach, or the sunset seen from the rocky ledge, and the robin's twilight note flung from the opposite shore.

Any numerical estimate of this migration for the whole country would have to be taken with allowance. We may aid our impressions by calling to mind the vast extent of our transportation systems, and by reflecting on the proportion of our public travel which is made up of those who, in the warm season, move for pleasure rather than for business. The accommodations of our railroad, steamboat, and stage lines are crowded in early summer with those who are leaving their homes, and in autumn with those who return. Thousands of these would not journey but for our habit of summering in the country. The excursion business of these lines assumes enormous proportions. It covers all movements for outing, from the mammoth crowds which respond to advertisements for a single day's run to some point of interest, to the thousands of tourists who buy round-trip tickets to seaside resorts, mountains, western parks, or whatever regions attract their fancy. I have before me a volume of some 240 pages, large octavo, devoted by a single railroad corporation to its thousand or twelve hundred excursion routes. A single railroad system of limited area reports, in kindly response to my inquiries, an estimate of 500,000 tickets taken up from summer migrants, by far the larger portion being long-distance tickets. As each person must show a going and a return ticket this number would represent 250,000 passengers. Another road reports about the same number, and another makes a showing of about 2,000,000 tickets to summer resorts, only a small proportion of which represent local traffic not connected with summer travel. This last system annually honors about 300,000 tickets of other corporations. If roads covering comparatively small territories are able to report such figures, what millions must pass over a system like that of the Pennsylvania Railroad, covering the great seaside resorts of New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, while it stretches out to our inland waters as far as Lake Michigan.

We may obtain further help by a glance at the extent of that hotel industry which caters mainly to the wants of summer visitors. The capacity of the summer hotels is an indication of the demand for accommodations. Throughout the months of July and August many of them are full to overflowing, but we may be content to take as a fair basis two-thirds of the advertised capacity. Perhaps in most instances one-third of this number arrive each day, and an equal proportion departs. The number of individual visitors in a season of sixty days would thus be one-third of two-thirds the capacity into sixty. This would give, for a hotel capable of accommodating 300 guests, 4000 visitors in a good season. On this basis we may roughly estimate the visitors to the hotels of any region of which the hotel capacity is known. Passing by such places as Asbury Park, Atlantic City, Newport, and Saratoga, and reaching out after more rural regions, we find in the Adirondacks hotel accommodations for 8000 people, in Bar Harbor for about 4000, in the Catskill Mountains for over 5000, on Lake George for 4000, at Old Orchard 3000, among the Rangely Lakes 1500, in the White Mountains over 8000, in Bethlehem alone, of the White Mountain region, over 3000 — figures which show what proportions the hotel interest is assuming in answer to the demands of our summer migration. These few regions offer accommodations for over 33,000 visitors, and by our method of estimation would welcome in the course of a sixty-days' season in the neighborhood of 440,000 guests. To those who are entertained at hotels must be added, in some instances, an equally large number of persons who go directly into camps, cottages, or boarding-houses. Cottage life and camp life are becoming more and more popular. In late years these methods of summering are gaining, as compared with that of the hotel and boarding-house. Cottages and camps are erected in all of the more frequented regions, some with an endeavor to imitate primitive simplicity, and some on a magnificent scale. One who twenty, or even ten, years ago was familiar with our inland waters or our coast lines is surprised, on resuming some route of former days, to note the change which has taken place. Elegant or cozy cottages greet him at turning-points of the ride or sail, while displays of bunting, and waving handkerchiefs, and shouts draw attention to the fisherman's or hunter's lodge.

The magnitude of such a movement as this justifies the assumption that the social influences exerted by it are worthy of serious consideration. They may be none the less powerful, and may become more ineradicable, because they work quietly and attract little notice.

The prevailing motive for this change of population from town to country is sanitary, and the aggregate result in this direction is of unspeakable value, though the least calculable. Laying aside the consideration of comfort as affected by health, and passing over the moral conditions dependent on physical soundness or unsoundness, the economic value of the sanitation which comes from a yearly bath of the body in fresh air, supplemented by a changed

diet, and by the immersion of the mind in new currents of thought suggested by new surroundings, can hardly be exaggerated. To do more and better work, to be more capable of planning and executing, to invent and to utilize invention, to prolong a working life or the working period of many lives, are aims fundamental to national production and to the success of our people in the world competitions into which we are rapidly being drawn. Business men subjected to a heavy mental strain secure, by means of the summer vacation, not only added vigor for enterprises but a prolongation of the active period of life. A like result may be anticipated for all employees, and especially for in-door workers. If it is true that lessening to a reasonable extent the number of hours which constitute a laboring day does not diminish the yearly product of a mill, it may be presumed that a limited annual period of release from the routine of manual labor, and the devotion of the time to out-of-door pleasures, involve no loss and probably bring gain. We have yet to learn how much the wealth of the country depends on the health of its producers. The rise of a single degree of average annual temperature over a continent might tell heavily on our total rainfall, though to the senses of the people the thermometric rise might not be noticeable. A like difference in the health of our laboring population must materially affect the aggregate production of the country. From a purely economical point of view, therefore, the migration of our people pays in the increased intellectual and material product of the land.

The amount of money distributed from the great centers over the rural districts by our migration forms an important element in our estimate of its value to the nation. Whatever tends to the distribution, as opposed to the concentration, of wealth must be accounted a healthful influence. What does it cost to move an army of a hundred thousand men a hundred miles? The people who come from the large towns constitute an army, of which the transportation and forage are paid in cash. The men, women, and children thus annually transported, all of them with some baggage, and some with piles of baggage, are numbered by the hundred thousand. The money which changes hands in the process runs into the millions, distributed among railroads, steamboat lines, stage lines, hotels, and other places of entertainment, as well as among guides, *voyageurs*, and helpers innumerable. For actual figures I am indebted to the courtesy of railroad officials who have made such rough estimates as they were able concerning their departments. Three systems report the probable value to them of summer travel as respectively $700,000, $550,000, and $500,000. In other instances, such as that of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, the sum would doubtless exceed a million, and perhaps reach millions. The total for the country can not be estimated, and can hardly be exaggerated. Any interference with this source of income becomes a serious matter. A not large but prosperous corporation, owning one of our main steamboat lines on an inland lake, was compelled to reduce its dividends by the occurrence, in summer time, of the smallpox in one of the chief cities towards which travel by that route was directed. Other lines terminating in the same city must have experienced a similar diminution of profits. When we take into account the magnitude of our system of transportation, extending in all directions over the land, and by all water-ways interior and coastwise, and when we consider that, in so far as the summer migration is for its own sake and not for business, it spends money which would not otherwise get into the hands of those who operate these lines, we realize what an effectual agency of money distribution we have here. Every employee on every route, from the hackman to the section hand of the railway, or the deck-hand of the steamer, or driver of the stage-coach, shares in the benefit of our passion for summering in the country. For the accommodation of the moving population railroad trains that have been discontinued through the cold season are set in motion, steamers that have been put into winter-quarters are set afloat, and freshly painted stage-coaches are brought out. These enlarged facilities of intercommunication involve the employment of more labor, not only in the direct work of transportation, but in the branches of manufacture subsidiary to transportation. Our migration thus becomes the occasion of increased production, as well as of scattering hoarded money. Some lines are built and maintained with well-nigh exclusive reference to summer travel.

The pecuniary significance of the migration only begins with the cost of transportation. Every person who thus temporarily changes his abode carries money for his support during his stay in the country, and gradually gives it over to the inhabitants. Bills for board or for camp forage, pay for numerous services, constant outgo in the thousand and one ways incident to summer travel or residence, swell the total expenditure to an aggregate far exceeding the millions which go to transportation lines. Some of all this finds its way back to the city, but a large part is scattered by increasingly minute distribution over wide regions of rural territory, to the wealth or sustenance of which it becomes an important contribution. How much is thus annually yielded to the State of Maine? How much goes into New Hampshire? How much is scattered along the shores of our northern

lakes, and in the far West? Figures now inaccessible may sometime be gathered which will open the eyes of dwellers in these and many other regions to the total brought to them every year by the stream which sets from the cities and large towns towards the seashore, mountains, country villages, farms, and wildernesses.[1]

What this outlay means for thousands of recipients scattered through our land needs only to be suggested. Without it whole villages now rendered flourishing would have remained stationary or have fallen into decay. Local tradesmen secure an increased volume of exchange during the summer months. Many a farmer who opens his house to strangers gathers from this source the principal return of the year, and the same is true of numerous villagers who let rooms or furnish board. Our summer migration means to many an obscure home the return to it in autumn of one or more members who have been out to service in the hotel or boarding-house, bringing a large share of all the money which such a poor family will handle in a twelvemonth. It furnishes a home market for products such as milk, butter, poultry, eggs, lamb, veal, and other supplies from the farm or garden, not forgetting hay, grain, and fruits. As these are in demand at first hand, better prices are realized than when they go to distant markets through middlemen and at cost of transportation. A region occurs to me in which the call for early poultry caused by a few city families produces a scarcity, and in the same region we have an amusing result of the advent of summer visitors, in that sweetbreads are worth in summer double the price paid for them in winter, at which time the local inhabitants are content to eat them.

We need not enumerate the occupations benefited by a migration which calls into its service well-nigh every trade and handicraft. The rural market for labor is perceptibly strengthened by this cause, and the variety of employments is increased. Preparations must be made for guests. Hotels must be built, with their appendages of barns and small cottages. Farmhouses must be enlarged and fitted with conveniences. To this is to be added the building of country-seats on a grand scale, the erection of modest cottages, the putting up of permanent camps, the building of boats, the manufacture of sportsmen's outfits. Occupation is thus furnished to laborers, many of whom, but for these industries, would be compelled to seek employment in the larger towns and cities. Household servants are secured with increased difficulty throughout those regions towards which the tide of travel sets. Farm help is interfered with and commands a higher price. The laying out of estates frequently involves the purchase of hundreds of acres and the employment of hundreds of hands during a term of years in the erection of houses and barns, as well as in grading, draining, road-making, gardening, and all the work of a great establishment. After this initial labor is performed the maintenance of such an estate furnishes permanent occupation for a large company. The effect of this is felt over the surrounding country in the greater difficulty of securing laborers, especially in the busier seasons of the year. Where operations are less conspicuously centered on a single country-seat they may be equally influential, because of the employment of a corresponding amount of labor at numerous scattered points. A not inconsiderable influence is in these ways exerted on the wage question. Any support given to labor in the country tends to equalize wages and to prevent the concentration of workpeople in the great centers of population.

The amount of taxable property in the country towns is largely increased by these activities, and in many cases the price of land is measurably enhanced. Confining ourselves to strictly rural regions, the now famous town of Lenox, Massachusetts, ranked, fifty years ago, with other agricultural towns of New England. The number of visitors at any one time staying there has gradually risen since then to 2500 or 3000. A large proportion of these are dwellers in cottages. Whole farms have been bought for country-seats. A recent sale of 100 acres is quoted at $1000 per acre. This may be regarded as the price of farm land which includes a building site commanding good views. In the village there is no fixed valuation of land. Recently a corner lot three by four rods in size sold for $15,000. In Bethlehem, New Hampshire, about the same number of visitors have brought up the price of village lots to $1000 per acre. Even outside the village, farm lands are quoted at $120 per acre. These values are three times as great as those which prevailed before the influx of summer visitors. Those who knew the Adirondacks in their primitive wildness can hardly realize that on Mirror Lake, close by Lake Placid, land which twelve or fourteen years ago could have been obtained for $50 per acre now commands $1000 per acre, while eligible sites on Lake Placid itself are worth from $100 to $500 per acre. Industries new to those regions, such as truck-gardening, milk-farming, and so on, have sprung up, and laborers' cottages occupy clearings by the roadsides.

Similar results may be noted at Mt. Desert, with its 25,000 annual summer visitors, and its

[1] The amount of money paid in the season of 1890 to the hotels and boarding-houses of New Hampshire alone is placed at $5,000,000.

sales of large tracts of land at a high average per acre. Such facts as these might concern us little did they mean nothing more than that considerable sums of money are thrown into the hands of a few original owners of building sites; but they mean much more than this. The value of surrounding lands is affected, and there is a general transition from a relatively sluggish life, or even from lifelessness, with exceedingly low values, into a stirring life with increase of numerous industries and a general betterment of material conditions. Processes less rapid but hardly less important are going forward on a broad scale in many States. Wherever minute ramifications of the great tide of migration penetrate, industries are proportionately revived and values increased. A modest influence of the same kind is exerted wherever sons who have gone from among their native hills to engage in commercial enterprises finally realize a life-long dream in returning to the ancestral home, putting decayed buildings in order, and spending the summer amid the scenes of their childhood. Every old homestead thus appropriated is taken out of the market, and by so much, as well as by its improvement, enhances the desirability of surrounding lands.

We reach here the of late so widely and profitably discussed problem of deserted farms. That these are numerous in the older States is well known, though the impression that they are more frequent in this country than in others is erroneous.

It is not my purpose to discuss the causes of this phenomenon. Two correctives present themselves, each of which must operate slowly, but each of which is prophesied by present tendencies. The first, though not perhaps the earliest, of these is the reflux wave of population before long to set from the western portion of our country as the wild lands are occupied. The agricultural migrations of our times are subject to the law which has ruled barbaric migrations. Such movements exhaust themselves for want of new fields. When the barrier of the ocean or the desert is reached the advancing tide of population rolls back on itself, and lands lately deserted are reoccupied. The refluent wave from the far West is already sending out warning of its coming. The fearful scramble for the opening Indian reservations shows how scarce are desirable agricultural lands. Another generation will see the wave flowing back and taking up sites which the present generation has forsaken. Against such a time it may be hoped that the new agriculture, now so rapidly supplanting old methods, will have become sufficiently established in practice to enable farmers to restore these valuable but much abused lands without too heavy an outlay of capital.

The second, and possibly more speedily operative, cause of resuscitation is to be found in the tide of population from the cities. This comes at present in the form of summer migration; but that is only a premonitory symptom. A change is already observable in the habits of those who annually seek the country. The period of their stay is gradually lengthening. Boarders come early and remain till late in autumn. Owners of country homes leave the city sooner each year and linger as long as possible. There is an increasing disposition to spend the autumnal months in the seclusion and amid the splendors of the country. People are beginning to talk of Christmas as the proper time to return to the city. Many houses are kept open all winter with a view to possible occupancy when sleighing and other winter pleasures are at their height. Country life is asserting its charms as compared with life in the city. The time seems to be approaching when an increased number of people will regard themselves as permanently domiciled in the country, and as visitors to the town only for the season of social gaiety which will intervene between Christmas and Lent. The importance of this inclination towards domicile can hardly be overestimated.

For the present, however, deserted farms must look to a short visitation in the most inviting portion of the year. Since the advertisement and discussion of them, inquiries in regard to them have been numerous. The Hon. N. J. Batchelder, Commissioner of Immigration for New Hampshire, reports that in his State about 350 farms have recently been sold to people who have bought them for summer homes. Where hill farms commanding fine views can be bought for a few hundreds or a thousand dollars, many a family of moderate means might secure such a resort. Clergymen, teachers, men of various professions, as well as prosperous mechanics and moderate tradespeople, can find desirable sites, the buildings of which may be put in attractive condition with moderate outlay.

By such steps as are here pointed out our summer migration gives every year increasing promise of solving one of the grave social problems of the age. The decadence of the rural districts, the flow of population towards the great centers, and the consequent decline of rural industries and values, are disastrous features of our latest civilization. Were the process to go forward as rapidly in the future as it has done in the last three or four decades, some of our country districts must soon present a pitiable exhibit. Schools must degenerate for want of support, church privileges must be retrenched, rusticity must progress towards barbarism. Arrest of the drift of population towards the commercial centers is the cure for this evil. Whatever gives remunerative occu-

pation to craftsmen and other laborers becomes the first means to such an arrest. So long as wage-workers can find well-paid labor near home, the temptation to seek the city is lessened, while the retention of the laborers in their native places prevents an over-supply in the city and helps to maintain prices there. We have seen how the summer migration affects this. It further tends to restore to the country as permanent elements some portion of what is at first only a transient class. The attractions of country life will hold children to places purchased by their parents as temporary homes, and in general the stimulus given to life on the farms will lessen the present prevailing disposition of farmers' sons to forsake the scenes of their childhood and to try fortune abroad.

A few other results of the migratory movement are worthy of notice. As a direct consequence of it road-making has begun to attract increased attention. Riding and driving are chief amusements of summer visitors, and, other things being equal, the region that offers the finest roads will draw visitors. Rural enterprise of this kind is to be desired because of many points of economy involved in it. The irrational waste of our present system of road-making does not confine itself to the road-bed alone. With it is to be counted the wear and tear of vehicles and beasts of burden, as well as the consumption of unnecessary time, which in a country where labor is dear becomes in the aggregate an enormous item. The effect of roads upon land values appears when we consider that a region which can be reached only by ways nearly impassable easily becomes deserted.

The culture of fish, especially in our inland waters, is already matter for legislation, and has assumed importance as a source of food supply to our increasing millions. Few who are not acquainted with the operations of our rural sections are aware what a factor the summer visitor becomes in this branch of industry. In my drives last summer I heard complaint from the hotel interest over the discouragement arising from recent legislation in one State limiting the trouting season to the spring and earlier summer months, so that inducements to anglers are taken away just at the time when they are wishing to leave the city. The income from sportsmen is not inconsiderable. As soon as they are open the northern streams draw eager fishermen from foreign parts. The increase of such patronage, and the revenue derived from it, necessitate the stocking of streams, and justify private protection of the haunts of fish with a view to the sale of privileges. The sums of money that a party of fishermen will, in the course of two or three days, pay to farmers for permission to catch, or to try to catch, trout in protected streams, cause no small amount of banter among members of the party, and bring many a broad smile to the faces of the recipients of such revenues, who but a moment before were "making the air blue" with maledictions on poachers who, regardless of placards against "shooting, trapping, and fishing," quietly slip bait or fly under the green banks of a brook. Pisciculture, thus stimulated by the summer migrant, is extending over our national domain.

A prospective rather than at present realized result of the summer migration is the encouragement of domestic handicrafts. The revival of such crafts in the rural districts of England has been attempted with remarkable success.[1] Work in this direction might well be undertaken for the reinvigoration of our rural life. The drift of young men and women towards the mills of manufacturing centers not only depopulates the regions from which they come but robs the home of its chief attraction to those who stay behind, and deprives the wanderers of needed healthful influences. How to save the home life of those who earn bread is a weighty problem. The mills must principally furnish the world's markets, but fondness for the products of handcraft lingers among refined buyers. Machine-made articles may be woven with greater evenness, or turned with more perfect trueness, but they lack the human flavor which comes with the toil of deft hands, and they leave no room for the display of individual taste. That thousands upon thousands of precisely the same make are thrown on the world detracts from the sense of rareness. Articles of domestic make are more durable. The old-time all-wool flannel cloths that linger in many an ancient family are precious; and what a feeling of firmness and coolness is given to a summer bed by the ancient linen of the hand loom! Rag carpets of pretty dyes and rugs of quaint patterns yield pleasantly to the pressure of our feet. Such industries might multiply and become more varied as well as more artistic wherever they were encouraged, and the products would carry with them thoughts of homes among the hills or in the backwoods. Fabrics of peculiarly delicate texture might be spun and woven from the fleeces of fine-wooled sheep, and would have special value for the assurance which domestic manufacture usually gives of honest material and work.[2] The sum-

[1] See article in CENTURY MAGAZINE, February, 1889, by Albert Fleming, "Revival of Hand Spinning and Weaving in Westmoreland," a most interesting paper, showing that such household crafts can be made pecuniarily profitable.

[2] Mr. Fleming in the article cited above adduces as samples of fine hand-work Indian muslin with 100 threads of warp and 110 of weft to the inch and Egyptian linen with 270 *double* threads in warp and 110 in weft to a single inch.

mer migration brings a market to the doors of country homes, the life of which, thus encouraged, would be preserved in its sanctity. The ready wit of our American women, once directed into these channels, would secure a speedy harvest of skill and good taste. The pecuniary and moral results of such industry might easily exceed sanguine expectations.

The decadence of country towns is forcing rural churches into ever narrower straits. Loss of population and decline of farm values render it more and more difficult to pay parish expenses; ministerial supply becomes irregular and of a lower order; church life declines. The summer migrant is not always helpful. He often imagines that a vacation is as needful from religious as from secular activity. Nevertheless, the major part of visitors observe Sunday, and many attend church. Frequently the city family becomes a valuable accession to the forces of the rural church, returning each year to greet and encourage the residents. Interest thus indulged feeds on activity and develops into attachment. Families which locate permanent summer homes become dependent on neighboring pastors and churches for spiritual privileges, and when people who have lived in luxury, and maintain what seems to a simpler habit an extravagant style, prove by their devotion to religion and humanity that they stand near to the whole Christian brotherhood, they easily meet with affectionate recognition from those of plainer ways, and the relation becomes of mutual benefit.

I do not know that an effect of summer migration on the country school is often observable. Exceptional instances exist, and cases may be numerous. The increasing disposition of families to prolong their stay in the country beyond the limits of the city-school vacation suggests that the time may not be far distant when those who control the village schools will adjust the terms and the studies so as to enable children from the city to continue work during a portion of their stay. The similarity of courses in all graded schools favors this transfer, and by painstaking a fair adjustment might be reached. This would take away from many city families a chief objection to prolonging their sojourn, and would result in a positive benefit to the inhabitants. Lacking some such arrangement, the migratory habit must soon lead to the establishment of private schools in some districts to accommodate temporary residents.

A noteworthy instance of aid to rural affairs has been furnished in Ashfield, Massachusetts, under the wise leadership of such men as Mr. George William Curtis, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and Dr. G. Stanley Hall, who have taken a practical interest in the problem of the country town. I do not know how far their counsels may have prevailed to secure the fine roads which help to render that region attractive, but their sense of the beautiful, their love of time-honored ways, and their quick sympathy with all country affairs, are doing much to make the place worthy of the increasing flow of visitors along the maple-embowered streets, and to awaken in the minds of the inhabitants appreciation of and loyalty to their heritage. As a special point around which to rally effort these men have laid hold of the village academy. An annual festival given in its favor brings distinguished speakers from abroad; the large public hall is crowded with visitors, neighboring farmers, and excursionists from distant towns. It is the great day of the year. The perpetuation of this academy, when many have become extinct, is a pleasing commentary on the effectiveness with which various enterprises might be supplemented and directed by summer residents. At the dinner, a few years since, the gift of a park by a visitor was announced, and at the same time it was made known that the decline of population, to which, in common with so many others, this farming community had been subject, had been arrested and a small gain secured.

The church and school suggest the moral bearings of our summer migration. These are not all in right directions. The sight of numbers of apparent idlers or pleasure-seekers is not inspiring to those who are tied to toil, and we may well believe that discontent with the country, and a restless desire to taste the imagined ease of city, life have been aroused by the sight, and have lured many a young man or woman from what seemed the dull routine of home life to try fortune amid competitions of which no conception had been formed, and under a strain of exertion, not to say of temptation, greater than could be borne. Of these, while one wins the goal of desire many must lead a disappointing career, which will make the hillsides and the home seem a paradise unattainable. Especially must we deprecate the influence exerted on the youthful imagination by those displays of wealth which the larger summer resorts present, and which are not infrequent in retired districts reached by visitors. When our young women are taught to make a landau or a four-in-hand with flunkeys their ideal of destiny, and when young men imagine that the chief object of going into trade is to drive a dog-cart or to own a yacht, the process of demoralization is begun. Whatever removes from our people the conviction that life must be earnest if it will be worth living, that there is no easy road to success, and that it is better for a man to work out a noble character along a toilsome way than to live in the pursuit of

pleasure, is a disaster. We have to regret the introduction of the hedonistic philosophy anywhere, and the tendency of pleasure-seeking crowds is in this direction. The presence in a country district of a few careless, wealthy families who give their time to equipage, yachting, fox-hunting, four-in-hand driving, Sunday dinner-parties, and all sorts of in-door and out-of-door sports, introduces ideas of life out of harmony with the best development of manhood and womanhood. The contagion of display invades to some extent all classes, and in a more positive degree those thrifty homes where increasing means facilitate indulgence; and one sees rapidly spreading among the local inhabitants a standard of living that involves many who are unable to maintain it. Extravagance, with its evils, creeps through a society heretofore content with a rational simplicity. Greed of gain comes with fondness for display. Those who have hitherto been content with moderate profits begin to demand unreasonable prices, perhaps descend to trickery or downright dishonesty. A result only less unpleasant is realized when, for the hire which wealth gives, and in consideration of lighter toil, young men in whose veins runs some of the best blood of the old country town lay aside honored rural callings to don the coachman's or the footman's hat, coat, and boots.

On the other hand, we must not overlook the fact that relatively few of our summer migrants are very rich or are mere pleasure-seekers. Many of them belong to the learned class; many are teachers in colleges and schools; some are professional or amateur artists; some are collectors of natural objects. Such people bring culture into the rural districts, along with quiet ideas of life. Contact of these visitors with one another is valuable, and an influence towards appreciation of beauty and goodness is exerted over those who live permanently in the region. These influences go into many families and help to elevate and purify home life. On the whole, a great deal is being done in this way. Personal fellowship is the most natural, effective, and economical method of operation of intellectual, esthetic, and moral forces. In a broad way we may say that what is being accomplished is that most desirable thing — the mingling of city life with rural life for mutual action and reaction. The division of our population into a rustic and an urban class, with little in common, must involve the repetition on our soil of an Old World misfortune. The transfusion of the two is an end on many accounts desirable. City life is our dangerous life. Its excessive development and its isolation from rural life have ever been a source of peril. Politically speaking, there is safety in having many points of attachment between city and country. The personal and local affections formed become a safeguard. Already we find no small diversity of interest springing up between commerce as represented by the city and agriculture as represented by the country. The more freely our manufacturers and merchants mingle with those who cultivate the soil, the better will be the understanding between them. Some of the greatest questions of our present political economy must be settled on our farms. Students might well make it an object to study them there.

The cultivation of rural tastes is a source of mental and spiritual health. The hills, the fields, the woods, the brooks, the open sky, are the natural heritage and instructors of men. In them meditative, as contrasted with active, life, now disproportionately stimulated, must always find a large share of its inspiration. Whether we speak of literature, science, art, or religion, we may fairly raise the question whether we do not lack, in all of them, that spirit of personal communion with being and the Being of beings which flourishes best under the direct power of rural nature. To what extent have originators and molders in all these departments caught their fundamental spirit and direction from life in the country?

In these days in which we are recognizing that during the last forty or more years the drift of business life and even of American legislation has set towards the undermining of home, we may thankfully receive the promise which our summer migration gives of an enlarged and improved country home life. It is a good thing to see the owners of country-seats watching for the first breaking away of winter and the return of the warm days of spring, with longings for the fields, and with thoughts of the many preparations to be made for the coming season. These people have learned that the first bird-songs are sweet, that opening buds have a charm, that it is cheering to watch the up-starting grass, and that the numerous expectancies of the country at this time of the year possess a peculiar fascination. They are drawn ever earlier away from the bustle of the town to the quiet of the country house. Rural life makes a larger share of their span of life; the flavor of the home amid the fields, different from that amid the crowds, is cultivated and loved. On a large scale this is going forward, and no one who is touched with sentiment or with concern for a healthy national spirit can fail to rejoice over the process.

Edward Hungerford.

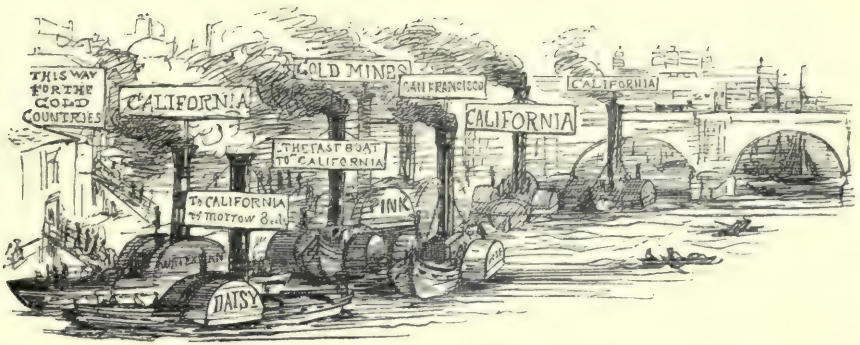
ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

OWNED BY THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY, WASHINGTON.

LE CRÉPUSCULE.

FROM A PAINTING BY ALEXANDER HARRISON.

(SEE OPEN LETTERS.)



THE CALIFORNIAN MOVEMENT. (AFTER A DRAWING IN "PUNCH.")

THE MAN WHO COULD N'T WAIT FOR THE STEAMER.
(FROM "PUNCH.")

CAPE HORN AND COÖPERATIVE MINING IN '49.

THE late summer months of 1848 were marked by exciting rumors of the discovery of gold in California. The first reports, coming as they did through Mormon channels, were received with suspicion. There was a general concurrence of opinion that the story had been set afloat for the purpose of Mormon proselytism — in the hope that out of the army of westward-bound pilgrims which such rumors would put in motion a legion of new recruits to the Mormon faith might be induced to halt by the way and cast in their temporal and spiritual fortunes with these "latter-day saints" in the infant colony by the margin of the Great Salt Lake. But in September, this suspicion in the public mind was effectually dispelled by the receipt in Washington of official despatches from Thomas O. Larkin, — who, under Mexican dominion, had been American consul at Monterey, and who was still acting as the confidential agent of the government,— Mr. Larkin's despatches confirming the reports of the discovery of gold.

In the New England States the "gold fever" soon became epidemic. Among the young men there was a burning desire to set out for California, inspired perhaps as much by an intense yearning for adventure as by dreams of wealth. To New Englanders, remote from the new El Dorado and to a large extent a maritime people, an ocean voyage presented itself as the most practicable route.

Naturally enough, the formation of coöperative associations suggested itself as the most practicable method of proceeding. The first move in this direction was made by Mr. Timothy Rix, a Boston merchant. Although then past middle life, Mr. Rix was full of energy and ambition, and under his leadership was organized "The Boston and California Mining and Trading Joint Stock Company," the fortunes of which this narrative is to chronicle. A prospectus was issued, and applications for membership were invited. The shares were placed at three hundred dollars each, and the whole number of members was limited to one hundred and fifty. The first public notice calling attention to the organization brought hundreds of applications for membership. The roll was soon filled, and from the overflow new organizations were started, and in due course followed the example of the parent company. Captain Henry Smith, who had sailed for many years as commander of the vessels of Frederick Tudor, the old Boston merchant who originated the ice trade with the West Indies and southern ports, was chosen to act in the double capacity of president of the company and commander of a ship, Mr. Rix taking the vice-presidency and the writer being chosen as secretary.[1] The company was composed of men representing every calling in mechanical and professional life. There were

[1] The Board of Directors who were to have the practical management of the affairs of the company were Enoch Jacobs, of Chicopee, Mass.; William A. Egery, of Boston; James L. Bates, of Weymouth, Mass.; John E. Dix, of Boston; Abiel Carter, of Concord, N. H.; Edward P. Abbe, of Boston; Lucius Flagg, of Boston; I. C. Whipple, of Concord, N. H.

graduates of New England universities, and young men whose future was yet undefined by any calling or profession. Of the whole number of the 150 members who composed the expedition, 120 had not passed their thirtieth year, 85 were twenty-five or under, 33 were twenty-one or under, while 12 were not yet "out of their teens."

The ship finally selected and purchased for

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER.

Thomas O. Larkin

the voyage was the *Edward Everett*, one of the "Medford built" craft for which Boston had long been celebrated. She was a full-rigged ship of about 800 tons burden. She had been built for the European trade, was comparatively new, and ranked as one of the finest ships hailing from Boston. She was spacious between decks and otherwise well adapted for the purpose.

The organization of this unique expedition, and its approaching departure, was for the time being the chief topic of the day. Mr. Everett, with wise forethought and liberality, presented to the company a well-selected library of historical, biographical, and scientific works, accompanying the gift with a communication expressing the great interest which he in common with the public at large felt in the success of the company and in the part which those who composed it would take in the social and political organization of the new State which they doubtless would help to found. The Sunday before the ship sailed the members of the company attended the Ashburton Place church by special invitation to listen to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Kirk, on the part that this first expedition from New England was expected to perform in the cause of civilization and religion on the Pacific coast. In all circles the prospective departure of the "*Edward Everett* Expedition," as it had now come to be known, was an event of rare interest and was the current topic of discussion and speculation. The *Edward Everett* swung loose from her moorings at the wharf on the evening of January 11, 1849, and dropped down the harbor to an anchorage near Fort Independence, preparatory to putting to sea on the morning tide. The harbor was filled with floating ice, and the wind swept across our decks with arctic severity.

At daybreak on the morning of the 12th the ship was under way and standing out to sea before a fresh and bitterly cold northwester. I pass over the unpleasant first days of the earlier part of the voyage, when the wild wintry weather covered decks and rigging with frozen spray, and two-thirds of the ship's company were prostrated from sea-sickness. The balmier atmosphere of the Gulf Stream and a smoother sea soon brought about a happier condition of affairs. The company was organized into messes, and order took the place of the chaos that had unavoidably prevailed for the first few days. Plans were devised for social organization and recreation. The publication of a weekly newspaper, under the title of "The Barometer, or Gold Hunter's Log," was begun and faithfully kept up throughout the voyage. Press and types were wanting, but it was read from manuscript every Saturday to the assembled ship's company, and furnished one of the most prolific sources of amusement of the whole voyage.

The 1st of February found us drifting through the weed-matted surface of the "Sargasso Sea," with hardly wind enough to keep the ship's sails from slatting against her spars. The run off the coast, across the Gulf Stream, and through the Atlantic down to the latitude of the Madeiras, had been a lively one. The wind had been fresh and fair enough to satisfy even the skipper himself. From 33° north latitude, down to and through "the Sargasso Sea," it was like a doldrum drift, and welcome was the change when in about 21° north the ship began to feel the influence of the northeast trades. Straight on her course, the wind on her port quarter, with everything set to her main skysail, she bowled along day after day until we were within two degrees of the equator. "Running down the trades" was indeed the very poetry of sea-going. It brought men and boys alike on deck, put them fairly on their "sea legs," and made sailors of them in good or bad

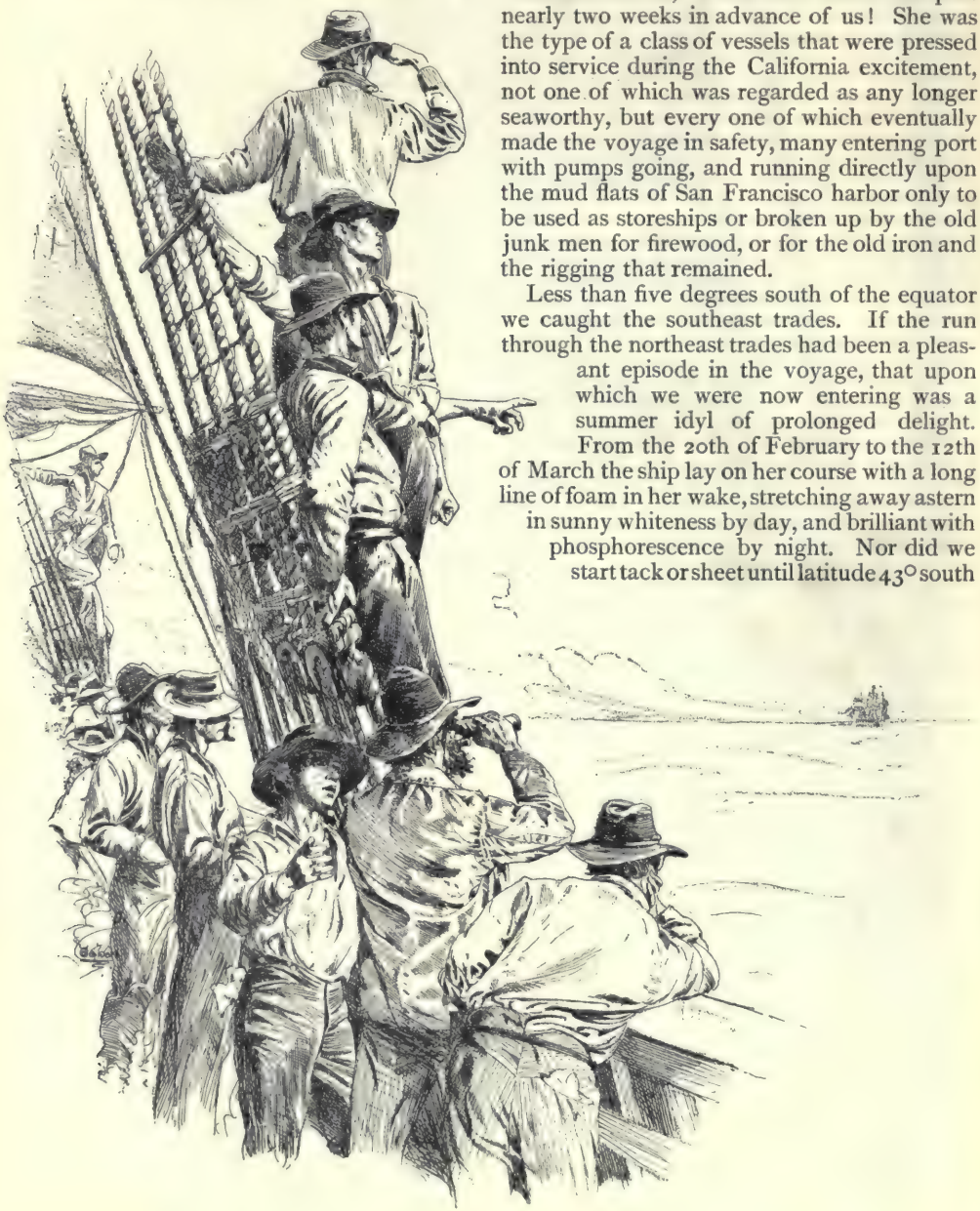
FAIR WEATHER.

weather for the remainder of the voyage. On the 13th of February the *Edward Everett* lay,

> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean —

fairly upon the equator. Some three miles away to the northwestward was another ship, which by her rig was unmistakably an American craft. Yet so flat was the calm that her signals hung idly against the halyards. A boat was lowered, and a party of us started for an equatorial visit to the stranger. She proved to be the *Aurora* from Nantucket, an old whaler, worm-eaten and dilapidated in her upper works, sorely afflicted with dry-rot, and looking as though she would not last to reach Cape Horn, much less to round that formidable point and complete her voyage. Compared to the *Edward Everett* she was a crazy old tub indeed. Months afterward, when our anchor was let go in the harbor of San Francisco, we found ourselves within hailing distance of this same old "blubber-hunter," which had made the port nearly two weeks in advance of us! She was the type of a class of vessels that were pressed into service during the California excitement, not one of which was regarded as any longer seaworthy, but every one of which eventually made the voyage in safety, many entering port with pumps going, and running directly upon the mud flats of San Francisco harbor only to be used as storeships or broken up by the old junk men for firewood, or for the old iron and the rigging that remained.

Less than five degrees south of the equator we caught the southeast trades. If the run through the northeast trades had been a pleasant episode in the voyage, that upon which we were now entering was a summer idyl of prolonged delight. From the 20th of February to the 12th of March the ship lay on her course with a long line of foam in her wake, stretching away astern in sunny whiteness by day, and brilliant with phosphorescence by night. Nor did we start tack or sheet until latitude 43° south

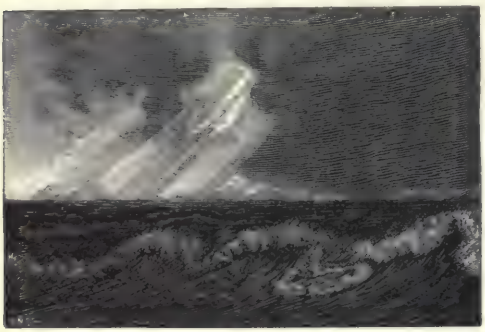


SIGHTING AN OLD WHALER.

REEFING THE TOPSAIL. (REPRINTED FROM THE CENTURY FOR JUNE, 1882.)

was reached, and the "trades" had spent their force. The transition from these halcyon days to the stormy period which followed was abrupt and unexpected. On the 13th the wind suddenly shifted to the southwest, and in an hour the ship was close-hauled on the wind under a reefed fore-topsail, fore-course and main-topsail, spanker, and jib. A rising gale was brewing. "The glass" was falling rapidly, but still, with watchful eye to windward and a somewhat anxious expression upon his weatherbeaten face, our "skipper" held the ship steady in her course. Still the gale continued to freshen. The ship was tearing through the water with her lee rail half submerged, when suddenly the wind came down upon us with the force of a tornado, while the ship yet carried canvas enough to insure her being knocked down upon her beam-ends unless suddenly released from the pressure under which she was strug-

gling. And that sudden relief came with the quickness of thought. Her foresail burst like the explosion of a piece of heavy artillery and went away to leeward in shreds. It was now "let go" and "clew up" all along the line and, with everything cast loose and threshing furiously in the blast, the good ship righted and came up into the wind preparatory to being made ready for the battle with the elements upon which she was entering. A moment later the roof of the cook's galley was on fire; the flames and sparks from the wood-work around the smoke-pipe threatened a conflagration,



CAPE HORN. (FROM THE "CAROLINA," APRIL 9, 1849.)

which was averted by the courage and coolness on the part of a few who bestowed buckets of salt water judiciously upon the flames above —and into the soup below.

We were now in our first real gale. Soon the ship was lying head to the sea under a close-reefed main-topsail, with just enough of her spanker hauled out from the brails to keep her well balanced. The tempest was howling weirdly through her rigging, while the fast-rising sea, breaking against her weather bow, beat time in thundering unison to the blasts that were lashing its surface into a chaos of flying foam. To look to windward meant to be half blinded by the driving scud that cut like needles into the face. Fifty feet away from the ship's rail to the leeward the atmosphere was impenetrable. Fast gathering night was adding its dismal quota of horrors to the scene. But not only did the noble ship at once attest her seagoing qualities by her superb behavior, but captain, officers, and crew alike by their masterly work won the confidence of the ship's company. Three days later the ship was plowing her way southward again with a fair wind and a smooth sea.

Entering the stormy latitudes of the southern seas, we were welcomed by the cape pigeon and the strong-winged, mild-eyed albatross. Their numbers steadily increased as the ship worked her way to the southward. There is nothing that so relieves the monotony of a sea voyage through these waters as the attendant presence of these beautiful birds. From the upper Patagonian coast on the Atlantic to the same latitude on the Pacific, they are the sailor's inseparable companions in sunshine and in storm. The eye of the albatross has a gentle, human expression, and he who has once sailed over these troubled waters will not be at a loss to understand the lesson of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

As we drew near the cape the ship was stripped of her "top-hamper." Her upper yards and spars were sent down, and with top-gallant yards yet crossed she was made ready for the rough-and-tumble work to be looked for "off the Horn." On the 29th of March, with the rugged and inhospitable coast of "Tierra del Fuego" lying in full view to the southwest,—the first "landfall" made since leaving Boston harbor,—we entered the Straits of Le Maire. Grim and forbidding the outline of Staten Land loomed out of the haze on our port beam as the ship drove forward with a free wind, fairly in mid-channel and pointing directly on her course as night shut down upon us.

At midday on the 30th, when in the latitude of Cape Horn and some seventy-five miles to the eastward of the dreaded locality, the wind suddenly hauled to the southwest and came out with hurricane fury. The long, heavy swell from the Pacific swept down upon us with irresistible force, and all hands were soon brought to a stern realization that the battle of "doubling Cape Horn" had fairly opened. At noon next day the ship had been blown a hundred miles to the eastward before the gale and the heavy seas that accompanied it. Nor did the next day's work show a gain of half a dozen miles of the ground thus lost. It was a contest between a good ship and good seamanship on the one side, and the terrific storms and yet more terrific seas that beset this bleak and inhospitable region.

Perhaps no merchant ship had ever left port better officered and better manned than this. Her commander was an old-time mariner, and a navigator who could read his way along the trackless deep with unerring accuracy. "Bowditch's Navigator" was his Bible. He fairly reveled in lunar observations and exulted over the necessities of storm and cloudy stress by day that forced him to exhibit his skill at double altitudes of the fixed stars by night. And when for a succession of days and nights no gleam from sun, moon, or stars had been visible to light the way along our course, his "dead reckoning" was never at fault, nor was the position of the ship ever marked wrong upon the chart. One could lie down to sleep at night in the serene confidence that wherever "the

IN A HEAVY SEA. (REPRINTED FROM THE CENTURY FOR JUNE, 1882.)

old man" had dotted the location of the ship at each recurring midday there she must be.

The first officer of the ship was Mr. William V. Wells. He was a young man of rare physical perfection, a great-grandson of the revolutionary patriot Samuel Adams, and was worthy of his illustrious ancestry. His voyage in the *Edward Everett* closed his maritime career. Entering the profession of journalism in San Francisco, he became in after years one of the most popular writers for the daily press in that city. He enriched the literature of the present day by his "Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams" and his "Adventures in Honduras." Gentle and refined by nature, he was none the less a true sailor when in command on a ship's deck. Above the roar of the sea and the blast of the tempest, in the wildest night off Cape Horn, his voice rang out loud and clear without the aid of a trumpet, giving his orders with precision and coolness in a tone that was never misunderstood or disobeyed.

The second and third officers of the ship, Mr. Briard and Mr. Pike, were "old sea-dogs" of the truest type. In the forecastle there were few who had not long before been graduated in their calling as "mates" and "second mates," and were seeking this method of working their passage to "the land of gold."

Not a day nor an hour passed for weeks when the ship was not struggling under short and close-reefed canvas. Half the time her decks were swept by tremendous seas, and not a true or reliable observation was to be had from the day of her passage through the Straits of Le Maire until the cape had been fairly rounded and the ship's head pointed northward.

On the 21st of April, having battled our way around the cape and up to 51° south latitude on the Pacific side, the wind came out from the southward and we "squared away" for Valparaiso. The ship had not lost an inch of canvas or a spar nor parted a rope in her long struggle. With everything set alow and aloft, and studding-sails boomed out to port and starboard, she sailed as she had never sailed before on this voyage; nor was sail shortened until, on the 29th of April, she ran into calm weather off Valparaiso harbor.

But two ships of the California fleet had arrived at Valparaiso before us. These were the Baltimore-built clippers,—famous in their day for speed,—the *Gray Eagle* and the *Grayhound*. The ship *Montreal* from Boston arrived a few hours later with 93 passengers. The barks *Victory*, 90 days from New York with 30 passengers, and the *Josephine*, 108 days from New York, arrived later in the day; the ship *Orpheus*, 90 days from New York with 195 passengers, and the brig *David Henshaw*, from New York with 7 passengers, reaching port on the following day. With 500 Americans thus turned loose upon the streets and hills of this old Spanish

city after more than three months at sea, there was doubtless more bustle and animation in Valparaiso than had ever been witnessed before. It was a visit full of novelty and interest to this small army of gold hunters. "Knowing that we were going to a land where Spanish was spoken," writes a member of the *Edward Everett* company, "we all studied 'Ollendorff's New Method of Learning to Read, Write, and Speak Spanish'; and for several days before our arrival at Valparaiso no other language was spoken on board the ship. We were much surprised on going ashore that the people did not understand their own language." However, means of communication were established, sufficient to enable us to supply our wants and to minister to our pleasure.

On the 4th of May all but two of the fleet were again under way, if a drift seaward with not air enough to prevent a ship's canvas from hanging idly against her masts can be so called. And drift, drift, drift it was, for days and days, the coast of Chili lying along in full view to the northward and eastward, and the ship rolling helplessly from side to side in the long, heavy swells of the glassy ocean. "They that go down to the sea" in steamships, in these days of ocean steam-navigation, do not realize the luxury of a storm at sea as compared with the helplessness of a sailing ship in a dead calm, when every roll threatens to jerk the spars out of her and leave her a helpless wreck.

Two days out from Valparaiso we had a strange experience. The ships *Montreal* and *Edward Everett* drifted into uncomfortable proximity, each moment visibly lessening the distance by which they were separated and increasing the prospect that the vessels would grind each other to splinters. A collision seemed inevitable, and men stood facing each other on the decks with pale faces and a common expression of infant helplessness. And all the while the sea was glassy, the sky placid, and the atmosphere beaming with serenity. As they approached to within half a ship's length, the *Everett*, as though impelled by a mysterious power, seemed to forge ahead slowly, while the bow of the *Montreal* swung as slowly to starboard, until, with her jib-boom fairly over our port quarter and for a moment foul with our spanker gaff, she swung clear and the two ships drifted apart and out of danger to either. It was a hair-breadth escape.

A PERIL OF THE PACIFIC.

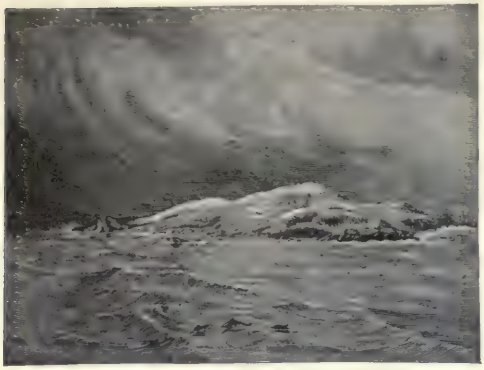
Crossing the equator on the 5th of June, we continued to drift lazily northward, until we took the northeast trades about 14° north latitude and were soon hastening towards the end of the voyage.

Preparations were now commenced for active work on our arrival. The ship's cargo, in addition to the company's stores, consisted mainly of lumber, flour, and the engine and boiler for a small steamer, which, with wise forethought, had been planned before leaving Boston to be built by the company and run upon the Sacramento River. Lumber was hoisted on deck, the frame of the boat was got out and fitted together, several barges were built, and tents were made. For the remainder of the run we had an animated company. The engine and boiler of the little steamer were hoisted on deck, set up, and connected. Steam was gotten up and the engine run for some hours and put in perfect order. While this operation was going on the clipper ship *Architect* was signaled, bound to San Francisco, where she arrived on the first of July and reported that she had passed the *Edward Everett* making her way to port under steam!—a report which was gravely published in the next day's issue of the "Alta California," the only newspaper then published in California.

A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

As we approached the coast the fourth of July was at hand. It was celebrated with noisy displays of patriotism and appropriate ceremonies. The orator of the day, Mr. Louis R. Lull, delivered an address, and a poem written on the occasion by Rev. Joseph A. Benton was read by him.

It was afternoon of the 6th of July when we entered the Golden Gate. The hills about the bay were dressed in the arid garb of the dry midsummer. Until Telegraph Hill was rounded no habitation or sign of civilization was visible save the dilapidated earthworks at Fort Point and the few crumbling adobe buildings that then constituted "the Presidio," or old Mexican military post. Alcatraz Island, now covered with fortifications and barracks and crowned with a lighthouse at its summit, was then naked and white with the guano of the myriads of cormorants, gulls, and pelicans that nested and hatched their broods upon it. The hills of Contra Costa and the plains at their feet were rank with wild oats, and were the pasture ground of herds of cattle. Here and there across the broad and beautiful bay the whitewashed walls of an adobe ranch house were visible. Rounding Telegraph Hill, however, there was a change of scene. As the harbor of San Francisco opened up before us a whole fleet of vessels of every class and description were seen at anchor. Clearly some kind of talisman was drawing hither the commerce of the world, although on shore, as viewed from the ship's deck, one saw but a few adobe buildings, relics of Mexican methods and habits, some small wooden structures here and there,

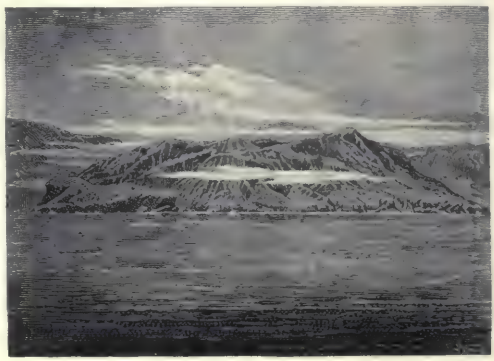


GUANO ISLANDS, FROM THE STEAMER "COLUMBUS."

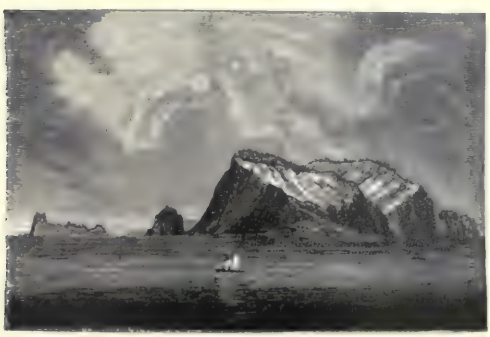
and tents large and small dotting the hillsides and beach.

Landing on the rocks at Clark's Point, a spur of Telegraph Hill (for no wharf then existed), we skirted along the cove round into the center of the town, then fairly embraced within the space now covered by the few blocks bordering upon the Plaza or Portsmouth Square. A locality more replete with bustle and excitement than this then was never existed. Gambling and gamblers were in full possession of the field. Tents were crowded with people surrounding the tables where the Mexican game of "monte," and other so-called banking games were in full blast. These were the first and most conspicuous features of the scene. The mercantile establishments were thronged with men fitting out for "the diggings." Activity prevailed everywhere, occasioned mainly by the innumerable expeditions and squads of men about to depart for the mining region. For aside from the gambling fraternity, and the comparatively few older and wiser heads who saw a safer and more profitable field of operations in the opportunities which existed for trade and speculation in San Francisco, the heart of the multitude was set upon gold-digging, the "making of a pile,"—in the parlance of the day,—and a quick return to the old home again. Indeed, it may be safely estimated that ninety-five per cent. of the "Forty Niners" who had then arrived, and were still arriving, in California were animated by this sentiment. For at that time the country, with its arid and uninviting aspect, presented few or no attractions for permanent residence. Much less did it then exhibit any of the evidences of the resources of soil and climate which the subsequent forty years of American energy and enterprise have developed.

If the gold fever had become epidemic along the Atlantic border and throughout the west, here it was raging with an all-consuming, burning fury, attacking all alike, and making eventually hapless victims of many. Our own ship's company were no exception to the rule. The sailors left the ship an hour after her anchors were down, and only the community of interest which bound us together prevented a stampede of everybody. Some days elapsed before a plan of proceeding could be agreed upon. Our spare lumber, of which we had brought a goodly quantity, was readily sold for three hundred dollars per thousand feet, and payment received in gold dust. A considerable surplus of saleratus, which by chance happened to be among the ship's stores, found an immediate sale at eight dollars per pound. Other commodities were disposed of at similar rates of profit, so that already, in addition to the ship and her remaining stores, boats, barges, steamer, and camp equipments, with rugged health and strength prevailing among the members of the company, the treasury was well stocked with ready funds, and the company was prepared to commence operations.



THE NORTH POINT OF ISLAND SANTA MARGARITA.



ISLAND JUAN FERNANDEZ.

It was finally decided that the headquarters of the company should be located at Benicia, on the straits of Carquinez, some thirty-five miles from San Francisco, and on the 10th of July the ship got under way for that point, in charge of Captain Harrison, the bay pilot

of that day. Before nightfall she was safely moored alongside the marsh, in front of the point at which the city of Benicia at that time was *expected* to rise and rival San Francisco in wealth and importance.

Preparations were immediately made for the transportation of the main body of the company up the Sacramento, *en route* to the mining region, while a sufficient number — and among them the best mechanics of the company — were to be left behind to set up and launch the steamer. The next day the expedition started up the river. It consisted of four barges and two surf boats, all deeply laden with men and stores. The little flotilla sailed upon the right bank of the stream. The memory of that night will be vivid in the mind of the last survivor of those who shared its miseries, though he live to round out a century of existence. The atmosphere was dense with the most voracious breed of mosquitoes. It was a night of purgatorial penance, and deep was the rejoicing when morning dawned and we were again afloat.

The waters of the Sacramento were then clear and uncontaminated by the mining debris that subsequently made it a muddy and shallow stream. Its banks were fringed with trees, shrubs, and climbing plants fairly tropical in their luxuriance. Every bend in the silent

NIGHT ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

away up the straits into Suisun Bay. The true channel through this bay was at that time not marked by buoys or beacons by which it could be followed. Mud banks existed in all directions, and these we were soon successful in locating. Half the time the boats were aground, and half filled with water from the spray of the sea that broke over them as they were lifted and thumped upon the soft mud shoals. The passage across this troublesome sheet of water was at length safely effected, however, and the little fleet entered a broad estuary that opened out before it, only to find, an hour or two later, that we were ascending the San Joaquin instead of the Sacramento River. Beating our way back we at last reached the entrance to the Sacramento, and encamped for the night river brought a new revelation of solitude — beautiful effects of foliage and placid waters, with the distant Sierras dimly outlined in the hazy atmosphere. There was no sign of human habitation until, as we rounded a bend in the river, the tents and shanties of Sacramento came into view.

The city of Sacramento was at this time but little more than a busy, thriving camp, along the river and on the line of what is now Front street. Back of this was a light growth of timber which shut off the view of the country beyond. Heaps of merchandise were scattered along the river bank. Teams of every description and pack trains were constantly loading and departing for the mines. Places where business was being carried on in tents and rough struc-

tures alternated with gambling resorts open day and night. Excitement prevailed everywhere and was written in the expression of every face. The people of these days—as indeed for years afterward—lived at the rate of ten years in one. Proper food was scarce. In a land now so well known to be the most productive in fruits and vegetables of any part of the world, not a fruit tree existed or a garden patch was cultivated outside of the mission grounds scattered widely apart over the country along the coast. A wagon-load of potatoes and onions arriving from the Mission of San José, while we were yet encamped at Sacramento, was speedily disposed of at a dollar a pound. Many months elapsed before we again indulged in these luxuries.

The next movement was to be towards the mines. In what direction we should move, was the momentous question. It was finally decided that the Mokelumne River should be our point of destination; and on the afternoon of the 17th of July, about one hundred and twenty in number, with three teams loaded with stores and camp equipage and drawn by oxen, we took up our line of march. Our road led out through the thin line of timber in the direction of Sutter's Fort, some two miles back from the Sacramento, near the left bank of the American River. Here we camped for the night preparatory to a long trip on the morrow. Up to this time the weather had been insufferably hot, though the nights were cold. We were not unaware, therefore, that a tiresome and oppressive tramp was before us, when on the following morning we broke camp and started on our journey. Our route was in a southeasterly direction straight out over a dry and arid plain, beyond which, some twenty-five miles away, was the Cosumnes River. We did not know that not a drop of water was to be had until the Cosumnes was reached, and, buoyant with hope, we started on our march carrying no water. Before ten o'clock every man in the party began to experience the effects of the heat and the pangs of thirst. The heat grew more and more oppressive. We learned afterward that the mercury at Sacramento was at 110° in the shade. The sharp, hot gravel crunched under our footsteps, the atmosphere shimmered with heat in all directions. By eleven o'clock the burning plain met the horizon on all sides, with not a sign of life or vegetation, or an indication of water in any direction. Men and animals were panting like dogs just in from the chase. Still there was no time to halt. Relief could only be had by pushing forward. The pace was necessarily a slow one. The oxen wearily dragged their heavy loads, while the men kept within easy reach of the wagons, not knowing who might be first to fall from heat and exhaustion. Soon after noon, the line of timber that skirts the Cosumnes appeared on the northeastern horizon. Underneath it was an equally long line of open sky, so that the trees seemed literally to be growing in the air. It was the deceitful mirage that had brought them thus prematurely into view, and many weary miles yet remained to be traversed before they were reached. But the sight inspired new hope and effort and we plodded on. Men now began to give out, and these were lifted upon the wagons. The older and stronger men of the party were first to succumb; "the boys" still held out. At length, late in the afternoon we drew near the river. As the head of the straggling column reached its banks there was a rush for the stream; many threw themselves headlong into the shallow waters, while all drank their fill. The poor fellows on the wagons were lifted tenderly down and taken to the water. Two or three of the number had fallen behind the wagons and were not yet in. Volunteers carrying water started back and found them prostrate a mile away, in a state of complete collapse. Water revived them, and by the aid of their stronger companions they struggled into camp. But not until long after night had fallen was the camp fire lighted and our supper eaten.

THE SACRAMENTO RIVER, ABOVE SACRAMENTO.

We cooked our breakfast and broke camp at daylight the next morning and started again on our weary tramp. Some of the party had to be carried on the wagons. But although there were hills to climb and a long march to make on this day's journey, yet there were shade-trees in abundance, and springs here and there along the route, making it comparatively a holiday trip. By noon we were fairly within the "min-

ARRIVAL OF THE "EDWARD EVERETT" AT SACRAMENTO.

ing region." Our route now lay along the line of what has since come to be known as "the mother lode" of California, and from which millions have since been extracted in the quartz-mining operations that have been and are still being prosecuted upon it. In all California, however, not a blow had yet been struck in quartz-mining, for the "placer diggings" were as yet virgin ground, and quartz operations were unthought of. Before leaving Boston, we had taken into our party a "professional" geologist, who passed with us over miles and miles of the "mother lode" without ever suspecting its existence, and was as helpless as the most inexperienced youngster of the party in the hunt for gold when "the diggings" were reached.

Our party reached the summit of the ridge that constitutes the northern descent to the Mokelumne River late in the afternoon. No teams had ever before gone down the trail to the river itself, the few gold-seekers who preceded us having carried their stores on "pack animals." A unique method of descent was adopted by us. The oxen were hitched to the rear of the wagons, headed up the hill; the tongues of the wagons were steered by two strong men; ropes were rigged out and manned on the upper side of the incline and also to assist in "lowering away" when all was ready. Thus with the cart literally before the oxen, and the rudder rigged out forward instead of astern, and with the strong cattle backing slowly down the hill, the descent was finally accomplished, and camp was made that night by the side of the brawling river.

The next morning the digging for gold commenced in earnest. The first day's journey in the burning heat of the Sacramento valley had prostrated several of the company, however, and the hospital at once became a necessary adjunct to the as yet chaotic camp. The search among our stores soon revealed the fact that the medicine-chest had been left behind. Ludicrous as the fact may seem, a box which was supposed to contain the medicines proved to be the outer covering of a carboy of acid which had been provided by our geologist to test the loads of gold which it was confidently expected we should soon accumulate. Something had to be done to rectify the blunder immediately, for several of the men were now in the hospital tent. The writer was detailed to return alone to Sacramento and hasten forward the medicines — a trip successfully accomplished with the aid of a stout little mustang.

My presence as secretary of the company having now become necessary at the ship, still lying at Benicia, I returned two days later to Sacramento, and descending the river by a small boat, reached the *Edward Everett* a day later. Work on the small steamboat had progressed rapidly. The keel had been laid on the 13th of July, and all hands were pushing forward the construction. On the 12th of August she was successfully launched, and swung along-

side the ship. Her boiler and machinery were lowered into her, and soon put in place, and on the 15th a trial trip was successfully made, although it cannot be said that the speed was satisfactory. She was loaded, and, commanded by our first officer, William V. Wells, with Alfred N. Proctor as engineer and S. P. Barker as assistant, she started on her first voyage up the river on the 17th of August, 1849. The writer, in company with others, was a passenger on board. We reached Sacramento on the early morning of the 19th. The steam whistle was sounded on approaching, and the whole camp was soon assembled upon the river bank to receive us and witness the unique sight of a steamboat on the Sacramento. Such a greeting has seldom been witnessed. The blasts of the whistle and the yelling of the multitude ushered in a day of jollification, in which whisky was the fuel that kept up steam on shore long after the fires had gone out under the boilers of the little *Pioneer*.

STEAM GOLD DREDGER ASCENDING THE SACRAMENTO, 1849.

As a coöperative body, the rest of the story of the *Edward Everett* company is soon told. Two weeks on the Mokelumne resulted in the unanimous decision that coöperative gold digging was impracticable, and a resolution to disband was adopted. Mr. J. L. Bates, one of the directors of the company, was authorized to return to Benicia, sell the ship, and close up the affairs of the company, while singly and in squads the men scattered, some to hunt for and dig gold on their individual account, others returning to Sacramento and San Francisco soon after, satisfied that they had mistaken their calling.

The ship was sold for $30,000; the little steamboat was purchased by Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. for $6000, and soon after was snagged on the Feather River, where it sank. A final dividend of $160 was paid to each member of the company, and the Boston and California Mining and Trading Joint Stock Company ceased to exist.

Out of this whole ship's company not more than thirty remained in California. So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, but fifteen are living there to-day. The others returned again to their Eastern homes, where their subsequent careers, with few exceptions, are unknown.

Some of the delusions of the time are curious. One ship's company, for example, came in the expectation of dredging gold from the bottom of the Sacramento River or its branches. They brought with them a large scow, to be propelled by a stern wheel operated by an engine in the usual manner. A house, or workshop, was built over the entire boat, within which was the dredging apparatus, and quarters for men who were to operate it, and where they were to divide the proceeds of their labor as the gold was dredged from the bottom of the river. The unique craft steamed up the river and made experiments, which so completely convinced her owners of the absurdity of the scheme that they quietly dismantled and disposed of her.

This was not more delusive, however, than the attempt to dig gold upon the coöperative principle. It was assumed that a hundred or more men could be called together indiscriminately from every vocation in life, many of whom had never performed a stroke of hard labor, and that all could work in harmony together, some performing more daily labor than others and producing more than others, and all standing on a basis of perfect equality in the division of the combined product. Such was the underlying principle upon which the organization of the *Edward Everett's* company was based. Its brief existence when the mining region was reached, and the system of coöperative labor was attempted to be carried

into effect, attests its absurdity. It served its purpose, perhaps, in bringing about a combination of capital and effort to secure an economical method of reaching California, but beyond that it was a detriment to every man who really desired to "try his luck," so to speak, at gold digging. For instead of leaving the whole field of the California gold region open to every one of the company, it concentrated into one chance the opportunities of all. It disgusted the large majority of the company with gold digging at the very outset, and sent them back to their ordinary vocations at home or in California. Not one of the company ever grew rich by gold digging. There was really but little to choose between the folly of attempting to dredge gold in 1849 from the mud of the Sacramento, and that of digging gold in the foothills of the Sierras by coöperative labor.

Through the years 1849 and 1850, the Cape Horn route from the Atlantic States to California maintained the supremacy over all others, but towards the close of 1850 the Panama route gained the ascendancy. From that time on the voyage "round the Horn" ceased to command any considerable share of travel, and was finally given over to the famous fleet of American clippers so renowned in their day as fast freight carriers to the Pacific coast. It is interesting to note the relative share of travel by sea which these routes commanded in these early days. The only record in existence from which information can be obtained is that which was kept by Mr. Edward S. King, harbor master of San Francisco during that period, the custom house records having been destroyed by the great fire of May 4, 1851. This valuable record is now the property of the Society of California Pioneers in San Francisco, and from it the following compilation is made:

PASSENGER ARRIVALS BY SEA IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

Via Cape Horn.	*Via Panama.*	*From Pacific Ports.*
15,597	6489	9217

From the 1st of July to the 31st of December the record shows the arrival of male and female passengers. From this it appears that the number of female passengers during that period was as follows:

From Atlantic and European Ports and via Panama		309
From Australia	102	
From Chili	72	
From Mexico	70	
From South Sea Islands	23	
From Peru	15	
From China	8	290
Total		599

In 1850 the arrivals were as follows:

Via Cape Horn.	*Via Panama.*	*From Pacific Ports.*
Males, 11,209	Males, 13,490	Males, 9823
Females, 561	Females, 319	Females, 1522

Total number of males	34,522
Total number of females	2402

Of the females the classification was as follows:

From American and European Ports and Panama		880
From Australia	895	
From Mexico	451	
From Chili	117	
From South Sea Islands	41	
From Peru	16	
From China	2	1522
Total		2402

No record exists from which the volume of overland travel to California during these years can be given. Its ratio can be best approximated perhaps by reference to the records of membership of the Society of California Pioneers. This organization is made up of those who arrived in California prior to January 1, 1850, and their male descendants. From this source the following compilation is made:

Members who arrived via Cape Horn	518
Members who arrived via Panama	213
Members who arrived overland	208
Members who arrived by other routes	77
Total	1016

It thus appears that more than half of these associated argonauts made the Cape Horn voyage. The list of "forty-niners" from which this tabulation is made embraces of course but a small portion of those who were eligible to membership had they not long since been gathered to their fathers, or been scattered to other parts of the world, or failed to avail themselves of their privilege.

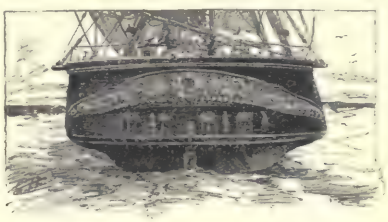
It is a remarkable circumstance that out of a fleet of 760 vessels from American ports that sailed around Cape Horn to San Francisco in 1849–50, not one was wrecked or sustained any serious disaster on the long and tempestuous voyage. Yet this great fleet was largely composed of old vessels that had long been regarded as unseaworthy, and in many instances had been condemned, but which had been patched up and pressed into service again to meet the exigencies of the occasion. Many and many a ship entered the Golden Gate with pumps which had been almost constantly manned to keep it afloat, and many and many instead of coming to anchor were run directly upon the mud flats of Mission Bay, where they ended their sea-going days by being transformed into storehouses, hotels, or boarding-houses, finally to be broken up by the "old

junk" men. The *Niantic*, a large, full-rigged ship, that had seen service in every sea, was floated up to what is now the very heart of San Francisco, and there converted into a hotel. Over the gaping wound in her stout oaken side, where a doorway was cut for a public entrance, was inscribed the hospitable legend, "Rest for the weary and storage for trunks." The ship *Apollo* was converted into a saloon and lodging-house, while on the opposite side of the way was the hulk of the brig *Euphemia*, which had been purchased by the *ayuntamiento*, or city council, for a prison, and was the first place for the confinement of criminals which the city of San Francisco owned. Many a ship was deserted by owners, officers, and crew for the more attractive "diggings."

The wonder becomes still greater that this vast fleet of vessels — many of them worn and unseaworthy — made the Cape Horn voyage successfully, when it is remembered that most of them made the passage in mid-winter of that stormy region. The average number of days occupied in making the voyage by those which were off the cape in the summer months of that locality was 153, as against an average of 203 days for those which were there in the winter months. In some instances vessels "sighting" Staten Land, or even the cape itself, would be blown off eastward by the never-ceasing southwest gales, and after six weeks' battling with the storm would again find the same "landfall" to the windward, and actual progress round the bleak headland not yet begun. It was not an unusual experience to lie close-hauled to the wind under a single storm staysail for week after week, the ship's rigging covered with icy sleet, her decks half the time covered with hail or buried in water, the sea breaking over her and washing everything away not securely bolted or lashed to her decks, the galley flooded with water so that little or no cooking could be done, and "old horse" and "hard tack" the only fare. Add to this the gloom of the long, dark winter nights, and the cheerlessness of the short winter days,— the sun breaking through the murky atmosphere low down in the north for an hour or two, perhaps, now and then,— hatches battened down, making life almost unendurable below decks, and discomfort and misery prevailing everywhere, the rolling and pitching of the ship rendering sleep next to impossible and actual rest unattainable, and this condition of things continuing in many instances for a period of two months before the work of "doubling the cape" was accomplished. The constant sense of danger that no man could fail to realize added misery to the situation yet more unpleasantly appreciable.

It is an interesting circumstance that every one of these vessels entered the harbor of San Francisco and found an anchorage without the aid of a pilot. It is none the less singular, perhaps, that not until after a pilot system was established was there a single wreck to record of vessels entering or attempting to enter the Golden Gate. Yet no more competent body of men than these pilots have ever pursued the calling in any part of the world.

Willard B. Farwell.



GRAY ROCKS AND GRAYER SEA.

GRAY rocks, and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart a name
My lips shall speak no more.

The high and lonely hills
Endure the darkening year—
And in my heart endure
A memory and a tear.

Across the tide a sail
That tosses and is gone—
And in my heart the kiss
That longing dreams upon.

Gray rocks, and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart the face
That I shall see no more.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE WHITE CROWN.

EUROPE is a garrison. Its frontiers are but a succession of fortresses, whose guards are bipedal dogs trained to fret at a strange face or to bite the uninvited guest. Its cities are scientific intrenchments, and its citizens are unwilling recruits.

Spring is not hailed by the powers with poetic enthusiasm, nor is it greeted by the commoners in rhapsodies. The Continental spring may prove not the glad awakener of life but the signal for the final atrocity of high civilization — wholesale murder legalized. For with the new crispness of the grass, the tender buds upon the trees, and the bridal songs of the cuckoo and the lark, come the intricate evolutions of battalions of men taken from the plow, and come the rumors of war. Suspicions, jealousies, hatreds that have hibernated for very cold now creep forth and warm themselves into malignant activity. Frost deprives vipers of their sting and armies of success. Europe breathes a sigh of relief when the winter sets in cold. It trembles at the farmer's prediction of an early spring. It stands guard when the last ice is melted, and apprehensively awaits the mailed gauntlet, ignorant from what quarter the emblem of defiance will be cast. Is the Czar about to execute the dream of his dynasty against Constantinople? Has France intrigued with the Duke of Luxembourg? Or has she bribed Belgium? Or both? What means this new uprising in Bulgaria against the Turkish yoke? Will Austria break her last treaty with Germany, her hereditary foe, and afford Russia a highway for the price of the land filched by Frederick the Great from Maria Theresa? Why has France a standing army of three millions? Does she herself perchance menace, and still cherish the hope of Alsace and Lorraine? Is the German Empire the nut or the cracker?

During the spring of which we write the politics of Europe took to itself an unusually bloody hue. There was a strange restlessness in diplomatic circles which did not fail to communicate itself to the lower classes. It was rumored that the Czar was about to mobilize four army corps upon his western frontier; and it was known that the pneumatic rifle, the secret of which the Russian government had purchased from an American, noiselessly projected its bullet at an initial velocity one-third greater than the smokeless rifles of Austria, Italy, Germany, and France. The commination of the Slavs, the nightmare of the Teutonic races, was almost a wakeful reality. An ambassadorial discourtesy, a drunken officer on the frontier, a mistaken despatch — these were sufficient to fulminate the catastrophe.

The famous remark of a German emperor, "I wish my subjects taught to be Germans, not hoary Romans; soldiers, not near-sighted dreamers," added a new fervor to patriotism. Enormous army-credits were voted by the Reichstag. The war-footing was increased five hundred thousand, and the women turned the clods in the valleys, and sowed the grain unaided by their men, as bravely and almost as sadly as if the battle were actually at hand.

The spring opened with manœuvers upon field and ocean. Tactless Germany flaunted her lancers and artillery in the eyes of France; and France, rejoicing like the morning in her strength, shrugged her shoulders at her beery foe and suddenly massed a million men at St. Dié, Lunéville, Nancy, Verdun, Rocroy, Maplaquet, and Lille. Well said Jean Jacques Rousseau, "that it is nobler to plant trees on a terrace than colors on a breach." Who can understand that in the Christian year of our story a nation could be proud of the science of sending men out of the world?

Alas for Europe! When the first shot is fired there will come a struggle such as the world has never imagined. The strain will be terrible and long. There will be no masking of movements and surprises under the friendly cover of smoke. A new genius of victory must be evolved. A new courage and stimulus and discipline must be born. The carnage of the battlefield will be presented in all its ghastliness from dawn till dark. To win, the dead must outnumber the living. "War is an inexorable, dangerously incalculable thing," wrote Carlyle. "Is it not a terrible question, at whose door lies the beginning of a war?"

It was the middle of March, and the wind blew as skittishly up the Charlottenburger Chaussée into the Thiergarten as it does up Fifth Avenue into Central Park. There was no snow; spring had promised early, but the ground was hard and dusty and uncompromising. Even a flurry of clean snow would have been easier to bear than these drifts of fetid powder that kissed a traveler with insulting

freedom, and then slapped him in the face and hurried on.

The traveler shook his head and shoulders bravely after each poisonous embrace, and walked the faster, for it was growing dark. A detachment of Pomeranian infantry had marched from Berlin to Potsdam that morning at five; a stranger had accompanied them to their barracks, and now he was returning to the capital. It was not quite time for the incandescent lights, and up the straight avenue from the railroad-crossing the Brandenburg Thor could be seen dimly whenever the warring hurricanes of dust permitted.

Our traveler had a high-born mien, and yet he had walked thirty miles that bitter day. He had not a military gait, and, as he must have been nearly forty years old, clearly he was not a German. He was tall and well-proportioned. From the rear view there was nothing that challenged attention about him except occasional quick upward motions of the head. These movements sometimes attracted the glances of stolid pedestrians whom he passed in his hurried walk, and awoke in their dull imaginations the idea of nervous resolve. But those who met the man face to face were startled. Many turned and stared at him. A few walked deliberately back and then turned again so as to see that face a second time. Certainly the stranger was not thinking of the weather; that would have distorted the symmetry of his countenance. Nor could he have been intent upon the noble park at his right, nor upon his journey's end before him, for this would have given to his look the expression of passing interest. His forehead was high above the eyes, and of the translucency of pallid onyx. His eyes were as deep as a coal-mine and as black; but from them there came a steady flow of light, heat, and emotion. When men saw his eyes for the first time it seemed to them as if they had lived unlighted and unwarmed until then. His mouth was fine and firm, and yet, in spite of its gravity, there played about its corners a humor that made children run after him to play; but they never touched him, they knew not why. His beard fell full to his breast, and his brown hair with virile waves clung to his shoulders. The delicacy of woman and the strength of man were revealed by the texture of his hair and the spring of his pace. As he walked, his look was inward rather than observant. He appeared entranced with a tremendous problem. People were bewildered and awed, even humbled, as they looked upon him; and then they looked again. The power that radiated from this stranger seemed to be the power of a body tingling with every function of life, whose mind was dominated by a unique idea, which the soul in turn ordered to a final expression. Yet he stooped like one who carried a crushing burden, and his cheeks and eyes paled and glowed as if his were a sleepless mission.

"A hundred thousand thunders! What have we here now?"

Five officers had come down the broad walk abreast, arm in arm. Women had been pushed aside by them in their ungentlemanly advance. Children had rushed to the street to escape brutality. Civilians had slunk into the gutter, not daring to withstand the haughty onslaught. The stranger lifted up his eyes and looked upon them.

"Gott in Himmel!" began another, blusteringly, but the execration died away. A third touched his sword, but his hand dropped from its hilt. The five boisterous guardsmen shriveled under the calm gaze of this dusty wayfarer, saluted in a shamefaced way, and filed respectfully past him without a murmur. The stranger seemed in no wise elated by the humility of these military lords; it could hardly be said that he noticed what he seemed to take as a matter of course. Was he a general in disguise? Not so, for there is an edict that no officer shall appear without his uniform in the street. Von Moltke wore a civilian's dress but once in his official career of seventy years, and then he burned it after he had exchanged courtesies with an American. Could this stranger have been a prince incognito? Would a prince walk to Potsdam and back when there is a railroad — and in March?

And now he set his face more resolutely towards the Brandenburg Gate, and began to look about him as if he expected to be met. He passed a private and a corporal talking aloud.

"Ach, Rudolph, thinkest thou that the Kaiser will have war this summer?"

"Ei, Fritz; perhaps. I for my part am content as it is. Thou knowest I have nearly served my time, and in June I go back to the good mother and my sweetheart, please God."

"But, thou foolish head, if it be God's will that we smite the French? Thunder and lightning! There is glory for the Kaiser —"

"A dead soldier thinketh little of the Kaiser's glory," interrupted Rudolph, soberly.

"Na-na, thou art a cabbage-head, and knowest nought of powder and glory —"

"I dare fight," protested the private, hotly; "thou knowest that, comrade. I go against the cursed Frenchman gladly, and that thou knowest also. Was not my father at Sedan, and Metz, and Paris? Now I understand this not. There are Hans, and Peter, and thy cousin Fried'l with the six infants. The frau of Hans is a sickly thing, and weepeth about his neck. When the two brothers of Peter were killed at Strasburg, — thou rememberest how the cap-

tain said they never had a chance to fire a shot, and they bled to death, and their mother died of heart sorrows,— tell me now, was that glory ?"

"Nay; I know not," answered Fritz, with an embarrassed stammer. "That is the Kaiser's business, not mine."

The stranger passed beyond the voices of the simple couple. The peasant class of Germany furnish loyalty and to spare. But to what? A travesty, a principle, or a power?

The words he had overheard recalled him to his first thoughts. He walked abstractedly. His head drooped towards his breast. Clouds of dust enveloped him and nagged him. He seemed to be struggling in an agony, but whether of the body or of the spirit, whether he were fighting the wind or wrestling in prayer, who should say? When he reached the Avenue of Victory he instinctively stopped. Equipages swung around the corner with Russian swiftness. Many were open, and the electric lights were reflected from epaulets and helmets. What a surge at this hour! It was the rush of an army, for every three men out of four were clothed in uniform. The sight was brilliant; the cost must have been terrible. But who thought of that, except when an increased war-budget was ostentatiously fought in the Reichstag, or a scheme for increasing the taxes was opposed by a few tremulous representatives of a desperate people?

The stranger looked up at the monument of Victory before him, towering in the Koenig's Platz to the height of two hundred feet. The huge eagles at the summit were now imperious in the white electric glare, and now extinguished by the shadow of the storm.

"Victory!" he mused, half aloud; the carriages muffled his voice. "Two hundred feet of victory purchased with how many feet of graves!"

The crowd hustled him, and, as he turned, they divided, and he walked on. Almost under the Brandenburg Gate he stopped again. This Athenian structure is surmounted by a quadriga of victory.

"Victory again! Four-yoked victory!" he mused. "Truly a fit name for victory. Glory, oppression, execration, death, are the yokes of thy victory, O King!"

As he spoke, outriders and a carriage plunged through the central passage of the Doric gate. Confused cries of "Hoch!" greeted the Emperor. Hats were deferentially raised. Only the stranger remained covered. A guard sprang forward, but the stranger waved him off, and the uniform fell back. The young ruler bent far out to the exceptional sight. Being a military man, he had a veneer of popularity with his people, and was unused to discourtesy. The two men regarded each other. It seemed as if for the passing second each engraved the other upon the retina of his soul. A fierce strangulation of rage burst hotly, like a sudden perspiration, upon the Emperor. He tried to brush it off with an unconcerned laugh. He felt disconcerted for the first time in his life, and was ashamed to mention the matter to his aide-de-camp. But the stranger stood with eyes full of overwhelming sorrow. Someone respectfully touched him upon his arm.

"You are prompt and faithful. I am glad that my comrade is at hand," the stranger said without turning.

"I am here as you ordered. The despatches are in my hands, and the loyal await your commands."

"We enter the Austrian Embassy," replied the stranger, quietly. "A private room awaits us there."

"The Austrian Embassy!" exclaimed the other.

"And why not?"

"But I thought—"

"Think no more," returned the stranger, smiling. "Think not, but obey and trust."

The two entered the Embassy silently. A bowing attaché escorted them to an antechamber, and, after a whisper from the stranger, obsequiously closed the door and mounted guard without.

"In an hour I am gone," began he who was plainly the master. "You have despatches from Stralsund, Dantzic, Königsberg, Bromberg, Breslau, Dresden, and Stuttgart."

"I have, indeed, Sire. Here they are."

The stranger read the papers carefully, while his companion, with an expression in which astonishment, respect, and love struggled for the mastery, regarded him attentively.

"And Spandau?" inquired the stranger without looking up.

"The commandant will be present at the meeting to-night."

"That is well done. How many, think you, wear the white crown in Berlin to-night?"

"The reports give a few over thirteen thousand."

"Add ten thousand more. And the Emperor?"

"Baron Van der Weh is to-day in favor. His report conveys the hope that the Emperor will appoint a new General of Division. Von Eisenach is spoken of."

"He too is ours. Three months more,—if hearts are true,—Europe is saved. My time is due. Send the messengers I spoke of to Potsdam to-morrow. They shall stay until every man is won. They will find the Pomeranians come. Give orders—" Then followed with precision and with the peculiar authoritativeness of a

hopeful and practical dreamer minute commands, given in a low voice.

"His excellency the ambassador desires audience, Sire," interrupted the attaché, with deferential salute.

While the stranger sat alone awaiting this visitor, his glance fell upon his own dusty boots, and he smiled at their contrast with the gorgeous rug beneath them. As he lifted his face, and even while he heard a commanding step along the corridor, something of irresistible triumph flashed forth from foot to face. Yet there was nothing of haughtiness in it, nor of self-satisfaction. In a twinkling the blaze of conscious power was over, and as he slightly bent his head he murmured to himself these words:

"*Yea, Jesus, thou art first.*"

THE spacious apartments of General la Guerre, Chief of Division, were situated in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. The General was still young,—that is, not old,—and Paris had not yet learned to be fickle to her distinguished soldier. He had been recalled from Algiers, promoted to the head of his division, with headquarters in Besançon, and was now on an indefinite furlough in Paris in order that he might perfect his destructive inventions at the expense of the state. General la Guerre held a brilliant court. Some salons whispered his name for Minister of War; a few inner circles enthusiastically recommended him as a major-general of France, while "Le Temps" hinted vaguely that he might become the creator of a new political party.

General la Guerre sat impatiently awaiting a visitor; and as the general had lost money at piquet the night before, he was already prejudiced against the man before he was announced. The General's greeting, however, was courteous, as became a Frenchman.

"I have called because the time has come that I should do so," began his visitor. He spoke so gently, and withal so authoritatively, that the General's attention was arrested at once. At the first glance the officer's soul started within him before the face he saw. He could not describe it afterward, but his impression was one of a man of such purity and faith that he had strength to move the world.

"You are not a soldier, sir," said the General, confusedly, not knowing what he said.

"No; but I command my hundreds of thousands of soldiers."

In spite of this preposterous statement, worthy of the maddest brain that trembled, the General found himself compelled to believe that the speaker said the truth.

The stranger began to explain himself, and he poured forth his purposes as the clouds pour forth the rain. For three mortal hours the two men sat in solemn conclave. At first the General tried to look wearied. He lighted a cigarette, and toyed with it. Then he cast it aside, and welded his eyes upon the stranger's face.

"Sacred name of God!" he exclaimed, "can this be possible?" As the stranger sketched his awful mission the General's excitement increased. "Name of a dog!" he ejaculated. "*Sacré bleu!*" he muttered. At last he could contain himself no longer. "*Mille tonnerres!* Monsieur, for God's sake, who are you?"

The stranger shook his head, and continued. Then came timid questions and convincing replies. The General paced the room feverishly. There was one more question left. With a supreme effort the soldier shot it out.

"But, sir, is this not called, in vulgar language, treason?"

"What is the debt of France?" asked the stranger unmoved.

"Thirty milliards of francs."

"Who pays its enormous interest?"

"The people of France."

"What is the present peace-footing of the army?"

"Fifteen hundred thousand men."

"What do they do?"

"Drill."

"Why?"

"To be able to fight."

"Why?"

"For France."

"Why?"

The General shook his head.

"Who pays for this?"

"The people."

"Do you ever hear them murmur, General? Are tears treason? Is misery rebellion? Can you impeach widowhood and desolation?"

"The consequences of the military idea are matters of course," protested the General.

"Possibly. You may have never thought of another consequence. How many citizens, think you, are mine in France to-day?"

"Dieu! How know I?"

"Open the window, General, and look out. What do you see?"

"A company of Zouaves marching this way."

"You are their superior officer. Order them to halt, and call two men up. Choose the men yourself."

General la Guerre accepted the challenge without remark. At his brusque command two privates quickly saluted at the doorway, and awkwardly shuffled in. Wonderingly the company stood attention below, while its captain fumed at the interference.

The stranger approached the two uncomfortable men, spoke to them a word, and unbuttoned their coats. Upon the shirt of each a

silver badge shaped like a crown was thus made visible.

"I am *he*," slowly said the stranger to the two soldiers. At that word tremors of joy seized these men. They would have fallen upon their knees, but he constrained them.

"I have dreamed of this, but believed it not," stammered one.

"I am content. When shall the word be spoken?" asked the other.

"In God's time," replied the stranger, serenely. With a reverential salute the soldiers softly filed out.

The stranger turned with enraptured face upon his bewildered host.

"These are but two of a million taken at your random choice. France is mine. Germany is mine—"

"What? Germany? Mon Dieu! Who are you? Speak!" The Frenchman clasped his hands as only a Frenchman can.

"Austria is mine," continued the terrible stranger, heedless of the interruption. "Italy is mine. Denmark and Sweden are mine. Spain totters to my arms. Russia heeds my beckonings. England has resigned to me. Behold, I hold Europe in my hand; and when I open it, let her kings tremble."

"Take me!" cried the man of war. "Take me for your comrade! I am yours. Believe me,"—his voice faltered in his great emotion,—"I swear it on my sword."

"Not on the sword, but on this," said the stranger, smiling. He drew from his bosom a plain emblem like the one the soldiers showed, and put it softly in the General's hand. In comparison with his claim for authority, the badge seemed singularly simple and cheap. It was of silver, unchased, unjeweled. The thin plate was cut in the fashion of a crown, and the whole was polished to a curious whiteness. The trinket fascinated the eye. Was this simple emblem bewitched or blessed?

"It is only a soldier's order," said the stranger, slowly, "but its possession confers the rarest opportunity and calls forth the largest loyalty of your life. Wear it, General la Guerre, not in my name, but in the name of your people, and in a greater name than that of France. 'For Christ's sake' is the watchword of him who wears the silver crown."

St. Petersburg slept. The brilliant moon guarded its streets. Now and again a fitful patrol took a step forward at the sound of approaching feet, looked at the pedestrian insolently, and slunk back into his dark corner as the suspect passed. At irregular intervals the thundering of an equipage at full gallop awoke somnolent echoes that chased each other from side to side and died away in a duet of angry snarls. The guard always smiled indulgently at such rumbles, for these were but nobles returning home, poor of purse, intoxicated with champagne, and by the Tsigani's voluptuous music and dance.

It was one o'clock, and the bell of Cazan rang out "God save the Czar!" St. Petersburg turned uneasily on its pillow, muttered an invocation to the Virgin, and slept the weary sleep of one above a mine and a countermine.

Only the Czar of all the Russias did not rest. He paced his cabinet like a conquered leopard. His face was haggard from aged anxiety. He glanced at a paper and sighed deeply. At last, with despairing resoluteness, he tapped a bell and handed a written order to his aide. Then he suspiciously watched the door close. He stepped softly to it, and listened attentively; then he pulled a curtain tremulously aside, and hastened through a secret passage to an unused bedchamber, there to pass another unassassinated night.

From the stuccoed palace of Prince Azov no light flashed except the electric glitter of the Nevskoi Prospect and the glimmer of the moon, both of which fought brilliant combats on the hundred-plated panes, and were beaten back in a thousand zigzag, dismembered rays.

Suddenly there was a violent ringing at the porter's bell. Twenty black figures pushed by the stolid servant and forced their way into the sumptuous apartments of the Prince. Escritoires were wrenched open. Papers were hurriedly examined and stowed away by practised hands. Like locusts they ravaged until they came to the inner chambers.

"In the name of the Czar," was their ominous excuse.

Bedrooms were ruthlessly invaded. Ladies shrieked. A shot was fired. The Prince, pale, but with forced dignity, cried out to the leader of the horde:

"Halt! Whom seek ye?"

"Yourself, Prince, and your guest."

A door opened, and a tall man of dignified mien appeared. He was fully dressed, as if he were prepared. His cape was on his shoulder. His hat was in his hand. He spoke to the leader:

"I am ready; take me. Am I not enough?" At the sound of his deep voice the soldiers fell back a step, but the leader advanced.

"My commands are to escort his royal Highness also."

"Then do your duty, in God's name, and be quick," spoke up the Prince in a clear, proud voice.

Such expeditions are too common to be managed bunglingly. The Prince and his guest were quickly and deftly, though respectfully,

hurried into a black carriage, the patrol on the street carelessly muttered, "Another!" and before the bells tolled two the prison-fortress had shut her relentless gates upon two more victims of the Czar's tyranny.

"It gives me great pain, your Highness," said the commandant to his titled prisoner after the usual formalities of registration were completed, "it affords me much distress, to see you here; but I am empowered to make your visit as comfortable as I can, and to assure you on the honor of the highest authority that you will not be detained from your home above three days. No crime is laid at your door. The detention is bureaucratic, not penal. Have you any request to make?"

The Prince shook his head skeptically, and was respectfully conducted to an apartment princely in comparison with uncounted oubliettes forty feet below it, dens too hideous to describe, too dark to see at midday, whose slimy walls are ever bathed by the icy ripples of the Neva. When the Prince had gone, the commandant turned to the stranger before him. He seemed to regard the prisoner coldly and accusingly. The prisoner returned the look with a dignity unalloyed by bravado; then he let his glance travel from face to face, not omitting the secretary sitting before him. The eyes of the prisoner dilated curiously after he had finished his inspection, while his countenance lost nothing of its powerful expression of serenity.

"Your name?"

"I am called, but nameless," replied the prisoner, quietly.

"You trifle, sir," said the commandant, severely enough. "It is too late for pleasantries; conduct the man to N. The examination will be continued to-morrow."

The commandant looked the other way, while the prisoner was led to a subterranean cell the oozing stones and malignant fetors of which had decayed the body and broken the will of more than a score of Russia's martyred patriots.

A half-hour later one of the most extraordinary scenes ever witnessed by this prison, historic with surprises, was enacted in the cell from the iron door of which exuded the letter N.

Within its oval walls knelt the commandant of the fortress, pleading with the prisoner of his apparent scorn. He clasped the stranger's hands and kissed them with the veneration which Russians feel towards religious emblems. The stranger bent above him, and with the tenderness to which the Russian tongue lends itself called him dear one and loyal brother.

"Now will I conduct you safely out," cried the commandant, his voice broken with emotion. He felt that fervor for self-immolation which forms the essence of the Slavic patriot. He knew that execution or lifelong banishment would follow — a speedy penalty for this act of treason. The rough keeper of this horrible fortress was in an ecstasy of self-sacrifice.

"You are needed, Sire," he added simply. "I have no family, and can easily sink beneath the current. No one will be the sadder." The stranger shook his head tenderly.

"But, Sire, the cause calleth you. I hear its cry. Hasten, or it is too late!" Beads of anguish stood out upon the commandant's face. He had reached that stage of self-annihilation in which he was afraid that his sacrifice would be denied him. "For Christ's sake!" he added solemnly. He reverently took from his bosom a silver periapt cut in the image of a crown, and pressed it to his lips. That was his final, unanswerable argument.

The prisoner's eyes quivered with tears. In the dull light of the lantern it could be seen that his lips pressed themselves together passionately in the act of great self-control, and that in spite of himself he wept. Such precious loyalty might well move a strong man, and leave him unashamed of the rare tear. Then the stranger bent over his friend and kissed him as if the touch were a rite of benediction.

"For Christ's sake I will not. I have come to save life, not to spill it. Never shall death enter the world through me. I should be accursed if it happened thus. Arise, my friend; get thee quickly to thy room. Station two guards before thy door that it be publicly known that thou art there, and there do thou stay until the reveille calls the morrow. Nay; speak not, nor grieve for me. Thou hast done thy duty, and art absolved. God will suffer no harm to me until my work is done. That is my faith. Do thou also hold it. Now, go! I command thee, for Christ's sake, go!"

The commandant obeyed with dull homage. Mechanically he closed the iron door, sorrowfully he locked it, slowly and obediently he went to his own room.

At sunrise the next morning there was a running to and fro within the prison courts, and the hubbub of a terrible excitement. A turnkey had discovered the stranger's cell to be empty. In fact, the man had mysteriously disappeared. There were rumors afloat that with the strength of a hundred giants, such as composed the guard of Frederick William, he had burst the bars asunder, and had forced an exit to the world. But upon examination the bolts were found intact, the walls untouched. There was another subtler report that there had been a mighty treason among the minor guards of the prison, that they had arisen and had themselves escorted the powerful stranger without the walls and the moat. But the commandant was unimpeachable. The guards were

ignorant and dumb. Only an unintercepted glance now and then was furtively exchanged between a few soldiers whose reputation for hebetude from that hour began to wax. At any rate, the prisoner had vanished, and many high officials came in time to believe that their victim had not been apprehended by them at all.

THE Emperor of Germany awoke on the morning of the first of June with the impression that he had been drinking ink. Indigestion had violently assaulted him, and his head felt as if it were an eight-inch mortar charged with melinite to the muzzle, and ready to burst at an incautious touch. The august sufferer groaned. For once he had allowed himself to depart from his habitual abstemiousness, and at the British Legation the night before he had eaten some truffles prepared by an accursed French cook, and had imbibed too much French champagne, to the detriment of his principles and his stomach. Now it was already seven o'clock, his usual rising hour, and he could hardly move. Eminent maledictions were stifled with heroic restraint before they rose to his tongue, for, in spite of his sufferings, he remembered that he was the father of his children as well as the father of his fatherland.

At last, with a tremendous effort of will he arose, staggered into his uniform, and felt his way to his first breakfast. Confident that if he could only get on horseback and gallop sharply before his soldiers on the parade-ground he would feel better, he was just about to give the order for his mount when his chamberlain approached him.

"Your Majesty, Monsieur the French ambassador desires audience on important business."

Now the important business that made demands at so unreasonable an hour happened to be due to a little fracas on the French frontier. Two ignorant French peasants had been arrested because they chanced to be gathering wood three furlongs beyond the soil of France. They had been summarily seized by a squad of German soldiers, and, naturally indignant at such rough measures, one of them had protested tooth and nail. He had been calmly shot, and buried where he lay. The other was hurried into the nearest German fortress on the preposterous charge of being a French spy, and now the government at Paris was trying to "diplomat" him out. Feeling ran high on both sides of Lorraine, and the Emperor had been considerably annoyed. But to have this low-born republican ambassador demand to see him at this hour was more than he could bear.

"Pots thousand! Thunderweather! Tell him to come again when I am at leisure."

"But—" urged the oily chamberlain.

"By the beard of Barbarossa!" exploded the man of melinite.

There was no need to say more. The official vanished with his uncomfortable message.

The Emperor was somewhat appeased, and was about to descend to the courtyard to mount, when General Von Eisenach and Baron Van der Weh, the new Minister of War, were announced, and, with the liberty of intimacy, rushed resonantly in and saluted their imperial master.

The Emperor's head was still in a state of whizzing turmoil. His eyes saw nothing but blackness before them. His dyspepsia was so severe that he hardly knew what he said, and was aware of only one thing thoroughly, namely, that he was extremely irritable, and that it was impossible for him to be anything else.

"Well, what now?" asked the Emperor, sternly.

"Your Majesty," answered the Minister of War, breathlessly, "I have just spoken with the French ambassador. He asserts that France will brook no delay. The man must be surrendered, and an indemnity must be paid, *instanter*."

The Emperor clutched the hilt of his sword in the heat of his passion. He did not know that it was truffles and champagne. He forgot that there was a German outrage which his better sense would gladly redress. He was only conscious that France had made an insulting demand.

"Himmel! Cross! Thunderweather! The Frenchman shall rot in Metz first!" burst forth the ruler. "What sayest thou, Eisenach?"

The young General looked at the young Emperor, and then at the young Minister of War. He hesitated to speak. His answer might lose him his division, or Germany an opportunity of honest amends. But his blood was up, too. His immaturity decided him.

"*Ja, wohl!* Your Majesty is right. Let the French bay. We growl not, but we bite."

The Emperor smiled for the first time on that memorable morning.

"And thou, Van der Weh?" He turned upon his Minister of War.

"France shall not dictate to the fatherland," answered Van der Weh, sententiously.

The Kaiser's face burned with excitement. His blood pumped itself to and fro as if in a fire-engine. He imagined himself fanned by the righteous bellows of patriotism.

"Ye are my friends indeed,"—he took the hands of the two men in his,—"and the protectors of the German honor. If needs be, we will fight. Eh, my friends, will we not?"

Never had there been such a declaration by

the hot ruler before. His enormous armies were held ostensibly in the interest of peace. He had forgotten that the continued sight of battalions of men drilled to the guns was as much the temptation to use them as the sight of cognac is the incentive to drink. It is easier to create an opportunity of trying an army than the army itself.

The three looked at one another, almost frightened by the words just spoken. Their terrible import stole over these men. Then it began to intoxicate them. They stood inspecting one another silently, but with eloquent eyes.

"See that my will be made known to the ambassador," said the Emperor hurriedly to his Minister of War. Then he removed his hands, and with a dramatic motion drew forth his sword. "But should France insist, she shall not outventure us this time in a declaration. By the gods of our fathers, I believe my hour has come. Now will I place my brother upon the throne of Spain. Now shall I have my Gravelotte and my Sedan, my Strasburg and my Paris!"

Inspired by this enthusiasm the two subjects had also unconsciously taken attitudes worthy of a historic painter.

The Emperor paced the chamber restlessly, while Van der Weh hastened to transmit his commands. Von Eisenach stood attention, and eyed his master anxiously. For fully two hours the one paced, and the other watched, without speaking. They were not interrupted. Lackeys are quick. The rumor had spread abroad that the Emperor was "sad," and not even his children ventured to pay their morning respects of ceremony.

"Mein Gott! It is done," panted the Minister as he plunged into the apartment.

The Emperor now began to understand too well the meaning of those words. He turned white, and collected his disordered mind with great effort.

"It is God's will," he said, reverentially.

"Perhaps," doubted the General to himself. But aloud he said: "*Vorwärts!* It is war. Let us begin."

"But the Reichstag?" queried the Minister of War, trembling.

"I am the Reichstag and the people!" stormed the Emperor with a stamp of his spurred heel.

The decision had now become history. Dyspepsia had done its unparalleled work. Within two hours France had recalled her representative, and had begun to mobilize her enormous army; England to prepare her fleet; Russia to threaten with five hundred thousand Cossacks; Austria to mass her troops against—whom? Belgium and Luxemburg to totter; while Germany, ox-headed Germany, undismayed and stolid, challenged her hereditary foe.

Three days had not passed, and the million-headed dog of war was straining at its leash.

It was night, and not a shot had been fired. The two armies rested before the carnage that could not be delayed beyond the morrow. The valley lay darkly between the two camps. From the opposing hills a thousand fires shot gleams of hatred at one another. It was a starless night, and no reflection lighted the sluggish river that divided the valley and the armies.

Well-trained dogs with muffled mouths and velvet feet guarded the German outposts. The Wandering Jew could not have passed scent and sentry without imperative challenge. The countersign of the German line on that eventful night was given out at sunset gun by Von Eisenach and was received with peculiar agitation by the rank and file. "For Christ's sake" was repeated at many a summons of "Who goes there?" and it was noticeable that the words were never uttered carelessly, but invariably with a dreamy veneration for sacred things which is apt to surprise us a little in the Teutonic heart.

It was barely nine o'clock, and the vast camp was still alive with a quiet bustle. Regiments were pouring in, and were adjusting themselves with that calm exactitude peculiar to the discipline of the German army. Here sat a group about a tent, polishing their accoutrements to while away the time, and listening to one of their number singing Körner's "Sword Song" or Uhland's pathetic "Passage." Yonder one almost stumbled over a dozen fellows, looking in the dark like will-o'-the-wisps glowing from their pipes, and telling in tender tones stories of their homes. None of the anxiety or forced gaiety usual on the evening before the first battle was apparent. Raw recruits were as serene as scarred veterans. One listened in vain for words of hatred or curses against the French. It might have been the prestige of previous victory that tempered the soldier's resentment, or it might have been the solemnity of the last night on earth that made bitterness seem irrational to the Lutheran nature. Whatever the cause, the motive of the war was strangely ignored in the conversation of the army. When heaven imperatively beckons from the mouth of a gun, what philosopher curses the misguided hand that pulls the trigger? But all men are not philosophers.

From a plain tent on the highest eminence electric lights burned. Within could be heard voices estimating distances, while in a lull an important, half-burned cigar would point out an eligible route across the map. Only the imperial standard, drooping disconsolately above

the tent, revealed that it was the Emperor's, and the numerous aides-de-camp stationed in attendance testified that the last and the most important meeting of the Emperor's generals was convening.

"Here will we pin them; here will we annihilate them; over this road will we march upon Paris," said the Emperor, proudly, marking the map with a pencil. He thought of Napoleon, and believed that the Corsican's genius of victory had leaped the Rhine and found a tenure in his own fate. His generals bowed their heads. They did not differ with him.

The camp was not yet asleep. Here and there, from artillery to cavalry, from sappers to infantry, from tent to tent, from group to group, from man to man, might have been seen the dim outline of a flitting form which seemed bent upon some errand not in consonance with the situation. The effect that this person had upon the army was extraordinary. He seemed to intoxicate, not with the schnapps of brute power, but with the cordial of a mysterious inspiration. With a heart-moving longing to see him pass, men lay awake listening for his step. What genius is this to fascinate an army? When the man strode into the light some looked at him devoutly, others greeted him with quiet respect; all evidently held him in an awe which had a touch of the superstitious. And when he vanished into the blackness the men slipped silently into their blankets and dreamed prophetic dreams.

He was accompanied by no attendant, and, though by his dress a civilian, and oddly out of harmony with the uniformed camp, he seemed to grasp every detail with a military omniscience. Had a spy followed his quick course through the camp, he would have observed that the stranger made little or no distinction between commissioned officers and the rank and file, treating every one with a republican affability. Could he have been a socialist, perhaps of kingly rank, who flattered the mob, and cajoled its chiefs to gain his unknown end? But no common plotter or iconoclast of thrones commands the reverence of his tools. Clearly this stranger had another mission than to destroy. That he too knew the watchword was evident, and when he gave it, the sacred speech took to itself a meaning the significance of which more than one sentry may have divined.

A corporal saw him leave the tent of the Minister of War, and wondered not. A quartermaster beheld him enter the general's headquarters, and muttered, "It is well."

As the stranger made the rapid round of the huge camp he left behind him on those he passed the spiritual impression of an oratorio. There came into dull faces the look of men who halt on a glad march to a festival. Are we to kill one another to-morrow? Impossible! Incredible! Forgotten!

On the outskirts of the camp the stranger walked up to half a dozen officers who were discussing in whispers the issues of the next day. They smiled with grave pleasure when they saw him approach, and hastened to meet him. They did not speak at first. Evidently these were the stranger's most intimate confidants. A wonderful smile touched his face as he leaned towards them.

"For the last time," he said gently, "we stand face to face. Your eyes ask the secret of my birth. Be content to know that power comes no longer of birth, or name, or riches, but of a holy aim. If I have opened to your eyes God's economy of nations, it is enough. Our work is almost done. Finish it, in the name of Him whose sacred pledge you wear upon the battlefield to-morrow. I give you my last command. Yield to no other allegiance than to mine for the short space of fifteen hours, and you have saved Europe — perhaps the world. Obey! Obey, for Christ's sake! Nay; question me not, for I go from you. The hour has come."

As he spoke he melted from them. Neither the sentinels nor their dogs restrained him. He passed them by as if he were a cloud. At the brink of the river a boat was in waiting to convey him to the other side.

Who was this mysterious man who could penetrate palaces, awe generals, escape dungeons, and wield imperial power over an army of millions? Was he a spy, that he should pass to the French side at dead of night, give the countersign, be received with respect similar to that which he had just experienced, and proceed from outpost to sentry, from sentinel to earthworks, on to the camp, and thence to the tent of General la Guerre, the chief of all the French forces, second in command only to the President of the Republic? With what wild scheme had this adventurer entrapped the imagination of a continent? By what power had he controlled the undercurrent? Who was this religious fanatic? Whence his birth, his resources, his inspiration? Was he a man of gigantic fraud or of dedicated fate? Was he a madman, a genius, or a fool?

It so happened that a sentry, piqued with curiosity, crawled upon his stomach and lifted the flap of the general's tent. What secret of state has he overtaken? For what can he sell these whispers? By the light of a brilliant burner he sees a strange sight. The generals of the French army? Upon their knees? *Praying?* And in the midst of them the solemn stranger lifting up his hands and voice to heaven.

"And do thou, Heavenly Father, bless the work of these hands. Suffer it not to fail at the

last hour. With the strength and the faith that thou hast given me, do thou anoint these. May the sublime victory of the crown be guided and blessed by thee. For Christ's sake." As the singular group rose from their knees he who had prayed uttered a last command.

"Let every possessor of the crown wear it openly upon his breast to-morrow, from the highest to the lowest man."

The eavesdropper, telling his beads and repeating many an Ave, had slipped to his post, and now presented arms. But the stranger, passing out into the dense night, observed him not. He walked on rapidly.

Ah! What is there? A sentry asleep! A light touch pins upon the left breast of the criminal a silver crown, and a gentle whisper wakens him. As the dreamer rubs his eyes, and stirs, he sees a stately figure flitting by. Beyond the last rampart, the last breastwork, the last patrol, the last electric sentry, it passes with the air of a god whose work is well done.

At four o'clock the vast camp of the Germans was astir. At five o'clock six hundred thousand men breakfasted. At six o'clock the valley was still covered with a white mere of mist. At seven o'clock the artillery were ordered to train their mortars and pneumatic guns upon the French intrenchments eight miles or more away. At eight the subterrestrial torpedoes were in position, making an assault upon the German line an impossibility. The companies were drawn up in battalions, the battalions in divisions. Every private was armed with a bayoneted rifle that could fire a ball a second, which, when skilfully aimed, could pierce through five feet of flesh three miles away.

By this time the lake of mist scudded before the sun, and exposed what was about to become a tarn of fire.

The Emperor, impatient of glory, had no thought of resting upon the defensive, but, in order to force the fight himself, had ordered the guns to vomit their attack sharply at nine o'clock. He himself would give the word of command.

The Emperor had been born emotional; that is to say, his enthusiasm was of the fitful, nervous kind. He was forever groping, but after best things. He had successively attitudinized as a monarchist, a socialist, a reformer of scholarship, a patron of arts and of Jews. He had subsidized a merchant navy as insistently as he had treated for universal disarmament. To preserve international equilibrium, he controlled a million of the best-drilled troops in Europe. But in spite of his public protestations the secret ambition of his heart was about to be accomplished. To play the god of war is more heroically dramatic than to act the peasant of peace. So here he is—Frederick the Great and William I. *redivivus!*

Now the Emperor, in the enthusiasm of his maiden campaign, forgetting that modern victories are to be won from calculation in the tent rather than from *furore* on the battlefield, determined, as *generalissimo* of his army, to give the first deadly order in person. The potentate who lectured an eminent theologian on biblical interpretation found this natural. So, surrounded by his staff, he pranced from division to division, encouraging his men as a father should—only, in this case, it was the father right royally giving up his children to be crushed by a death he did not share. From earthworks and batteries to outposts he had been received with respectful cheers. Still there was not enough manifestation to satisfy his vanity. He frowned.

"You cannot expect to receive the same enthusiasm, your Majesty," explained his Minister of War, with an apologetic cough, "in the uncertain period before victory that you will after. Many of these louts are imagining that they have shouted their last 'Hoch,' and are a bit downcast."

"Thunder and lightning! It is a great honor to die for the fatherland and for me," answered the Emperor, hotly.

"No doubt they see it, your Majesty, but they have not yet learned to express it at the pinch," answered his Minister, with dry deference.

As the army stood attention, ready for the duty and the glory of the day, flecks of white could be seen glittering in the sunlight like interrupted lightning, flashing from breast to breast. This was not the sheen of buttons or the glare of arms but the glitter of a new device. It danced along the immovable lines of cavalry; it lighted up long files of infantry; it started from officer to officer, and wound its brilliant coil from private to private until it enveloped the whole army. This strange white spangle could be seen to the best advantage when one looked diagonally along a file of men.

The rigid eye of the Emperor was quick to notice the new display, which the generals ostentatiously ignored.

"It seems to me my men wear a new decoration. It must be a very common order. Who dared confer it, Von Eisenach?"

"It is impossible for me to tell you, Sire," replied Von Eisenach, slowly. Stepping up to a petty officer, the Emperor sharply asked him:

"What does this thing mean, corporal?" touching the source of offense contemptuously with his sword. Without hesitation the man courteously answered:

"It is a charm given to me by my sweetheart, your Majesty, to protect life." He saluted, and stood blank attention.

"And you — where did *you* get the thing from?" proceeded the ruler, looking darkly at the nearest private.

"My sweetheart, Sire."

"And *you?*" thrusting at the next.

"My sweetheart, also, your Majesty," answered the private, stolidly.

Not a face changed expression. The Emperor was nonplussed. He glanced beyond; everywhere the same decoration. There were a thousand of them in view.

But there was no time to lose in discussion: a parson's charm, no doubt; a crotchet, and not an infringement; a superstition, and not a treason.

"Jesu!" ejaculated the Emperor, with a smile, "has the whole regiment the same sweetheart?"

He laughed at the thought, and rode away. Then a sudden cold sweat swept his skin, he knew not why. His trained gaze had gone dull for the moment, and had not shown him that the silver crown nestled beneath a blazing order upon the breasts of Von Eisenach and Van der Weh. Why fret about a freak? The hour of his apotheosis was at hand. He stood beside the gunners. The eyes of the staff, officers, and men regarded him furtively. There swept from picket to exploiting cavalry, from the hospital tents to the guns, from epaulet to knapsack, a thrill as if an epoch was at hand. It was afterward remembered that at this fateful moment the doctors of the ambulance corps, who should have been whetting their "merciful, merciless" knives, had thrown aside their pipes, their novels, and their cards, and stood trembling, watches in hand. It was said that the nurses of the Red Cross, who should have been preparing cots and lints, had cast upon the floor their knitting or embroidery, and had, many of them, fallen on their knees in prayer. The Emperor himself felt this hidden agitation. Before him artillerymen stood as they were taught, expressionless. But an awful tension in every face told that their souls were freighted with the resolve of a great deed. Only the Emperor and the guns smiled; these guns of nickel and of steel, capable of silently dropping five hundred pounds of the most disastrous compound known to science ten, twelve, fifteen miles away, crouched like panthers, with grins of delight. Suppose each gun before it cracks slaughters only a hundred men who average three decades of existence each — the monster has imprisoned in his remorseless belly three thousand years of life.

The gunners stood with fingers upon the electric buttons ready for the word of command. The delicate pressure of a hundred forefingers might blot out how many centuries of precious thought? Yet the faces that should have been lighted with this magnificent opportunity were sternly set in an inflexible mold. The Emperor shuddered involuntarily as he had only shuddered once before in his life. That was at the Brandenburg Gate, not long ago. A vague feeling of terror smote him and embarrassed him. He almost wished that he had prevented this hour. But with a violent wrench he cast off this sentimental emotion. He looked at his watch and gained courage from the approaching instant. As he bent his head the army drew a long breath, and the air seemed exhausted of its vitality.

Now the German Emperor raised himself proudly. His standard waved above him. He encountered a thousand pitying eyes, but he saw them not. He beheld victory. He straightened himself upon his war-horse. Nine o'clock, and Germany's moment had come. Every plan was complete. He threw rare majesty into his command.

"Now!" he cried. "*Ready!* FIRE!"

THE President of France, like the Emperor of Germany, was by virtue of his high office commander-in-chief of the French army. This dignitary was not born to the purple, but a perfumer. At eighteen he became a feuilletonist; at twenty-five a politician; at twenty-eight the lover of a duchess, and rich. When he was thirty France declared war against Germany, and he enlisted with a commission; in three years, by reason of vacancies and valor, he was made a general; at forty-five he found himself Minister of War; and at fifty-one the President of the Republic. He had a well-defined ambition towards which he bent his whole soul — the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. In 1883 he happened, while on a furlough, to visit a village school in Picardy. Hanging upon the door was a rude map of France of which an eastern portion was inclosed in a broad, black line. Underneath was this inscription: "Children, never forget Metz and Strasburg!" The incident affected him profoundly.

Older than the German Emperor, he was as ardent and as ambitious. He was the ideal product of a republic, and as such merited the contempt of the monarchist, which he was not slow to return. While waiting for his opportunity, with the patience of an ironmonger he had forged an army which Germany secretly feared and openly despised. Unwilling to court unpopularity by forcing a declaration of war, he was elated that the opportunity was now thrust upon him to punish Germany's impetuosity.

His artillery was invincible. Russia was his willing ally, and he meditated the investiture of Berlin to his army in three months' time. He was as brave as he was imaginative, as cautious as he was aspiring. His only defect was the vanity of a *bourgeois* who has acquired distinction. But in his case it was of the American quality. It was vulgar. Flattering this weakness, his generals urged upon him the honor of making the first move. Thus it came about that the head of the French Republic, swelling with his importance, gave the orders to his gunners to fire, just as if he were a mere captain or sub-lieutenant, simultaneously with his imperial foe. With a coincidence in which there seemed to be something more startling than mere fate, the titanic duel began with a synchronous thrust. On the eighth day of June nine o'clock struck momentously upon the ears of Europe.

We have said that the Emperor of the confederate principalities of Germany concentrated his majesty in that ringing command to begin the attack. He had rehearsed this thrilling moment to himself during the whole of the previous night, and now he flattered himself that the indomitable soul of all the Hohenzollerns blazed forth in his order to fire. He mentally closed his ears against the terrible concussion of a hundred rifled cannon. The ruler's face twitched with suppressed excitement. For a second after he gave his command he waited for its execution. Then he did not trust his senses.

Had the intoxication of the crisis sent him into insanity? He stared at the impassive gunners. These men, in whom the honor of Germany reposed, stood with military erectness in position. Their lips were compressed as if in martyrdom. They had not fired. What? No; not a shot! The imperial command disobeyed! The guns were as mute as abandoned sphinxes, and had an insulted air. Refused to obey? And in the very mouth of battle? Impossible! Death is the slightest penalty for such treason. What miasma had mounted to the delirious brains of these mutineers? Had their souls been purchased by the enemy, or had a general paralysis overtaken them in the face of a hitherto-underestimated foe? The Emperor could not credit his sight. In the nightmares to which every occupant of a throne is subject such a possibility had never been pictured. He passed his hand over his head as if to brush away this incubus of rebellion. Then he recovered himself; and with a voice made terrible by the vague apprehensions that tampered with the consciousness of his limitless power, he cried out:

"Gunners! I command you! *Fire!*"

The gunners, tortured by the habit of discipline and by the ordeal of a mysterious motive, sweat great drops, and trembled. For whom were these a scapegoat? For whom this sacrifice? The army shuddered. One of the artillerymen fell fainting to the ground, such was his rack; but not one obeyed the Emperor.

At the sight of this extraordinary treason the Emperor shook with rage. He frothed at the mouth. He could hardly articulate. Nine o'clock had passed, and the attack was delayed. This incident was an ill omen for the day. Had the Emperor seen the faces of his army he would have reflected; but there was a clot upon his brain.

"Up, guards!" he shouted. "Arrest these dogs! Let them be shot at sunrise! Forward, march!"

Fresh men took the traitors' places.

"Ready!" cried the Emperor, with suffused face. "Now! *Fire!*"

But these also refused obedience, and the protesting guns were dumb. The young Emperor now divined that this was no ordinary rebellion. For what vain conceit did these misguided soldiers court death? Is it not easier to be cut down by the enemy than by one's brother? If wars are organized mobs for the dealing of death, there must be a nobler motive than gain to spur men to choose the ignominious rather than the glorious end. Ah, but to the dead ends are all alike.

"What means this hellish mutiny?" demanded the Emperor, little thinking that he was the sole actor in this battle scene. "Let them be shot on the spot!" Then, with an eagerness to afford a dramatic example, he rode at fierce gallop to the nearest cannon, with one thrust cut the gunner down, leaped from his horse, and completed the destructive circuit with the dripping tip of his sword. But no cylinder of death hurtled from the steel monster, nor groan from its wounded keeper. Had the guns been pledged to mutiny?

"Explain this devilish thing!" cried the Emperor to an officer standing near. As he spoke he advanced upon the lieutenant and shook him violently by the coat. In doing so he wrenched from the man's breast a badge, which remained in his infuriated hand. The officer did not alter his respectful attitude. His name will be canonized in history as that of the first one who made the revelation to his master. He looked at the Emperor steadily. His eyes grew stern and proud. There was a triumph in his voice, like Cromwell's, when at his spiritual height he daunted kings. He spoke with the orotund voice of a fogbell on a dangerous coast.

"It means, Sire, that the armies of Ger-

many have sworn by the silver crown you hold in your hand to commit no murder — for Christ's sake."

The Emperor looked stupidly from the officer to the silver crown. His sword fell with a thud to the earth. But, as yet, he did not understand.

"C — Captain of the Guards," he stuttered, "do your duty!"

"We will arrest, your Majesty, but we will not kill."

The Emperor shot confused glances from conspirator to conspirator. He had the ferocious, wandering expression of a grizzly bear when just caged and mocked by its tormentors. Then he burst the bars. He flung the burning badge far from him with a soldier's oath, and, brandishing a swordless arm, he turned towards his staff.

"Van der Weh! Eisenach! Generals! Let the cavalry cut the traitors down. Command the infantry to advance, *instanter*."

There was a movement among these mounted generals as if the floodgates had burst upon them. Motionless faces in the ranks turned rolling eyes towards the distinguished group. The Minister of War, whose indefatigable zeal had planned the campaign, stood before his colleagues and encountered the blood-shot eyes of his master. He looked upon the Emperor gently, and with a solemnity that cannot be described he said:

"Your Majesty, we will command an advance for you, we will march for you, we will suffer and die for you, but the time has passed when we can persuade these soldiers, either for you or for any other king, to fire upon a man to kill him. On this they have sworn their oath."

The generals gravely nodded their assent to this extraordinary speech, and closed together. An electric thrill, leaping from file to file unto the farthest outpost, told the countless wearers of the silver crown that the crisis was at hand.

The Emperor stood at bay and snarled at his army.

"Is this then the meaning of your accursed crowns?"

"It is," answered Von Eisenach, laconically.

At this moment a courier rushed forward with a telegraphic despatch, and handed it to the monarch. It was from the general of the German forces on the northeastern frontier.

"We have met the enemy. The Russians refuse an engagement. Our soldiers will not fight. There can be no war here. Men desert to each other's camp by the thousand, and are carousing with joy. Foes have become brothers. Send instructions immediately. Shall we go home?"

This was signed by the general in command.

The Emperor dropped the paper listlessly. After a few moments he raised his eyes. They had a tamed look. Then the Emperor of Germany was heard to plead:

"But, generals, soldiers, Germans, will you suffer yourselves to be cut down by the enemy? Will you not defend your lives and your homes against the cursed French?"

It was Van der Weh who answered.

"Sire, who are our enemies? We will defend our lives and our homes when swords are at our throats. But wantonly kill we will not, for we cannot. We have sworn it, for Christ's sake."

Then the monarch bent to the blow. He trembled like a baby. He put his hands to his face, and tears trickling through his fingers told his soldiers that a great military heart was broken.

Now there hurried into camp a second courier waving a white standard of truce, and bearing a letter from the President of France to his imperial foe.

"Read it to me, Van der Weh," said the Emperor, not looking up. The Minister read it aloud, omitting all preliminary titles.

"There is a devilish conspiracy in my camp. Not a man will fight. *Sacré bleu!* What does this mean? I will not surrender. May I have the honor of an audience with your Majesty immediately? We are undone. All hell is loose. Pardon my lack of ceremony, your Majesty. I pray that you may meet me between our intrenchments at twelve, or I go mad."

The Emperor bowed his head and merely ejaculated: "I will go alone. Let us have no witness to that meeting."

This then was the stranger's mystery. What? Europe? Hot-blooded, jealous Europe refuse to fight? It was preposterous, incredible! Nay, it was ridiculous. Thirty milliards of francs in France; twenty-five billions of marks in Germany; incalculable billions of taxes in Russia — this treasure, wrung from hopeless peasants, spent for no fight? Not even one calamitous shot! Only one man in Europe wounded, and that by his master because he would not spend the deadly shell for which the best years of his manhood had been taxed. Go, deluded soldiers! Trained for nothing but to kill and to be killed, you have cut the ladder beneath you; but you have thrown ambition, advancement, glory to the angels that your children shall be saved.

This, then, had the nameless enthusiast done. There is a law higher than the will of emperors which the enlightened heart obeys. The godlike mission, starting with a handful, had become a fanaticism in comparison with which the Mohammedan belief was a zephyr. It had developed into a hurricane, sweeping

from army to army, through states and empires, until the military world was pledged to peace. How was the secret of this gigantic purpose concealed beneath so calm a front? The unique personality of this stranger, trusting in his mission and in the religious common sense of the modern intellect, had "conceived the inconceivable," had overcome the unconquerable, and had achieved the impossible. Only an exalted few among a hundred army corps were ignorant of this divine secret—the emperors of Russia and of Germany, the President of France, and a few others.

Fanaticism, that great conserver of ideas, kept the conspiracy from the press and from the world as carefully as the catacombs of Rome hid the presence of believers in Christ. It is said, further, that every wearer of the crown was pledged by his oath to conceal its import from sister, from sweetheart, from mother, and from wife. There were not wanting a few cynics who attributed the success of this stupendous achievement chiefly to that clause in the oath.

Thus two enormous armies, equipped with the most recent invention for massacre, confronted each other in this absurd position. Soldiers had marched who knew that they could not fight. Generals had led who knew that they were to command no assault. Only two chiefs were ignorant that there was not a rifle but had its charge of blank cartridges; that there was not a machine gun, a mortar, a rifled gun, dragged to its commanding position with incredible labor, but had its charge of God's harmless air, and nothing more. The enlightenment had been delayed until this hour in order that the dramatic revelation might be the more readily digested by the world. Nations forget many a lesson, but never a farce. It is too readily repeated.

Now, the Emperor did not notice that his army regarded the plain beneath them with more than ordinary attention. He raised his head wearily to Von Eisenach, who was supporting him, and asked:

"Where is he who is chief of this terrible order? I would speak with the Master of Europe. What is his name?"

The General tenderly turned the stricken Emperor, and pointed before him. The monarch dumbly followed the direction of his officer's finger. On an eminence beneath them, and between the two camps, stood a man of imposing stature. Even at so great a distance he seemed to be surrounded by a halo of dignity that lifted him above ordinary men. Von Eisenach whispered reverently to his royal companion:

"We do not know his name, but he is called by us the Prince of Peace."

The Emperor trembled, but did not speak. Even as he gazed, the stranger moved. He lifted up his hands above him. One hand seemed to hover over the French army, the other over the German camp. It was a benediction, and he blessed them into one. As he stood with outstretched hands, the armies knelt. They tried to shout. They could not. Only the sounds of weeping fell upon the sunlight. As he saw a million men upon their knees the stranger smiled.

But even as he blessed the kneeling armies a white mist strode down the valley. Softly, like a dream, it approached the stranger. Not a soul stirred. Not an eye wavered from the fascination of the transcendent sight. The cloud swept over the man of mystery. It clothed him. Only his outstretched arms appeared. It enveloped him, and it passed on.

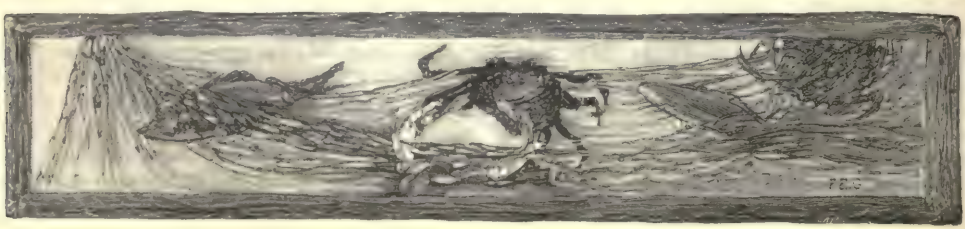
What of the stranger? Fame sought him, and found him not. Those who saw him, who heard his voice, who try to recall a marvelous personality that mysteriously evades the memory even when the eyes are closed, say that when an impious nation threatens war he will come again.

Herbert D. Ward.

The manuscript of the preceding pages has recently been found between the covers of an old Latin folio presented to the British Museum by the estate of a distinguished scholar. It is supposed to have been a report on the abolition of war from the world, written for the British Historical Society. This report was, it is thought, rejected because it was compiled in too impassioned and imaginative a style, and with an obvious lack of that judicial impartiality which this association found necessary to the preservation of its constitution.

The publication of this ancient and valuable record of a great historical event in which the world has long since had common cause to feel the profoundest interest is hopefully ventured.

Office of the "World at Peace." London, March, 2891.



[BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.]

THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

XXVII.

A BAD CASE.

NOTWITHSTANDING Phillida's efforts to the contrary, the most irrelevant things were sufficient to send her thoughts flitting — like homing pigeons that can ply their swift wings in but one direction — towards Millard, or towards that past so thickly peopled by memories of him. Now that Eleanor Arabella Bowyer, Christian Scientist and metaphysical healer of ailments the substantial existence of which she denied, had cast a shadow upon her, Phillida realized for the first time the source of that indignant protest of Millard's which had precipitated the breaking of their engagement. Her name was on men's lips in the same class with this hard-cheeked professor of religious flummery, this mercenary practitioner of an un-medical imposture calculated to cheat the unfortunate by means of delusive hopes. How such mention of her must have stung a proud-spirited lover of propriety like Millard! For the first time she could make allowance and feel grateful for his chivalrous impulse to defend her.

No child is just like a parent. Phillida differed from her strenuous father in nature by the addition of esthetic feeling. Her education had not tended to develop this, but it made itself felt. Her lofty notions of self-sacrifice were stimulated by a love for the sublime. Other young girls read romances; Phillida tried to weave her own life into one. The desire for the beautiful, the graceful, the externally appropriate, so long denied and suppressed, furnished the basis of her affection for Millard. A strong passion never leaves the nature the same, and under the influence of Millard her esthetic sense had grown. Nothing that Eleanor Arabella Bowyer had said assailed the logical groundwork of her faith. But during the hours following that conversation it was impossible for her to reflect with pleasure, as had been her wont, on the benefits derived from her prayers by those who had been healed in whole or in part through her mediation. A remembrance of the jargon of the Christian Scientist mingled with and disturbed her meditations; the case of a belief in rheumatism and the case of a belief in consumption with goitre stood grinning at her like rude burlesques of her own cures, making ridiculous the work that had hitherto seemed so holy. But when the morrow came she was better able to disentangle her thoughts of healing from such phrases as "the passive impressible state" and "interior perception." When at length the remembrance of Miss Bowyer had grown more dim, the habitual way of looking at her work returned.

One morning about ten days later, while she was at breakfast, the basement door-bell was rung, and when the servant answered it Phillida heard some one in the area, speaking with a German accent.

"Please tell Miss Callender that Rudolph Schulenberg will like to speak with her."

Phillida rose and went to the door.

"Miss Callender," said Rudolph, "Mina is so sick for three days already and she hopes you will come to her right away this morning, wunst, if you will be so kind."

"Certainly I will. But what is the matter with her? Is it the old trouble with the back?"

"No; it is much worse as that. She has got such a cough, and she cannot breathe. Mother she believe that Mina is heart-sick and will die wunst already."

"I will come in half an hour or so."

"If you would. My mother her heart is just breaking. But Mina is sure that if Miss Callender will come and pray with her the cough will all go away wunst more already."

Phillida finished her breakfast in almost total silence, and then without haste left the house. She distinctly found it harder to maintain her attitude of faith than it had been. But all along the street she braced herself by prayer and meditation, until her spirit was once more wrought into an ecstasy of religious exaltation. She mounted the familiar stairs, thronged now with noisy-footed and vociferous children issuing from the various family cells on each level to set out for school.

"How do you do, Mrs. Schulenberg?" said Phillida as she encountered the mother on the landing in front of her door. "How is Wilhelmina?"

"Bad, very bad," whispered the mother,

[1] Copyright, 1891, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. All rights reserved.

closing the door behind her and looking at Phillida with a face laden with despair. Then alternately wiping her eyes with her apron and shaking her head ominously, she said: "She will never get well this time. She is too bad already. She is truly heart-sick."

"Have you had a doctor?"

"No; Mina will not have only but you. I tell her it is no use to pray when she is so sick; she must have a doctor. But no."

"How long has she been sick?"

"Well, three or four days; but she was not well"—the mother put her hand on her chest—"for a week. She has been thinking you would come." Mrs. Schulenberg's speech gave way to tears and a despairing shaking of the head from side to side.

Phillida entered, and found Mina bolstered in her chair, flushed with fever and gasping for breath. The sudden change in her appearance was appalling.

"I thought if you would come, nothing would seem too hard for your prayers. O Miss Callender,"—her voice died to a hoarse whisper,—"pray for me. I wanted to die wunst already; you remember it. But ever since I have been better it has made my mother and Rudolph so happy again. If now I die what will mother do?"

The spectacle of the emaciated girl wrestling for breath and panting with fever, while her doom was written upon her face, oppressed the mind of Phillida. Was it possible that prayer could save one so visibly smitten? She turned and looked at the mother standing just inside the door, her face wrung with the agony of despair while she yet watched Phillida with eagerness to see if she had anything to propose that promised relief. Then a terrible sense of what was expected of her by mother and daughter came over her mind, and her spirits sank as under the weight of a millstone.

Phillida was not one of those philanthropists whom use has enabled to look on suffering in a dry and professional way. She was most susceptible on the side of her sympathies. Her depression came from pity, and her religious exaltation often came from the same source. After a minute of talk and homely ministry to Wilhelmina's comfort, Phillida's soul rose bravely to its burden. The threat of bereavement that hung over the widow and her son, the shadow of death that fell upon the already stricken life of the unfortunate young woman, might be dissipated by the goodness of God. The sphere into which Phillida rose was not one of thought but one of intense and exalted feeling. The sordid and depressing surroundings—the dingy and broken-backed chairs, the cracked and battered cooking-stove, the ancient chest of drawers without a knob left upon it, the odor of German tenement cookery and of feather-beds—vanished now. Wilhelmina, for her part, held Phillida fast by the hand and saw no one but her savior, and Phillida felt a moving of the heart that one feels in pulling a drowning person from the water, and that uplifting of the spirit that comes to those of the true prophetic temperament. She read in a gentle, fervent voice some of the ancient miracles of healing from the English columns of the leather-covered German and English Testament, while the exhausted Wilhelmina still held her hand and wrestled for the breath of life.

Then Phillida knelt by the well-worn wooden-bottomed chair while Mrs. Schulenberg knelt by a stool on the other side of the stove, burying her face in her apron. Never was prayer more sincere, never was prayer more womanly or more touching. As Phillida proceeded with her recital of Wilhelmina's sufferings, as she alluded to the value of Mina to her mother and the absent Rudolph, and then prayed for the merciful interposition of God, the mother sobbed aloud, Phillida's faith rose with the growing excitement of her pity, and she closed the prayer at length without a doubt that Mina would be cured.

"I do feel a little better now," said Wilhelmina, when the prayer was ended.

"I will bring you something from the Diet Kitchen," said Phillida as she went out. The patient had scarcely tasted food for two days, but when Phillida came back she ate a little and thought herself better.

Phillida came again in the afternoon, and was disappointed not to find Mina improving. But the sick girl clung to her, and while Phillida remained she would have nothing even from the hand of her mother. The scene of the morning was repeated; again Phillida prayed, again Wilhelmina was a little better, and ate a little broth from the hands of her good angel.

The burden of the poor girl and her mother rested heavily on Phillida during the evening and whenever she awakened during the night. Mrs. Callender and Agatha only asked how she found Wilhelmina; they thought it best not to intrude on the anxiety in Phillida's mind, the nature of which they divined.

When breakfast was over the next morning Phillida hastened again to the Schulenbergs.

"Ah! it is no good this time; I shall surely die," gasped Wilhelmina, sitting bolstered on her couch and looking greatly worse than the day before. "The night has been bad. I have had to fight and fight all the long night for my breath. Miss Callender, my time has come."

The mother was looking out of the window to conceal her tears. But Phillida's courage was of the military sort that rises with supreme difficulty. She exhorted Wilhelmina to faith,

to unswerving belief, and then again she mingled her petitions with the sobs of the mother and the distressful breathing of the daughter. This morning Wilhelmina grew no better after the prayer, and she hardly ate two spoonfuls of the broth that was given her. She would not take it from Phillida this time. Seeing prayers could not save her and that she must die, the instincts of infancy and the memories of long invalidism and dependence were now dominant, and she clung only to her mother.

"You haf always loved me, mother; I will haf nobody now any more but you, my mother, the time I haf to stay with you is so short. You will be sorry, mother, so sorry, when poor unfortunate Wilhelmina, that has always been such a trouble, is gone already."

This talk from the smitten creature broke down Phillida's self-control, and she wept with the others. Then in despondency she started home. But at the bottom of the stairs she turned back and climbed again to the top, and, reëntering the tenement, she called Mrs. Schulenberg to her. "You 'd better get a doctor."

Wilhelmina with the preternaturally quick hearing of a feverish invalid caught the words and said: "No. What is the use? The doctor will want some of poor Rudolph's money. What good can the doctor do? I am just so good as dead already."

"But, Wilhelmina dear," said Phillida, coming over to her, "we have no right to leave the matter this way. If you die, then Rudolph and your mother will say, 'Ah, if we 'd only had a doctor!'"

"That is true," gasped Mina. "Send for Dr. Beswick, mother."

A neighbor was engaged to carry the message to Dr. Beswick in Seventeenth street, and Phillida went her way homeward, slowly and in dejection.

XXVIII.

DR. BESWICK'S OPINION.

Dr. Beswick of East Seventeenth street was a man from the country, still under thirty, who had managed to earn money enough to get through the College of Physicians and Surgeons by working as a school-teacher between times. Ambitious as such self-lifted country fellows are apt to be, he had preferred to engage in the harsh competition of the metropolis in hope of one day achieving professional distinction. To a poor man the first necessity is an immediate livelihood. Such favorite cross streets of the doctors as Thirty-fourth, and the yet more fashionable doctor-haunted up-and-down thoroughfares, were for long years to come far beyond the reach of a man without money or social backing, though Beswick saw visions of a future. He had planted himself in Mackerelville, where the people must get their medical advice cheap, and where a young doctor might therefore make a beginning. The sweetheart of his youth had entered the Training School for Nurses just when he had set out to study medicine. They two had waited long, but she had saved a few dollars, and at the end of his second year in practice, his income having reached a precarious probability of five hundred a year, they had married and set up office and house together in two rooms and a dark closet. There were advantages in this condensed arrangement, since the new Mrs. Beswick could enjoy the husband for whom she had waited so long and faithfully, by sitting on the lounge in the office whenever she had sedentary employment — the same lounge that was opened out at night into a bed. Both of the Beswicks were inured to small and hard quarters, and even these they had been obliged to share with strangers; since, therefore, they must lead a kind of camp life in the crowded metropolis they found it delightful to season their perpetual picnic with each other's society. And, moreover, two rooms for two people seemed by comparison a luxury of expansion. When youth and love go into partnership they feel no hardships, and for the present the most renowned doctor in Madison Avenue was probably something less than half as happy as these two lovers living in a cubbyhole with all the world before them, though but precious little of it within their reach beyond two well-worn trunks, three chairs, a table, and a bedstead lounge.

Dr. Beswick was profoundly unknown to fame, but he was none the less a great authority on medicine as well as on most other things in the estimation of Mrs. Beswick, and, for that matter, of himself as well. He liked, as most men do, to display his knowledge before his wife, and to her he talked of his patients and of the good advice he had given them and how he had managed them, and sometimes also of the mistakes of his competitors; and he treated her to remarks on that favorite theme of the struggling general practitioner, the narrowness of the celebrated specialists. When he came back from his visit to Wilhelmina it was with a smile lighting up all that was visible of his face between two thrifty patches of red side-whiskers.

"The patient is not very sick, I should say from your face," was Mrs. Beswick's remark as she finished sewing together the two ends of a piece of crash for a towel. For this towel the doctor had made a kind of roller, the night before, by cutting a piece off a broken mop-stick and hanging it on brackets carved with his jack-knife and nailed to the closet-door.

"I can always tell by your face the condition of the patient," added Mrs. Beswick.

"That 's where you 're mistaken this time, my love," he said triumphantly. "The Schulenberg girl will die within two weeks." And he smiled again at the thought.

"What do you smile so for? You are not generally so glad to lose a patient," she said, holding up the towel for his inspection, using her hand and forearm for a temporary roller to show it off.

"Oh! no; not that," he said, nodding appreciatively at the towel while he talked of something else. "I suppose I ought to be sorry for the poor girl, and her mother does take on dreadfully. But this case 'll explode that faith-quackery if anything can. The Christian Science doctor, Miss Cullender, or something of the sort, made her great sensation over this girl, who had some trouble in her back and a good deal the matter with her nerves."

"She 's the one there was so much talk about, is she?" asked Mrs. Beswick, showing more animation than sympathy.

"Yes; when her mind had been sufficiently excited she believed herself cured, and got up and even walked a little in the square. That 's what gave the woman faith-doctor her run. I don't know much about the faith-doctor, but she 's made a pretty penny, first and last, out of this Schulenberg case, I 'll bet. Now the girl 's going to die out of hand, and I understand from the mother that the faith-cure won't work. The faith-doctor 's thrown up the case."

"I suppose the faith-doctor believes in herself," said the wife.

"Naah!" said the doctor with that depth of contempt which only a rather young man can express. "She? She 's a quack and a humbug. Making money out of religion and tomfoolery. I 'll give her a piece of my mind if she ever crosses my track or meddles with my patients."

Crowing is a masculine foible, and this sort of brag is the natural recreation of a young man in the presence of femininity.

Two hours later, a frugal dinner of soup and bread and butter having been served and eaten in the mean time, and Mrs. Beswick having also washed a double set of plate, cup, saucer, knife, and fork,— there were no tumblers; it seemed more affectionate and social in this turtle-dove stage to drink water from a partnership cup,— the afternoon hung a little heavy on their hands. It was not his day at the dispensary, and so there was nothing for the doctor to do but to read a medical journal and wait for patients who did not come, while his wife sat and sewed. They essayed to break the ennui a little by a conversation which consisted in his throwing her a kiss upon his hand, now and then, and her responding with some term of endearment. But even this grew monotonous. Late in the afternoon the bell rang, and the doctor opened the door. There entered some one evidently not of Mackerelville, a modestly well-dressed young lady of dignified bearing and a gentle grace of manner that marked her position in life beyond mistake. Mrs. Beswick glanced hurriedly at the face, and then made a mental but descriptive inventory of the costume down to the toes of the boots, rising meanwhile, work in hand, to leave the room.

"Please don't let me disturb you," said the newcomer to the doctor's wife; "don't go. What I have to say to the doctor is not private."

Mrs. Beswick sat down again, glad to know more of so unusual a visitor.

"Dr. Beswick, I am Miss Callender," said the young lady, accepting the chair the doctor had set out for her. "I called as a friend to inquire, if you don't mind telling me, what you think of Wilhelmina Schulenberg."

When Dr. Beswick had made up his mind to dislike Miss Callender and to snub her on the first occasion in the interest of science and professional self-respect, he had not figured to himself just this kind of a person. So much did she impress him that if it had not been for the necessity he felt to justify himself in the presence of his wife he might have put away his professional scruples. As it was he colored a little, and it was only after a visible struggle with himself that he said:

"You know, Miss Callender, that I am precluded by the rules of the profession from consultation with one who is not a regular practitioner."

Miss Callender looked puzzled. She said, "I did not know that I was violating proprieties. I did not know the rules were so strict. I thought you might tell me as a friend of the family."

"Don't you think you might do that, dear?" suggested Mrs. Beswick, who felt herself drawn to this young lady, for Miss Callender had won her heart by an evident deference for Dr. Beswick's position and professional knowledge, and she was touched by a certain sadness in the face and voice of the visitor.

The doctor relented when he found that his wife would sustain him in it.

"I may answer your question if you ask it merely as a friend of the patient, but not as recognizing your standing as a practitioner," he said.

Phillida answered with a quick flush of pain and surprise, "I am not a practitioner, Dr. Bes-

wick. You are under some mistake. I know nothing about medicine."

"I did n't suppose you did," said the doctor with a smile. "But are you not what they call a Christian Scientist?"

"I? I hate what they call Christian Science. It seems to me a lot of nonsense that nobody can comprehend. I suppose it 's an honest delusion on the part of some people and a mixture of mistake and imposture on the part of others."

"You have made a pretty good diagnosis, if you are not a physician," said Dr. Beswick, laughing, partly at Phillida's characterization of Christian Science and partly at his own reply, which seemed to him a remark that skilfully combined wit with a dash of polite flattery. "But, Miss Callender,—I beg your pardon for saying it,— people call you a faith-doctor."

"Yes; I know," said Phillida, compressing her lips.

"Did you not treat this Schulenberg girl as a faith-healer?"

"I prayed for her as a friend," said Phillida, "and encouraged her to believe that she might be healed if she could exercise faith. She *did* get much better."

"I know, I know," said the doctor in an offhand way; "a well-known result of strong belief in cases of nerve disease. But, pardon me, you have had other cases that I have heard of. Now don't you think that the practice of faith-healing for—for—compensation makes you a practitioner?"

"For compensation?" said Phillida, with a slight gesture of impatience. "Who told you that I took money?"

It was the doctor's turn to be confounded.

"I declare, I don't know. Don't you take pay, though?"

"Not a cent have I ever taken directly or indirectly." Phillida's already overstrained sensitiveness on this subject now broke forth into something like anger. "I would not accept money for such a service for the world," she said. "In making such an unwarranted presumption you have done me great wrong. I am a Sunday-school teacher and mission worker. Such services are not usually paid for, and such an assumption on your part is unjustifiable. If you had only informed yourself better, Dr. Beswick—"

"I am very sorry," broke in the doctor. "I did n't mean to be offensive. I—"

"Indeed, Miss Callender," said Mrs. Beswick, speaking in a pleasant, full voice and with an accent that marked her as not a New Yorker, "he did n't mean to be disrespectful. The doctor is a gentleman; he could n't be disrespectful to a lady intentionally. He did n't know anything but just what folks say, and they speak of you as the faith-doctor and the woman doctor, you see. You must forgive the mistake."

This pleading of a wife in defense of her husband touched a chord in Phillida and excited an emotion she could not define. There was that in her own heart which answered to this conjugal championship. She could have envied Mrs. Beswick her poverty with her right to defend the man she loved. She felt an increasing interest in the quiet, broad-faced, wholesome-looking woman, and she answered:

"I know, Mrs. Beswick, your husband is not so much to blame. I spoke too hastily. I am a little too sensitive on that point. I don't pretend to like to be talked about and called a faith-doctor."

There was an awkward pause, which the doctor broke by saying presently in a subdued voice:

"In regard to your perfectly proper question, Miss Callender, I will say that the Schulenberg young woman has acute pulmonary tuberculosis."

"Which means?" queried Phillida, contracting her brows.

"What people call galloping consumption," said the doctor. "Now, I can't help saying, Miss Callender,"—the doctor's habitual self-contentment regained sway in his voice and manner,—"that this particular sort of consumption is one of the things that neither medicine nor faith was ever known to heal since the world was made. This young woman's lungs are full of miliary tubercles—little round bodies the size of a millet seed. The tissues are partly destroyed already. You might as well try to make an amputated leg grow on again by medicine or by prayer as to try to reconstruct her lungs by similar means. She has got to die, and I left her only some soothing medicine, and told her mother there was no use of making a doctor's bill."

There was a straightforward rectitude in Dr. Beswick that inclined Phillida to forgive his bluntness of utterance and lack of manner. Here at least was no managing of a patient to get money, after the manner hinted at by Miss Bowyer. The distinction between diseases that might and those that might not be cured or mitigated by a faith-process, which Phillida detected in the doctor's words, quickened again the doubts which had begun to assail her regarding the soundness of the belief on which she had been acting, and awakened a desire to hear more. She wanted to ask him about it, but sensitiveness regarding her private affairs made her shrink. In another moment she had reflected that it would be better to hear what was to be said on this subject from a stranger than from one who knew her. The natural honesty

and courage of her nature impelled her to submit further to Dr. Beswick's rather blunt knife.

"You seem to think that some diseases are curable by faith and some not, Dr. Beswick," she said.

"Certainly," said Beswick, tipping his chair back and drumming on the table softly with his fingers. "We use faith-cure and mind-cure in certain diseases of the nerves. Nothing could have been better for that Schulenberg girl than for you to make her believe she could walk. I should have tried that dodge myself, but in a different way, if I had been called."

"Don't speak in that way, dear," interposed Mrs. Beswick, softly, seeing that Phillida was pained.

"Why, what 's the matter with that way?" said the doctor, good-naturedly.

"Well, Miss Callender will think you are not honest if you talk about trying a dodge. Besides, I 'm sure Miss Callender is n't the kind of person that would say what she did n't believe. It was no dodge with her."

"No; of course not," said the doctor. "I did n't mean that."

"You do not admit any divine agency in the matter, doctor?" asked Phillida.

"How can we? The starting-point of that poor girl's galloping consumption, according to the highest medical opinion of our time, is a little organism called a bacillus. These bacilli are so small that ten thousand of them laid in a row lengthwise would only measure an inch. They multiply with great rapidity, and as yet we cannot destroy them without destroying the patient. You might just as well go to praying that the weeds should be exterminated in your garden, or try to clear the Schulenberg tenement of croton bugs by faith, as to try to heal that young woman in that way. Did you ever look into the throat of a diphtheria patient?"

"No," said Phillida.

"Well, you can plainly see little white patches of false membrane there. By examining this membrane we have come to know the very species that does the mischief — the *micrococcus diphtheriticus*."

The conversation was naturally a little disagreeable to Phillida, who now rose to depart without making reply. She went over and shook hands with Mrs. Beswick, partly from an instinctive kindness, judging from her speech that she was a stranger in New York. Besides she felt strongly drawn to this simple and loyal-hearted woman.

"If you 'd like to come to the mission, Mrs. Beswick," she said, "I 'd take pleasure in introducing you. You 'd find good friends among the people there and good work to do. The mission people are not all faith-healers like me."

"Oh, now, I 'd like them better if they were like you, Miss Callender. I think I 'd like to go. I could n't do much; I have to do my own work; the doctor's practice is growing, but he has n't been here long, you know. But I think I might go"— this with a look of inquiry at her husband.

"Why not?" said Dr. Beswick. He could not help seeing that the association of his wife with the mission might serve to extend his practice, and that even Mrs. Beswick must grow tired after a while of conversations with him alone, sugared though they were.

When Phillida had gone the doctor's wife said to her husband that she never had seen a nicer lady than that Miss Callender. "I just love her," she declared, "if she does believe in faith-healing."

"Ah, well, what I said to her will have its effect," he replied, with suppressed exultation.

"You said just the right thing, my love. You 'most always do. But I was afraid you would hurt her feelings a little. She does n't seem very happy."

XXIX.

MILLARD AND RUDOLPH.

RUDOLPH, coming home from work early on the next Saturday afternoon, saw Millard approaching from the other direction. With that appetite for sympathy which the first dash of sorrow is pretty sure to bring, the young man felt an impulse to accost the person who had thought enough of his sister's sufferings to give her a wheel-chair.

"Mr. Millard!"

"Oh, yes; you are Wilhelmina Schulenberg's brother," scrutinizing the young man. "And how is your sister now?"

Rudolph shook his head gloomily.

"She cannot live many days already; she will be dying purty soon."

"What? Sick again? Then Miss Callender's cure did not last."

"Ah, yes; her back it is all right. But you see maybe praying is not strong for such sickness as she has now. It is quick consumption."

"Poor child!" said Millard.

"She has been very unlucky," said Rudolph. "We are all very unlucky. My father he died when I was little, and my mother she had to work hard, and I soon had also to work. And then Wilhelmina she got sick, and it gave mother trouble."

"Has Miss Callender seen your sister?"

"Yes; she did not tell you already?" queried Rudolph.

"I have not seen her for a long time," said Millard.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rudolph, and went no farther.

"Did she — did she not try to make your sister well?"

"Yes; but believing is all good enough for the back, but it is no good when you 're real sick insides. You see it is consumption."

"Yes; I see," said Millard. A rush of feeling came over him. He remembered Mina Schulenberg as she sat that day about a year ago — the day of his engagement — near the bust of Beethoven in the park. She had been the beginning and in some sense she had been the ending of his engagement. Millard walked away from Rudolph in a preoccupied way. Suddenly he turned and called after him:

"I say — Schulenberg!"

The young man faced about and came back. Millard said to him in a low voice and with feeling: "Will you let me know if your sister dies? Come straight to me. Don't say anything about it, but maybe I can show myself a friend in some way. Here 's my address at home, and between nine and three I 'm at the Bank of Manhadoes."

Rudolph said yes, and tried to thank him, but Millard strode away, his mind reverting to the poor girl whose now fast-withering life seemed to have some occult relation to his own, and thinking, too, of Phillida's unfaltering ministrations. What mistakes and delusions could not be forgiven to one so unwearyingly good? Why did he not share her reproach with her, and leave her to learn by time and hard experience? Such thoughts stung him sorely. And this death, under her very hand, of the Schulenberg girl must be a sore trial. Would she learn from failure? Or would she resolutely pursue her course?

Millard was not a man to lament the inevitable. Once he and Phillida had broken, he had set out to be what he had been before. But who shall cause the shadow to go backward upon the dial of Ahaz? When was a human being ever the same after a capital passion that he had been before? Millard had endeavored to dissipate his thoughts in society and at places of amusement, only to discover that he could not revolve again in the orbit from which he had been diverted by the attraction of Phillida.

Business, in so far as it engrossed his thoughts, had produced a temporary forgetfulness, and of business he now had a great deal. Farnsworth, who had contrived to give everybody connected with the Bank of Manhadoes more uneasiness than one could reasonably expect from a man whose vitality was so seriously impaired, died about this time, just when those who knew him best had concluded that he was to be exempted from the common lot. He died greatly regretted by all who had known him, and particularly by those who had been associated with him in the conduct of the bank from its foundation. So ran the words of the obituary resolutions drafted by Masters, adopted by the Board of Directors of the bank, printed in all the newspapers, and engrossed for the benefit of his widow and his posterity. Posterity indeed gets more out of such resolutions than contemporaries, for posterity is able to accept them in a more literal sense. Hilbrough's ascendency in the bank, and his appreciation of Millard, in spite of the latter's symmetrical way of parting his hair, the stylish cut he gave his beard, and the equipoise with which he bore his slender cane, procured the latter's promotion to the vacant cashiership without visible opposition. Meadows would have liked to oppose, but he found powerful motives to the contrary; for Meadows himself was more and more disliked by members of the board, and his remaining there depended now on the goodwill of Hilbrough. He therefore affected to be the chief advocate, and indeed the original proposer, of Millard for the place.

The advancement carried with it an increase of dignity, influence, and salary, which was rather gratifying to a man at Millard's time of life. It would have proved a great addition to his happiness if he could only have gone to Phillida and received her congratulations and based a settlement of his domestic affairs upon his new circumstances. He did plan to take a larger apartment next year and to live in a little better style, perhaps also to keep horses; but the prospect was not interesting.

While he sat one evening debating such things the electric bell of his apartment was rung by the conductor of the freight-elevator, who came to say that there was a German man in the basement inquiring for Mr. Millard. His name was Schulenberg. Rudolph had come in by the main entrance, but the clerk, seeing that he was a workingman, had spoken to him with that princely severity which in a democratic country few but hotel and house clerks know how to affect, and had sent him packing down-stairs, out of sight, where he could have no chance to lower the respectability of a house in which dwelt scores of people whose names were printed in the Social Register, they subscribing for the same at a good round price.

Rudolph had lost his way two or three times before he could find the entrance to the lift, but at the convenience of the elevator-man he was hoisted to Millard's floor. When he presented himself he looked frightened at being ushered into a place accessible only by means of so much ceremony and by ways so roundabout.

"Mr. Millard, my sister has just died. You told me to tell you already," he said, standing there and grasping his cap firmly as though it was the only old friend he had to help him out of the labyrinth.

"When did she die?" asked Millard, motioning the young fellow to a chair.

"Just now. I came straight away."

"Who is with your mother?"

"Miss Callender and a woman what lifs in the next room."

Millard mused a minute, his vagrant thoughts running far away from Rudolph. Then recovering himself he said:

"Have you money enough for the funeral?"

"I haf fifteen dollars, already, that I haf been puttin' in the Germania Spar Bank for such trouble. I had more as that, but we haf had bad luck. My uncle he will maybe lend me some more."

"What do you work at?"

"Mostly odd jobs. I had a place in a lumber-yard, but the man he failed up already. I am hopin' that I shall get something more steady soon."

"It will be pretty hard for you to go in debt."

"Yes," with a rueful shrug. "But we 're unlucky. Poor folks 'mos' always is unlucky already."

"Well, now, you let me pay these expenses. Here 's my card. Tell the undertaker to send his bill to me. He can come to the bank and inquire if he should think it not all right. But don't tell anybody about it."

"I thank you very much, very, very much, Mr. Millard; it will make my mother feel a leetle better. And I will pay you wheneffer I haf the good luck to get some money."

"Don't worry about that. Don't pay me till I ask you for it. Was Miss Callender with you when your sister died?"

"Yes. Oh, yes; she is better as anybody I effer see."

Millard said no more, and Rudolph thanked him again, put on his cap, and went out to try his luck at finding the door to the freight-elevator for a descent from this lofty height to the dark caves of the basement — vaulted caves with mazes of iron pipes of all sizes overhead, the narrow passages beset by busy porters bearing parcels and trunks, and by polyglot servants in dress-coats and white aprons running hither and thither with trays balanced on their finger-tips and mostly quite above replying to the questions of a bewildered intruder clad in trousers of well-worn brown denim.

XXX.

PHILLIDA AND PHILIP.

MRS. GOUVERNEUR concluded not to try her clever hand on Millard and Phillida again. Pessimistic Philip could no longer reproach her for having blasted his hopes, for he had a new chance if he chose to improve it. But to improve any opportunity seemed to be out of Philip's power, except perhaps the opportunity to spend his last available dollars on a rare book. He had of late been seeking a chance to invest some hundreds in a copy of Captain John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia," provided that he could find a copy with 1624 on the title-page. The 1626 was rare and almost, if not exactly, word for word the same as the 1624; but it would not do. For there were already several twenty-sixes in this country, and there was no fun in possessing a book that two or three other people could boast of having. When not busy with his books Philip was mostly crouched in an armchair in his library, or for a change crouched in an armchair at the Terrapin Club — in either case smoking and, as his mother believed, making profound reflections which might one day come to something. For how could a bright-minded man like Philip fail to bring forth something of value, seeing he bought expensive books and gave so much of his time to meditation?

That Phillida should be specially asked to dine at her aunt's was rather inevitable under the circumstances, and Mrs. Gouverneur saw to it that she came when Philip was at home and when there was no other company. This arrangement pleased Phillida; Uncle Gouverneur was dull enough, but Cousin Philip was always interesting in talk, and a good fellow, if he did spend his life in collecting books mostly of no particular value to anybody but a curiosity-hunter, and in poking good-natured fun at other people's cherished beliefs.

The meal was well-nigh finished when Philip said to his cousin who confronted him — there were only four at the table:

"Phillida, I saw Mrs. Maginnis day before yesterday at Mrs. Benthuysen's. She is still sounding your praises as a faith-healer, but she confided to me that a pious girl and a minister's daughter ought not to be proud. She suggested that you did n't get that from your father. 'Her pride comes from the mother's side, they tell me,' she said. 'How 's that, Mr. Gouverneur?' and she laughed at what she regarded a capital drive at me."

Phillida was not pleased at the mention of Mrs. Maginnis. Since the death of Wilhelmina, two weeks before, her mind had been disturbed as to the substantial value of faith-cures. Dr. Beswick's rationalism on the subject rose to trouble her. Happily she had not been sent for to visit any new cases, the death of Wilhelmina, her first notable example, having a little spoiled the charm of her success, as Dr. Beswick had foreseen. Doubt had made her cowardly, and there lurked in her mind a hope that she might no more be called upon to exercise her gift in the direction of faith-healing, and that she might

thus without the necessity of a formal decision creep out of responsibility and painful notoriety in a matter concerning which she could not always feel absolutely sure of her ground. To this shrinking the revolt of her taste against such getters-on as Miss Bowyer had contributed, for her mind was after all that of a young woman, and in a young woman's mind taste is likely to go far more than logic. To Philip's words about Mrs. Maginnis she only replied:

"Curious woman, is n't she?"

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Gouverneur, desirous of turning the talk away from what she saw was a disagreeable subject to Phillida—"yes; and I don't see the use of taking such people into society in such a hurry, merely because they *are* exceedingly rich."

"Mrs. Maginnis is respectable enough," said Philip, "and interesting," he added with a laugh; "and I thought her the most brilliant of the party at Mrs. Benthuysen's, taking her diamond necklace into the account."

"Yes; no doubt she 's entirely respectable," said Mrs. Gouverneur. "So are ten thousand other people whom one does n 't care to meet in society. It seems to me that New York society is too easy nowadays."

"It 's not too easy towards the poor; eh, Phillida?"

"That 's no great deprivation to the poor," said Phillida. "They could not indulge in fashionable amusements anyhow, and some of the most sensible among them believe that the families of fairly prosperous workingmen are happier and more content than the rich."

"Certainly people in the social world are not examples of peace of mind," said Philip. "For me, now, I would have sworn last week that I should be as perfectly happy as a phœbe-bird on a chimneytop if I could only get a John Smith of 1624, which I 've been trying for so long. But I got it yesterday, and now I 'm just miserable again."

"You want something else?" queried Phillida, laughing.

"Indeed I do. You see the splendid John Smith looks lonesome. It needs a complete set of De Bry's Voyages to keep it company. But I could n 't find a complete De Bry for sale probably, and I could n 't afford to buy it if I should stumble on it. John Smith has eaten up the remainder of my book allowance for this year and nibbled about two hundred dollars out of next year."

When dinner was over Philip said:

"Come up-stairs, Phillida, you and mother, and see my lovely old Captain Smith in the very first edition, with the fresh-looking portrait of Pocahontas as Lady Rebecca."

"You go, Phillida; I 'll follow you in a minute," said Mrs. Gouverneur.

"The book is of the earliest impression known," went on Philip with enthusiasm as he led the way up-stairs followed by his cousin, "and is perfect throughout except that one page has been mended."

"Mended?" queried Phillida, as she followed Philip into his library and sitting-room. "Do they darn old books as they do old stockings?"

"Oh, yes! it is a regular trade to patch books."

Saying this, Philip turned up the gas, and then unlocked a glass case which held what he called his "nuggets," and took down the two precious volumes of the bravest and boastfullest of all the Smiths, laying them tenderly on a table under the chandelier. Turning the leaves, he directed Phillida's attention to one that seemed to have the slightest discoloration of one corner; rather the corner seemed just perceptibly less time-stained than the rest of the leaf.

"There," he said; "the most skilful mender in London did that."

"Did what?" said Phillida.

"Put on that corner. Is n't it a work of art?"

"I don't see that anything has been done there," said Phillida. "The corner is ever so little paler than the rest, maybe."

"That is the new piece. The mender selected a piece of hand-made paper of similar texture to the old, and stained the new piece as nearly to the tint of the old leaf as possible. Then he beveled the edge of the leaf, and made a reverse bevel on the piece, and joined them with exquisite skill and pains."

Phillida held the leaf between her and the light, regarding it with wonder, hardly able to believe that a piece had been affixed.

"But, Philip, how did he get a corner with the right printing on it. The line where the two are joined seems to run through the middle of words and even through the middle of letters."

"All the letters and parts of letters on the corner were made by the hand of the mender. He has imitated the ink and the style of the ancient letters. Take this magnifying glass and you may be able to detect the difference between the hand-made letters in the new part and the printed ones. But to the naked eye it is perfect."

"What a genius he must be!" said Phillida. "I should think that the book would be worth more than if it had never been torn. Do they ever tear a piece out just for the sake of mending it?"

"On the contrary, it would have added fifty dollars to the price of this copy if the original page had been complete, or if it could have been mended without a possibility of detection — say by a process of faith-cure."

Philip said this laughing, as he set a chair for Phillida, and then sat down himself.

"I beg pardon, Phillida. I ought n't to jest about what you — feel — to be sacred."

Phillida colored, and compressed her lips a little. Then she said:

"I don't think I ought to refuse to hear anything you have to say about faith-cure, Philip. You evidently differ with me. But I want to know the truth; and I —" here Phillida made a long pause, smoothing out the folds of her gown the meanwhile. "I will tell you, Cousin Phil, that I am not always so confident as I used to be about the matter."

Mrs. Gouverneur looked into the room at this moment, but perceiving that the conversation had taken on a half-confidential tone, she only said:

"I 'll have to leave you with Philip a little longer, Phillida. I have some things to see to," and went out again.

Philip went to a drawer of rare old prints, and turned them over rapidly until he came to one of Charles II. touching for the king's evil.

"There," he said; "Charles was a liar, a traitor, who took money to betray the interests of his country, and a rake of the worst. You would n't believe that he could cure sickness by any virtue in his royal touch. Yet great doctors and clergymen of the highest ranks certify incredible things regarding the marvelous cures wrought by him. If one might believe their solemn assertions, more cures were wrought by him than by any other person known to history. The only virtue that Charles possessed was lodged in his finger-tips."

"How do you account for it?"

"The evidence of a cure is the obscurest thing in the world. People get well by sheer force of nature in most cases. Every patent medicine and every quack system is therefore able to count up its cures. Then, too, many diseases are mere results of mental disturbance or depression. The mind has enormous influence on the body. I know a doctor who cured a woman that had not walked for years by setting fire to the bedding where she lay and leaving her a choice to exert herself or be burned. The woman was finally cured, it is said."

"But there are the cures by faith related in the Bible. I am afraid that if I give up modern cures I must lose my faith in miracles," said Phillida. Some unusual tenderness in Philip's speech had dissipated her reserve, and she was in a mood to lay bare her heart. In this last remark she disclosed to Philip her main difficulty. With a mind like hers such things are rather matters of association than of simple logic. Religion and miracles were bound up in the same bundle in her mind. To reject the latter was to throw away the former, and this, by another habitual association in her mind, would have seemed equivalent to the moral subversion of the universe. On the other hand she had associated modern faith-healing with Scripture miracles; the rejection of faith-cures involved therefore a series of consequences that seemed infinitely disastrous.

If it had been merely an abstract question Philip would not have hesitated to reject the miraculous altogether, particularly in any conversation in which such a rejection would have yielded interesting results. But Phillida's confiding attitude touched him profoundly. After all, he deemed faith a very good thing for a woman; unbelief, like smoking and occasional by-words, was appropriate only to the coarser sex.

"Well," he replied evasively, "the Bible stands on a very different ground. We could n't examine the ancient miracles just as we do modern faith-cures if we wished. The belief in Bible miracles is a poetic and religious belief, and it does not involve any practical question of action to-day. But faith-healing now is a matter of great responsibility."

Philip spoke with a tremor of emotion in his voice. His cousin was sitting on the other side of the table looking intently at him, and doing her best to understand the ground of his distinction between ancient and modern miracles, which Philip, agitated as he was by a feeling that had no relation to the question, did not succeed in clearing up quite to his own satisfaction. Abandoning that field abruptly, he said:

"What I urge is that you ought not to trust too much to accidental recoveries like that of the Maginnis child. If faith-healing is a mistake it may do a great deal of harm."

Phillida's eyes fell to the table, and she fingered a paper-weight with manifest emotion.

"What you say in regard to responsibility is true, Philip. But if you have a power to heal, refusal is also a responsibility. I know I must seem like a fool to the rest of you."

"No," said Philip, in a low, earnest voice; "you are the noblest of us all. You are mistaken, but your mistake is the result of the best that is in you; and, by George! Phillida, there is no better in anybody that lives than there is in you."

This enthusiastic commendation, so unexpected by Phillida, who had felt herself in some sense under the ban of her family, brought to the parched and thirsty heart the utmost refreshment. Phillida trembled visibly, and tears appeared in her eyes.

"Thank you, Philip. I know the praise is not deserved, but your kindness does me no end of good."

Mrs. Gouverneur came in at this moment. Phillida's eyes and Philip's constraint showed

her that something confidential had passed between them, and she congratulated herself on the success of her plan, though she could not divine the nature of the conversation. Phillida would not be a brilliant match for Philip in a worldly point of view, but it had long been a ruling principle with Mrs. Gouverneur that whatever Philip wanted he was to have, if it were procurable, and as the husband of such a woman as Phillida he ought to be a great deal happier than in mousing among old books and moping over questions that nobody could solve. Besides, Phillida possessed one qualification second to no other in Mrs. Gouverneur's opinion — there could be no question that her family was a first-rate one, at least upon the mother's side. The intrusion of a third person at this moment produced a little constraint. To relieve this Mrs. Gouverneur felt bound to talk of something.

"I scold Philip for wasting his time over old books and such trifles," she said to Phillida. "I wish you could persuade him out of it."

"Trifles!" exclaimed Philip. "Trifles are the only real consolation of such beings as we are. They keep us from being crushed by the immensities. If we were to spend our time chiefly about the momentous things, life would become unendurable."

The conversation drifted to indifferent subjects, and Philip talked with an unwonted gaiety that caused Phillida to forget her anxieties, while Mrs. Gouverneur wondered what change had come over her son that he should feel so much elation. The confidence and affection that Phillida had exhibited while conversing with him this evening consoled Philip for the misery of having to live, and his cheerfulness lasted throughout her visit. At its close he walked towards her home, with her hand upon his arm, in an atmosphere of hope which he had not been accustomed to breathe. At the door Phillida said:

"Good-night, Cousin Philip. Thank you for the kind advice you have given me. I don't think I shall agree with it, but I 'll think about it." Then in a low voice she added, "If I have made a mistake it has cost me dear — nobody knows how dear."

After he had left her Philip's buoyancy declined. These last words, evidently full of regrets as regarded her relation with Charley, gave him a twinge of his old jealousy and restored him to his habitual discouragement.

XXXI.

A CASE OF BELIEF IN DIPHTHERIA.

It was inevitable that Phillida should turn Philip's talk over in her mind again and again. There were moments when she felt that her healing power might be as much of a delusion as the divinity in the touch of the merry King Charles. There were other times when Dr. Beswick's infecting bacteria germinated in her imagination and threatened destruction to her faith, and yet other times when sheer repulsion from Miss Bowyer's cant of metaphysical and Christian therapeutics inclined her to renounce the belief in faith-cure, which seemed somehow a second cousin to this grotesque science. But the great barrier remained; in her mind faith-healing had associated itself with other phases of religious belief, and she could find no resting-place for her feet betwixt her faith and Philip's ill-concealed general skepticism. She did go so far as to adopt Philip's opinion that an exclusive occupation of the mind with the immensities rendered life unendurable. She came to envy her cousin his eagerness over unreadable Indian Bibles, black-letter Caxtons, and a rare date on a title-page. She envied Millard the diversion that came to him from his interest in people, his taste in dress, his care for the small proprieties, his love for all the minor graces of life. Why should she alone of the three be crushed beneath the trip-hammer of the immensities? But she ended always as she had begun, by reverting to that ancestral spirit of religious strenuousness in which she had been bred and cradled, and by planting herself once more upon the eleventh of Hebrews and the renowned victories of faith that had been the glory of the Church in every age. To leave this ground seemed to her an abandonment by consequence of all that was dearest and noblest in life. Nor was she aware that with each cross-examination her hold on the cherished belief became less firm.

About two weeks after her talk with Philip she had just concluded a fresh conflict of this sort, and settled herself once more in what she intended should hereafter prove an unwavering faith in the efficacy of prayer, at least in certain cases, even against all sorts of bacteria, when it was announced that Mr. Martin wished to see her. It was eight o'clock, and the evening was a raw and rainy one in March.

"Howdy do, Miss Callender? How 's all with you?" said Martin, when Phillida appeared at the door.

"How do you do, Mr. Martin?" she said. "Won't you come in?"

"No, thank you," said Martin, standing shivering in the vestibule, his solemn face looking neither more nor less like mortuary sculpture than it ever did. "Mother wants to know if you won't come down right away this evening. Our Tommy is seemingly sick."

"Seemingly sick?" asked Phillida. "How do you mean?"

"He 's got a belief in a sore throat," said Mr.

Martin, "and he 's seemingly not well. Mother 'd like to see you."

After a moment of puzzled thought Phillida comprehended that this way of speaking of disease was a part of the liturgy of Christian Science. She could not persuade Mr. Martin into the parlor; he waited in the vestibule while she got ready to go. Once out on the wet sidewalk he said:

"It 's all the fault of the infant-class teacher down at the Mission."

"What is the fault of the infant-class teacher, Mr. Martin?" asked Phillida with some surprise.

"This seeming sore throat of Tommy's."

"How can that be? I don't understand."

"Well, you see she talked to the children last Sunday about swearing and other such sins of speech. Now sin and disease are cor—what-you-may-call-it. Tommy he came home with that big head of his running on the talk about swearing, and in two days here he is with a — a belief in a sore throat. If I had my way I 'd take the children out of Sunday-school. But mother will have her own way, you know, and I ain't anywhere when it comes to anything like that."

Phillida said nothing in reply to this, and presently Mr. Martin began again:

"It ain't my doing, the getting you to come and pray for Tommy. I wanted somebody ruther more scientific; Miss Bowyer she knows the cause and effect of things. But mother ain't enlightened yet, and she declared up and down against Miss Bowyer. And I declared up and down against doctors that can only cure sickness on the mortal plane. So, you see, we comp'omised on you. But I let mother know that if she would be so obs'inate ag'inst Miss Bowyer I wa'n't risponsible for the consequences; they 'd be on her head. She can't say that I 'm risponsible."

Phillida shuddered, and made a motion as of drawing her sack more closely about her.

"Though, for that matter," Martin went on, "Tommy 's kind of settled the thing himself. He declared up and down that he did n't want Miss Bowyer, and he declared up and down he did n't want a man doctor. What he wanted was Dick's Sunday-school teacher. And neither one of us kind of liked to refuse him anything, seeing he 's sick; and so that kind of settled it. And so the risponsibility 'll be — I don't know where — unless it 's on you."

Phillida found Tommy in a state of restlessness and dullness, complaining of difficulty in swallowing. Mrs. Martin was uneasy lest there should be something malignant about the attack; but to Phillida the case seemed an ordinary one, not likely to prove serious. She held Tommy in her arms for a while and this was a solace to the little fellow. Then she prayed with him, and at half-past nine she returned home leaving Tommy sleeping quietly. When she neared her own door she suddenly bethought her that she had not seen the other children. She turned to Mr. Martin, who was walking by her side in silence and with a measured stride that would have been very becoming to an undertaker, but with which Phillida found it quite impossible to keep step.

"I did n't see the rest of the children, Mr. Martin; where are they?" she asked.

"Well, a neighbor acrost the street come over to-day and took 'em away. She did n't know but it might be dip'thery."

"Have you had any diphtheria in your neighborhood?"

"Well, yes; the caretaker of our flats down on the first floor of the next house lost a child last week by a belief in dip'thery. The neighbor acrost the street thought Tommy might have got it, but we did n't believe it. But it made mother kind of uneasy, and she wanted to see you or a doctor to-night. For my part, I knew that it was the talk of the infant-class teacher that was at the bottom of it, dip'thery or not. Sin ought n't to be mentioned to a child. It 's likely to break out into a belief about sickness."

Phillida's spirits suddenly sank to zero. Alarm at the responsibility she had taken got the better of her faith by surprise, and she said:

"Mr. Martin, get a doctor. It may be diphtheria."

"Why, what if it is?" said Mr. Martin. "It 's better to treat it on a spiritual plane. No, I 'm not a-going back on my faith in the very words of the Bible."

"But, Mr. Martin, I don't feel sure enough to want to be responsible for Tommy's life. You must get a doctor as you go home. You go almost past Dr. Beswick's in Seventeenth street."

"No, I won't do that; I 'd made up my mind already that your treatment wa'n't thorough enough. You have n't had the experience; you have n't studied the nature of disease and the cor-what-you-may-call-it between sin and sickness. I'll call Miss Bowyer if Tommy don't mend before morning."

Just then it began to rain again. The sudden plash of the downpour and Phillida's instinctive impulse to get quickly under shelter interrupted the conversation. A minute later Miss Callender was standing in the vestibule with a weeping umbrella in her hand, while she heard Mr. Martin's retreating footsteps, no whit hurried by the fitful gusts of rain, or the late hour, or the illness at home.

She thought of running after him, but of what use would that be, seeing his obstination against treating diseases on the mortal plane? She would have liked to go home with him and

beg the mother to send for a doctor; but she could not feel sure that this would serve the purpose, and while she debated the rain came on in driving torrents, and the steady beat of Mr. Martin's steps was lost in the distance and the rush of waters. In vain she told her mother that the child did not seem very ill, in vain she told herself during the night that Tommy had only an ordinary cold. She was restless and wakeful the night long; two or three times she lighted a match and looked at the slow-going clock on the mantelpiece.

In that hour unbelief in the validity of her cures came into her mind with a rush that bore down all barriers before it. Her mind went over to Dr. Beswick's side of the question, and she saw her success in some cases as the mere effect on the nervous system. In the bitterness of something like despair she thought herself a deluded and culpable enthusiast, worthy of ridicule, of contempt, of condemnation. There were no longer any oscillations of her mind toward the old belief; the foundations of sand had been swept away, and there was no space to make a reconstruction. Scarcely could she pray; unbelief tardily admitted threatened to revenge itself for the long siege by sacking the whole city. She was almost ready to plunge into Philip's general skepticism, which had seemed hitherto a horrible abyss. At a quarter to five o'clock she lighted the gas, turning it low so as not to disturb the others. She dressed herself quickly, then she wrote a little note in which she said:

I am uneasy about Mrs. Martin's child, and have gone down there. Back to breakfast.

PHILLIDA.

This she pinned to Agatha's stocking, so that it would certainly be seen. Then she threw an old gray shawl over her hat, drawing it about her head, in order to look as much as possible like a tenement-house dweller running an early morning errand, hoping thus to escape the curiosity that a well-dressed lady might encounter if seen on the street at so early an hour. The storm and the clouds had gone, but the air was moist from the recent rain. When she sallied forth no dawn was perceptible, though the street lamps were most of them already out. Just as the sky above Greenpoint began to glow and the reeking streets took on a little gray, Phillida entered the stairway up which she stumbled in black darkness to the Martin apartment.

The Martins were already up, and breakfast was cooking on the stove.

"Is that you, Miss Callender?" said Mrs. Martin. "I did n't expect you at this hour. How did you get here alone?"

"Oh, well enough," said Phillida. "But how is little Tommy?"

"I 'm afraid he is worse. I was just trying to persuade Mr. Martin to go for you."

"I came to give up the case," said Phillida, hurriedly, "and to beg you to get a doctor. I have done with faith-cures. I 've lost my faith in them entirely, and I'm afraid from what Mr. Martin told me last night that this is diphtheria."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Martin, in renewed alarm.

Mr. Martin, who was shaving in his shirt-sleeves near the window, only turned about when he got the lather off his face to say: "Good-morning, Miss Callender. How 's things with you?"

Phillida returned this with the slightest good-morning. She was out of patience with Mr. Martin, and she was revolving a plan for discovering whether Tommy's distemper were diphtheria or not. During her long midnight meditations she had gone over every word of Dr. Beswick's about bacteria and bacilli. She remembered his statement that the *micrococcus diphtheriticus* was to be found in the light-colored patches visible in the throat of a diphtheria patient. At what stage these were developed she did not know, but during her hours of waiting for morning she had imagined herself looking down little Tommy's throat. She now asked for a spoon, and, having roused Tommy from a kind of stupor, she inserted the handle as she had seen physicians do, and at length succeeded in pressing down the tongue so as to discover what she took to be diphtheria patches on the fauces.

"Mrs. Martin, I am sure this is diphtheria. You must get a doctor right away."

"I 'll attend to that," said Mr. Martin, who had now got his beard off and his coat on.

As he donned his hat and went out the door, Mrs. Martin called: "Father, you 'd better get Dr. Beswick"; but her husband made no reply further than to say, "I 'll attend to that," without interrupting for a moment his steady tramp down the stairs.

"I 'm afraid," said Mrs. Martin, "that he has gone for Miss Bowyer."

"I hope not," said Phillida.

"If he gets her he 'll be awfully stubborn. He has been offended that I sent for you last night. It touches his dignity. He thinks that if he does n't have his way in certain things he is put out of his place as head of the family."

Phillida presently perceived that Mrs. Martin was shedding tears of apprehension.

"My poor little Tommy! I shall lose him."

"Oh, no; I hope not," said Phillida.

But Mrs. Martin shook her head.

In about half an hour Henry Martin, with a look that came near to being more than usually solemn, ushered in Dr. Eleanor Arabella Bowyer, and then sat himself down to his breakfast, which was on the table, without a word,

except to ask Phillida if she would n't have breakfast, too, which invitation was declined.

Miss Bowyer nodded to Phillida, saying, "Your case?"

"No," said Phillida; "I have no case. This is a case of diphtheria."

"Case of belief in diphtheria?" queried Miss Bowyer, and without waiting for an invitation she calmly poured out a cup of coffee and drank it, standing. When she had finished the coffee and was ready for business, Phillida said:

"Miss Bowyer, let me speak with you a moment." She drew the psychopathic healer over toward a large old-fashioned bureau that the Martins had brought from the country and that seemed not to have room enough for its ancient and simple dignity in its present close quarters. "Miss Bowyer, this is diphtheria. A child in the next house died last week of the same disease. Mrs. Martin wishes to call a doctor, a regular doctor. Don't you think you ought to give way to her wish?"

"Not at all. The father is enlightened, and I am thankful for that. He knows the mighty power of Christian Science, and he does not wish to have his child treated on the mortal plane. Parents often differ this way, and I am sometimes supported by only one of them. But I never give way on that account. It 's a great and glorious work that must be pushed."

"But if the child should die?" urged Phillida.

"It 's not half so apt to die if treated on the spiritual plane; and if it dies we 'll know that we have done all that opportunity offered. In all such cases the true physician can only commend the patient to the care of a loving Providence, feeling assured that disorder has its laws and limitations and that suffering is a means of developing the inner nature."

Having reeled this off like a phrase often spoken, Miss Bowyer walked over to the bed where the little lad lay.

"Miss Bowyer," said Mrs. Martin, with an earnestness born of her agony, "I don't believe in your treatment at all."

"That 's not necessary," said the doctor with a jaunty firmness; "the faith of one parent is sufficient to save the sick."

"This is my child, and I wish you to leave him alone," said Mrs. Martin.

"I am called by the child's father, Mrs. Martin, and I cannot shirk my responsibility in this case."

"Please leave my house. I don't want you here," said Mrs. Martin, with an excitement almost hysterical. "I believe you are an impostor."

"I 've often been called that," said Miss Bowyer, with a winning smile. "Used to it. One has to bear reproach and persecution in a Christian spirit for the sake of a good cause. You are only delaying the cure of your child, and perhaps risking his precious life."

"Henry," said Mrs. Martin, "I want you to send this woman away and get a doctor."

"Hannah, I 'm the head of this family," said Martin, dropping his chin and looking ludicrously impressive. But as a matter of precaution he thought it best to leave the conflict to be fought out by Miss Bowyer. He feared that if he stayed he might find himself deposed from the only leadership that had ever fallen to his lot in life. So he executed a strategic move by quitting his breakfast half-finished and hurrying away to the shop.

Miss Bowyer was now exultantly confident that nothing short of force and a good deal of it could dislodge a person of her psychic endurance from the post of duty.

She began to apply her hands to Tommy's neck, but as there was external soreness, the little lad wakened and cried for his mother and "the teacher," as he called Phillida.

Mrs. Martin approached him and said: "Miss Bowyer, this is my child; stand aside."

"Not at all, Mrs. Martin. You are doing your child harm, and you ought to desist. If you continue to agitate him in this way the consequences will be fatal."

Certainly an affray over Tommy's bed was not desirable; the more so that no force at present available could expel the tenacious scientist. Phillida, who somehow felt frightfully accountable for the present state of affairs, beckoned Mrs. Martin to the landing at the top of the stairs, closing the door of the apartment behind them. But even there the hoarse and piteous crying of Tommy rent the hearts of both of them.

"You must send for Mr. Millard," said Phillida. "He will have authority with Mr. Martin, and he will know how to get rid of her," pointing through the door in the direction in which they had left Miss Bowyer bending over the patient.

"There is nobody to send," answered Mrs. Martin, in dismay.

"I will send," said Phillida. They reëntered the room, and Phillida put on her sack in haste, seizing her hat and hurrying down the long flight of stairs into Avenue C, where the sidewalks, steaming after the yesterday's rain, were peopled by men on their way to work, and by women and children seeking the grocery-stores and butcher-shops. Loiterers were already gathering, in that slouching fashion characteristic of people out of work, about the doors of the drinking-saloons; buildings whose expensive up-fittings lent a touch of spurious grandeur to the pinched and populous avenue.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

THE CLOWN AND THE MISSIONARY.

IT was a sunny May morning, and the *Baltic* was steaming out of New York bay for Liverpool. It was the old ship's last trip in these waters, and she made it under special conditions. She was given up entirely to second-class passengers, who of course, as a result, had in some respects first-class accommodations. The consequence was a social mixture perhaps a shade odder and more varied than is usually seen. Two weeks before, my friend Miss Milman had happened to see this arrangement advertised, and we had suddenly and happily discovered that at the rates given we could afford to drop work (our painting and writing) for a month or two and together "run over to the other side."

We were on deck in that May sunshine, our hands full of flowers,—for our friends had graciously ignored our lowly second-class estate in their farewells,—the bright waters dancing around us, the workaday world behind us, enchanted lands of romance and beauty before us, and at our elbows a new and heterogeneous representation of the dear, dull, supremely interesting human race. By the time we had spent an eternity of two days in a universe of water and sky we had discovered beneath the prevailingly commonplace exteriors various pleasing features among our fellow passengers. We enjoyed the incongruity of the Irish ward politician's obvious moral heinousness with his tender devotion to a little sick wife; we relished the simple and profound moral patronage we received from a trio of professional feminine philanthropists, well-meaning souls, dripping with self-esteem, who were going over to investigate the workings of some society for the promotion of some sort of good works; we delighted in their genuine horror of a stunning, bouncing, good-looking young woman who was said to be an actress, but whose normal position, it was perfectly clear, was at the head of a column of lightly clad Amazons in a Kiralfy spectacle, and we liked her as a perfect specimen of her kind; but we had most pleasure in the simple admiration and respect we felt for a shabby, gentle, intelligent missionary from China, who was on his way to a great Exeter Hall meeting in London, and in the curiosity aroused in us by a dumb, wooden youth with watery, pale eyes and a red head, who looked rough and "horsey," and whom we repeatedly saw sitting in his state-room—it was opposite ours—reading a small Bible.

We thought it piquant when we found he knew the spectacular Amazon, but that was but the beginning of satisfactions, for we soon discovered that he was himself a circus clown.

To look upon a little dull, faithful-looking creature like that, to see him absorbed in reading a pocket-edition of the Holy Scriptures, and to be able to reflect that he lived by the violent vivacities of a sawdust buffoon, was a privilege that, among other things, made me laugh till I cried. Perhaps the step from the one expression to the other was shorter than usual.

The sight of him gave me new thoughts as to the possible value of rites, of formal observances. There was nothing in his aspect as he read to suggest keen intellectual or spiritual activity; on the contrary, I could imagine him turning two leaves at once and being never the wiser—or the less wise. The occasion was plainly one of ceremony, but it was equally plain that it was ceremony observed with religious feeling, and without going into the gloomy question of how far religious feeling may be removed from a sense of moral obligations, I felt very sure with such a boy as this, English or American, and unflattered by the public opinion of his world, the ceremony of Bible reading was morally conserving.

The third day out I did a highly reprehensible thing. I had seen the clown on deck as I came down to my state-room, and when near the open door of his I saw the Bible lying on one of the theatrical trunks with which the place was filled. The temptation was irresistible. I took it up and opened it at the front fly-leaf. Yes, there was the inscription in a half-formed, school-girlish Italian hand—American school-girls wrote something like it forty years ago:

To my Beloved Brother Teddy, from his loving Sister Emmy.
Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

I called softly to Amy, and held up the page.

"How could you be such a br—"

"Brute" she was going to call me, but she stopped to avail herself of my misconduct and to read the words, and then we laid the book where I had found it and slipped away.

"Yes," she said, as we exchanged a look and a smile, "it would have been a pity to

miss that because of any small scruples. And now you 'd better stop; a little circus clown traveling over the earth like that is too picturesque an object for investigation. He 'll never come up to the situation."

I thought she was probably right; still my curiosity was not slaked.

During the several years spent by myself "on the stage" I had occasionally come in touch with circus people. To some extent they recruit the stage, and though actors affect great superiority to them, there is a degree of common understanding, and, on occasion, of good-fellowship between all show folks. I consider myself to hold rather originally favorable opinions of the sawdust performers as compared to other nomads, but I am not accustomed to see religion flourish among any such class, except, semi-occasionally, in the case of Roman Catholics. One effect of puritanism on Protestantism has been to unfit it for many Christ-like ministrations which the old church still better or worse performs. It was the loneliness of the little clown's religious aspirations that touched me most. I reflected on how many good people would be disconcerted to hear of them, feeling that in some mysterious way they most irritatingly and unjustly weakened their own position of condemnation towards clowns and circuses in particular, and the world, the flesh, and the devil at large.

I smiled at the thought. I was lying on deck in my steamer chair, and just then the captain of the Amazons, in much nautical splendor of blue serge and white anchors, whirled down the deck and collided in front of me with the shabby missionary.

The girl turned very pale. It was pleasing to see the awe with which the cloth inspired her, and in the confusion of her apologies she dropped a pack of cards. The missionary picked them up, and with a kindly, faintly humorous smile handed them to her, and she got herself off expeditiously, though, so to speak, with much sail taken in.

It occurred to me that perhaps this preacher did not illustrate the points I had been making against the pious. We had arrived at a bowing acquaintance, the missionary and I, and now when he glanced my way I smiled my recognition of the moment's accident. He smiled, too, and said, "When I first went to China I found that for the work I wanted to do I must dress like a Chinaman." The conclusion of his thought, that the clerical broadcloth might still interfere with his usefulness, he expressed only by a quizzical glance down the deck towards the young lady whose normal costume was tights.

Later in the long, fair, ocean-girt day, as the ship glided on between two still, blue wonder-worlds,—the water was like satin,—Amy brought her water-color box on deck and began to sketch.

Everybody was on deck; the clown with a white, bell-shaped soft hat pulled down to his ears, and his hands in his pockets, was doggedly taking a constitutional and chewing a tooth-pick.

I was planning to use my past connection with the stage to help me to his acquaintance, when it appeared that we were to win that privilege through a quite different appeal. As I lay drowsy with content, watching the dashes of color brighten Amy's pad, I became aware that Teddy Catty (that was his delightful name) was circling about us, his pale, white-lashed little eyes blinking fixedly—if you will permit the paradox—upon Amy's work.

I looked up at him amicably as he came nearer; he touched his hat; there was a touch of the grotesque, something very clownish, in his very organization, and the way he touched his hat was faintly funny, was dimly Audrey-like. He came nearer shyly, cleared his throat, and said, with a very good accent and in quite the usual English way:

"Beg pardon, I hope you 'll excuse me for watching, but I take such an interest when I see any one painting."

"Do you paint?" I concluded my reply.

"Oh no, no, no indeed, but I have a sister who does. She paints wonderfully." Then, lowering his voice, he added hesitatingly, as if it were really immodest to speak of so much glory, "She has a picture in the Royal Academy this year."

Now this was exactly what I wanted to hear about. Amy was painting away; she had recognized the clown's presence by a civil glance only, so I encouraged him to draw up a stool and wait till her sketch was done.

I soon learned much of the little all that my week's acquaintance with him disclosed. The sight of a girl painting had melted him into a mood as communicative as a child's, and he only wanted a sympathetic audience to enjoy with him the music of Emmy's name. Yes, the heroine of the Royal Academy and the dear giver of the little Bible were one—she was Teddy Catty's only sister.

Let me give such an outline of their history as I can, in orderly sequence.

The father had been in charge of the work-room of a china-painting firm. "That 's all knocked off now," said Teddy Catty, and he explained lamely and naïvely how people wanted "high art" nowadays, and how consequently his father's old firm had gone out of business; his father had been with them forty years, and "he died pretty soon after he lost his place."

The mother had been a ballet-girl before she married, and she had numbers of relatives in various branches of the "show business." The children, four of them, were all put on the stage in pantomimes and such things when they were little. Of the family there were now left only the one brother and sister.

No, Emmy was not on the stage, "not in no way." Though his accent was so good the little clown's grammar was not upon a dull level of correctness. "Emmy never exactly liked the stage, her mother never exactly wanted her to go on it," and just when they did not know what she should do, she solved the problem the old way, and married — married a scene-painter at the Lyceum Theater.

"You may know by that that he 's a good one; he was only in a small position when Emmy married him, but he 's one of the head ones now. Then, you know, he knew some real artist painters, and Emmy,— she did n't have any children,— and she thought she 'd like to learn to paint pictures; and she did. Her husband 's awful proud of her."

It was the fifth day out, when, after much narrative that — as is the way of talk — did not advance the story, we reached this point.

We were again on deck, and Amy and I were lying in our chairs gazing over a tossing dark sea at a red sunset, while Teddy Catty sat facing us.

"You would n't think Emmy was my sister," he said. "She 's like another kind. She 's a beauty, and she 's just like a swell, a nice swell, in her ways, and then she 's good. My, she 's good!"

"Is she religious?" I ventured.

"Now you know,— yes,— but then it 's hard to say exactly what different people mean," and the boy gave himself up with grave pleasure to the serious business of accurately informing us as to Emmy's spiritual life. "She is as religious as she can be one way," he went on, "and then the other she only goes as far as she can without feeling as if she was throwing over the rest of us. Her husband he thinks religious people ain't his kind, and of course I 'm nowhere with 'em, and Emmy can't make herself up to contract with them that despises us. You would n't believe what she thinks of me, you would n't indeed. So she just goes without religion except what she can get reading the Bible and —" half hesitating, and softening his tone, "and praying. She says she believes we can be good that way. She wants me to try. She is — good, good. I wish, though, she could be with real religious people, some kind. Our grandmother, one of 'em, was a great chapel-goer. She was an Independent. I think Emmy would be happier that way."

He turned his face towards the angry gloom of the sea and the fading western sky, and we were all silent. What a comforting glimpse of human nature! What a touching, beautiful hint of human history in that disorderly Bohemian world was this the clown had given us! Not typical, perhaps, of anything less than the deep heart of man, but none the less typical of that because of its irrational, incongruous, half-comic setting.

Presently Amy said, with an odd little accession of formal courtesy in her tone, "I hope, Mr. Catty, you have a picture of your sister that you can show us. I should like to know how she looks."

Yes, he had her picture in his state-room; he wanted us to see it.

The limitless night was darkening around us in momentary pulsations; we left the wild, soul-searching scene for the petty, pretty glare of the cabin. While we were drinking our tea Teddy Catty brought us the photograph.

It seemed out of harmony with our present fleshly reaction against the infinite things of the spirit; we had to give our poor flagging souls a tug to make them respond to the unconscious awe that looked, madonna-like, upon us. You never saw a little child's face more deeply, simply serious. And yet — I find myself saying "and yet" — it was of the most typical, modern, London sort, with delicate, high, regular features, flat cheeks, and strong, smooth, structural lines — beautiful, but with an over-civilized, sophisticated beauty curiously at variance with the pure, tender goodness of the expression, and, in some obscure way, making it the more touching.

The next day I took the picture to show to the missionary; he smiled benevolently as I told of the quaint brother and sister, but being a missionary and not an artist, and seeing nothing to do for them, his mind inclined to wander. Yet once or twice afterward as he walked the deck with one of his small children by the hand,— he always had one with him when he did not have two,— he tried to join in our conversation with Teddy Catty; but when he saw the little fellow draw back overawed, he readily enough, with a shade of relief, perhaps, abandoned the gentle attack.

This trio was not often in session, so to speak, for Teddy Catty was very modest, and was scrupulously careful not to intrude upon us; but he was sure to be within beckoning distance whenever Amy was sketching. The sight exercised an absurd fascination upon him.

It was easy to see that he regarded me as of an altogether inferior race of beings as compared to Amy; with me he could talk on occasion, but to her he could scarcely more than speak when he was spoken to. This dumb

shyness, together with his professional position, puzzled Amy.

"Do you suppose," said she, "that he is anything of a clown, that honest little owl?"

In truth there seemed nothing clown-like about Teddy Catty except the clownishness of which I have spoken, the touch of oddity that made his identity seem a little humorous. But then I had seen successful comedians flourish on nothing more than a lesser degree of the same thing, and I knew too, what is always puzzling to the world, that the possession of the technique of any art enables the possessor to mold into expression much of his nature which he may lack either freedom, will, or strength to express in his life; so you see I was not surprised when my interest in Teddy Catty's artistic side was gratified by a chance verdict — but not a worthless one — that he was a good clown. It came from the spectacular Amazonian captain on the occasion of my first conversation with her. It happened one afternoon, as I was walking on deck, that I stumbled, and simultaneously the ship gave a lurch, and I was thrown upon the histrionic Amazonian breast. Upon such a provocation to unreasoning resentment her boundless good-nature instantly asserted itself, with pleasure in the opportunity, and then in an instant more she realized another opportunity — she would gratify a thirst for knowledge. Having helped me to my feet she hurried to say:

"I 've heard Teddy Catty speak about you; he said you 've been on the stage yourself. He 's awful taken up seeing that friend of yours paint, ain't he? He 's dead proud of that sister of his a-painting. Did you know anything about him before you came on board? Did n't you ever see him in the ring? He 's a good clown, a real good one. They say he 'll get with Barnum next, likely. There 's some fun to him — not all just as if you 'd pulled a string. I tell him he ought to go on the stage — comic opera. He can't sing much, but that don't matter for a funny man. I 've been in comic opera some, not a principal of course — but I can get more with the Kiralfys and in pantomime over here," with a toss of the head towards the bow of the ship. I was as pleased with this confirmation of my divination as if I had been less assured in making it.

After having dreamed away half a lifetime in this little world upon the waters, and having all but forgotten previous states of existence, — at the end of ten days, that is, — we anchored off Queenstown. There, according to expectation, we met a party of pleasant acquaintances of both sexes, and straightway we sank — rose? — were transformed from the lofty patrons of Teddy Catty into something perhaps more like conventional young ladies than some old-fashioned people would suppose possible.

It is strange now to think how unimpressively on this changed mood fell the news that Teddy Catty at Queenstown had met dark sorrow — a letter had come telling him his sister was dead. Not that we were indifferent. No; I remember feeling his bereavement with one of those appalling thumps of realization — no expression more conventional will express a sensation so fatal to conventions — that visit most of us often enough to point the blessing of our usual "wadding of stupidity." But after all, this heart-stopping sensation — as usual, I think — came rather from a sudden vision of the tragic conditions of all life than from direct, simple sympathy with Teddy Catty. Poor Teddy Catty had all at once become a very remote little figure, all but invisible, and there was so much to talk over with our friends; news was to be heard, experiences were to be exchanged, and plans to be made — a sudden development for us of a full world out of nebulous space. Still in the midst of all this pleasant pother we could but gaze upon the door that shut in the little clown and his sorrow, and feel momentarily rebuked for life and its inevitable frivolities.

It was a relief when his room-mate — a young man; we knew nothing more about him — came to me and with stammering, misplaced apologies asked if I thought, if I supposed, that the missionary would not mind, or did I think he would mind — "Does Mr. Catty want to see the missionary?" I asked with a sense of relief, and I went gladly to summon him.

The missionary was as usual occupied with his numerous little ones; his wife was sick throughout the voyage, and had scarcely left her state-room.

The missionary turned his bowed head a little from me as he listened, as if he were steeling himself against a personal misfortune.

"He begins where we leave off," I said to myself as I looked upon his pity-moved face.

He came back to me after he had taken the children to his wife, and said, "If I can comfort this poor boy through the word and love of my Master — there is no other comfort — I 'll not forget it 's to you I owe the opportunity" — there was self-reproach in the missionary's tone — "I never should have known anything about him."

It seemed that it took three or four people in this case to make one Good Samaritan. It happened as it is always happening in this fantastic life, that though I wished to ask the missionary about his interview with Teddy Catty, and had of course rational human motives for such an interest in the lad, one puerile triviality after another preoccupied me,

so that I had just a word with him before the ship's company parted at Liverpool.

We were in the custom-house. The missionary's wife, thin, pale, shabby, quietly executive, and a lady, kept order among her children in a corner of the great bare, overlighted, ugly place, and beside her sat Teddy Catty with his hat pulled over his eyes.

I felt that I could not speak to him there,—to do so would, it seemed, emphasize the cruel, bold publicity of the place,—so I went to where the missionary stood over his bags and boxes—a queer lot—and asked him, if the worthlessness of the words did not choke him, to tell the boy good-by for us, and to say that we felt for him. I stopped short, shamed with the thought of how little we felt, realizing for once not only the powerlessness of human sympathy but its painfully absurd deficiency in quantity, the unnecessary thickness of our wadding of stupidity. Then I reflected, as I stood there, that this whole little episode of our acquaintance with the missionary and the clown, so slight, yet so dyed in the primary colors of life, its grotesqueness and comedy and inconsequence, its mystery and tragedy, was ending, or rather, as is the way of life, fading, wilting, passing, like a cloud, into something else, and that soon the quaint pair would exist for me no more; and I rebelled against the mutability of existence. I said to the missionary: "I shall be in London in a week or two. I don't suppose I 'll ever be the least good to you or to Teddy Catty, and there is no reason in keeping up such an acquaintance as ours; but for no smaller reason than that we are all human beings—" The missionary's eyes responded so adequately with humor and a good deal beside that for a moment it did not occur to me to finish my sentence, and then I concluded, "let me come to see you or your wife a moment to hear how things are. You 'll probably know something of Teddy Catty for as much as a fortnight longer."

Yes, he thought his friendship with the clown might survive all-devouring time so long, and he said he would be glad to see me again.

Yet I had been in London a week, and had not looked up my fellow-passengers, when one day as Amy and I were going through the amazingly crowded rooms of the Royal Academy whom should we see but the clown! He was sitting on one of the divans, dressed in the conventional mourning of a law-loving Englishman, a frock coat and a crape-banded silk hat dignifying Teddy Catty's little figure. We saw him furtively wipe his eyes as he gazed at the gilt-and-canvas-covered wall before him, and we knew Emmy's picture was there. We soon found it; it was a little one, hung rather high, and, like several thousand others in that home of English art, it was of a baby, and, again like the majority of them, it was a poor picture—dull, conventional. Whatever had been in poor Emmy's heart when she painted it was concealed under a false, frigid method faithfully carried out.

Teddy's face worked convulsively for a moment when he saw us, then he pointed out the picture and gave us his place to sit in while we gazed. There was plainly no need of talking about it; he did not think of comment as becoming the occasion.

"It belonged to one of the dressers in the theater," he said softly after a time. "She had a lot of children, and her husband died, and—Emmy—Emmy helped her, and she was tremendously fond of that baby. She used to keep it at the house days and days to get chances to paint it." Teddy's voice failed him again.

After a while in the moving of the throng he got a seat beside us, and I noted as if it were something surprising that in taking it he arranged his coat-tails with the same little odd funniness of movement as of old; it did seem quite strange for a moment that his grief had not lifted him into ideal grace. He looked from one to the other of us and said, "I was going to try some way to see you ladies, but the missionary said you were going to come to see him. I wanted to tell you that I 'm going back with him to China, and I 'd never have known him if it had n't been for you."

"Going with him?"

"Yes, Miss Milman; I 'm going to see if I can help him—help him be a missionary, you know." Teddy's unfamiliarity with the phrases of the "work" pleased my ear. "I 've got a little money," he went on, "and I feel as if I 'd like to do something—something religious sometime, and it seems as if this was my chance. I fancy Emmy would like it. But I never could turn in with church or chapel people here at home, I know I could n't. They think a circus man ought to repent a lot, you know, and that I ought to throw over the show business for good, and I don't see how I can, and I don't know that I want to. Long as Emmy did n't cut it altogether I don't know as I want to."

"But—what—how are you going to manage out in China?"

"Why, you know the missionary 's different from most religious folks; he just takes things naturally; and I 've some money by me, and Emmy left me a little—" He stopped a moment and stared fixedly into space, then, shifting his position a little, went on in a different tone: "I can go out there, and then he says he can give me things to do for him as a lay worker,—that 's what he calls it,—and that I can be some use to him, and that it 'll be easier for me to be in good standing there than here. I don't care

how it is, but I 'd like to stay with him awhile and do something some way for religion, you know, the real thing. Yes," in answer to a question, "I suppose I 'll come back and go in the circus after my money 's all gone. They 'd never want to support me as if I was a real missionary. I would n't be worth it; but they 'll let me be a Christian there."

We shook hands with Teddy Catty at the door of Burlington House, and I saw him no more; but when I called on the missionary he confirmed the story of these queer plans.

"Yes," he said; "Teddy seems so little capable of the ordinary ways of entering into and feeling about the religious life that I don't know what channel of usefulness would be open to him here. He wants to come with me, and it seems to me it is a good step; things are simpler out there. About his coming back—I don't think he 'll come back. I think in time he can be taken fully into the work. If he does return, why, he 'll have a fuller religious experience than he has now to fall back on."

And so, thanks somewhat to two highly modern young women professing grave philosophical doubts of the wisdom of foreign missions, this curious transaction came actually to pass, and the only circus clown I ever knew, without renouncing what I shall call his art, sailed away to China as a Christian missionary.

No philosophical doubts could stop us from bidding him God-speed, nor have they quenched, since that day, a high degree of interest in Chinese missions.

Teddy Catty has not yet returned. We feel it would be piquant to see him again fill his place in the ring, but, withal, other than artistic sentiments will make us contented if the missionary's prediction comes true, and the circus knows him no more.

Viola Roseboro'.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Argentine Cheap Money Paradise.

IN many respects the experience through which the Argentine Republic is passing, in an attempt to increase the general prosperity by making money cheap and plentiful, comes closer to the American people than any of the similar efforts in other countries which have been described in previous numbers of THE CENTURY. The government of the Argentine Republic is closely modeled upon that of the United States. It is a country of almost boundless natural resources, whose development has been so rapid as to be almost without parallel in history, and whose growth in wealth, prosperity, and commercial importance has been so nearly approached by no other country in the world as by America. Its people are an energetic, buoyant, self-confident race, full of pride in their country and inclined to the belief that it is capable of withstanding any strain that may be put upon it. Yet, rich and prosperous as they were, these people conceived the idea, when a slight check to their development was felt a few years ago, that what they needed in order to attain the full measure of their prosperity was to make money "cheap and plenty." Perceiving the importance of their experience as an object-lesson for our own country, bearing as it does directly upon discussion and propositions current here, we have gone thoroughly into the matter, examining all available sources of information, and have thus been able to prepare for our readers what we believe to be the most complete as well as accurate account yet published.

In 1873 there was established in the capital city of the Argentine Republic, Buenos Ayres, the Hypothecary or Mortgage Bank, whose main object was to make loans on all kinds of landed property. The principles upon which these loans were to be made were much the same as Senator Stanford is advocating as a basis for similar loans by the United States Government. Any person owning landed property in the province could go to the bank and secure a loan for half its value, which was to be fixed by the bank's appraisers. The bank gave him a mortgage bond, called a cédula, which was to run for twenty-four years, at from six to eight per cent. interest, two per cent. amortization, and one per cent. commission. The interest was payable quarterly, and there were coupons attached for the twenty-four years. The cédulas were issued in alphabetical series, beginning with A and running to P. They were bought and sold on the Bolsa or Stock Exchange, and from their first issue became an important element in speculation. The first issue of series A was between $13,000,000 and $14,000,000, the Argentine dollar being about ninety-six cents of our money, being based upon the unit of the French monetary system. These remained at par for only a short time after issue. They were quickly followed by others, until series A closed with a total issue of $27,394,000. Then came series B with an issue of $1,092,000, series C with $813,000, series D with $288,000, all at seven per cent. Then came series E with a total issue of $15,830,000 at six per cent., and F with a total issue of $6,100,000 at seven per cent. Ten years after the bank's establishment over $100,000,000 of these cédulas had been issued, all based, be it remembered, upon the landed property of a single province. They had from the outset been used for speculative purposes, and every year this use became more wild and reckless. A ring was formed between directors of the bank and certain favored brokers for the absolute control of the successive issues. No one could obtain concession for a loan who did not make application through these brokers, and in order that all the members of the ring might reap their share of the profit, the value of the property upon which the loans were placed was raised to extravagant figures.

The fictitious prosperity which the Hypothecary Bank brought to Buenos Ayres infected the entire republic, and in 1884 Congress passed a law annexing a National Hypothecary Bank to the National Bank,

which was the fiscal agent of the government and of all the provinces except Buenos Ayres. The issue of cédulas on the landed property of the nation was authorized, for fifty per cent. of its value, at interest from six to eight per cent., with two per cent. amortization and one per cent. commission, no single loan to exceed $250,000, and all payable at the end of twelve years. The issue of cédulas was at first limited to $40,000,000, but this was extended from time to time so that in November, 1890, six years after the National Bank began the experiment, it had out no less than $204,000,000 in gold, all bearing interest. The Buenos Ayres Bank had increased its issue of cédulas so that at the same date it had out no less than $330,000,000, but these were in paper, making the grand total of money which had been loaned upon land in the republic during seventeen years, $534,000,000, or over $140 for every man, woman, and child.

When the National Bank went into the hypothecary business in 1884 paper money was at par with gold. Several severe checks to the national prosperity were felt during that year. Cholera made necessary a rigorous quarantine against Mediterranean steamers and checked immigration. Heavy floods during the fall delayed the shipment of crops from the interior to the seaboard. A new government loan of $90,000,000 was to be placed, but the European market which was expected to take $10,000,000 of it was so nearly sated with Argentine investments of one kind or another that it declined to take more than $3,500,000.

In January, 1885, a run began upon the Provincial Bank of Buenos Ayres, and compelled it to suspend specie payments. Whereupon the President of the republic declared the national currency a legal tender. Gold rose at once to 17 per cent. premium, and then to 20 per cent. In February it had reached 33 per cent., and it continued to rise steadily till at one time it was at 300 per cent. That is to say, $400 in paper was worth only $100 in gold. From the moment that the gold standard was abandoned, the demand for more paper money began to be heard, and it was poured out by the government in almost unlimited volume. Under the pretense of creating a sounder financial system and securing a more stable currency, a law was passed in November, 1887, establishing a system of State Banks, forty in number, similar to our National Banks. These started with a capital of $350,000,000, and began to issue paper money, not being required, as our banks are, to be able at all times to redeem their notes with gold. When the premium on gold had reached 40 per cent. the government took the position that the increase was a trick of the brokers, and not in any way an outcome of currency inflation, and issued a decree allowing the banks to issue currency practically without limit. At the same time the government, to satisfy the demand for gold, and prove its belief in its own contentions, threw $30,000,000 of its gold reserves on the market. The gold premium continued to rise with no perceptible check, and as it rose the banks poured out more and more paper money in a frenzied attempt to check its upward flight.

It was discovered after a time that, through trickery, there were several millions more of this irredeemable paper money in circulation than had been supposed. A provision of the national banking law required that all banks reorganizing under it should withdraw and cancel their old notes when they put their new ones in circulation. Several banks, in collusion with dishonest officials, violated this requirement, and kept a large part of their old issue in circulation with the new. At one time the amount of this fraudulent money, based on nothing whatever, amounted to $60,000,000. Some of this was afterward destroyed, but the latest official estimate put the amount still in circulation at over $35,000,000. As the latest attainable total of the regular paper issue of the banks places it at $345,000,000, the grand total of paper money in circulation in March of the present year, worth about 25 cents on a dollar, was $380,000,000, all irredeemable, and decreasing in value every day. This was a *per capita* circulation of $100 for every man, woman, and child in the republic. That ought certainly to have put "plenty of money in the pockets of the people," for $100 is the highest sum *per capita* our wildest cheap money advocates have ever demanded.

With the entry of the National Bank into the business of loaning money on land, the whole country plunged into a wild debauch of speculation, which closely resembled that through which France passed when the same financial experiment was made under John Law's inspiration, as described in the preceding number of THE CENTURY. All kinds of property acquired a fictitious value, and were made the basis for loans at that valuation. The government, departing with complete abandon from all the limitations of legitimate government, helped on the popular furor by giving its aid and sanction to all kinds of mushroom banking, building, and colonization enterprises designed to "boom" the value of property and increase its loanable capacity. The country was sprinkled all over with banks pouring out millions of paper money which could never be redeemed, and thickly studded with inflated joint-stock companies with millions of capital on paper, whose business it was to get from the banks loans for many times the real value of the property upon which they were based. When the banks had exhausted all their capital in loans, the government, assuming their indebtedness, gave them millions of gold with which to continue the issue of cédulas. The business of speculating in gold became enormously profitable, and private banks made fortunes. Men made 10 per cent. per week in the business, and 20 to 24 per cent. per annum was the usual profit. A Bank of Construction was conceived and put in operation by a German Jew, which, in collusion with dishonest government officials, bought vast amounts of property, improved it, obtained exaggerated loans upon it, and sold it in such dishonest ways that the interest on the loans could never be collected. The Jew made a colossal fortune; the stock of his bank went to enormous figures on the Bolsa but, when the tide turned, fell 100 points in a single day, carrying ruin to hundreds of men who fancied themselves rich.

Many of the early cédulas had been sent abroad, and their ready sale in London, Paris and Berlin had encouraged their further issue. About $15,000,000 in all were taken abroad, and more would have been bought had not the European market been flooded with Argentine loans between 1881 and 1890. These were instituted or backed by the Argentine government, and consisted chiefly of loans either to the government or to provinces or to cities. They were for nearly every conceivable purpose, railways, harbors,

street paving, public buildings, school-houses, markets, tenement-houses, bridges, theaters, hospitals, boulevards, public squares, and drainage. In December, 1889, the aggregate of these loans, taken largely in England, was over $122,000,000 for the republic and over $193,500,000 for the provinces, and the total amount of gold which had to be exported annually from the Argentine Republic to pay the interest on its foreign indebtedness, and dividends on railway, bank, and other stocks held abroad, was over $75,000,000. With a foreign debt of $315,500,000, there had been accumulated at the close of 1889 an internal national debt of $207,000,000, and an internal provincial debt of $44,000,000, making at the close of that year a grand total debt of $566,500,000. This has since been increased to $772,500,000. As the population of the republic is about 3,800,000, the debt is over $203 for every inhabitant.

It is small wonder that under this mountain of debt the national government is bankrupt, having neither money nor credit, and that it anticipates a deficit for the current year of over $17,000,000. The provincial deficit for the current year is estimated at between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, making a probable deficit in the whole republic of nearly or quite $22,000,000. Affairs have been going from bad to worse since the crisis of 1890. Credit practically collapsed in the spring of that year. After that time the provincial banks were not able to meet their obligations. The lands upon which loans were based became unsalable, cédulas dropped to 50 and even 35 cents on the dollar, which was equivalent to 13 and 9 cents respectively in gold. The paper dollar was worth about 25 cents. The Provincial Bank of Buenos Ayres, which was the savings bank of the working classes, stopped paying its obligations in 1890, and the National Bank passed its dividend. A revolution broke out, and though the government quelled it the President was forced to resign.

Investigations instituted by the new government into the condition of the banks revealed astounding rottenness and corruption. The whole power of the government was exerted for several months to prevent the National Bank and the Provincial Bank of Buenos Ayres from being publicly declared insolvent, but on April 8, 1891, the President gave up the struggle and issued a formal decree for the liquidation of both, all payments being suspended till June 1. The time was subsequently extended twenty days by Congress, and then extended indefinitely. This was the end, and the wreck of the banks was complete. In 1886 the National Bank had a capital of £10,000,000 sterling, and the Provincial Bank one of £8,000,000 sterling. Not a penny of the latter remained. The National Bank had lost £8,800,000 of its £10,000,000, and owed the government £14,000,000. These two banks had lost, therefore, during five years' experience with cheap money based on landed property, about £30,000,000 sterling, a sum more than double the capital of the Bank of England.

When the collapse came the nation gave itself over, as France had done two centuries earlier, to rage and despair. Men who were believed to be worth millions found themselves paupers. One man who had been worth $20,000,000, which he had accumulated during a lifetime's devotion to honest industry, but who had been tempted to venture it in speculation, lost every dollar. He had just completed the building of a house of palatial magnificence, costing $180,000, but had never entered it, when the crisis came and it was taken to pay his debts. A United States minister to a South American government, who was in Buenos Ayres at the time, thus describes the condition of the nation:

> In six months the people have passed from commercial activity and enthusiasm to depression; from happiness to misery; from confidence to despair. They have taken a Niagara plunge, from which they will not recover in a generation. The worst of the scheme was that it offered irresistible temptation to bribery. It made it possible for any man who owned real estate to get almost any quantity of money, if he would only swear falsely. An acquaintance of mine had a nice farm there which he valued at $15,000. The law would give him a loan to one-half of the value — that value to be fixed by the official appraisers. He "saw" the appraisers, and he obtained a loan of government money — cédula — amounting to $250,000, the maximum loan permitted by law to one person. Think of it! And the money was indorsed by the Barings, the great London bankers! Of course the appraisers got half of it, but the people have it to pay. And they are now in debt more than $100 for every, man, woman, and child — hopelessly bankrupt.

Mr. E. L. Baker, the United States consul at Buenos Ayres, to whose valuable reports we are indebted for much of the information contained in this article, says under date of Nov. 17, 1890:

> The collapse has come, and come with a vengeance. Lands unsalable at any price; national banks gutted and left without a cent in their strong boxes; stock companies with fraudulent entries in their records and without anything to show for the pretensions they set up; merchants unable to meet their liabilities in bank; notes protested and extensions granted; the general business at a standstill; the banks hesitating to discount; and nobody able to say whom it is safe to trust — such is the picture which the country presents to-day. . . . Every business, every industry, every new enterprise feels and suffers from the tremendous reaction which has taken place. Everybody is confounded and stands aghast, looking at the stick which but yesterday, as it were, was a flaming rocket. . . . The truth is the Argentine Republic is suffering from a paralysis of credit. . . . The "fool's paradise" in which the Argentine people have been living for the last few years must be wiped out of existence. Inflation must give place to "hard pan." . . . It has been the general boast among those who were pushing on the "boom" that this was an "exceptional country," and that the ordinary laws of trade, currency, and banking, however requisite to be followed in such countries as England or the United States, had no significance or applicability in the Argentine Republic. Here, it was insisted, all manner of violations of economic principles could be practised with impunity, and the country would flourish by the outrage. The present prostrate condition of both public and private credit shows the inherent fallacy of such an assumption. I only fear that the country will for a long time have to walk in the valley of humiliation and endure a protracted period of business and financial depression before it will again be able to hold up its head and present that buoyant and triumphant look which it has heretofore so proudly worn.

This is the experiment which men imbued with Senator Stanford's ideas are seeking to have the United States undertake. They are advocating it with precisely the same kind of talk which Mr. Baker quotes as having been heard in the Argentine Republic. They are calling the United States an "exceptional country" which is so great and prosperous that it can defy not merely economic laws but the teaching of all human experience. The consequences of the Argentine experiment were felt not only in that republic, but they convulsed the financial centers of three great European countries and virtually ruined the first banking house

of England. The effect was so severely felt in this country that a panic was imminent nearly every day for several weeks, while all branches of trade suffered a mysterious and numbing paralysis.

In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim,

says Lowell, and of nothing is this more true than of the observance by a nation of the great laws of common honesty and fair dealing which lie at the foundation of all economic science.

The Lottery's Last Ditch.

THE determined fight which Governor Nichols of Louisiana is making against the proposal to give a new lease of life to the lottery in that State deserves the moral support of the whole country. It is a fight for the rescue of the State and its people from the clutches of an evil which has been driven from every other American State, and which the American Government has by formal legislative enactment declared to be so pernicious that the mails cannot be used in any manner in its behalf. Kentucky, which for some time shared with Louisiana the bad distinction in being the only other State in which lotteries were permitted, has abolished them and put into her new constitution a prohibition against their reëstablishment. An effort was made in 1890 to introduce them into the new State of North Dakota, but was defeated by the vigorous opposition of the Governor.

Lotteries have at one time or another been employed by all modern governments as a source of revenue, but though they have proved to be a ready and sure means for replenishing a depleted treasury, they have in all cases been found to exercise a mischievous and demoralizing influence upon the people, and to do harm especially to the poor. Between 1816 and 1828 they were in use by the French Government and yielded an annual income of 14,000,000 francs. They were suppressed in May, 1836, and in January following it was found that 525,000 francs more were on deposit in the savings banks of Paris alone than had been there in the same month of the previous year. Parliamentary lotteries existed in England from 1709 till 1823. Their harmful influence began to attract attention in 1819, but so strong were they that it took four years of agitation to secure their suppression. They appeared in the United States very early in its history, and were used for the aid of all kinds of enterprises. Through their agency colleges, hospitals, and churches were built, and roads and bridges and other public works constructed. The first movement for their suppression began in Pennsylvania in 1833, and extended so rapidly to other States that by 1875 no fewer than twenty-six States had adopted laws suppressing them and making the advertisement of them or of foreign lotteries a penal offense. At the present time, as we have said, Louisiana is the only State in which they are allowed.

A general law was at one time on the statute-books of Louisiana forbidding lotteries, but during the "carpet-bag" régime in 1868 this was superseded by an act granting a charter to the Louisiana State Lottery for a term of twenty-five years at an annual license fee of $10,000. In 1879 a bill for the repeal of the charter was passed by both houses of the legislature, but as part of the license fee for that year had been paid the company raised the point that the repeal was invalid, since it was a violation of a contract with the State. The question was carried into the constitutional convention which was sitting in that year, and as a result the new constitution which that body adopted had two curiously conflicting clauses, one declaratory, to the effect that the repeal legislation was invalid because violating a contract between the State and the lottery company, and the other prohibitory, ordering that all lotteries should cease after January 1, 1895. This same constitution, while declaring gambling to be a vice and ordering the legislature to enact laws for its suppression, authorized the granting of other lottery privileges and charters in addition to perpetuating the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery. Various explanations are given for these contradictory provisions of the constitution, but students of the pernicious character of lottery influences think there is no mistaking the real cause.

This action of the convention destroyed all hope of repeal of the charter before its expiration, for it implanted it firmly in the constitution of the State. The company was secure till 1893, at which time its charter would expire. In the spring of 1890, when the waters of the Mississippi were most seriously threatening the levees, the lottery company made its first move for a new lease of life by sending to Governor Nichols an offer of $100,000 to be used for levee purposes. The Governor returned the money on the same day on which he received it, saying that as it was generally known that the company would seek a new charter at the approaching session of the legislature in May, he would not consent to place the State under any sort of obligation to the company. When the legislature met, the Governor, in anticipation of the application for a new charter, gave up a large portion of his annual address to an earnest and eloquent protest against granting it. We quote some of the more striking passages:

A legalized lottery is forced into taking a constant, active interest in the movements of not only one, but all political parties, sending its paid agents among the masses to corrupt and deceive them, buying up, throttling, silencing, and muzzling the press whenever and wherever it can be done, in the cities and in the country, breeding treason and dissension among friends and among leaders, fomenting faction and independent movements when faction suits its purposes, using all expedients and halting at nothing necessary to compass its ends.

I have already alluded to an appeal to be made to the members of the General Assembly to avoid responsibility by permitting the people of Louisiana to vote themselves for the adoption or rejection of the proposed amendment. Such an appeal will be nothing more or less than an appeal to give the lottery company the opportunity to go into the next campaign (fortified, as it will claim to be, by the approval of this General Assembly), and by and through an immense corruption fund mass all the bad elements in the State, white and black, and by their united vote endeavor to ride rough-shod over the respectable and worthy people of this State. Let no man deceive himself, and let no man be deceived by others in this matter. This is precisely what this appeal means. The occasion is too serious to mince matters. I am addressing men of Louisiana, who know as well as I do the value of my words, when I say to them that, should this lottery get firmly planted in this State, it will own and hold the purchasable vote solidly in the hollow of its hands, forever, and through it and by it the liberties, the property, and the honor of the people of Louisiana are at its feet. It would make and unmake governors, judges, senators, representatives, commis-

sioners of election, returning officers, assessors, and all other officials, at its will. Merit would be disregarded and the test of office would not be ability, integrity, public spirit or worth, but subserviency to the behests of that company. Virtue would be the very best bar to official position.

The manner in which the lottery company went about the business of securing its desired new charter confirmed the Governor's declarations about its insidious and corrupting methods. A bill was introduced in the legislature providing for the submission to the people of the State of a constitutional amendment, in which a new charter was granted to the lottery company for twenty-five years in return for the sum of $31,500,000, to be paid in annually to the treasury of the State, in the following amounts: For the public schools, $350,000; for the levees, $350,000; for charities, $150,000; for pensions to Confederate soldiers, $50,000; for the city of New Orleans for drainage and sanitary purposes, $100,000; and for the general fund, $250,000. This was indeed a bribe of enormous proportions — $1,250,000 a year for twenty-five years offered to the people of the State to induce them to put gambling into their constitution, and thus make their State a partner in a gigantic gambling corporation. When the measure came up in the two houses it passed in each by exactly the two-thirds vote necessary. This was sufficiently clear evidence of careful and systematic work in its behalf. It was sent to the Governor, and promptly returned with a veto message in which he reiterated his former views, and made an eloquent plea against committing the State to the disgrace involved in the enactment of such a bill. He pointed out that the State had no need of such aid, that it had not been since the war in a better condition, and that it was moving forward to an era of assured prosperity. He declared that the company, composed of seven men, of whom the name of only one was known, was asking the State to sell its birthright for a mess of pottage, and thus solemnly adjured the legislature to do its duty:

> I call upon it to pause before it takes finally that step and plunges this State into untold trouble. Is there nothing significant in the vote by which this bill has passed, the exact two-thirds vote in each house, and nothing deeply significant in the twelve of the votes in the house and four of the votes in the senate by which that exact majority was reached? Is not the future foreshadowed? To me it most certainly is.
>
> I say to this General Assembly in all earnestness that should this measure be passed we shall enter upon a period of strife such as has never been seen before in Louisiana, and should this contemplated corporation ever be forced upon us, an era of corruption and degradation will follow, beside which the era of reconstruction will appear as one of honor and happiness.

Not the least impressive portion of the veto message was a passage in which the Governor expressed his conviction that if the charter were to be granted the ultimate result would be the pauperization of the State. "Extravagance, profligacy, and corruption will as surely follow the result as the night follows the day," he said; and then proceeded to argue that there would be an immediate falling off in legislative appropriations for all purposes for which the lottery money was given, depreciation in the State credit, and increase in the State's interest-bearing debt, with the result that at the end of twenty-five years a vast amount of interest would have been paid out unnecessarily, improperly, and illegally, and the State's poverty would be so extreme as to furnish a far stronger claim than it does at present for a continuation of the lottery.

The lower house passed the measure immediately over the veto by the same vote as before, and it went to the senate. Before a vote was reached in that body, one of the senators who had voted for it on its first passage died, and there were not two-thirds in its favor. The company then had the senate shift its ground, sending the bill back to the lower house with the claim that it did not require the Governor's signature in order to be ready for submission to the people, and that hence the veto was of no account. The house rescinded its vote, and the clerical officers of both houses were directed to certify all proceedings upon the bill to the Secretary of State. The Secretary of State did not include the act in the printed journals of the legislature promulgated in book form after the adjournment, on the ground that it did not belong there as it had not been passed in accordance with legal requirements. A mandamus was obtained to compel him to promulgate it, and, after argument on both sides, the Supreme Court decided in April last to make the mandamus peremptory, thus sustaining the lottery company in its course. This decision sends the amendment before the people for their approval or disapproval at the election in April of next year, and makes the lottery issue the absorbing one of that contest. Governor Nichols's successor and a new legislature are to be chosen at that time, and the campaign is certain to be the most exciting that the State has witnessed since it overthrew the carpet-bag régime in 1877. What the lottery company will do in order to carry the day is foreshadowed in the passages from Governor Nichols's message which we have quoted above.

The interest which the whole country has in the struggle, aside from the moral aspect of it, is emphasized by the declaration of the lottery company that only three per cent. of its revenue comes from the people of Louisiana; the rest is drawn from the country at large. It was to shut off the greater part of this ninety-seven per cent. that Congress passed the law which went into effect last year, excluding newspapers containing lottery advertisements from the mail, and prohibiting its use for sending tickets, collecting money, and distributing prizes. The lottery company is contesting the constitutionality of this law in a suit which is pending in the Supreme Court of the United States, and which is to come up for hearing at the October term. The company's contention is that the act is an abridgment of the freedom of the press, and an attempt on the part of Congress so to pervert one of its legitimate powers to an illegitimate use as to accomplish a purpose entirely outside of Federal jurisdiction, that is, to suppress a business within a State. If the court shall uphold the constitutionality of this law, the power of the lottery company for evil, even if it succeed in obtaining its new charter, will be greatly lessened. Indeed it is difficult to see how, without the aid of the United States mails, the company will be able to do business enough to enable it to pay over to the State its annual bribe of a million and a quarter of dollars.

"Orthodoxy and Liberty."

NEVER in our generation, perhaps never in America, were questions of creed and of church discipline crop-

ping out in so many new ways, places, and humors, as at this moment. Creed revision, accusations of "unsoundness" or actual "heresy," discussions in the pulpit and in the so-called religious and so-called secular press, are with us continually. It is idle to say that the whole matter is a specialty and that the opinion only of specialists is of any account. Matters of religion are vital to every soul, and the pew as well as the pulpit must make up its mind,— the priest and the layman, the scholar and the unscholarly. We must all know and do something about it; we cannot, at the very least, help thinking about it; and we cannot be altogether blamed if sometimes we "think out loud."

Now this matter of *thinking* brings us straight to a point which some of those in ecclesiastical or official place seem sometimes to lose sight of. The modern world is too much in the habit of doing its own thinking to look without amazement at any apparent effort to put a stop to this highly sane and sanitary habit of the human mind. If it should get to be understood that in any branch of learning, in any historical, philosophical, moral, or religious system, in any society or group of scholars, or teachers, or preachers, fearless and unbiased investigation, and the frank acceptance of the results of such investigation,— in other words, honest, earnest, and independent thinking,— was at a discount, was, in fact, to be peremptorily, and hopelessly, and forever limited by some fixed and ancient formula, why, then there would arise a suspicion of — shall we say a contempt for? — that system, or that group, which would militate against its intellectual and moral influence to an extent beyond all computation.

We know well the honesty, the honor, the devotion, and the deep conviction of many of those active in stemming what they regard as "the tide of infidelity," which appears to them to be perilously invading, in our day, the most sacred places. But it seems to us they should welcome an outside view which they may at first deem entirely and impertinently secular, when that view is a warning as to the effect upon the world at large of what might have the appearance of persecution of preachers and teachers known in their various communities for a genuine, a glowing, a most helpful, a most passionate Christianity.

Nor should these questioners of the faith of others spurn the opinion of that world at large as an opinion unsanctified and worthless. The world at large is made up of separate souls to whom it is the mission of the Church to bring the food of the spirit. The Church, therefore, should seek — should it not? — to remove, so far as possible, every barrier that separates it from those it would succor and uplift — every barrier moral, spiritual, and intellectual. There are minds that do not wish to do their own thinking, that are happiest when utterly relieved of that duty; but there are others — and in the modern world the number is increasing — who can no more cease to think than they can cease to breathe. It would be moral and intellectual death in the first place as surely as physical death in the second. The motto, "Leave thought behind, all ye who enter here," over the door of any church or any institution of any kind of learning — what would be the effect, think you, of such a motto upon the young, curious, active, and earnest minds of this generation? And it is just such minds that are needed now no less imperatively than at any former epoch to carry on the work not only of evangelizing the world but of christianizing christendom.

But is it a mere secular warning? A little while ago one of the leading divines of the country was elected to a chair in the Union Theological Seminary of New York. Before entering upon his new duties the Reverend Henry Jackson Van Dyke passed suddenly away from the scene of a helpful, noble life. It is a great loss; yet many useful years in the important position to which he had been just called might not have had a wider or deeper influence than certain words of prophetic warning spoken by him a few days before his death. "If we cannot have orthodoxy and liberty," said Dr. Van Dyke, "let us have liberty, and go without orthodoxy!"

It is a general principle of which we are speaking; we do not desire to judge of particular events, of decisions made in this case or that. In every society, in every institution, there must be limits to individual action; even to the results of individual thought, when those results lead too far away from assumed standards or self-imposed obligations. The individual surrenders something of his individuality when he seeks certain advantages which can come only by association. And, too, the question must inevitably arise in the conscience of the individual, as to how far he may grow to differ with his surroundings — with the creeds, and rules, and obligations of his position — and still honestly maintain his original formal relationship to those surroundings.

It is therefore, we repeat, not our desire to refer to special occurrences, or to any details with regard to these occurrences — save a single one. When the question recently arose of the official confirmation of the election of a certain eminent Episcopal clergyman to the bishopric of his own diocese, one of the objections urged to the confirmation was, to quote the exact language of protest, "the presence" of the great preacher "at the so-called 'ordination' services" of another eminent preacher of the same Gospel of Jesus Christ — a preacher belonging, in other words, to another denomination of orthodox Christians.

When the study of ecclesiastical history can lead a good and conscientious Protestant ecclesiastic — along with many other good and conscientious and intellectual men and women — to conscientious and painful doubts of the propriety of making a bishop of one whom they acknowledge to be "great," "the prince of preachers," "a king among men," because he with other priests of his church takes a less strenuous and technical view of the "historical episcopate," and one that permits him to extend the right hand of fellowship to other pure, able, and devoted preachers of the word of God; when such a seeming perversion of Christianity is proclaimed to the world at large as of the essence of the Christian Church — the world looks at such a spectacle with an indignation, or a levity, that should turn instead to awe and wonder at the laws that govern the human mind and that involve such astounding inconsistencies in the intellectual processes of the good. And in the end this awe and wonder should breed that finest and most Christlike flower of the spirit of toleration — namely, the tolerance of intolerance.

OPEN LETTERS.

"Valor and Skill in the Civil War."

IN THE CENTURY for May, 1890, there appeared an exceedingly interesting article entitled "Valor and Skill in the Civil War." The article was divided into two parts, the first written by Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge of the United States Army, the second by Charles A. Patch of the United States Volunteers. The whole article is in so friendly a spirit that we are obliged to believe in the intention of the writers to be fair. Yet in the part written by Colonel Dodge occur some very misleading and erroneous statements. It is the purpose of this article to call attention to some of these statements, but without any design of discussing the question "Was either the better soldier?" In arguing that the Southern Confederacy was not as greatly overmatched as some nations that had been more successful, Colonel Dodge says:

> If we will turn back to our own Revolution, we shall find that the population of the United Kingdom alone was five times as great as that of the colonies. And yet Great Britain was unable, after seven years of staunch effort, to reduce these revolted colonies to obedience. If we will go back a half generation further, to old Frederick, we shall find that in the Seven Years' War the population of the allies was twenty times as great as that of Prussia. And yet the allies failed in those seven years to wrest Silesia from the iron grip of this "Last of the Kings." . . . If a hundred years ago Great Britain, with more than five times their population, failed in seven campaigns to subject the colonies; if Austria, Russia, France, Sweden, and the Imperial forces combined were unable, in seven campaigns, to overwhelm that grim old Brandenburg monarch, surely we may feel that our work was not ill done, if in five campaigns, with a population of but three and a half to one, we succeeded in crushing out the rebellion of 1861.

Colonel Dodge seems to overlook the fact that the broad Atlantic, separating Britain from her revolted colonies, was worth to the cause of America thousands of men. He also leaves entirely out of the count France, Spain, and Holland, which powerful nations all combined against Great Britain. At Yorktown the allied armies of France and the United States more than doubled the effective force under Cornwallis, and, besides, a powerful French fleet made certain the victory which secured American liberty. In the war of the Revolution Great Britain was the party overmatched and not the United States. Again, in the Silesian or Seven Years' War Frederick had as his allies Britain, Hanover, and Hesse, whose combined army, under the able leadership of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, did splendid service for the Prussian king. When at the close of his sixth campaign all subsidies from England were stopped by the Earl of Bute (after George II.'s death), Frederick was reduced to as great straits as was the Southern Confederacy at the close of 1864. Prussia was at her last gasp; but the death of the Czarina converted the most powerful of Frederick's enemies into a fast friend, and the Czar Peter III. joined his army to that of Prussia, while Sweden also retired from the alliance against him. Thus by timely help when all seemed lost Frederick was saved. Alone and unaided the Confederacy struggled for four years against a foe whose population outnumbered its own in the ratio of three and one-half to one, and whose armies were swelled by thousands of recruits from the nations of Europe. Again, Colonel Dodge says:

> Owing to its extraordinary exertions, the South had under arms, until the last third of the war, an average of about three-quarters of the force of the North. And we shall see that at the point of actual contact the forces of the North and the South were not far from equal up to 1864.

To prove this statement he introduces the following extraordinary

TABLE OF NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN FORCES UNDER ARMS.

Date.	*Federals.*		*Confederates.*		*Per cent.*
January 1, 1861..	16,000	..	Arming.		
July 1, 1861.....	186,000	..	150,000	..	80
January 1, 1862..	576,000	..	350,000	..	60
March 1, 1862....	637,000	..	500,000	..	80
January 1, 1863..	918,000	..	690,000	..	78
January 1, 1864..	860,000	..	400,000	..	47
January 1, 1865..	959,000	..	250,000	..	26
March 31, 1865..	980,000	..	175,000	..	18
May 1, 1865.....	1,000,000	..	None.		

From what source did Colonel Dodge get the above figures? In the greatest war-history ever published, viz. "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," we find, Vol. IV., p. 767, an article entitled, "Notes on the Union and Confederate Armies." In these notes we find, taken from the official records, a table showing the number of men enlisted in the army and navy of the United States during the civil war. This number amounted to 2,778,304. There is another table, also taken from the official records, showing the whole number of men enrolled — present and absent — in the active armies of the Confederacy on each 1st of January:

Jan'y 1, 1862	Jan'y 1, 1863	Jan'y 1, 1864	Jan'y 1, 1865
318,011	465,584	472,781	439,675

The writer of the "Notes" adds:

"Very few, if any, of the local land forces, and none of the naval, are included in the tabular exhibit. If we take the 472,000 men in service at the beginning of 1864 and add thereto at least 250,000 deaths occurring prior to that date, it gives over 700,000. The discharges for disability and other causes and the desertions would probably increase the number (inclusive of the militia and naval forces) to over 1,000,000."

Now, every one knows that the Confederate armies were much smaller in 1864 than in 1862 or 1863, and in 1865 they were smaller still. Hence it is evident that the absent list included sick, disabled, prisoners of war, and deserters. Every soldier knows that in an active campaign the absent from proper causes soon number a large proportion of the force enrolled, and that in garrison duty there is always a large proportion of sick. On page 290, Volume VII., "Southern Historical Society Papers," Adjutant-General Cooper, of the Confederate army, says: "I can only state from general recollection that during the two last years of the

war, the monthly returns of our armies received at my office exhibited the present active force in the field nearly one-half less than the returns themselves actually called for, on account of absentees by sickness, extra duty, furlough, desertions, and other casualties incident to a campaign life."

Of the 439,675 *present and absent* on the first of January, 1865, the Army of Northern Virginia is credited with 155,000 and the Army of Tennessee with 86,995. Now it is a well-known fact that at that very time the Army of Northern Virginia had less than 60,000 effectives for the field and the Army of Tennessee could not have mustered 20,000 effectives. At this rate the total available force of the Confederacy at that time must have been less than 150,000 men. Now the official records show conclusively that the Confederacy never at any time had 690,000 men enrolled present and absent; 472,000 present and absent is the largest number enrolled at any time, and that, too, on the 1st of January, 1864, when everybody acquainted with the facts knows that the Confederate armies were smaller than in either of the previous years. The writer of "Notes on the Union and Confederate Armies," as we have seen, estimates that, inclusive of the militia and naval forces, there were enlisted in the Confederate armies from first to last more than a million men. When we consider that the militia consisted of old men, boys, and disabled soldiers who had already been once enrolled, 100,000 would be a liberal estimate for the militia and naval forces of the Confederate States, which would bring the total number of enlistments considerably below a million. But suppose we concede the correctness of the estimate of the writer of the "Notes." Then, if 2,700,000 enlistments in the Union armies give as the largest force under arms at any one time only one million men, surely 1,000,000 total enlistments in the Confederate armies ought to give as the largest force under arms at any one time only a little over 370,000 men, inclusive of militia and naval forces.

We also think that Colonel Dodge's list of battles contains several mistakes. At Fort Donelson the Confederates did not have over 15,000. Grant brought against them about 27,000, of whom, he claims, 6000 or 7000 were guarding trains.

At Cedar Mountain, Virginia, Banks had on the field from first to last 17,900 men instead of 7500, and he was driven entirely from the field. Jackson, who had 20,000 men with him, held the field and buried the dead, and on the second day after the battle retired behind the Rapidan to wait the arrival of Lee. At Perryville, Kentucky, Buell had, according to the official records, 54,000 men, about half of whom were actually engaged, and Bragg 16,000. Each side claimed the victory, but Bragg's loss was only three-fourths that of Buell. At Murfreesboro', or Stone's River, Tennessee, according to the official records Rosecrans had 43,000 men, while Bragg had 37,000 instead of 47,000. At Antietam, or Sharpsburg, according to McClellan's report the Union army numbered 87,000, and about 60,000 took part in the actual fighting. According to Lee's report the Confederate army numbered less than 40,000. If Malvern Hill, from which the Union army retired at night without waiting for the renewal of the Confederate attack, was a Union victory, then most assuredly Antietam, where Lee repulsed nearly twice his numbers and offered battle all the next day without being attacked, was a Confederate victory.

Colonel Dodge also makes the following statement: "As regards brilliant assaults upon regular works, the Confederates were never called on to show such devotion as was manifested by the Federals at Fredericksburg, the several assaults at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg."

How about the persistent and successful assaults of the Confederates upon McClellan's fortified lines at Richmond, their successful attack upon Hooker's entrenched lines at Chancellorsville, their attack upon a force equal to their own behind strong field-works at Corinth, their brilliant but hopeless assault at Knoxville, and their brilliant and almost successful assault upon superior forces strongly posted at Gettysburg?

The aim of this article is merely to get at the facts of history. The Union and Confederate soldiers made each a noble record of heroic deeds, of which all Americans may well be proud.

Joseph T. Derry,
Formerly of the 1st and 63d Georgia Regiments.

COLONEL DODGE'S REJOINDER.

I DID not suppose that my article would provoke controversy; I awaited criticism. Mr. Derry has stated his objections fairly. They are hard to answer, because, whether he is right or wrong, my conclusion remains unimpeached. What I sought to show was that, after all is said, the business of suppressing the insurrection of the South was fairly well done by the United States, compared with the military work of other times and countries; and that, taking the actual fighting done, there was not much to choose between Yankee and Southron. Suppose the table of forces under arms to be corrected to conform to that in Vol. IV. of the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," it will not change the conclusion that, "compared, then, with what other nations have accomplished, it may be claimed that the statistics of our war abundantly demonstrate that the North did the business of suppressing the Rebellion in a workmanlike and respectable, not to say handsome, manner, leaving, under the circumstances, no great room for adverse criticism." Suppose each emendation Mr. Derry makes to the list of battles to be allowed, it will not alter the percentages so as to invalidate the conclusion "that the Confederates . . . opposed to the Federals fully equal numbers at the point of fighting contact; and secondly, that of the combats during the entire struggle the Federals had their full share of victories." If we should allow that statistics exhibit an excess at the point of fighting contact of ten per cent. on the side of the Federals, it does not seem to me that the conclusion would be altered one jot. What I wrote and my statistics tend to show *substantial equality*. In such a case, ten per cent. might be disregarded. We should call two armies of ten and eleven thousand, or fifty and fifty-five thousand men, respectively, substantially equal; and had my figures, when tabulated, shown an excess of ten per cent. in favor of the Federals, I should have considered the case proved, as I should if, out of fifty battles, either side had an excess of three or four.

My article was written in Florence early in 1887, without ready access to records or statistics. I think that Vol. IV. of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War"

was not then out. I had not seen the War Records table. It must of course be taken as accurate, and mine, made some years ago, as faulty. I could not now exhume the sources of the Southern items of my table. The Northern items are from the Provost-Marshal-General's accounts. My table was first published in 1883. The table referred to in Vol. IV. of "Battles and Leaders" does not include "local land forces" of the Confederacy. Taking these at ten per cent. of those at the front, "the South had under arms, until the last third of the war, an average of about three-fifths the force of the North," and not "about three-fourths," as stated in my article. Or, throwing out "local land forces" entirely, "the South had about fifty-five per cent. of the force of the North." While this error in my figures is not thereby excused, the argument is in no material degree weakened by the variation. By a fair allowance for garrison work which the North had to do and the South had not, the original statement of three-quarters would stand.

At the time of making my battle-estimate I corresponded with the War Records Office, asking it to make for me the figures of men at the point of fighting contact in the battles tabulated; but the Bureau was practically unable to do so without taking indefinite time and more pains than I could ask. No official records, that I am aware of, have been made of the men at the point of fighting contact. I made mine by taking the brigades and divisions known to have been engaged, and estimating their force as well as possible when it was not given by some good authority. The numbers were set roundly. My premise depends strictly on estimates of men *at the point of fighting contact*, and I think my estimates are very close. For instance, if Chancellorsville were taken as an example, we would have a total of one hundred and thirty thousand men pitted against about fifty-eight to sixty thousand. But the men who actually fought were, not to count the assault on Fredericksburg Heights:

May 2d, at Dowdall's,	22,000	Confed's against	10,000	Federals.
" 3d, at Fairview,	37,000	" "	32,000	"
" 3d, at Salem Church,	10,000	" "	9,000	"
" 4h, at Banks's Ford,	25,000	" "	20,000	"

This makes a very different showing. Every Northerner who fought at the front recognizes the brilliant gallantry of the South. Many of us carry ever-present mementos of their hard fighting. The higher the Southern capacity to fight, claimed or proved by statistics, the better the work done by the North in carrying the war through to a successful issue. I do not insist on every item of my figures being beyond dispute; but it still seems to me that "no reasonable or admissible variation will alter the conclusion which must be drawn from them."

Mr. Derry points out fairly the difference between the conditions of the contestants in our Revolution and in our Civil War. There can be no exact historical parallel found. To illustrate my point, the one I chose remains good, especially as Anglo-Saxons were concerned in both wars.

Is not Mr. Derry inaccurate in what he says of Peter III. and Frederick? The Russian alliance with Frederick was terminated by Peter's death some four months after it was made. The help was timely and useful, but it was neither that which saved Frederick, nor the withdrawal of Sweden from among his enemies. The work of Ferdinand of Brunswick, while excellent, was of negative value in the campaigns of Frederick. Mr. Derry is right in saying that neither the Revolution nor the Seven Years' War is a close parallel; but each is illustratively good.

Mr. Derry's rule-of-three estimate of forces is ingenious, but I doubt if it will work in practice. Very slight difference in the methods of organization or of raising troops North and South would throw out this calculation.

While it is "impossible to argue the question to a satisfactory conclusion on theories and opinions," and while I owe an apology to the readers of THE CENTURY for not correcting my table of forces up to date, the primary value of the statistics is to prove or disprove "either to be the better soldier." *Quoad hoc*, I do not see wherein the figures given have been falsified, nor do I think the premises capable of alteration so as to draw any other than my conclusion.

I thank Mr. Derry for his frank and kindly criticism.

Theodore Ayrault Dodge.

"Does Vivisection Help?"

IN the May number of THE CENTURY Mr. Thomas W. Kay endeavors to weaken my case against vivisection as a method of advancing the healing art. He asks, "How can the great mortality in countries where no physicians exist be accounted for?" and goes on to urge that the increase of doctors always implies increase in the average of human life.

His question and his answer are alike beside the mark, so far as my argument is concerned. I merely explained what the "expectant treatment" was. I do not imagine that it is very largely followed by those who are chiefly responsible for the health of the community. As a fact, it is found that people do get well *without* doctors, just as they die *with* them. Of course the presence of a number of doctors in any country means a certain amount of civilization, and this means, in its turn, good sanitation, and improved hygienic conditions. With these things vivisection has nothing to do. I do not attach much importance to medical or surgical statistics. A famous and witty American physician (was it Dr. Bigelow?) once said, "You can tell as many lies with figures as with words, and bigger ones."

Mr. Kay says the improvement in modern surgery is largely due to greater dexterity in operating, which dexterity is "obtained by practising on the living animal, either man or beast." I do not know what goes on in American schools of surgery, but I am positive that no English surgeons learn dexterity in operations on human beings by practising on animals. I was for four years a pupil at the largest hospital in London, and I never knew a single instance where a surgeon attempted to fortify himself for an operation on a patient by practising on a beast. Mr. Kay says that Mr. Lawson Tait has acquired his manual dexterity and his diagnostic skill only by experiments on women. In a certain sense every surgical operation is an experiment; but there are experiments and experiments. There are operations which are so uniformly fatal that it is merely another sort of murder to perform

them. There are others which have been so marvelously thought out, so admirably planned and carried out with such skill, that they are almost lifted from the region of experiment and elevated into certainties. Of this class are Mr. Lawson Tait's particular operations. A woman operated upon by Tait is rather safer than if she were traveling on certain lines of railway, if we may trust statistics.

It is refreshing to read the quotation which is given from Dr. Winkel, the German surgeon who complained that Lawson Tait's operations "were, in fact, animal experiments on living women." Is Saul also among the prophets? Does a surgeon, and a German one especially, come forward to denounce animal experiments on living patients? Have I been asleep for a long spell and awakened to find the hospitals reformed? And was it in the remote past that "Dying Scientifically" and "St. Bernard's" set the world talking of the horrors that went on in the hospital wards of England? And was it so very long ago that Mr. Erichsen said, "Will the surgery of our time record surgical triumphs or operative audacities?" And was it in such a very ancient medical journal that Dr. Jackson, lecturer on surgery at the Sheffield School of Medicine, proposed to use the word "atrocities" instead of "audacities"?

Was it in 1886, as I thought, or in a more distant age that the "Lancet" said, "It is doubtful whether some of these operations have resulted in adding to the sum total of human life; the prolongation of a life here and there does not compensate for *the cutting short of that of many others*"?

I could "tell an I would" of a great surgeon who could not finish his operations in many cases because he always liked to let his patient die in bed rather than on the operating-table! Of another, too, whose name is now before me, who said of his experiments that "Death seems to begin from the time of the operation, or, rather, during it." Are not these things written in the volumes of the "British Medical Journal" and the "London Lancet"? And do not their reporters say, "We have no right to rush our patients into such a fearful risk, yet this is done every day"? And the "British Medical Journal" in which this is recorded (p. 1837) was dated December 10, 1887. Yet here, in what I took to be 1891, I find doctors making charges against Professor Lawson Tait for experimenting on living women!

There was once a great German surgeon who went to Mr. Tait to ask him "to what he chiefly attributed his great success in abdominal surgery?" And Mr. Tait, glancing at his questioner's fingers, replied, "To always taking care to keep my finger-nails clean." Some unforgiving men would have spoken ill of Mr. Tait after this; perhaps this one did.

I have seen so many evil results of tampering with the brain by the surgeon's knife that I am skeptical as to the whole business of brain localization, so far as its application to surgery is concerned.

Mr. Kay asks, "What will these antivivisectionists do with the bacteriologists who are daily sacrificing thousands of animals on the altar of science?" I would inoculate them with the filthy products of their own cultivations, and let them have a taste of the sufferings they inflict on the animals.

Mr. Kay asks, "Could Pasteur have discovered a remedy for hydrophobia without experimenting?" I do not know, but I do know that he has not discovered anything of the kind by his experiments.

Once more Mr. Kay demands, "Could Koch have made his wonderful discoveries which render probable the cure of consumption?" What, ask this question in May, 1891? No! I have not been on the Catskill Mountains asleep with Rip van Winkle. I am, and have been, wide awake. I know this Koch; he comes from Berlin, and is going into oblivion.

Edward Berdoe, M. R. C. S.

London, May 5, 1891.

Alexander Harrison.

Thomas Alexander Harrison was born in Philadelphia in January, 1853, and while engaged in work on the United States Coast Survey on the Pacific slope in 1875–76 became sufficiently interested in the fine arts to think of taking up painting as a serious pursuit. He entered the schools of the San Francisco Art Association, and worked there two or three years. He went to Paris in 1878, and became a pupil of Gérôme in the École des Beaux-Arts. He has since resided in France. He visited New York the past winter, when an exhibition of some of his work was held, including among other pictures "Le Crépuscule," engraved in this number of The Century. Mr. Harrison's first success dates from the Salon of 1882, when he exhibited there a picture called "Castles in Spain," which attracted much attention from artists and critics. He has been a constant contributor to the Salon exhibitions since that time, and last year, when the division in the Society of French Artists occurred, he was made a member and juror of the new Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which has given two brilliant exhibitions at the Champ de Mars. He received at the old Salon an honorable mention in 1885. At the International Exposition at Paris in 1889 he was awarded a gold medal in the American section, and made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and an Officer of Public Instruction by the French Government. He has received various medals and prizes at exhibitions in the United States where his works have been shown, and is a member of the Society of American Artists. Some of his most noted pictures are "Arcady," "Le Crépuscule," "The Open Sea," and "The Wave." He is best known as a painter of marines, though he has signed excellent landscape and figure studies. "Arcady," an outdoor effect of sunlight striking through the foliage of willow trees growing in a meadow on the border of a stream, with three nude female figures, is one of the most remarkable canvases the modern *plein air* movement has produced. Mr. Harrison's pictures of the sea are noted for their beauty of color and individuality of treatment. He is an artist who has studied nature with great conscientiousness, and has sought for truth in a direction that is enough his own to stamp his creations with an unmistakable personal character. It may justly be said of him that he is one of the ablest of modern painters, and he is one whom we are glad to honor for the sake of American art.

William A. Coffin.

The Treatment of Inebriates.

MEDICAL experts in the treatment of insane persons have for many years protested against the inhumanity of efforts to cure dipsomaniacs and confirmed inebriates by fines and imprisonment.

We now have almost literally no discrimination in our treatment of persons arrested for being drunk. The lad arrested for the first time and the old "rounder" who faces the court for the hundredth time are served alike. A fine is imposed; if not paid, they are sent to work it out in the correctional institution. In a few cases where friends of means and influence interest themselves the inebriate is treated in a private asylum for inebriates, or some lunatic hospital; but the great body are all classed together: fine follows fine, and imprisonment follows imprisonment, and the man or woman who enters upon the career by a first arrest seems bound to continue in it until the community and the victim are both relieved by the drunkard's death.

Nearly all medical testimony is to the effect that a certain class of inebriates have passed the point where their inebriety is a vice or a crime, if it is ever so, and reached a condition of disease which they can no more control than the typhoid-fever patient can control his fever. This class needs curative and reformatory treatment; for such we should have special hospitals to treat such cases and no other. Persons of this class are never properly sent to correctional institutions, either for longer or shorter periods; neither should they be sent for treatment to lunatic hospitals or insane asylums.

All persons arrested for drunkenness should be detained before trial long enough to make a complete investigation of their antecedents. If found to belong to the dipsomaniac class, they should be sent to the hospital especially provided for the cure of that disease; if arrested for the first time, and it appears that they are regularly employed, they should be allowed to go free as soon as they have become sober, with an admonition not to be arrested again; for a second offense a little longer detention should be inflicted, and some effort should be made to place the person under the restraint of some friends or of a probation officer; for a third offense, within three years, the defendant should be committed to an institution where he could be compelled to labor for a period of at least three months. Such institution should have officers fitted to bring moral influence to bear upon the inmates, to build up their will-power, that they may be able to withstand temptation when released.

For those who have been committed more than five times within three years a sentence of not less than two years should be imposed, to still another institution, where labor and mental and moral discipline are rigidly enforced. For the hardened offenders who spend eleven months out of every twelve in our institutions, who are never sober for more than a few days at a time, there should be no question about shutting them up for long terms, instead of arriving at a similar result by a dozen different arrests and convictions in a single year as now. By putting this class away for long terms society will protect itself in many ways: it will relieve itself from the danger which their presence in the community threatens; the assaults, breaches of the peace, thefts, burglaries, and murders they may commit would be prevented, society would be saved from their tainted offspring, and the tax-payers would save the considerable difference between their treatment upon this plan and under the present system.

The writer is not a medical expert, but is situated so as to be a constant observer of the working of the present system of treating drunkards in one of our larger cities, and feels no hesitation in saying that he believes if the authorities were to endeavor to invent a scheme for permanently destroying the usefulness of every person who happens to be arrested for drunkenness for the first time, they would labor long before they could improve upon our present system.

L. Edwin Dudley.

"The Confederate Diplomatists."

A DENIAL FROM MR. EDWIN DE LEON.

WE have received from Mr. Edwin De Leon indignant denial of the statements concerning him in the following paragraph from Mr. Bigelow's article on "The Confederate Diplomatists" in our May number:

> He was regarded by Slidell from the first rather as a spy upon him than as an auxiliary, and that they would not get on harmoniously together needed no prophet to foresee. Besides, De Leon's curiosity got the better of his judgment, and he fell into the habit of opening Slidell's despatches, a practice eminently fitted to strain the relations between these "high concocting powers."

Mr. De Leon says: "I distinctly pronounce both these assertions to be as untrue as they are insulting. Of the former, Mr. Bigelow never had an opportunity of judging, and my earlier relations with Mr. Slidell were, for nearly two years, of the most friendly character. My intercepted despatches, published in a New York journal, then caused a coolness between us."

With regard to the second charge, that he "fell into the habit of opening Slidell's despatches," Mr. De Leon declares it to be "as absurd and impossible as it is untrue," and says: "To support it, Mr. Bigelow cites, from what purports to be a despatch from Benjamin to Slidell, such an allegation, which he (Benjamin) refers to as having been made by Slidell to him at that time — twenty-seven years ago. I declare, upon my honor, that there never was the shadow of such a suspicion attaching to me, as far as I have known, up to the moment of reading this alleged despatch of Benjamin's and Mr. Bigelow's comments thereon; and that each and all of these are slanderous and false."

EDITOR.

The Steamboat "Ariel." — A Correction.

ON the first page of the June CENTURY, in the article on "Colonel William Byrd of Westover, Virginia," there was mention of the steamboat *Ariel* which plies between Richmond and Norfolk. As some of our readers might infer from the allusions that the steamer was perhaps not entitled to the public confidence, we take pleasure in saying that since the appearance of the June CENTURY, the annual inspection certificate of the *Ariel* being about to expire, the United States steamboat inspectors, as required by law, made a "thorough examination of the *Ariel's* hull, boiler, engine, and life-saving equipment, and found all the requirements of the law complied with, and that the *Ariel* was in good and safe condition in every department. The inspectors thereupon issued their certificate accordingly, which is her official passport for another year from date."

EDITOR.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Reflections.

BREAD cast upon the water purely as a business speculation is liable to sink before reaching port.

DON'T worry your brain about the man in the moon, but study the man in your own overcoat.

THE true prince will find it easier to disguise himself than the world would have him believe.

THERE are plenty of good fish always in the sea, but thousands of worthy inland people can never get to the seashore.

THE dog that bays the moon is wiser than the one that bays a bigger dog that is viciously inclined.

TACT can afford to smile while genius and talent are quarreling.

BOTH courage and fear owe much to the armed neutrality of prudence.

WHEN impudence dons the mask of repartee, it is time for the company to disperse for the night.

THE seeming length of a sermon is generally proportioned to its need.

IT is expensive economy to make a part of the truth suffice for the whole.

A MAN cannot be truly eloquent if he knows not how to listen.

BEWARE of the vicious man who proposes to reform his life on the instalment plan.

VIRTUE and laziness may live together, but they are not usually on the best terms.

NO sagacious wise man will quarrel with his own opportunities by lamenting the abundance of fools in the world.

THERE is many a rogue in the world who objects to the Ten Commandments on account of their hackneyed ideas and lack of originality.

THE balloon route to the top of Olympus has never been successfully traveled.

J. A. Macon.

Cour d'Amour.—Cupid, J.

[APPEAL TAKEN ON EXCEPTIONS — PLAINTIFF'S BRIEF.]

FAIR maid, as when I saw thee first,
'T was with such sweet surprise
Pygmalion saw the statue burst
To life before his eyes.
And then, as when I saw thee last,
'T was with such secret pain
His work Pygmalion viewed, aghast,
To marble turn again.

The image by the sculptor wrought
Was not more fair than thou,
And yet she gave her love unsought,
While mine thou spurnest now.
Pygmalion pledged no troth like mine;
I love but thee alone.
Sweet mistress, I am wholly thine;
Why should'st *thou* turn to stone?

Charles Francis Coburn.

Patience Ceased to be a Virtue

LONG, long, and sweetly he had borne each load,
At last some slight increase drove in the goad;
Then cried they all whose burdens bent him low,
"'T is strange, 't is sad, that trifles fret him so!"

Edith M. Thomas.

Two Seasons.

NO slightest shape of summer cloud
The June-time sky bedimpled.
June roses tossed their pretty heads,
In white and crimson wimpled.
Yet, oh, my heart! what winter woe
Enchained and kept thee down!
For swart December's menace lay
In Sylvia's frown!

Now winds speed past us wild with snow,
The year bewails its ending.
The sky, a helmet wrought in steel,
On earth's wan brow is bending.
Yet, oh, my heart! what sylvan cheer
Inspires thee all the while!
For summer's airy sweetness breathes
In Sylvia's smile!

Eva Wilder McGlasson.

The Thoughtless Thinker.

HE 's not unkind to me, this dear philosopher
Whose happy wife I am; far from it, very far.
He 's only on occasions somewhat hasty, sir,
And rather thoughtless, as you know most thinkers are.

John Kendrick Bangs.

AN INDIAN UPRISING.

To an English Sparrow.

Is it springtime, my pert little sparrow?
I hear your voice, honest and shrill.
I see you out there on the narrow
Promenade of my bleak window-sill.
When the blues came, my spirits to harrow,
You darted in sight like an arrow,
Piping, "Cheer up! Cheer up!"
So loud on your tiny, blithe quill.

I like you, my brave, saucy Briton,
You 've a way that has captured my heart;
And though others your failings may twit on,
I 'm a friend that will e'er take your part.
And as much as you wish you may sit on
My sill which you often have lit on,
Singing, "Cheer up! Cheer up!"
With a fervor much sweeter than art.

Few people, I know, praise your singing,
And I own that your harsh vocal powers
Can't compete with the robin's voice ringing
Every June in the lush morning hours;
I confess that the lark, upward winging,
And the bobolink's silver throat flinging
"Bobolink! Bobolink!"
Add a charm to the seasons of flowers.

But when winds of midwinter were blowing,
And the window-panes rattled with sleet;
And the heavens were gray, and 't was snowing,
What became of those visitors sweet?
When we needed them most, they were going,
But you stayed, your stout heart overflowing
In that "Cheer up! Cheer up!"
Which I 've heard you so often repeat.

Your enemies say you 're a fighter.
Ah, well, what of that? So am I.
I will sing if 't is darker or lighter;
You have taught me a gay battle-cry.
When fortune 's against me, despite her,
I will wait for the days that are brighter,
Singing, "Cheer up! Cheer up!"
I will fight and will sing till I die.

George Horton.

Observations from the Women's Quarters.

LIGHT yo' pipe an' missus will call.

NIGGER say, "Honey de softes' 'fore de saremony ap' to hit de hardes' afte'wuds."

MUDDER-HEART beat as true under white skin as black.

SAMBO hones' enough yo' 'doan' give 'im chance to steal.

DOAN' car' for a sunset wi' dust in yo' eye.

PICCANINNY know more 'n he ort at five ap' to know less 'n he ort at fifty.

IKE'S rheumatiz too bad to chop wood, jes right to dance de hoe-down.

SOMETIMES whites' heart thumpin' under blackes' skin.

DRAPPED stitches picked up sight quicker 'n cross wuds.

DEAD piccaninnies doan' make yo' head ache wid der noise.

COOK de coon in his own fat, an' war yo' own clo'es.

ALL de frog's practis'n' won't make him a mockin'-bird.

Chloe.

Sweet Mistress Nance of Milburn Town.

WHEN I had gone the highway down,
I met sweet Mistress Nancy there,
With bonnet quaint, and jaunty gown,
And sundown glints about her hair;
Such silken hosen, dainty feet
That should not climb the mountain lands,
Such wondrous hair, like sheafened wheat
All bursting from its golden bands.

"Sweet Mistress," I made bold to say,
"May I go down the glebe with you?
I heard a bird sing yesterday,
I wish me what it sang were true;
A robin bird" (my knees did shake
To see that she did me so view),
"A robin bird" (I did so quake),
"I wish me what it sang were true."

"Ah, Reuben Foster," quoth the lass,
"What ails the lad that he 's gone wrong?
Best get thee to thy looking-glass—
What is it of the robin's song?
I 'll warrant me the bird did flee
Ere thou didst learn its piping lay.
Ah, Reuben, man, art fooling me?
And is it naught thou hast to say?"

"Sweet Mistress Nance of Milburn town,
I am a loutish country lad,
In bonnet quaint and jaunty gown
You quite distract and make me mad."
And all this time the bonnet's tints
Grew quainter still, I do declare,
And all this time the sundown glints
Made merry with the unsheafed hair.

"What riddle talk ye, Reuben, man?"
And tossed her wondrous mane along;
"To it again, where ye began—
What is it of the robin's song?
I 'll warrant me in all the throng
Along the green there 's none so rare
As would not tell a robin's song,"
And tossed again her wondrous hair.

And all this time we passed along,
The lass did so undo my brain
I durst not tell the robin's song—
I wish that we might walk again;
And all this time the highway down
I went with Mistress Nancy fair,
Up by the glebe into the town,
Some sun-glints still about her hair.

William Page Carter.

Positively Pretty.

SWEET girlhood's grace the maiden wore.
When for her photograph I plead,
"I have none. I am plain," she said;
"My picture 's worse. I 'll try no more."

And all the while her prettiness
Was painting on my inner eye
A picture wondrous fair. Then why
Should photographic art praise less?

But, pondering how that process gives
Negation first, then truth, I knew
E'en sunlight, with her face in view,
Could have no heart for negatives.

Eugene Bradford Ripley.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. C. COX. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. SEPTEMBER, 1891. No. 5.

A WINTER JOURNEY THROUGH SIBERIA.

ON Friday, the 8th of January, 1886, Mr. Frost and I left Irkútsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, for a journey of about four thousand miles to St. Petersburg. The route that we intended to follow differed a little from that which we had pursued in coming into Siberia, and included two important towns that we had not yet visited, namely Minusínsk and Tobólsk. The former we expected to reach by making a detour of about four hundred miles to the southward from Krasnoyársk, and the latter by taking a more northerly route between Omsk and Tiumen than the one over which we had passed on our way eastward. Our equipment for this long and difficult journey consisted of a strongly built *pavóska*, or seatless traveling-sleigh, with low runners, wide outriggers, and a sort of carriage-top which could be closed with a leather curtain in stormy weather; a very heavy sheepskin bag six feet wide and nine feet long in which we could both lie side by side at full length; eight or ten pillows and cushions of various sizes to fill up chinks in the mass of baggage and to break the force of the jolting on rough roads; three overcoats apiece of soft shaggy sheepskin so graded in size and weight that we could adapt ourselves to any temperature from the freezing point to eighty degrees below; very long and heavy felt boots known in Siberia as *válliнki;* fur caps, mittens, and a small quantity of provisions consisting chiefly of tea, sugar, bread, condensed milk, boiled ham, frozen soup in cakes, and a couple of roasted grouse. After having packed our heavy baggage as carefully as possible in the bottom of the pavoska, so as to make a comparatively smooth and level foundation, we stuffed the interstices with pillows and cushions; covered the somewhat lumpy surface to a depth of twelve or fourteen inches with straw; spread down over all our spare overcoats, blankets, and the big sheepskin bag; stowed away the bread, boiled ham, and roast grouse in the straw, where we could sit on them and thus protect them to some extent from the intense cold;[1] and finally, filled the whole back of the pavoska with pillows. At ten o'clock Friday morning all was in readiness for a start, and as soon as the driver came with the horses from the post-station we sang "Home, Sweet Home" as a prelude to the next act, wrapped up the banjo carefully in a soft rug and put it behind our pillows, took seats in the pavoska with our feet and legs thrust down into the capacious sheepskin bag, and rode away from the Hotel Dekó amid a chorus of good-bys and shouts of "May God grant you a safe journey!" from the assembled crowd of servants and clerks.

In an article entitled "Adventures in Eastern Siberia," which many readers of THE CENTURY will doubtless remember, I have already described our experience for the first four days after leaving Irkutsk, including our visit to the Alexandrófski Central Prison, and our difficult journey down the half-frozen Angará to the little settlement of Kámenka. Near the latter place we succeeded in crossing the river, by means of an ice-gorge, to the western bank, and stopped

[1] A temperature of forty degrees below zero will turn a boiled ham into a substance that is as useless for edible purposes as the famous "chunk of old red sandstone" from Table Mountain. You can neither cut it, gnaw it, nor break it in pieces with a sledge-hammer; and unless you have facilities for thawing it out, and time enough to waste in that way, you can no more get nourishment from it than you could get beef tea from a paleozoic fossil. Having learned this fact from sad experience, Mr. Frost and I were accustomed to put articles of food that contained moisture either under us or into the sheepskin bag between us, where they would not freeze so hard.

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

for the night in the post-station of Cherómka on the great Siberian road. It is customary in Siberia, when traveling by post, to ride night and day without other rest than that which can be obtained in one's sleigh; but I was still suffering from the results of the previous night's exposure to storm and cold in the mountains of the Angara, and at every respiration was warned by a sharp, cutting pain in one lung that it would be prudent to seek shelter and keep warm until I should be able to breathe freely. But it was very difficult to keep warm in that post-station. Almost every hour throughout the night travelers stopped there to change horses or to drink tea, and with every opening of the door a cold wind blew across the bare floor where we lay, condensing the moisture of the atmosphere into chilly clouds of vapor, and changing the temperature of the room from twenty to thirty degrees in as many seconds. I had taken the precaution, however, to bring our large sheepskin bag into the house, and, by burying myself in the depths of that, I not only escaped being chilled, but succeeded, with the aid of medicinal remedies, in getting into a profuse perspiration. This soon relieved the pleuritic pain in my side, and in the morning I felt able to go on. Neither of us had had any sleep, but to the experienced Siberian traveler deprivation of sleep for a night or two is a trifling hardship. I do not think that Mr. Frost had two consecutive hours of sleep in the whole week that we spent on the road between the Alexandrofski Central Prison and Krasnoyarsk; but when we reached the latter place he went to bed, with his clothes on, and slept sixteen hours without waking.

In several villages through which we passed between Cheromka and Nizhnibhinsk the *étapes* were evidently occupied by exile parties; but we did not happen to see such a party on the march until Wednesday, and it came upon us then very suddenly and unexpectedly. The day was cold and stormy, with a high wind and flying snow, and we were lying half buried in our sheepskin bag, watching for the next verst-post. The atmosphere was so thick with snowflakes that we could not see the road distinctly for a greater distance than seventy-five or one hundred yards, and the party of exiles was fairly upon us before we discovered that it was not — as we at first supposed — a train of *obózes*, or freight-sleighs. I was not absolutely sure of its nature until the head of the column was so near us that I could make out the muskets of the advance-guard of Cossacks and hear the familiar clinking of the prisoners' leg-fetter chains. I then ordered our *yamshchik* to drive out into the deep snow at one side of the road and there stop. The general appearance of the party, as it passed us, was very different from the appearance of the similar party whose departure from Tomsk we had watched in August. Then the convicts were all in their light summer costume of gray, their faces were black with sunburn, and they were enveloped in a cloud of fine yellow dust raised by their shuffling, slipper-clad feet from the powdery road. The exiles before us were all dressed in reddish *pólu-shúbas*, or short overcoats of sheepskin, and *bródnias*, or high-topped leather boots, their faces were pallid from long confinement in the Tomsk forwarding prison, and they were wading slowly and laboriously through fresh-fallen snow. The order of march was the same as in the summer, but on account of the storm and the condition of the road there seemed to be some relaxation of discipline and a good deal of straggling and disorder. The dress of the marching convicts consisted of the usual gray Tam o' Shanter cap, with a handkerchief, a ragged tippet, or an old stocking tied over it in such a way as to protect the ears; a polu-shuba, with the reddish tanned side out; long, loose leather boots, which had been stuffed around the feet and ankles with hay to make them warmer; woolen trousers, foot-wrappers, or short woolen stockings, and big leather mittens. The leg-fetters, in most cases, were worn inside the boots, and the chain that united them was looped in the middle by means of a strap attached to the leather waist-belt. From this point of support it hung down to the ankle on each side between the tucked-in trouser-leg and the boot. With some slight changes — such, for example, as the substitution of a fur hood for the flimsy Tam o' Shanter cap — the dress, it seemed to me, would afford adequate warmth in ordinary winter weather to men whose blood was kept in vigorous circulation by exercise; but it was by no means sufficient for the protection of sick or disabled convicts who were exposed for eight or ten hours at a stretch to all sorts of weather in open vehicles. I noticed a number of such incapables lying in the shallow, uncomfortable one-horse sleighs at the rear of the column, and clinging or crouching together as if to seek warmth in mutual contact. They all seemed to be half frozen to death.

As the straggling column passed us a convict here and there left the ranks, apparently with the permission of the guard, and approaching our pavoska with bared head and extended cap, begged us, in the peculiar, half-wailing chant of the *milosérdnaya*,[1] to "pity the unfortunate" and to "have mercy on the poor and needy, for Christ's sake." I knew that money given to them would probably be used

[1] The exiles' begging-song, which I have already described and translated.

A MARCHING PARTY OF EXILES PASSING A TRAIN OF FREIGHT-SLEDGES.

in gambling or go to the *maidánshchik*[1] in payment for *vódka;* but the poor wretches looked so cold, tired, hungry, and miserable, as they tramped past us through the drifting snow on their way to the distant mines of the Trans-Baikál, that my feelings ran away with my prudential philosophy, and I put a few *kopéks* into every gray cap that was presented to me. The convicts all stared at us with curiosity as they passed; some greeted us pleasantly, a few removed their caps, and in five minutes they were gone, and a long, dark, confused line of moving objects was all that I could see as I looked after them through the white drift of the storm.

After we passed the party of convicts our monotonous life of night-and-day travel was not diversified by a single noteworthy incident. Now and then we met a rich merchant or an army officer posting furiously toward Irkutsk, or passed a long caravan of rude one-horse sledges laden with hide-bound chests of tea for the Nízhni Nóvgorod fair, but we saw no more exiles; the country through which we passed was thinly settled and uninteresting, and the wretched little villages where we stopped to change horses or to refresh ourselves with tea were literally buried in drifts of snow. At the post-station of Kamishétskaya, five hundred and thirty versts west of Irkutsk, we overtook two political offenders named Shamárin and Peterson who had just finished their terms of administrative exile in Eastern Siberia, and were on their way back to European Russia. We had made their acquaintance some weeks before in Irkutsk, and had agreed to travel with them, if possible, as far as Krasnoyarsk; but our route differed somewhat from theirs at the outset, and, owing to our detention at the Alexandrofski Central Prison and to our various mishaps on the Angara, we had fallen a little behind them. They greeted us joyously, shared their supper with us, and after an hour or two of animated conversation, in which we related to one another our several adventures and experiences, we put on our heavy shubas, again climbed into our respective pavoskas, and with two *troikas* of horses went on together.

As we approached the town of Kansk, Thursday, January 14, the sky cleared and the weather suddenly became colder. The thermometer fell that night to thirty degrees below zero, and on the following night to forty degrees below. We continued to travel without stop, but suffered intensely from cold, particularly during the long hours between midnight and dawn, when it was impossible to get any warm food at the post-stations, and when all our vital powers were at their lowest ebb. More than once, notwithstanding the weight and warmth of our outer clothing, we became so stiff and chilled between stations that we could hardly get out of our pavoska. Sleep, of course, was out of the question. Even if the temperature had not made it perilous, the roughness of the road would have rendered it impossible. Under the conjoint action of a dozen howling Arctic gales and four or five thousand pounding freight-sledges, the deep snow that lay on this part of the road had been drifted and packed into a series of huge transverse waves known to travelers in Siberia as *ukhábi*. These billows of solidified snow measured four or five feet vertically from trough to summit, and fifteen or twenty feet horizontally from crest to crest, and the jolting and banging of our heavy pavoska, as it mounted the slope of one wave and plunged into the hollow of the next, jarred every bone and shocked every nerve-ganglion in one's body. I finally became so much exhausted, as a result of cold, sleeplessness, and jolting, that at every post-station, particularly in the night, I would throw myself on the floor, without blanket or pillow, and catch five or ten minutes' sleep while the horses were being harnessed. At the lonely post-station of Kuskúnskaya, about eleven o'clock one night, I threw myself down in this way on a narrow plank bench in the travelers' room, fell asleep, and dreamed that I had just been invited to make an extempore address to a Sunday-school. The school was in the church of a religious denomination called the "Holy Monopolists." I inquired what the "Holy Monopolists" were, and was informed that they were a new sect consisting of people who believed in only one thing. I wanted very much to ask what that one thing was, but felt ashamed to do so, because it seemed to me that I ought to know without asking. I entered the Sunday-school room, which was an amphitheater of seats with a low platform in the middle, and saw, standing on the platform and acting in the capacity of superintendent, a well-known citizen of Norwalk, Ohio, whom I had not seen before since boyhood. All the scholars of the Sunday-school, to my great surprise, were standing in their places with their backs to the platform. As I came in, however, the superintendent said, "You will now please resume your seats," and the boys and girls all turned

[1] The *maidánshchik* occupies something like the same position in a convict party that a sutler occupies in a regiment of soldiers. Although a prisoner himself, he is allowed, by virtue of long-established custom, to keep a small stock of such luxuries as tea, sugar, and white bread, for sale to his fellow prisoners; and at the same time, with the aid of the soldiers of the convoy whom he bribes, he deals surreptitiously in tobacco, playing-cards, and *vódka*.

around and sat down. The superintendent then gave out a hymn, and while it was being sung I made a few notes on the back of an envelope to aid me in the extempore address that I was about to deliver. I decided to give the scholars a talk on the comparative merits of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, and I was just considering the question whether I should not also include fetishism when the hymn came to an end. The superintendent then announced, "We will now proceed to the lessons of the day." "Good!" I said to myself; "that will give me time to think up my speech."

A VILLAGE ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN ROAD.

As the recitation began I noticed, to my surprise, that all the scholars held in their hands big, round soda-biscuits, which they looked at now and then as if they were lesson-books. I did not have time, however, to investigate this remarkable phenomenon, because it was urgently necessary that I should get my extempore remarks into some sort of shape before the superintendent should call upon me to speak. I paid no heed, therefore, to the questions that he was propounding to the scholars until he came to one that nobody, apparently, could answer. He repeated it solemnly several times, pausing for a reply, until at last it attracted my attention. It was, "Who was the first progressive-euchre player that after his death was brought back from Alaska amid the mourning of a nation?" As I glanced around at the faces of the scholars I could see that everybody had given up this extraordinary conundrum, and I turned with interest to the superintendent, expecting that he would inform us who this lamented Alaskan euchre-player was. Instead of doing so, however, he bowed towards me and said, "The distinguished friend whom we have with us to-day will please tell us who was the first progressive-euchre player that after his death was brought back from Alaska amid the mourning of a nation." A cold chill ran down my spine. It suddenly flashed upon me that this must be an elementary fact that even school-children were expected to know — and I was so ignorant that I had never even heard of an Alaskan euchre-player. In order to gain a moment's time in which to collect my faculties I said, "Show me the question." The superintendent handed me a big, hot soda-biscuit, as if it were a book. I examined it carefully on both sides, but could not find on it anything that looked like printing. The superintendent thereupon pulled the two halves apart and showed me the question stamped in Thibetan characters around the inside of the biscuit about half an inch from the edge. I found in the queer-looking letters no clue to the answer, and in an agony of shame at being forced to confess to a Sunday-school of "Holy Monopolists" that I did not know who was the first progressive-euchre player that died in Alaska and was brought back amid the mourning of a nation I awoke. For a moment I could not recover my mental hold upon life. I was apparently in a place where I had never before been, and over me were standing two extraordinary figures that I could not remember ever having seen before. One of them, a tall, powerful man with black, bushy, Circassian-like hair, and blazing blue eyes,

SNOW-WAVES OR UKHABI, NEAR KRASNOYARSK.

was dressed in a long, spotted reindeer-skin *kukhlánka*[1] and high fur boots, while the other, who seemed to be an official of some kind, had on a blue uniform with a double row of brass buttons down the front of his coat, and was holding over my head a kerosene lamp. "What 's the matter, Mr. Kennan?" inquired the figure in the reindeer-skin kukhlanka. "You have been moaning as if you were in pain."

As memory slowly resumed its throne I recognized in the speaker my exile traveling companion Peterson and in the official the post-station-master. "I have had a bad dream," I replied. "How long have I been asleep?"

"We have been here only ten minutes," replied Peterson, looking at his watch, "and I don't think you have been asleep more than five. The horses are ready."

With stiff and aching limbs I hobbled out to the pavoska, crept into the sheepskin bag beside Mr. Frost, and began another long, cold, and dreary night ride.

Between Kuskunskaya and Krasnoyarsk we experienced the lowest temperature of the winter,— forty-five degrees below zero,— and had an opportunity to observe again the phenomena of extreme cold. Clouds of vapor rose all the time from the bodies of our horses; the

[1] A very heavy fur blouse or over-shirt covering the body from the neck to the calf of the leg, and confined about the waist with a sash.

freight-wagon caravans were constantly enshrouded in mist, and frequently, after passing one of them, we would find the road foggy with frozen moisture for a distance of a quarter of a mile. When we opened the door of a station-house a great volume of steam seemed to rush into it ahead of us; little jets of vapor played around the holes and crevices of the windows and doors; and in a warm room white frost accumulated to a thickness of nearly half an inch upon the inner ends of iron bolts that went through the window-casings to the outside air. Throughout Friday and Saturday, January 15 and 16, we stopped to drink tea at almost every post-station we passed, and even then we were constantly cold. This was due partly to the extreme severity of the weather, and partly to the fact that we were compelled, every five or ten miles, to get out of our pavoska and help the horses drag it through the deep soft snow at the side of the road, where we had been forced to go in order to get past a long train of freight-sledges. Sunday, January 17, nine days after our departure from Irkutsk, we drove into the provincial town of Krasnoyarsk, having made, with forty-three relays of post-horses, a journey of about seven hundred miles. Mr. Frost and I took up our quarters in the same hotel at which we had stopped on our way into Siberia the previous summer, and Messrs. Shamarin and Peterson went to the house of an acquaintance.

In the course of the three days that we spent in Krasnoyarsk we renewed our acquaintance with Mr. Innokénti Kuznetsóf, the wealthy mining proprietor at whose house we had been so hospitably entertained on our way eastward five months before; took breakfast with Mr. Sávenkof, the director of the Krasnoyarsk normal school, whose collection of archæological relics and cliff pictographs greatly interested us; and spent one afternoon with Colonel Zagárin, inspector of exile transportation for Eastern Siberia. With the permission of the latter we also made a careful examination on Wednesday of the Krasnoyarsk city prison, the exile forwarding prison, and the prison hospital; and I am glad to be able to say a good word for all of them. The prisons were far from being model institutions of their kind, of course, and at certain seasons of the year I have no doubt that they were more or less dirty and overcrowded; but at the time when we inspected them they were in better condition than any prisons that we had seen in Siberia, except the military prison at Ust Kámenogórsk and the Alexandrofski Central Prison near Irkutsk. The hospital connected with the Krasnoyarsk prisons seemed to me to be worthy of almost unqualified praise. It was scrupulously clean, perfectly ventilated, well-supplied, apparently, with bed linen, medicines, and surgical appliances, and in irreproachable sanitary condition generally. It is possible, of course, that in the late summer and early fall, when the great annual tide of exiles is at its flood, this hospital becomes as much overcrowded and as foul as the hospital of the forwarding prison at Tomsk; but at the time when we saw it I should have been willing, if necessary, to go into it for treatment myself.

The Krasnoyarsk city prison was a large two-story building of stuccoed brick resembling in type the forwarding prison at Tiumen. Its *kámeras*, or common cells, were rather small, but none of them seemed to be crowded, and the inscriptions over their doors, such as "murderers," "passportless," and "politicals," showed that at least an attempt had been made to classify the prisoners and to keep them properly separated. There were wheel-ventilators in most of the cell-windows and ventilating-pipes in the walls; the stone floors of the corridors were clean; the closet fixtures and plumbing were in fairly good condition; and although the air in some of the cells was heavy and lifeless and had the peculiar characteristic prison odor, it could be breathed without much discomfort, and without any of the repulsion and disgust that we had felt in the overcrowded cells of the prisons in Tiumen, Tomsk, Irkutsk, and at the mines. The exile forwarding prison, which stood near the city prison in a stockaded yard, consisted of three large one-story log buildings of the Tomsk type, and presented to the eye nothing that was particularly interesting or new. It did not contain more than half the number of prisoners that, apparently, could be accommodated in it; some of the kameras were entirely empty, and the air everywhere was fresh and good.

By a fortunate chance we reached this prison just in time to see the departure of a marching party of two hundred and seventy male convicts destined for the province of Yakútsk and the mines and prisons of the Trans-Baikal. It was a bitterly cold morning, and two-thirds of the mustered party were walking back and forth in the prison-yard, trying, by means of physical exercise, to keep themselves warm while they were waiting for the medical examination of the other third. After watching them for a moment we entered a large new log building standing a little apart from the prison proper, where we found the prison surgeon, an intelligent, kindly-looking man, engaged in making a physical examination of seventy-five or eighty convicts who had declared themselves unable to march. To my inexperienced eye all of them looked thin, pallid, and miserable enough to be excused from

GOING AROUND A TRAIN OF FREIGHT-SLEDGES.

a march of twenty miles in such weather and over such a road; but the doctor, after a brief examination by means of scrutiny, touch, and the stethoscope, dismissed as imaginary or frivolous the complaints of nine men out of every ten, and ordered sleighs for the rest. In less than half an hour all was in readiness for a start. The soldiers of the convoy, with shouldered rifles, formed a cordon outside the gate to receive the party; the prison blacksmith made his appearance with hammers, rivets, and spare irons, and carefully examined the leg-fetters of the chained convicts as they came out; the incapables climbed into the one-horse sleighs that were awaiting them; an under-officer counted the prisoners again, to make sure that they were all there; and at the command "March!" the whole party instantly put itself in motion, the soldiers at the head of the column setting so rapid a pace that many of the convicts were forced into a run. In three minutes they were out of sight.

Marching parties of exiles leave Tomsk and Krasnoyarsk every week throughout the winter, and go through to their destination without regard to weather and with no more regard to the condition of the road than is necessary to determine whether it is passable or absolutely impassable. It would be perfectly easy, by making use of horses and vehicles, to trans-

port the whole annual contingent of exiles from Tomsk to Irkutsk during the summer months, and thus relieve them from the suffering that they now endure as the necessary result of exposure to winter cold and winter storms; but for some unknown reason the Government has always persistently refused to take this step in the direction of humane reform. It cannot explain nor defend its refusal by pleading considerations of expense, because the cost of transporting ten thousand exiles from Tomsk to Irkutsk with horses would actually be much less than the cost of sending them on foot. Before me, as I write, lies an official report of Colonel Vinokúrof, inspector of exile transportation for Western Siberia, in which that officer shows that if all the convicts for the whole year were despatched from Moscow in the summer, and were carried from Tomsk to Achinsk in one-horse wagons instead of being forced to walk, the expense of delivering them in the latter place would be reduced by almost 50,000 rubles.[1]

The late Colonel Zagarin, inspector of exile transportation for Eastern Siberia, told me in the course of a long conversation that we had on the subject of Krasnoyarsk, that in 1882 or 1883 he made a detailed report to Governor-general Anúchin in which he set forth the evils of the present system of forwarding exiles on foot the year round at the rate of only one party a week, and recommended that the Government restrict the deportation of criminals to the summer months, and then forward them swiftly to their destinations in wagons with relays of horses at the rate of a party every day. He showed conclusively to the governor-general, he said, by means of official statistics and contractors' estimates, that the cost of carrying the annual quota of exiles in wagons from Achinsk to Irkutsk (780 miles) during the summer months would be 14 rubles less per capita, and more than 100,000 rubles less per annum, than the cost of sending them over the same distance on foot in the usual way. Besides this saving in expense, there would be a saving, he said, of at least sixty days in the time occupied by the journey, to say nothing of the saving of human life that would be effected by shortening the period of confinement in the forwarding prisons and étapes, and by making the season of exile-travel coincide with the season of good weather and good roads. The overcrowding of the Tomsk forwarding prison, with its attendant suffering and mortality, would be at once relieved by the daily shipment of exiles eastward in wagons; the periodical epidemics of typhus fever, due chiefly to overcrowding, would cease; the corrupting influence of étape life upon first offenders and upon the innocent families of banished criminals would be greatly weakened; and finally, the exiles would reach their destination in a state of comparative health and vigor, instead of being broken down on the road by the hardships and exposures of a thousand-mile winter march.

"Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, has this change not been made?" I said to Colonel Zagarin when he finished explaining to me the nature of his report. "If it would be cheaper, as well as more humane, to forward the exiles only in summer and in wagons, why does n't the Government do it? Who can have any interest in opposing a reform that is economical as well as philanthropical?"

"You had better inquire when you get to St. Petersburg," replied Colonel Zagarin, shrugging his shoulders. "All that we can do here is to suggest."

The reason why changes that are manifestly desirable, that are in the direction of economy, and that, apparently, would injure no one, are not made in Russia, is one of the most puzzling and exasperating things that are forced upon a traveler's attention. In every branch of the administration one is constantly stumbling upon abuses or defects that have long been recognized, that have been commented upon for years, that are apparently prejudicial to the interests of everybody, and that, nevertheless, continue to exist. If you ask an explanation of an official in Siberia, he refers you to St. Petersburg. If you inquire of the chief of the

[1] The part of the great Siberian road that lies between Tomsk and Achinsk, 260 miles in extent, is the only part of the exile marching route over which Colonel Vinokúrof has jurisdiction, and for that reason his figures and estimates relate to it alone. In the report to which I refer he makes an itemized statement of the cost of sending 9417 exiles on foot from Tomsk to Achinsk in the year 1884, and says: "It thus appears that the expense of forwarding 9417 exiles from Tomsk to Achinsk — on the basis of a twenty-one days' trip — is not less than 130,342 rubles. This is at the rate of 13 rubles and 75 kopeks for every marching prisoner, while the cost of a pair of post-horses from Tomsk to Achinsk, at the regular established rate, is only 11 rubles and 64 kopeks." In other words, according to Colonel Vinokurof's figures, it would be actually cheaper to hire relays of post-horses for every convict and to send him to his destination as if he were a private traveler — or even a Government courier — than to march him across Siberia "by étape" in the usual way. Colonel Vinokurof then makes an itemized statement of the expense of carrying 9417 exiles from Tomsk to Achinsk in wagons with relays of horses, and shows that it would not exceed 80,817 rubles. The saving that would be effected, therefore, by the substitution of this method of deportation for the other would be 49,525 rubles, or about $25,000 per annum, on a distance of only 260 miles. At the same rate the saving for the distance between Tomsk and the mines of Kara would be more than $175,000 per annum, provided all the prisoners went through.

EXAMINATION OF POLITICAL CONVICT'S LEG-FETTERS AT THE PRISON GATE.

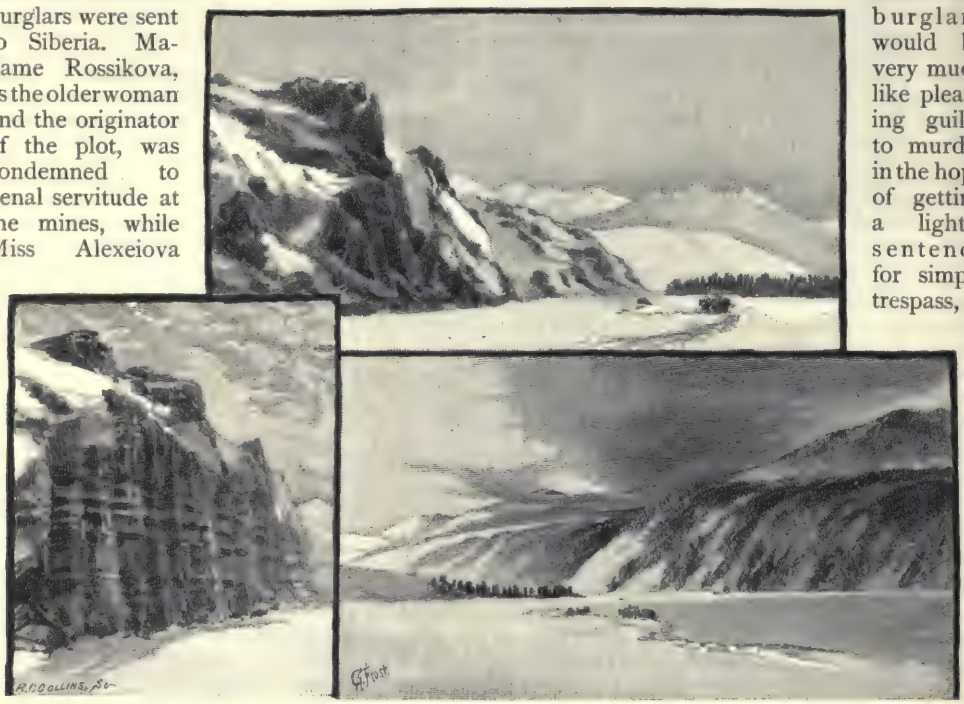
prison department in St. Petersburg, he tells you that he has drawn up a "project" to cope with the evil, but that this "project" has not yet been approved by the Minister of the Interior. If you go to the Minister of the Interior, you learn that the "project" requires a preliminary appropriation of money,— even although its ultimate effect may be to save money,— and that it cannot be carried into execution without the assent and coöperation of the Minister of Finance. If you follow the "project" to the Minister of Finance, you are told that it has been sent back through the Minister of the Interior to the chief of the prison department for "modification." If you still persist in your determination to find out why this thing is not done, you may chase the modified "project" through the prison department, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Finance, to the Council of the Empire. There you discover that, inasmuch as certain cross-and-ribbon-decorated senators and generals, who

barely know Siberia by name, have expressed a doubt as to the existence of the evil with which the "project" is intended to deal, a special "commission" (with salaries amounting to twenty thousand rubles a year and mileage) has been appointed to investigate the subject and make a report. If you pursue the commission to Siberia and back, and search diligently in the proceedings of the Council of the Empire for its report, you ascertain that the document has been sent to the Minister of the Interior to serve as a basis for a new "project," and then, as ten or fifteen years have elapsed and all the original projectors are dead, everything begins over again. At no stage of this circumrotatory process can you lay your hand on a particular official and say, "Here! You are responsible for this — what do you mean by it?" At no stage, probably, can you find an official who is opposed to the reform or who has any personal interest in defeating it; and yet the general effect of the circumrotatory process is more certainly fatal to your reformatory project than any amount of intelligent and active opposition. The various bureaus of the provincial governor-general's office, the chief prison department, the Ministry of the Interior, the Ministry of Finance, the Ministry of Justice, the Council of Ministers, and the Council of the Empire constitute a huge administrative malestrom of ignorance and indifference, in which a "project" revolves slowly, month after month and year after year, until it is finally sucked down out of sight, or, perhaps, thrown by a fortuitous eddy of personal or official interest into the great gulf-stream current of real life.[1]

On the occasion of our first visit to Krasnoyarsk, in the summer, we had not been able to find there any political exiles, or even to hear of any; but under the guidance of our new traveling companions, Shamarin and Peterson, we discovered three: namely, first, Madame Dubróva, wife of a Siberian missionary whose anthropological researches among the Buriats have recently attracted to him some attention; secondly, a young medical student named Urúsof, who, by permission of Governor Pedashénko, was serving as an assistant in the city hospital; and, thirdly, a lady who had been taken to that hospital to recover from injuries that she had received in an assault made upon her by a drunken soldier. The only one of these exiles whose personal acquaintance we made was Madame Dubrova, who, in 1880, before her marriage, was exiled to Eastern Siberia for making an attempt, in connection with Madame Róssikova, to rob the Khersón Government Treasury. After the adoption of the so-called "policy of terror" by the extreme section of the Russian revolutionary party in 1878, some of the terrorists advocated and practised a resort to such methods of waging war as the forgery of imperial manifestos as a means of inciting the peasants to revolt, and the robbery of government mails and government treasuries as a means of procuring money to relieve the sufferings and to facilitate the escape of political exiles in Siberia. These measures were disapproved and condemned by all of the Russian liberals and by most of the cool-headed revolutionists; but they were defended by those who resorted to them upon the ground that they (the terrorists) were fighting against tremendous odds, and that the unjust, treacherous, and ferociously cruel treatment of political prisoners by the Government was enough to justify any sort of reprisals. Among the terrorists of this class was Madame Dubrova, or, as she was known before her marriage, Miss Anna Alexéiova. In conjunction with Madame Rossikova, a school-teacher from Elizabethgrad, and aided by an escaped convict from Siberia, Miss Alexeiova made an attempt to rob the Kherson Government Treasury by means of a tunnel driven secretly at night under the stone floor of the vault in which the funds of the institution were kept. Judged from any point of view this was a wild scheme for young and criminally inexperienced gentlewomen to undertake; and that it ever succeeded at all is a striking evidence of the skill, the energy, the patience, and the extraordinary daring that were developed in certain classes of Russian society at that time by the conditions of revolutionary life. Young, refined, and educated women, in all parts of the Empire,

[1] This natural history of a Russian "project" is not imaginary nor conjectural. A plan for the transportation of exiles in wagons between Tomsk and Irkutsk has been gyrating in circles in the Sargasso Sea of Russian bureaucracy for almost thirty years. The projected reform of the exile system has been the rounds of the various circumlocution offices at least half a dozen times since 1871, and has four times reached the "commission" stage and been reported to the Council of the Empire. (The commissions were under the presidency respectively of Sollohub, Frisch, Zubof, and Grote. See "Eastern Review," No. 17, July 22, St. Petersburg, 1882.) Mr. Kokóftsef, assistant chief of the Russian prison department, announced, in a speech that he made to the International Prison Congress at Stockholm in 1878, that his Government recognized the evils of the exile system and was about to abolish it. (See "Report of the International Prison Congress of Stockholm," by E. C. Wines, United States Commissioner, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1879.) That was thirteen years ago, and my latest Russian newspapers contain the information that the "project" for the reform of the exile system has been found "unsatisfactory" by the Council of the Empire, and has been sent back through the Ministry of the Interior to the chief of the prison department for "modification." In other words, this "project" in the course of thirteen years has progressed four stages backward on the return gyration.

entered upon lines of action, and devised and executed plots that, in view of the inevitable consequences, might well have daunted the bravest man. The tunnel under the Kherson Government Treasury was successfully driven without detection, entrance to the vault was obtained by removing one of the heavy stone slabs in the floor, and the young women carried away and concealed a million and a half of rubles in available cash. Before they could remove the stolen money to a place of perfect safety, however, and make good their own escape, they were arrested, together with their confederate, the runaway convict, and thrown into prison. The confederate turned state's evidence and showed the police where to find the stolen money, and the amateur burglars were sent to Siberia. Madame Rossikova, as the older woman and the originator of the plot, was condemned to penal servitude at the mines, while Miss Alexeiova was sentenced merely to forced colonization with deprivation of certain civil rights. After her marriage in Siberia to the missionary Dubróf, she was permitted to reside, under police supervision, in Krasnoyarsk.



MOUNTAINS AND PALISADES OF THE YENISEI.

I had seen in Siberia, long before my arrival at Krasnoyarsk, almost every variety of political offender from the shy and timid schoolgirl of sixteen to the hardened and embittered terrorist; but I had never before happened to make the acquaintance of a political treasury robber, and, when Mr. Shamarin proposed to take me to call upon Madame Dubrova, I looked forward to the experience with a good deal of curiosity. She had been described to me by Colonel Nóvikof, in Chita, as nothing more than a common burglar who had assumed the mask of a political offender with the hope of getting a lighter sentence; but as Colonel Novikof was both ignorant and prejudiced, and as, moreover, pretending to be a political with a view to getting a lighter sentence for burglary would be very much like pleading guilty to murder in the hope of getting a lighter sentence for simple trespass, I did not place much confidence in his statements.[1]

Shamarin, Peterson, and I went to see Madame Dubrova the next night after our arrival in Krasnoyarsk, and found her living in one half of a very plainly furnished house in a re-

[1] Colonel Novikof sat as one of the judges in the court-martial that tried Madame Rossikova and Miss Alexeiova, but he was either incapable of understanding the characters of such women or he was trying to deceive me when he described them to me as "nothing but common burglars and thieves." Madame Rossikova was represented to me by all the political exiles who knew her as a woman of high moral standards and self-sacrificing life. She was one of the young women who took part in the quixotic but generous movement known as "going to the people," and lived for seven or eight months like a common peasant woman in a peasant village merely in order to see how that class of the people could best be reached and helped. As a revolutionary propagandist she was very successful, particularly among the Stündists or Russian Baptists. She opposed terrorism for a long time, but finally became a terrorist herself under the influence of letters from her exiled friends in Siberia describing their sufferings.

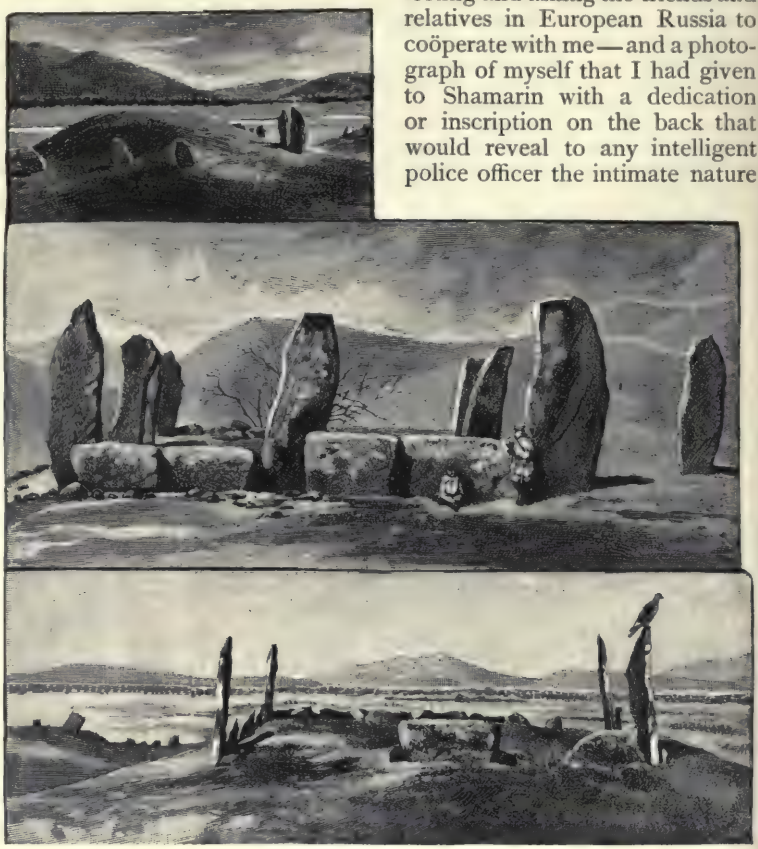
SCENERY OF THE UPPER YENISEI.

spectable but not fashionable part of the town about half a mile from our hotel. She was a lady perhaps thirty years of age, with dark hair, large dark eyes, regular features, clear complexion, and a frank, pleasant manner. Ten years earlier she must have been a very attractive if not a beautiful young girl; but imprisonment, exile, disappointment, and suffering had left unmistakable traces in her face. She greeted us cordially, expressed particular pleasure at meeting a traveler from the United States, regretted that her husband was absent from home, and began at once to question me about the political situation in Russia and to make inquiries concerning certain of her exiled friends whom I had met in other parts of Eastern Siberia. A general conversation followed, in the course of which I had an opportunity to form a hasty but fairly satisfactory judgment with regard to her character. It was in almost all respects a favorable judgment. No one that was not hopelessly blinded by political hatred and prejudice could fail to see that this was a type of woman as far removed from "common burglars and thieves" as Charlotte Corday was removed from common murderers. You might possibly describe her as misguided, fanatical, lacking in sound judgment, or lawless; but you could class her with common criminals only by ignoring all the characteristics that distinguish a man like John Brown, for example, from a common brigand. The law may deal primarily with actions, and pay little attention to motives, but in estimating character from the historical point of view motives must be taken fully into account. Madame Dubrova was arrested the first time — before she was eighteen years of age — for going with Madame Rossikova into a peasant village on an errand that was as purely and generously philanthropic as that of the educated young women from New England who went South during the reconstruction era to teach in negro schools. From that time forward she was regarded as a political suspect, and was harried and harassed by the authorities, and exasperated by unjust treatment of herself and her friends until, under the dominating influence of Madame Rossikova — a character of the true John Brown type — she became a terrorist. Like many other young Russians of ardent nature and imperfect acquaintance with the history of man's social and political experiments, she acted sometimes upon erroneous conceptions of duty or mistaken ideas of moral justification; but for this the Russian Government itself is again responsible. Upon the pretense of guarding the moral character of its young people and shielding them from the contagion of "seditious" ideas, it deprives them of the knowledge that is necessary to guide them in dealing with the problems of life, sets them an example of lawlessness by punishing them for social activity that is perfectly innocent and legal, and then, having exasperated them into crime by injustice and cruelty, holds them up

to the world as monsters of depravity. I have been accused by Russian officials of idealizing the characters of the political exiles; but when the history of the latter half of the nineteenth century shall have been written, it will be found, I think, that my portraits of the Russian revolutionists, imperfect and sketchy as they must necessarily be, are much more like the originals than are the caricatures of human beings left on record by the prosecuting attorneys of the Crown in their political speeches and indictments.

On the second day after our arrival in Krasnoyarsk we narrowly escaped getting into what might have been serious trouble as the result of an unexpected perquisition in the house of the acquaintance with whom Shamarin and Peterson were staying. This acquaintance, it seemed, was under suspicion, and late in the evening, during the absence of the two young men from their quarters, the police suddenly appeared with orders to make a house-search. The search was duly made, but nothing of a suspicious nature was found except the two locked trunks of Shamarin and Peterson. In reply to a question as to what was in them the proprietor of the house said that he did not know, that they were the property of two of his acqaintances who had stopped for a few days with him on their way from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg. Upon being asked where these acquaintances were, he replied that he did not know, that they usually went out after dinner and returned between eleven and twelve o'clock. After a brief consultation the police officers decided that as they had no orders to search the personal baggage of the house-owner's guests they would not force the locks of the trunks, but would merely cord and seal them so that the contents could not be tampered with, and leave them until morning.

When Shamarin and Peterson returned to their quarters about midnight they found their trunks corded and sealed so that they could not be opened. In one of them were many letters from political exiles and convicts in Eastern Siberia to friends and relatives in European Russia—letters describing my investigations and the nature of the material that I was collecting and asking the friends and relatives in European Russia to coöperate with me—and a photograph of myself that I had given to Shamarin with a dedication or inscription on the back that would reveal to any intelligent police officer the intimate nature of my relations with political convicts. What was to be done? To break a police seal under such circumstances would be a penal offense and would probably lead to imprisonment and an investigation. To leave the letters and photograph in the trunk would be to insure their discovery and confiscation on the following morning, and that might create a very embarrassing situation for me, as well as for the authors of the letters and their friends. The two young men finally concluded to make an attempt to get the trunk open without removing the cords or breaking the seals, and as the letters and photograph were near the bottom, and as the lid could not be raised even if the trunk were unlocked, they decided to take out a part of the bottom and afterward replace it. By working all the rest of the night they succeeded in getting out one of the bottom boards, obtained the dangerous



A PREHISTORIC BURIAL-PLACE.

letters and the photograph, put the board back without disturbing any of the seals, and when the police came in the morning stood by with unruffled serenity and saw the trunk searched. Of course nothing more dangerous than a hair-brush, and nothing more incriminating than a hotel bill, could be found.

There was another little episode at Krasnoyarsk which gave us some uneasiness, and that was the offensive behavior of two unknown men towards us one night in a bookstore. The readers of THE CENTURY will perhaps remember the mysterious pistol-shot that was fired through the partition of our room late one night in Chita. That incident first suggested to me the possibility of becoming accidentally involved in some sort of affray or mystery that would give the police a plausible excuse for taking us temporarily into custody and making an examination of our baggage. I knew that, on account of the nature of the papers and documents that I had in my possession, such a search would be absolutely fatal, and I resolved to be extremely careful not to fall into any snare of that kind should it be set for me. I even refrained, on one occasion, from going to the aid of a woman who was being cruelly and brutally beaten late at night in the other half of a house where I was calling upon a political convict. I felt sure that her screams would soon bring the police, and I not only did not dare to be found by them in that place, but I did not dare to be connected with an affair that would lead to a police investigation. But it was very hard to hear that woman's screams and not to go to her relief.

The Krasnoyarsk incident to which I refer was as follows:

Frost and I early one evening went into the principal bookstore of Krasnoyarsk to buy some provincial maps, writing-materials, note-books, and other things of that kind which we happened to need. We were followed into the store by two men in plain citizen's dress whom I had never seen before, and to whom at first I paid little attention. In a few moments, however, I discovered that one of them had attached himself to me and the other to Mr. Frost, and that they were mimicking or caricaturing, in a very offensive way, everything that we did. They were not intoxicated, they did not address any of their remarks to us; in fact they did not make any original remarks at all. They simply mimicked us. If I asked to see a map of the province of Yeniseisk, the man by my side also asked to see a map of the province of Yeniseisk, and did so with an elaborate imitation of my manner. If I went to another part of the store and expressed a desire for writing-paper, he went to the same part of the store and also expressed a desire for writing-paper. The intention to be offensive was so unmistakable, and the manifestation of it so extraordinary and deliberate, that I at once suspected some sort of police trap. No two sane and sober private citizens would follow perfect strangers into a bookstore and behave towards them in this studied and evidently prearranged manner without some definite object. I could imagine no other object than the provocation of a fight, and as I could not afford to engage in a fight just at that time, there was nothing left for me to do but to transact my business as speedily as possible and to get out of the store. The men followed us to the sidewalk, but did not speak to us, and we lost sight of them in the darkness. When I asked the proprietor of the store the next day if he knew the men he replied that he did not. In view of the mass of documents, letters, and politically incendiary material of all sorts that we had concealed about our persons and in our baggage, and in view of the tremendous interests that we had at stake generally, such episodes as these, whatever their significance may have been, were very disquieting. Long before I reached the frontier of European Russia, I became so nervous, and so suspicious of everything unusual, that I could hardly sleep nights.

Wednesday, January 20, having spent as much time in Krasnoyarsk as we thought we could spend there profitably, and having recovered from the fatigue of the journey from Irkutsk, we set out for the town of Minusinsk, which is situated on the northern slopes of the Altái, near the Mongolian frontier, in what is half seriously and half jocosely called "The Siberian Italy." The distance from Krasnoyarsk to Minusinsk is about two hundred miles, and the road between the two places in winter runs on the ice up the great river Yenisei. It is not a regular post-route, but the well-to-do and enterprising peasants who live along the river are accustomed to carry travelers from village to village at the established government post-rate, and there is no more delay than on the great Siberian road itself. The weather, when we left Krasnoyarsk, was cold and stormy, and the snow was drifting so badly on the ice that beyond the second station it became necessary to harness the three horses tandem and to send a fourth horse ahead with a light sledge to break a track. As the road was perfectly level, and the motion of the pavoska steady, Frost and I buried ourselves in the depths of our sheepskin bag as night came on and went to sleep, leaving our drivers to their own devices. All that I remember of the night's travel is waking up and getting out of the pavoska at intervals of three or four hours and going into some peasant's house to wait for the harnessing of fresh horses. Thursday we traveled slowly all

day up the river through deep soft snow in which the pavoska sank to its outriggers and the horses to their knees. The banks of the river became higher as we went southward, and finally assumed a wild mountainous character, with splendid ramparts of cliffs and stratified palisades here and there. Upon these cliffs Mr. Savenkof, the accomplished director of the Normal School in Krasnoyarsk, found the remarkable inscriptions and pictographs of which he has so large a collection. There are many evidences to show that the basin of the Yenisei was the home of a great and prosperous nation. On Friday, after leaving the seventh station from Krasnoyarsk, we abandoned the river for a time and rode through a shallow, grassy, and almost snowless valley which was literally a great cemetery. In every direction it was dotted with innumerable gravestones, inclosing burial-mounds like that shown in the illustration on page 656. It is not an exaggeration, I think, to say that there were thousands of them, and throughout the whole day they were the most prominent features of every landscape.

Before daylight, Saturday morning, January 23, we reached our proximate destination, the town of Minusinsk, and found shelter in a two-story log house that for many years was the home of the distinguished political exile, Prince Alexander Kropotkin.

George Kennan.

THE WOOD-NYMPH'S MIRROR.

(ADIRONDACKS.)

I.

THE wood-nymph's mirror lies afar
Where yellow birch and balsam are;
Where pines and hemlocks lift their spires
Against the morn's and even's fires,
And where, as if the stone to break,
Rock-clinging roots of tamarack take
Strange reptile shapes whose coils are wound
The gray and lichened boulders round.

Across the face of that fair glass
No shallop e'er has sought to pass;
Only the white throat of the deer
Divides its surface dark and clear,
Or breasts of wild fowl that from high
Blue pathways of autumnal sky
Slant earthward their slow-wearying wings
To try the coolness of its springs.

But fairest things reflected are
In the nymph's mirror. Many a star
Beholds therein its beauty. Oft
The moon, unveiled, or wrapped in soft
Sky-tissues, paves a silver way
Or doubles her half-hidden ray,
While snowy cloud fleets, to and fro,
High o'er its dusky oval go.

II.

The frame that round this mirror runs
Was wrought by springtime's gentle suns
And tender rains, and these have made
A setting as of greenest jade.
In winter it may often be
A miracle in ivory.
In spring the wild wood-blossoms set
Rare gems, as in a coronet,
Around its rim; and summer comes,
And still the bee its burden hums,
Straying in jeweled paths to shake
The flower-bells for their sweetness' sake.

But of the seasons 't is confessed
That autumn's frame is loveliest;
For then the maple's green is lost
In crimson carnage of the frost;
The year's heaped gold is hung in reach
On twigs of silver-birch and beech;
The shrubs — gray-green, and gold, and red —
Rival the splendors overhead,
While all between these treasures bright
Is dusk with shadowy malachite.

III.

This glass, 't is said, hath power to tell
Of depths that in the bosom dwell
Unknown and unsuspected. He
Who feels its magic subtlety —
Who wins a single glance from her
Whose presence sets the veins astir —
Is straight transformed. No longer held
By chains the world delights to weld,
He is enfranchised; not to wear
Again the links her captives bear;
No more for greed of earthly gain
To give his all of brawn and brain;
No more to bear his quivering heart
Unto the Shylock of the mart:
But evermore to be as one
Whose thoughts to radiant summits run,
Piercing a way through which their light
Gilds all his toil, illumes his night,
And makes his humblest action seem
Full of strange beauty as their gleam.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I.

EING born a poet is one thing,—a man owes this to nature,—but the making of a poet is another and an altogether different thing —a thing he must do for himself. It is this and the manner of it that entitle him to distinction, not the faculty with which he is endowed at his birth.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born a poet in the year 1836, and some time before he had reached the age of nineteen he gave the first proofs of his birthright in a slender little book, called "The Bells" (1855). To begin with this volume, and to read in the order of their publication those that have followed it, is to become acquainted with the manner of a poet's making and to see both the promise and its fulfilment.

The real nature of his gift he seems to have begun to understand early in his career, for in his second volume containing the single poem "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth" (1858), the work, while in some respects immature, becomes individual and independent, the simple octosyllabic verse without stanza forms giving entire freedom to his fancy. As a poem, it is the merest bit of fanciful Oriental legend, told with a winning grace of expression and melody; but, slight as it is, there are to be found in it the same felicitous tropes and charming effects of verbal coloring which have come to be recognized as characteristic features of his work; and in it, too, his happy choice and use of words begins to be noticeable:

A thousand lanterns, tulip-shaped,
Of amber made, and colored glass,
Were hung like fruit among the trees;
And on the garden-walks and grass
Their red and purple shadows lay,
As if the slave-boys, here and there,
Had spilt a jar of brilliant wine!
The stagnant moonlight filled the air;
The roses spread their crimson tents;
And all the night was sick with scents
Of marjoram and eglantine.

But it is in his third volume that one must look to find the tokens by which his work is known to-day. The pieces in "The Ballad of Babie Bell, and other Poems" (1859) show a much wider range of the imagination, a finer discrimination in their treatment, a surer touch in their finish, and a more nicely balanced symmetry. Here any survey of Mr. Aldrich's poetical productions properly begins; and, with the exception of two brief passages in "The Course of True Love" which were afterward modified and included in the "Blue and Gold" edition of his poems, this is where he himself seems to consider that his career began.

The door of the human heart opened at once to receive "Babie Bell," and, for the voice that sang it, it has stood open ever since. But there are others among these poems and ballads just as attractive as this. Here are "After the Rain," "Palabras Cariñosas," "The Unforgiven," and "The Legend of Elsinore," now become familiar as "The Lady of Castlenore," and here also is that clever piece of orientalism, "When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan." These and a few more appear in both editions of his collected poems (1863–1865), and later in "Cloth of Gold." It is interesting to compare the different readings of the same lyric in these three volumes, to see the changes that were made to bring the work closer to the author's ideal, and to note how in every instance his judgment was fortunate, and always gave a new grace to a line or a brighter luster to a figure. Let us take one which has been least altered and see it in its original state:

The rain has ceased and in my room
The sunshine pours an orange flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye;

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

The only change that has been made in this is the substitution of "airy" for "orange" in the second line. This adds to the effectiveness of the line, giving a more natural feeling to it and enhancing the beauty of the picture by a better distribution of the colors.

Of the eighteen pieces in a diminutive book entitled "Pampinea, and other Poems" (1861), Mr. Aldrich has been willing to preserve but twelve. From this dozen, which includes the idyllic "Pampinea" and "Piscataqua River,"

let us select "Hesperides," which seems prophetic of what was to come after. It records the expression of a hope which has since been realized, and it defines an ideal in art to which the poet has now attained:

> If thy soul, Herrick, dwelt with me,
> This is what my songs would be:
> Hints of our sea-breezes, blent
> With odors from the Orient;
> Indian vessels deep with spice;
> Star-showers from the Norland ice;
> Wine-red jewels that seem to hold
> Fire, but only burn with cold;
> Antique goblets, strangely wrought,
> Filled with the wine of happy thought;
> Bridal measures, dim regrets,
> Laburnum buds and violets;
> Hopeful as the break of day;
> Clear as crystal; new as May;
> Musical as brooks that run
> O'er yellow shallows in the sun;
> Soft as the satin fringe that shades
> The eyelids of thy fragrant maids;
> Brief as thy lyrics, Herrick, are,
> And polished as the bosom of a star!

There could not be a happier characterization of a great number of his own songs than this. The final couplet names their two most striking features — brevity and finish; a brevity not gained at the expense of roundness or completeness, and a finish not carried to the extent of over-decoration.

The first collected edition of Mr. Aldrich's poems appeared in 1863, and was followed by a second in 1865, enlarged by the addition of new work of a more mature character. "Judith" and "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book" were sufficient to prove that his predilection for writing short lyrics was not due to limitation of power, but was rather the result of a keenly critical sense of the nature of his subjects. They showed that he was able to paint upon a larger canvas, to deal with a greater variety of colors, and also to maintain the same degree of excellence in all the details of his larger pictures that was to be found in his miniatures. But what concerns us most in this collection is the sonnets. Of these there are eight examples carefully wrought, delicate in conception, and expressed with singular melody and grace. None shows this more plainly than the one called "Accomplices," one of the best poems inspired by the war:

> The soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves
> By the Potomac; and the crisp ground-flower
> Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower:
> The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves
> Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.
> Hark, what a burst of music from yon bower! —
> The Southern nightingale that, hour by hour,
> In its melodious summer madness raves.
> Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,
> With what sweet voices, nature seeks to screen
> The awful crime of this distracted land —
> Sets her birds singing, while she spreads her green
> Mantle of velvet where the murdered lie,
> As if to hide the horror from God's eye.

In 1874 appeared "Cloth of Gold, and Other Poems," composed entirely of pieces selected from the collected edition published nine years before, and including all that the author wished to retain. It contains the best of what he had written up to this time, improved in form and phrase — a word here, a line there, a whole passage elsewhere. The changes made in the opening stanza of the lyric entitled "Amontillado" are interesting, as showing something of Mr. Aldrich's success in resetting his fancies. As first written it ran thus:

> Rafters black with smoke,
> White with sand the floor is,
> Twenty whiskered Dons
> Calling to Dolores —
> Tawny flower of Spain,
> Empress of the larder,
> Keeper of the wines
> In this old posada.

To obviate the imperfect rhymes "larder" and "posada" the author chose to lay the scene in the Nevada mining district, where the

> Twenty whiskered Dons

were replaced by

> Fellows from the mines,

and the

> Empress of the larder

became

> Transplanted in Nevada.

This was an improvement so far as the rhymes were concerned. But in the final setting the scene is in Spain again, and the strained sixth line is supplanted by the happy simile,

> Wild rose of Grenada.

The last stanza of this merry song is so fortunate in its figure, that one wonders why the author, in the "Household Edition" of his poems, has not kept "Amontillado" merely for the sake of this:

> What! the flagon's dry?
> Hark, old Time's confession —
> Both hands crossed at XII,
> Owning his transgression!
> Pray, old monk! for all
> Generous souls and merry.
> May they have their fill
> Of Amontillado Sherry!

The two most conspicuous pieces in the book are "Judith" and the medieval legend of "Friar Jerome," the first written in blank verse and betraying the author's preference for the Tennysonian model, without showing any direct imitation of the Laureate's manner, the second written in octosyllabic measure, and recalling something of the method employed in "The Course of True Love," although far in advance of that poem in conception and imaginativeness. This passage from "Judith" gives a fair idea of the character of Mr. Aldrich's blank verse at the time:

When she had gained her chamber she threw off
The livery of sorrow for her lord,
The cruel sackcloth that begirt her limbs;
And, from those ashen colors issuing forth,
Seemed like a golden butterfly new-slipt
From its dull chrysalis. Then after bath,
She braided in the darkness of her hair
A thread of opals; on her rounded breast
Spilt precious ointment; and put on the robes
Whose rustling made her pause, half-garmented,
To dream a moment of her bridal morn.

Equally charming and illustrative of the grace of the second poem is this description of the illuminated folio which was "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book":

To those dim alcoves, far withdrawn,
He turned with measured steps and slow,
Trimming his lantern as he went;
And there, among the shadows, bent
Above one ponderous folio,
With whose miraculous text was blent
Seraphic faces: Angels crowned
With rings of melting amethyst;
Mute, patient Martyrs, cruelly bound
To blazing fagots; here and there,
Some bold, serene Evangelist,
Or Mary in her sunny hair;
And here and there from out the words
A brilliant tropic bird took flight;
And through the margins many a vine
Went wandering — roses, red and white,
Tulip, wind-flower, and columbine
Blossomed. To his believing mind
These things were real, and the wind,
Blown through the mullioned window, took
Scent from the lilies in the book.

"Flower and Thorn" (1877) makes an admirable companion for "Cloth of Gold," being like it in character. But in pieces like "Spring in New England," "Miantowona," and in the "Quatrains," the poet's path leads him in a new direction, while in the group of lyrics embracing "Destiny," "Identity," and "An Untimely Thought," it trends towards the weird and ghostly. "Spring in New England" is written in irregular measures, and is a tribute to the men who were lost in the war. Simple, dignified, noble, and sincere, there are passages in it that rank with the best Mr. Aldrich has done. Of those buried in nameless graves he sings:

Ah, but the life they gave
Is not shut in the grave:
The valorous spirits freed
Life in the vital deed!
Marble shall crumble to dust,
Plinth of bronze and of stone,
Carved escutcheon and crest —
Silently, one by one,
The sculptured lilies fall;
Softly the tooth of rust
Gnaws through the brazen shield;
Broken, and covered with stains,
The crossed stone swords must yield;
Mined by the frost and the drouth,
Smitten by north and south,
Smitten by east and west,
Down comes column and all!
But the great deed remains.

"Miantowona" is an Indian legend created out of the author's fancy, and woven delicately into song. The main incident of the legend was conceived by Mr. Aldrich nearly twenty years before the poem was written, and is to be found in a story entitled "Out of His Head."

Of the Quatrains there are a score. These tiny poems are wrought with great finish and precision of epithet. One is a dainty fancy; another, a whole poem condensed into four lines; here, a mood, gay or grave; and there, a happy conceit whose only merit is the beauty with which it is expressed.

GRACE AND STRENGTH.

Manoah's son, in his blind rage malign,
Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
That day by day untired holds up a rose.

THE PARCÆ.

In their dark House of Cloud
The three weird sisters toil till time be sped;
One unwinds life; one ever weaves the shroud;
One waits to cut the thread.

The lyrics in which the element of weirdness is prominent are too familiar to require quotation. Striking as they all are, none is more so than this airy and graceful "Nocturne," which lends a fragrance to the whole book:

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
  She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window —
  I see it where I stand.

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
  And kisses him many a time —
Ah, me! it was he who won her
  Because he dared to climb.

"The Guerdon" and "Tita's Tears" are excellent examples of skill in the use of the rhymed pentameter couplet, to which Mr. Aldrich gives the polish of Pope without Pope's hardness and artificiality. But in this volume, as in "Cloth of Gold," it is the sonnets that are the most noticeable feature. They show why it is that he shares with Longfellow the honor of having written the finest sonnets in American literature. One of these, in honor of the poet's craft, might be applied to his own work:

Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
  Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says.
  Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
  'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their days;
  But most beware of those who come to praise,
O wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
  Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
  Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given:
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
  Dissolve, and vanish — take thyself no shame.
  They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

The sonnet to "Sleep" seems faultless in conception and expression, and of the many poems written upon the same theme it is one of the most exquisite:

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
  And in a dream as in a fairy bark
  Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak — little thought we pay
To that sweet-bitter world we know by day;
  We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
  So high in heaven no human eye may mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
  The resting heart shall not take up again
  The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
  No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
  How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

"Mercedes, and Later Lyrics" (1884) contains his first venture in the field of dramatic literature. "Mercedes" is a prose drama condensed in form, written in the most direct manner, and depending for its success upon the story alone. It is thoroughly dramatic in feeling and treatment, and inspires the hope that he may some time make a more extended effort in the same line of composition. Among the lyrics is to be found another of those weird imaginings, called "Apparitions":

At noon of night, and at the night's pale end,
  Such things have chanced to me
As one, by day, would scarcely tell a friend
  For fear of mockery.

Shadows, you say, mirages of the brain!
  I know not, faith, not I.
Is it more strange the dead should walk again
  Than that the quick should die?

But the gem of all is the song entitled "Prescience," which is lovely in its simplicity, its tenderness, and its melodious rhythm:

The new moon hung in the sky,
  The sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I
  In the churchyard paused to rest —
    Happy maiden and lover,
    Dreaming the old dream over:
The light winds wandered by,
  And robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow-sweet
  Was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet,
  And the ivy running wild —
    Tangled ivy and clover,
    Folding it over and over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet
  Was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears,
  She shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears
  For a sorrow I did not see:
    Lightly the winds were blowing,
    Softly her tears were flowing —
Tears for the unknown years
  And a sorrow that was to be!

"Wyndham Towers" (1890), a long poem in blank verse, is the most ambitious of the poet's productions. A comparison between this and "Garnaut Hall" (Poems: 1865), a discarded poem from which the main incident of "Wyndham Towers" is taken, exhibits the growth of Mr. Aldrich's powers, his increased facility in the writing of blank verse, and his admirable handling of a subject of varied requirements. To tell a story in blank verse is a difficult task. To accomplish it successfully a poet needs to understand the art of the story-teller almost as well as his own. The dramatic movement must be everywhere carefully adjusted to what may be termed the poetic balance: the narrative must be kept clearly

in view and yet not be made too prominent, serving much the same purpose as the fabric upon which is wrought a piece of embroidery — the background and the detail of the pattern each lending its beauty to the other, and so producing a harmonious effect in the whole design. Plot, incident, character, each must be treated with due regard to its importance: while the music of the rhythm must conform to the mood, the thought, and the sentiment. These requirements Mr. Aldrich has met in a way that entitles him to the highest praise, the result being the most artistically finished piece of blank verse that has been written in this country. The entire poem of fourteen hundred lines is built up with the same care that is to be observed in the author's couplets. The imagery is new, and rich in color; the descriptions of nature are apt and beautiful; the characterizations are strong and vivid; and the details of the work are wrought out with a rare sense of proportion and scale.

The following extracts will illustrate these features:

Lean as a shadow cast by a church spire,
Eyes deep in sockets, noseless, high cheek-boned,
Like nothing in the circle of this earth
But a death's-head that from a mural slab
Within the chancel leers through sermon-time,
Making a mock of poor humanity.

Hard by from a chalk cliff
A torrent leaps: not lovelier Sappho was
Giving herself all silvery to the sea
From that Leucadian rock.

A laugh . . .
Like the merle's note when its ecstatic heart
Is packed with summer-time.

Her beauty broke on him like some rare flower
That was not yesterday. Ev'n so the Spring
Unclasps the girdle of its loveliness
Abruptly, in the North here; long the drifts
Linger in hollows, long on bough and brier
No slight leaf ventures, lest the frost's keen tooth
Nip it, and then all suddenly the earth
Is naught but scent and bloom.

The one lyric — a variation of one of the songs in the 1859 volume — merits a place with the daintiest and most graceful of its Elizabethan cousins:

It was with doubt and trembling
I whispered in her ear.
Go, take her answer, bird-on-bough,
That all the world may hear —
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
Upon the wayside tree,
How fair she is, how true she is,
How dear she is to me —
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
And through the summer long
The wind among the clover-tops,
And brooks, for all their silvery stops,
Shall envy you the song —
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

As "Wyndham Towers" is the most important of Mr. Aldrich's long pieces, so "The Sisters' Tragedy, and Other Poems" (1891) is the most important volume of his miscellaneous verse. The character of the work in this latest collection is marked by strong personal and dramatic qualities. In kind it resembles that of former collections — the themes ranging from the lightest and gayest to the most serious and thoughtful; but it is far beyond what preceded it. Coming now from the poet in his prime it brings a new promise, as if his finest and most enduring work were yet to be done.

A deeper philosophy and a more intellectual spirit pervade this volume. The author's moods, hitherto emotional and objective, are now often reflective and personal. In "The Shipman's Tale" and the noble sonnet, "I vex me not with brooding on the years," his themes deal with questions of the gravest character and of the most serious concern; while in "The Sisters' Tragedy," "Pauline Pavlovna," "The Last Cæsar," and "Thalia," the dramatic feeling adds to their potency, just as the personal element adds to the strength and force in the "Monody on the Death of Wendell Phillips" and the lines upon "Sargent's Portrait of Edwin Booth." But this deepening and widening of the stream of thought and imagination have in nowise affected its transparency; and there are still left the sunny shallows where all is joy, glow, and music, as, for instance, in these lines entitled "Memory":

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour —
'T was noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon of May —
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine scents and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

In the group of verses called "Bagatelle" one can see how the material of *vers-de-société* may be molded into something that is distinctly different. The piece that comes nearest to being society-verse is "At a Reading," but it is uplifted by its poetic pinions: it is simply a lower flight. Mr. Aldrich may be able to write society-verse, but he has never proved his ability to do so. His lyrics have wings rather than feet; they fly, but neither dance nor run.

The most musical lyric in the book, and, in-

deed, the most musical lyric Mr. Aldrich has written, is the "Echo Song." "At the Funeral of a Minor Poet" is a strong protest against the present school of Realism; the tribute to "Tennyson" is admirable in its loftiness and dignity; and these lines from "In Westminster Abbey" are fine:

Tread softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there!
But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him:
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine!

. . . . . .

Oh, ever-hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august Shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale!

II.

WHAT most impresses one in reading Mr. Aldrich's poems is their strong individuality of manner and treatment. There are times, now and then, when one is conscious of something reminiscent of Keats in its sensuousness, or of Herrick in its airiness or spontaneity; but it is Landor to whose delicately chiseled and cameo-like verses these polished lyrics bear the closest resemblance. Yet the work of Mr. Aldrich is unlike that of any one of them; it is distinctly his own and shows him to be his own master. His fondness for and use of apt words which have a definite poetic value reminds one of Théophile Gautier, but the finish given to his verse by this fastidiousness is Greek rather than modern. In his attitude towards nature he is not an interpreter, but a lover who is influenced by her external beauties. Without botanizing or analyzing he wins from her forms and moods those graces which are her most pleasing attributes: the tint and perfume of the rose, the voice of the wind, the fantastic fret-work of the frost—these are enough to satisfy him. All of his songs have a rare musical quality, and some of them, like the "Nocturne" which we have quoted, almost sing themselves. His words and meters are always happily wedded, and there is a sufficient variety of each, from the light and tripping measures of "Corydon" to the rich melodiousness of "The Piazza of St. Mark's at Midnight."

One finds in Mr. Aldrich's work an occasional inaccuracy in his rhymes. The instances are very few, and for this reason they are the more noticeable. In "Pursuit and Possession," one of his most graceful sonnets, "haunt me" and "want thee" are almost enough to spoil the effect of the whole composition; while in "The Lady of Castlenore" a more exasperating combination is that of "morn" and "gone"; but it is in the recently written "Guilielmus Rex" that the false rhymes are most prominent, occurring as they do in four lines out of sixteen. These are purely matters of technique, and in the work of a poet less skilful in the choice and handling of words would not call for any special notice; but with Mr. Aldrich's creed in mind, "Let art be all in all," one feels such blemishes. The notion that there are three kinds of rhymes—those for the eye, those for the ear, and those for both the eye and ear—is not well founded. Rhyme is of a mathematical nature; it is a poetic equation which must be satisfied by fixed musical values. In a long poem an occasional deviation or approximate substitute may be excused; so, too, in a short poem where the terminal word of the line is the one word that can convey the poet's idea. But in the poems to which these examples belong, one cannot help believing that Mr. Aldrich could find other terms of expression equally happy that should carry with them his thought, and, at the same time, be absolute in their rhyme. But these are slight defects. He has always gaged his power with accuracy; doing well whatever he endeavored to do, and not attempting anything beyond his capabilities. Hence to review his work is to find much to praise and little to condemn. His claim to the honor and distinction of being a poet is based upon a long and loyal service to the lyric muse. His gift was genuine and precious, and by patient and painstaking study he has greatly enhanced its worth.

The art and beauty of Mr. Aldrich's verse are great enough to make it last. These are imperishable qualities and, being imperishable, shall keep his name in remembrance as one of the rarest lyric poets of the nineteenth century.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

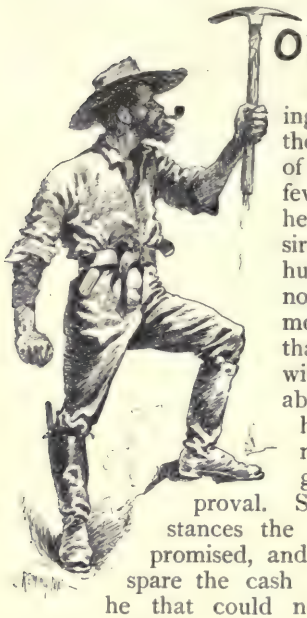
PAINTED BY WILLIAM L. DODGE.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849 THROUGH MEXICO.



O California with its mines of gold, and how soonest to get there was the ruling excitement of the hour, in the fall of 1848. The "gold fever" was at its height. Many desired to go gold-hunting that could not for want of money, and many that had the wherewithal could not abandon families, homes, and business with any degree of self-approval. So in many instances the matter was compromised, and he who could spare the cash (and sometimes he that could not) entered into agreement with the impecunious but enterprising adventurer who desired to go, to furnish him the means, the proceeds to be shared between them on his return. Had the gold-hunters kept faith with their bankers and shared all they obtained, it would have been another case of fisherman and gate-keeper. The fisherman, it will be remembered, was denied admittance to the castle with a splendid fish, of which he knew the lord of the castle was fond, until he agreed to give half he received to the obstinate gate-keeper. Once admitted, he refused to dispose of it to the master except for one hundred lashes. He was compelled to explain, and received one-half lightly laid on, while the gate-keeper received the other half laid on with vigor. Could the pioneer have given to his stay-at-home partner one-half of the hardships, dangers, diseases, shipwrecks, extreme hunger, and dire distresses he endured he would doubtless have been willing to share the gold also.

But these arrangements enabled thousands of energetic and fearless men to start on the pilgrimage for gold in many ways. One of these, which I am about to narrate, was the formation of a company of two hundred adventurous spirits fitted out in New-York. The plan was to go by sea to Vera Cruz, Mexico, thence overland to the Pacific coast at San Blas or Mazatlan, and in the absence of vessels at these ports to continue the journey of two thousand miles by land through Mexico, Lower and Upper California to the mines. A part of the company embarked from San Blas, a part from Mazatlan, and a part made the entire journey overland from Vera Cruz.

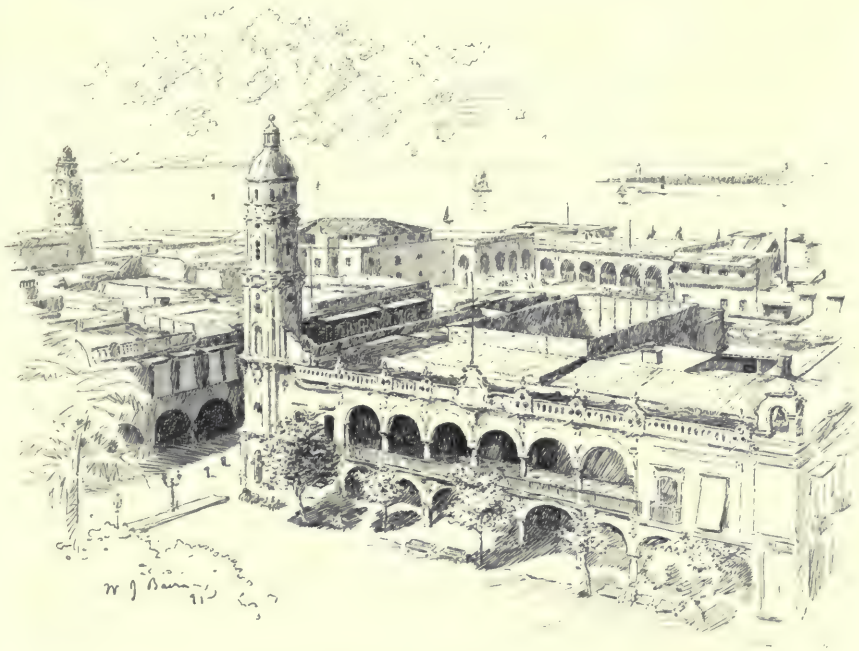
This company, mostly composed of picked young men, was organized under the comprehensive title of the "Manhattan-California Overland Association," and numbered about two hundred members. We were full of a sanguine spirit of adventure and eager to dig our fortunes from the mines in the shortest possible time. We were fitted out with very wide-brimmed soft hats, boots of rubber or leather reaching above the knee, woolen and rubber blankets, red flannel shirts, a liberal supply of tin pans for washing out the gold, shovels, picks, spades, crowbars, camp-kettles, frying-pans, tin plates, tin cups, daguerreotypes, locks of hair, Spanish books, a few patent gold-washers, musical instruments, etc., the most of which assortment was early scattered along the Mexican trails or in the chaparral, or perhaps sold to the natives for a few small coins. To these were added rifles, carbines, shot-guns, revolvers, and bowie-knives, to which we clung closely all the way. We chartered the bark *Mara*, Captain Parks, in ballast, of some two hundred tons, fitted her hold with a flooring and two tiers of double bunks all around her sides, placed a cook-stove amidship in the hold with the pipe projecting from the open hatchway, provisioned her at our own expense with vari-

"OH, SUSANNAH, DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME."

ous sea-stores of the common sort, beans and pork, salt beef, hams, mackerel, sea-bread, coffee, and a supply of water, and were ready for the voyage.

We provided no cook, as we were all earnest on the score of economy and self-denial, and our outlay thus far for the voyage to Vera Cruz was but twenty dollars each. We presented a remarkable appearance as we boarded the bark of the most emphatic oaths, which he freely bestowed upon us.

Among our number, gathered on the vessel's deck at the wharf, was one young man of striking physique, very tall, wearing a broad sombrero and boots reaching to his hips and already fitted with spurs for the Mexican mustang he expected to ride, and with buckskin gauntlets reaching to his elbows, and two



THE CATHEDRAL AND HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ.

at the foot of Burling Slip on the last day of January, 1849, every man in full California costume, his armament in his belt—boots and buckskin gauntleted gloves, a roll of blankets strapped *à la militaire* on his shoulders, a carbine or rifle slung upon his back, and frying-pans, coffee-pots, camp-kettles, and assorted tinware in his hands. The bark had a poop-deck on her quarter in which were a few small rooms for which lots were drawn, and I was fortunate in drawing one, which freed me from the confinement of the packed and darkened bunks of the vessel's hold, with its foul atmosphere of bilge-water and heated humanity.

Captain Parks enlisted but a small crew, depending on volunteers, but he was wisely provided with his own cook and caboose. His cook had a remarkable personality: a light copper-colored negro over six feet in height, exceedingly slim, gaunt and gray, wrinkled and crippled, with but one eye, three fingers on one hand and none on the other, and with a vocabulary in English which consisted entirely revolvers and a bowie-knife in his broad belt. He was very conspicuous as he mounted the vessel's shrouds, crept through the "lubber-hole" and posed in the main-top, and then clambered down again to the deck. "All aboard!" was cried, "and all ashore that 's going," was the usual paradoxical warning. Many friends were on the wharf to say good-by and wish us pleasant things; kisses were being exchanged, while a jovial group on the quarter-deck was vociferously singing:

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I 'm bound for Californy with my tin pan on my knee,

when a pretty, fair-haired girl, her rosy cheeks wet with tears, put up her lips that our booted hero might impart his farewell kiss. His heart was tender if his boots were large, and, just as we were casting loose from the wharf, he sprang upon the deck, threw his baggage ashore, and followed it with agility, renouncing for love all his golden visions of California.

THE COURTYARD OF A MEXICAN HOTEL.

Down the bay we sped, with the tug-boat alongside and the chorus of "Susannah" ringing over the waters, to which was added the refrain:

> But the happy time is over;
> I 've only grief and pain,
> For I shall never, never see
> Susannah dear again,

which was concluded with three ringing cheers and a hurrah for California as the tug left us on the broad Atlantic. A gale speedily sprang up, and all night long our lightly ballasted bark rolled hither and thither upon the heaving seas, and many penitential landsmen, under the influence of their first seasickness, wished they had never left their homes, and were freely urged by the more jolly ones to wade ashore.

By the next morning's light was revealed a dejected and motley group of seasick humanity taking its first sea lessons on old Neptune's dominions. And now came a culmination of our miseries. We had pork, beans, coffee, and hardtack, but where was the cook? How were two hundred men with stomachs now in a state of entire vacuum to be fed with hot coffee and cooked rations? In times of emergency the Yankee always calls a public meeting, and so a mass meeting was convened; and, after speeches had been made, it was decided to accept the proposal of two of our number, who for a valuable consideration volunteered to cook for the two hundred till we should reach Vera Cruz. Thenceforth, after a period of fasting, we had one lunch a day, when the sea was not too rough, till our voyage was ended, on the 24th day of February.

The writer must leave it to the imagination of the reader to divine what the 200, confined on that small vessel for twenty-four days, did in the way of mischief. Once only on the voyage did the boisterous spirits on board require discipline. This the good, but sorely tried, Captain Parks administered by ordering the bark "laid to." This was effective, as every one was in haste to reach California before the gold should all be "dug out," and dreaded delay.

We arrived off the coast of Mexico just as the evening sun was descending amid the golden clouds over the mountain peaks, flanked by dark and somber masses, the snow-crowned Orizaba, or star mountain, set high in the blue heavens, flashing as with a coronal of diamonds. Two snow-white birds of flowing plumage came off from the yet distant land, and with an easy and graceful movement of their wings circled around our mastheads, and then flew straight landward again. They were the mariners' pilot-birds of the tropics come to guide us ashore. It was Sunday morning when we dropped anchor near St. Juan de Ulloa, with its quaint ancient tower, and the city of Vera Cruz just before us.

The uniformed customs officials speedily boarded us from a small boat, and while the clanging of some scores of musical Spanish bells from the cathedral towers filled the air, the officers were entertained by an encounter between two of our pugnacious gold-hunters, who struck vigorously from the shoulder. We received a speedy permission to land, as the officials did not appear to enjoy our companionship. Sunday was passed in looking at the sights in the old Spanish city, battered and bombarded as it had been two years before by the artillery of General Scott. Walls and buildings constructed of coral rocks were shattered as he had left them, fragments of bombs and solid shot lay about the streets where his cannon had fired them, and along the beach were numerous dilapidated wrecks of surf-boats where he had abandoned them. Numerous army wagons, caissons, and artillery carriages were scattered about, and thousands of Yankee-made pack-saddles were offered us for our journey. These and much other paraphernalia, the production of army contractors, had only served the purpose intended — that of enriching the contractors. The only pack-saddle found useful was the Mexican one, consisting of two great pillows of leather connected and hung astride the mule, and weighing without the "cargo" some eighty pounds, on top of which or suspended from it would be a load of some two hundred pounds.

As Vera Cruz is in a section of sand, cactus, and lizards, surrounded by a large tract of chaparral, messengers were sent to the nearest ranches and haciendas to announce that an arrival of "Los Yankees" was in want of horses, mules, and "burros." We were constrained to remain for the night in the yellow-fever-producing city among its so-called "greasers" (as our soldiers had termed them). This we passed in a caravansary, the first floor of which was packed with two hundred head of pack-mules and "burros." We spread our blankets on the boards of the second floor, disturbing large colonies of fleas who held preemption rights, and who resisted our encroachment by furious onslaughts on every part of our bodies. There were openings in the wall of our room but no windows, and from below, the whole night through, there was one continual braying and uproar from the two hundred hungry mules. Nothing could parallel this first night in Mexico but a page of Dante's "Inferno."

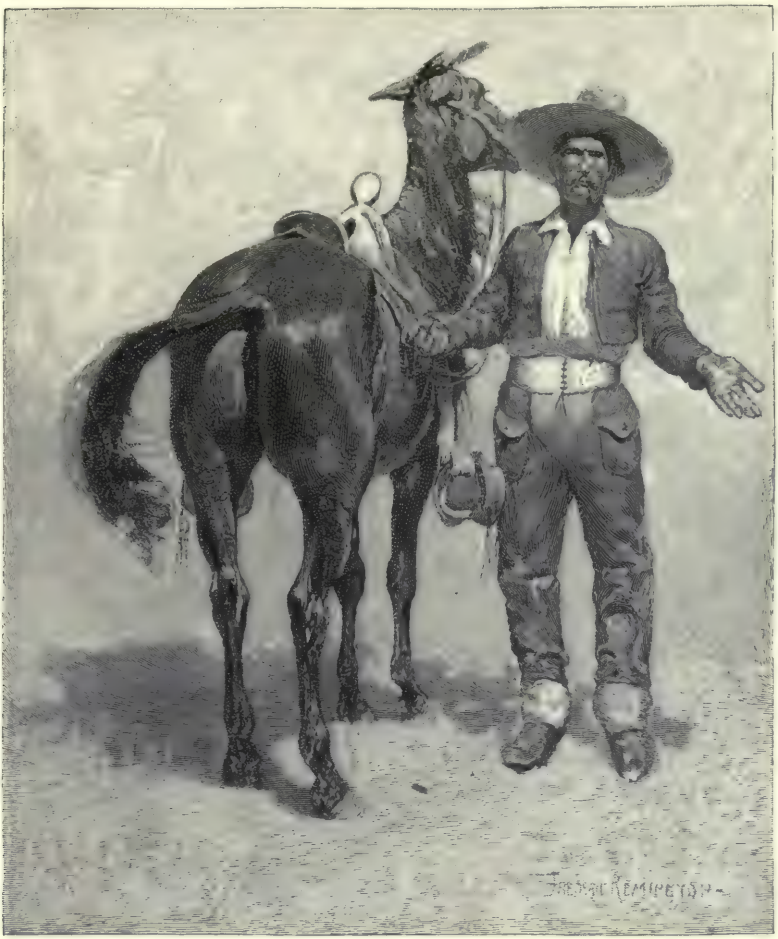
As our war with Mexico had just closed, and the ignorant masses yet held us in the same enmity with which they had regarded

their conquerors, matters did not look favorable for a peaceful passage over the whole extent of Mexico, especially as we expected to follow the route taken by Scott's army, and to pass over battle-fields where, as we learned, bleached skeletons lay still unburied. The government, in fact, the whole country, was yet in a state of demoralization, and guerrillas and robbers infested almost every mile of the way. Besides this, merchants of intelligence in Vera Cruz warned us that we were almost sure to be robbed and murdered, that if we should escape this fate we could not find provisions on our journey for men or beasts, and that we would most surely break down our animals, and be glad to resort to horse or mule meat to sustain life. Impressed by these tales (which found fulfilment to some extent even as to mule meat, with rattlesnakes added), about fifty of the most pronounced and boastful among our company took a return passage on the vessel for New York.

On Monday Mexican horse-traders presented themselves, in comparison with whom the sharpest Yankee horse-jockey sunk into utter insignificance. They drove in before them, with a "whoop la "and a Comanche yell, caravans of horses and mules that included not only the halt and the maimed, the lame and the blind, but also some of the most vicious and worthless brutes that were ever collected together —galled and chafed, sore-backed, buckers, jumpers, and balky. Yet with wonderful skill the owners of these gothic animals covered up and disguised their defects and their vicious tricks, so that in most cases the deception and trickery were not discovered till the vendors were well on their way to their ranches again. From twenty-five to forty dollars, or *pesos*, each was paid by anxious buyers for animals which the owners would have been glad to sell for one-quarter the money. We found that these mustangs could with equal facility throw the rider over their heads, or kick him off to the rear, or shoot him upward, or lie down abruptly, or take out a liberal piece of his flesh, and yet under the manipulation of the ranch owner they had been as docile and gentle as could be desired.

However, our passports having been viséd and each man mounted, and some several times dismounted, by Monday night we reached as best we could a general rendezvous or camping-place at Santa Fé, a group of huts some ten miles from Vera Cruz, and passed our first night on our blankets with the ground for a bed and the heavens for a shelter tent. On the vessel we had organized into four divisions, each with a captain at its head, known as the New Jersey, Island City, Enterprise, and Pacific. The originator of the enterprise, who had professed to be a veteran Mexican traveler and who was to act as generalissimo of the whole, had failed to report on board the *Mara*, so a mass meeting was convened at Santa Fé, and with very brief speech-making the writer was chosen to take command of the expedition. On calling the roll it was found that one member had been left in Vera Cruz, having been thrown skyward from his horse and somewhat injured. Wishing to abandon none, I called for a volunteer and started back to the city (ten miles through deep sand lined with a growth of chaparral) to escort our comrade out to camp. The volunteer was a Mr. Pierce, who had been a member of a company of cavalry at home and had brought with him his long cavalry sword, which he secured in a dangling position from the horn of his saddle. His steed was not used to such an appendage, and soon the rider was rolling in the sand in one direction and the horse in another. As the way was beset with guerrillas, I gave my horse a free rein and spur; and with a ready revolver in one hand rode into the city and safely brought my comrade out to the camp.

At this first camp we divided into "messes," bought and distributed a Mexican beef, and cooked our first meals. We made our first start for a day's march on the morning of the 28th day of February. The first camp-fires, the cooking, the saddling-up, the loading of baggage and equipments on the vicious, kicking, biting mustangs and donkeys, and the final mount and start were altogether beyond description. Besides the rider, they had to carry two blankets, his mining tools, coffee-pot, camp-kettle, and frying-pan laid on or hanging from his saddle, and his bag of tin cups, spoons, and tin plates, and his gun, rifle, or carbine slung on his back, and a variety of other articles supposed to be essential. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza joined to Falstaff's regiment would not have presented half so motley a group. The rattle of tinware and the orders and the shouting in an unknown tongue excited the wild and half-broken mustangs to madness. I soon had to organize a rear-guard under Captain Pierce to pick up stragglers, help reload broken cargoes, and lift stubborn and refractory mules to their feet. It was also necessary constantly to halt the column, knowing well that a man who should be left out of sight in the rear would be speedily gobbled up by the watchful robbers trailing after us. Along the day's route, as all the way across the whole of Mexico, we found wooden crosses, indicating that a murder had been committed there. This first day's ride of ten miles brought us to a stream known as Murderer's Den. Here, before starting from camp in the morning, a detail



A MEXICAN HORSE-TRADER.

of organization was made, and by adopting a rigid military discipline, and discarding worthless incumbrances in the way of mining tools, gold-washers, etc., I was able to train my troop so that when the trail was not very rough or mountainous over twenty Mexican leagues a day was made between camps. As we left the low-lying, malarious sea-coast, our road and climate both improved, and on the first Saturday we camped for rest over Sunday in the suburbs of the beautiful city of Jalapa, a city of fruits and flowers, of which the Mexican proverb says: "See Jalapa and die."

Before starting again on Monday morning many exchanges for better animals took place, and a better outfit generally was provided, and a more cheerful spirit prevailed. Here our horses and riding mules were shod, a necessary preliminary to crossing the mountain ranges. If the mule was not too refractory, this was managed by tying one of his hind legs to his tail, well up from the ground, but if he was intractable he was left but two feet to stand upon, the opposite forefoot being tied close under the body.

On the plaza of Jalapa the hostile feeling against the Yankees had its first outbreak. A great crowd gathered about the red-shirted horsemen as we rode into the plaza on Sunday, and a rush was made by the mob to dismount us and drive us from our saddles. But a vigorous charge promptly made against the mob with threatening revolvers drove them back and gave safe escape to the hard-pressed horsemen. Through the villages of the country parts we were received by the *señoras* and *señoritas* with kindness, but by the males with frowns and threats, and with the significant gesture of a finger drawn across the throat. In no place were we safe from attack except in groups which commanded safety and respect. To them in their ignorance we were still Yankees and *soldados*. One night, a little way beyond Jalapa, our entrance into one of their walled towns caused great excitement; a general alarm was rung on the cathedral bells,

A SAMPLE STEED.

messengers rode out in haste to alarm the surrounding haciendas, and natives flocked into the town, two or three mounted on the back of each mule, armed with *escopettes*. But we remained close inside the strong gates of our hacienda, and, the excitement subsiding, we were allowed to leave without an attack early the next day. Camp was aroused usually at three o'clock in the morning; fires were kindled, pots of coffee were boiled, and, when possible, eggs (*wavos*) also. Then came a march in military order of about twenty miles, when halt was ordered for dinner, provided water and corn were to be had for the horses. Supplies of whatever could be purchased were foraged for along the route, bananas and sweet potatoes being the staple; occasionally pork could be had, and in the larger places very poor beef, cut into long strips and sold always by the yard. This tough beef was eaten by the Mexicans cut first in small pieces and then stewed in a quantity of red peppers resembling stewed tomatoes (called *carne de Chili*). If our halt was made at a hacienda, the universal national dish of "tortillas" and "frijoles" was to be obtained, served with coffee, at three cents a meal. But our hungry and robust riders could dispose of many meals at a sitting, and when camping and with a sufficient supply of yards of meat to satisfy their hungry stomachs, the quantity they fed themselves from their frying-pans was not only an astonishment but almost a horror to the natives, who crowded our camp to see the show. Upon one occasion, after a hard day's ride of over forty miles along a route where supplies were not to be had, we camped by a clear stream, where but a few native huts of poles and branches sheltered the population. Two priests, with a large, mule-drawn carriage, were just in advance of us, and in receiving the monthly tithes for the church had carried away all the wealth of the place, and there was but one answer, to our calls for food, "*Nada, Señor, nada. No hai tortillas. No hai frijoles.*" Lieutenant Gray, a stray soldier, who had been left adrift in Mexico, volunteered to bring me some supper from among the villagers. In utter fatigue, I threw myself upon the ground in one of the huts, and was soon in a deep slumber. At about eleven o'clock Gray returned and awakened me. The hut was crowded full of men and women gazing at me with great interest, but they were careful to keep at a safe distance from me. Gray explained his stratagem thus: He had told them the *capitan* was a great warrior, and had

eaten the prisoners he took in battle; that I was very hungry and would also eat corn and hay, but liked eggs and onions better. He brought eggs, onions, and salt, leaving outside a supply of corn and hay for me to eat, an operation which the ignorant but curious natives had come to witness. So far as the boiled eggs and onions were concerned, being my first meal of the day, I was glad to be able to gratify them.

In camping for the night, sentries were stationed, and pickets were posted, and the animals were secured with lariats inside the picket line, but sometimes, when guerrillas abounded, in the center of the camp. Once only did these *ladrones* make an open demonstration. We were in a section of country covered with low bushes, in which jack-rabbits, wild turkeys, and other game were present. No towns were near, and, feeling secure, a large part of the company was scattered in pursuit of the game, hoping to secure enough to fill our camp-kettles on our next halt, for we had been some days on short rations. The Mexican women were always friendly, and presently some were met on the trail, calling out to us: "*Ladrones! ladrones!*" and pointing forward on our path. At this our stragglers were called in. The robbers were a large band of well-mounted and well-armed men, and had filed across our road in the bed of an *arroya* or dry stream. To fight as a troop of cavalry with camp equipage and cooking-utensils dangling from our saddles, or to wait a charge from them, would have been sure defeat. So I dismounted a part of my troop, and in platoons at double quick charged towards the guerrillas. Evidently a fight with the hated Yankees in red shirts was not what they desired, for as we came within short range, their leader gave the word "*Vamos*," and away they galloped down the ravine helter-skelter, and we saw them no more. We certainly were not a handsome crowd at this time.

At National Bridge we saw the wreckage and the unburied bones of that battle-field, and looked with wonder upon the fortified height that guarded the entrance of the almost perpendicular heights up which Colonel Harney's dismounted dragoons worked their way with the help of bushes and props, and to which they clung in the face of a sweeping fire from the Mexican batteries on its summit, which they captured with a rush, turning their own guns upon the artillerists as they ran down the opposite side of the hill. We feared having to force our way over this bridge, but were not molested.

A WAYSIDE CROSS.

Upon the heights of Cerro Gordo we camped for our noonday meal. Upon its central battle-field, where Santa Anna made his most stubborn fight, we kindled our camp-fires, and, dipping water from its sunken pools covered with slimy green vegetation, we drank our coffee under the shade of the same trees where the desperately wounded lay to die, glad of the luxury of that stagnant pool to quench their thirst. It was the best those heights afforded amid that deathly struggle. All around us lay scattered uncoffined bones, and ghastly skulls looked down upon us where in mockery they

had been secured among the branches of the trees, and everywhere earth and trees and broken armament gave silent witness of the awful struggles of our little army. All the way up the heights for miles the pine trees from the roadside yet obstructed the national road as they had been felled to hinder the onward march of our soldiers, while from point to point the Mexican troops and batteries were rallied for another stand. We left the historic spot with a triumphant three times three and with uncovered heads in honor both of our dead and our living heroes.

We were soon well up the Rio Frio mountains, and were received near the summit by a terrible war of the elements in the pine forest — thunder, lightning, rain, hail, snow, intense cold, and a howling hurricane. We were drenched through and through, and shook as with an ague, and our poor animals, used to the warm plains below, chilled with cold and in terror from fright, trembled in every limb and crouched helplessly upon the ground, dazed by the lightning and shocked by the thunder which seemed to discharge at our very sides; they seemed almost to cling to us for safety. It was Saturday afternoon, and we found welcome shelter in the hacienda Buena Vista near the mountain summit, a spot made historic afterward as a place of refuge for the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian.

We found the whole mountain-summit infested with guerrillas. We were on the highway of travel and not far from the City of Mexico, and in this section these lawless bands were accustomed to make the boldest and most successful raids either upon mounted travelers or upon the *diligencia*, which was periodically and helplessly plundered, often with the addition of wanton murder. I felt justified in taking possession of the hacienda; posted my own sentries, and picketed it for some distance outside, obliging its own proprietor and employees to come and go by my permission and only with the password. By Sunday morning, for the safety of my troop, I found it expedient to leave this stronghold (as I learned we were largely outnumbered) and make a hasty march to Mexico City, which we safely accomplished. Even under these circumstances it was a sub-

SHOEING A MULE.

lime experience to ride down that mountain height — Mounts Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl both looking down upon us, the great valley and City of Mexico in full view below us, and a thunder shower with its dark nimbus clouds and forked lightning full in the sunshine under us. On the way down the mountain we saw three guerrillas hanging from a frame by the roadside by ropes passed under their arms.

We stopped for our lunch at noon, and were entertained by a company of Mexican rangers or lancers, handsomely uniformed and armed with a long spear with a red pennant and the indispensable lasso of raw-hide, and mounted on superior, hardy Mexican horses. They had captured, and, without the form of judge or jury, had riddled with bullets and afterward hanged the three robbers we had passed on the wayside. With their gay trappings of silver-ornamented riding outfit, their swarthy faces, black hair, fierce mustaches, and fiery eyes, the lancers were well calculated to affright the souls of fearful adversaries. Their favorite method of attack was to throw the lasso over their victim, then with their well-trained horses to jerk him from the saddle, drag him to death over the ground, or in mercy lance him. By their invitation I stood at a considerable distance from them to test their skill with the lasso. By the utmost agility I was utterly unable to escape its folds.

"LADRONE."

Across the valley of Mexico, picturesque with parallel rows of the century plant, which furnishes the national drink of *pulque*, we entered through open gates the ancient city of Montezuma, not long before conquered and evacuated by the small army of the United States. We found quarters in a comfortable hacienda, while the numerous *fondas* of the city furnished refreshment and pulque. Pulque is the lager beer of Mexico. It is everywhere transported on the backs of mules in skins of hogs stripped from them in some mysterious way by which legs and all are utilized for a great bottle.

On the following day the antipathy to Americans was shown on the public plaza near the great cathedral, during the passage of a religious procession of the Host preceded by the ringing of a bell. Every one within hearing indoors or on the street reverently knelt where he was, removed his hat, and made the sign of the cross. This was not regarded by the gold-hunters, who stood erect, curiously gazing at the scene. At once they were set upon by those nearest them, dragged to their knees, and their hats knocked off their heads. A mob quickly gathered. The men resisted with desperation, and had it not been for the prompt interference of others, lives would undoubtedly have been lost and our travels would have ended inside prison walls. This made our longer stay in the city both uncomfortable and hazardous, and once again we mounted our now rested steeds for the trip to the Pacific.

Dissatisfied with my purpose to halt on Sundays for rest and to recruit the horses, some thirty of the company now detached themselves from my command. They were in haste to reach California before the gold was all "dug out," and considered such halting a waste of time. So they bade us good-by and started at a rapid gait in advance.

On this part of the journey we had an illustration of justice in an alcalde's court. Two of our men, who differed about the ownership of a mule, agreed to arbitrate before the alcalde of the village where they chanced to be. One claimant slipped a $2.50 gold piece in the alcalde's hand, and a speedy decision was rendered in his favor. After leaving the town a short distance the other claimant rode back, put a $5 gold piece in the alcalde's hand, and speedily came back with a decision written out in his favor and reversing the other.

After a long day's march we reached Celaya, a walled town of some six thousand inhabitants. The people were decidedly hostile, and the alcalde sent me a summons to appear before him, and commanded that I should make no attempt to leave the town before sunrise, and that I should at once send one-half my number to another town, some ten miles beyond, a town of about the same size as Celaya,

adding that he would also send a messenger with us to insure our safety, as otherwise we were sure to be attacked. I replied that I would not do so, that we asked no protection, but if attacked would take care of ourselves. He then gave an order to the proprietor of the hacienda to hold us prisoners inside the fortress (for a hacienda is also a fortress) until sunrise the next morning. At three o'clock I called up and mounted my men, and then awakened the keeper, and with a revolver placed at his head persuaded him to unlock the barricade, and we rode triumphantly out. The alcalde's plan was to divide the troop, and with the aid of the other town, where were some troops, to get satisfaction for incidents of the war.

Our journeying led us, on Saturday night, to a small walled town not far from the large city of Guadalajara. It had abundant orange as well as banana groves, and a clear stream swept along part of the town. Three hundred miles, in part of rough mountainous travel, had been made during the week; and men and horses were alike worn and weary and glad of so enticing a place of rest. While sipping a cup of coffee in the fonda on Sunday morning I heard the report of a gun in our quarters and a messenger entered hurriedly to say that young W—— (from New Jersey) had shot himself dead. Our quarters were at once crowded by the excited natives, who desired to administer summary punishment on us for what they considered a murder. We held them off till nightfall. As best we could we extemporized a coffin from some rude boards, prepared his body for burial, and I read over him the burial service, and waiting till the town was silent, in midnight darkness, we silently stole out of the town and buried him in a secluded spot, placing at the head of his grave a rude wooden cross to preserve it from desecration.

We then made our escape in the early morning, and with sadness entered the great city of Guadalajara. We arrived at about eleven o'clock in the morning. A regiment of soldiers were there on the way to chastise some rebellious Indians. The presence of the soldiers joined to the entrance of my company of one hundred and fifty red-shirted, travel-worn, armed troopers brought the excitement at once to a demonstration. We had just reached a hacienda when the cry of "Revolution!—revolution!" was raised. Soldiers discharged their muskets in the streets, women screamed, men hurriedly closed their places of business for fear of robbery and joined in the excitement. We shut and barricaded our fortress doors, fearing that this was to be the end of our California journey, while we were yet more than an hundred miles from the seashore. With the population opposed to them, every one of that brave group of young men stood up to the issue; their faces paled a little, but weapons were coolly got ready for a fray out of which none expected to come alive. How the attack upon us was ever held in check I never learned, but a little after midnight we succeeded in getting away unmolested.

The remainder of our journey brought us to the commercial town of Tepic, whose trade was with the seaport of San Blas, and we found no further obstruction or enmity, as the intercourse and interests of commerce had made the people friendly to the American people. We arrived at San Blas in excellent health and condition, having lost but one of our number. In port we providentially found the brig *Cayuga*, Captain Savage, of some two hundred tons, belonging to the firm of Pacific traders, Howland & Aspinwall. Captain Savage, an Austrian, had sailed her down the coast in ballast, on the chance that some party of gold-hunters might cross Mexico and require a vessel to transport them to San Francisco. A contract was soon entered into similar to the one with Captain Parks, of the *Mara*. The hold of the *Cayuga* was floored, and double bunks were again provided with about three feet of space from floor to deck. In the absence of water-casks, red-wood or dug-out canoes filled with supplies of water were stowed below the floor. As before, we furnished our own sea-stores. They consisted of old whalers' sea-bread, condemned after one voyage of three years to the Arctic seas, well-filled with vermin, which, however, were rendered innocuous by being baked over in a well-heated oven; a supply of well-

A MEXICAN RANGER.

salted Mexican jerked beef as sold by the yard, sun-dried till it would have answered as well for harness-leather as for food, with coffee and sugar for luxuries. These provisions were placed in sacks and stowed under the flooring, where they were always accessible through an open hatch. Upon the outer deck, just back of the foremast, was laid a temporary flooring of brick without covering or protection from the weather or the sun, and this constituted our cooks' galley, each mess having its own cook. We paid Captain Savage $80 each as passage money, while the sea-stores cost us $30 each. About 120 of our company took part in this arrangement, thus paying the sum of $9600 for the storage part of the brig and $3600 more for our supplies and rations. As water was an important factor for so large a number at sea, in addition to the supply in canoes in the hold, a very large canoe was secured on the brig's deck and filled with water, but for economy of stowage a deck of rough boards covered it. In addition to our party Captain Savage had taken on board a full complement of cabin passengers in the little rooms on the after part of the brig. As these few aristocrats of the voyage had paid fabulous prices the captain had contracted to supply them with fresh provisions, and for this purpose a number of goats were taken on board, which were duly served on the cabin table. Added to these Captain Savage, as a perquisite, had embarked a Mexican saddle-horse on deck, so that on this small brig we had about one hundred and fifty men including our gold-diggers, besides the crew, the horse, and a dozen goats. We had no tables, but ate our hardtack and jerked beef and drank our tin mugs of coffee wherever and whenever we found it convenient.

On the eighty-fourth day from New York, anchor was weighed and we set sail for San Francisco. By this time all hardships were accepted as a matter of course, and each man made himself especially jolly over every new danger or deprivation that was encountered.

A MEXICAN DUEL.

But the old whalers' bread had to be well soaked before it could be eaten, and the writer as well as others lost teeth in the effort to masticate it. On account of the saltness and toughness of the jerked beef, it was found necessary to attach it to ropes and tow it in the sea for forty-eight hours before any attempt could be made either to cook it or eat it without cooking. Sea-bathing may accomplish much good, but it never yet made tender Mexican jerked beef. Our supply certainly never tempted the most hungry shark in our course. The roll of the sea and the tacking of our ship so far emptied our canoes of water that all hands, except the horse and the goats, were put on short allowance. Our captain, who was an experienced navigator of those latitudes, and anxious to be rid of us as soon as possible, decided to take an indirect southwest course to fall in with the trade wind, and so sailing in a semi-circle to come into the Bay of San Fran-

cisco from the northwest. So we were promptly put on an allowance of something over a pint of water a day each, with which to make our coffee, dampen our whalers' bread, and gratify our thirst. Water of a red color and impregnated with the peculiar odor and taste of the canoes was served daily in this proportion to each mess. But there was no grumbling. Did we not already see the enticing glitter of the yellow gold in the mines of California?

The time of the journey of the main company was:

	Days.
From New York by bark *Mara* to Vera Cruz...	24
From Vera Cruz to embarkation on brig *Cayuga*..	60
Voyage on the Pacific to San Francisco.....	30
Total.....	114

The thirty seceders who left us at Mexico City arrived at San Blas two weeks after our

A PULQUE CARRIER.

On one occasion, however, the water after having been served to a mess was pilfered from the bottles. It was suggested by Doctor Brinkerhoff (afterward the physician and surgeon of Walker's Nicaragua Expedition), that the mess should endure another day of thirst while he should place a prescription in their water-bottles. This was done with success, and the ensuing day, although it was very calm, several men (not members of the association) were terribly afflicted with an awful seasickness. The remedy proved effective, and great respect was paid thereafter to bottles of canoe water.

After thirty days on the *Cayuga*, we entered the Golden Gate on the 14th day of May, 1849, and I claim that we were the first organized body to reach that port both by sea and land, although at that date a hundred sail of vessels were at anchor in the harbor.

party, most of them too late to be included in the benefits of the *Cayuga* charter. Both men and horses had broken down on the seven-days-a-week system. They straggled into San Blas, and continued their journey by land to Mazatlan, 200 miles north. A few of those who arrived first secured places on our brig, while some of the main body, not having sufficient funds, joined those who journeyed overland to Mazatlan. Here they chartered a small coasting schooner, provisioning her mostly with rice and water. After thirty days' coasting, with the alternation of land and sea breezes, their rice being almost entirely exhausted, they found themselves but 200 miles farther north on a journey of some 2000 miles. One of them, who was a Sabbath observer, sickened and died, and was buried on the shore. The small party then divided, a few continuing along the

coast on foot, while the rest remained on the vessel and, after untold suffering from want of food and water, six months afterward arrived at San Diego, where the schooner was condemned as unseaworthy, and the company scattered, making their way to San Francisco as best they could, poor in pocket and broken in health and ambition. Those who landed pressed onward on foot, mostly through a barren and desert country, devoid of food, water or game, with their faces resolutely set towards the magnet of the gold mines. When game was to be had, even were it hawk or buzzard, it was killed and greedily eaten, kind, quality, and cookery not being considered. Toads, lizards and crows were alike welcome, and any sunwarmed and stagnant pool of water was considered most refreshing. The horrors of the siege of Paris were paralleled by the shifts to which the party were reduced, and in one section of country venomous rattlesnakes were killed and, after being skinned and prepared, were cut in sections for food and boiled. In this way they subsisted and survived, and, with a determination sustained only by the hope of the fortunes that awaited them in the gold mines, they pressed forward through the blazing heat. For months they endured this, with no beds but their ragged blankets. The writer met the first one to arrive in San Francisco in the month of November, ten months after the departure of the buoyant party on the deck of the *Mara*.

HACKENSACK, N. J. *A. C. Ferris.*

ELDER MARSTON'S REVIVAL.

HORSES were tied to the small oak trees that fringed three sides of the playground. Young men stood around in groups and canvassed neighborhood affairs, not boisterously, but in modulated tones; for this was not a spelling-school. They had gathered to hear Elder Marston preach.

A party of youngsters at the door moved aside respectfully, giving way to Maxa Haven, the schoolmistress. She greeted them pleasantly and passed within, taking her place in the narrow seat, and waiting reverently; for what was school-room by day was sanctuary by night, and nothing common or trivial should profane it.

The house was rapidly filling. Men upon the left hand, women on the right, crowded the benches. They indulged a whispered comment on the presence of Charley Cook, a farmer, noted for his wild delight in all things sacrilegious. He had long been a terror to the weaker preachers, and his "gang" had caused the premature suspension of many a service. He stood in the neighborhood as an enemy incarnate of religion; yet he was honest in his dealing with men, given to industry and good rules of farming, and proud of his prosperity even when reminded that from of old his fellows had flourished "like a green bay tree."

Cook had often expressed a desire to meet Elder Marston, and all the love of order in the community trembled now that the "revivalist" stood face to face with this force of evil. For the preacher was himself a notable character. He had for years conducted revivals in the larger school-houses and rural churches, and had drawn to his meetings great numbers of people who seldom went to service elsewhere. He was middle-aged, smooth-faced, vigorous; with a knowledge of the Bible that impressed his hearers, and with a fund of incident, analogy, anathema, a faculty for painting the graces and the horrors, the blessings and the cursings of his gospel, which stood him well instead of doctrine.

Elder Marston led in singing, and brought with him from the fields of other successes a score of songs whose swift motion and easy melody quite won his audience. He was his own chorister, and would even pause in the midst of a measure to correct this part or that, dropping deftly from air to bass, or rising with the clearer tenor till his finer ear was satisfied. These interruptions were not resented by the homely throng that filled the house, and each acquired melody was a fresher bond of union between them and him.

He had been warned of the presence of Cook, the disturber, and seemed to gather from the threatened opposition a strength to make his work the more effective. He announced his text, then, turning from the Bible, stepped forward and began without further preparation one of the swiftly moving songs which seemed to form his chief equipment. Beating time with palm to palm, turning this way and that as he directed the twining of graceful music around the standards of old, familiar lines, Elder Marston laid down his gage of battle to all foes whomsoever. Ending this song, he instantly started another in which his followers quickly joined, urged them to swifter time, lighting the fires of latent enthusiasm and fanning them with his own vigor and interest.

DRAWN BY ALFRED KAPPES.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"I GIVE UP!"

Then, turning quickly to the desk, he took up the text and passed with the same swiftness into the sermon. It was prophecy, and the thunders of Sinai were invoked; the dream of Daniel, the vision of John, were drawn upon to strengthen and embellish his discourse. At the close of an impassioned period he stopped, stepped forward, and again began singing:

Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Then he stopped the strident measure as abruptly as he had begun it, and returned to the sermon as though there had been no interruption.

Maxa Haven, the schoolmistress, watched him with much interest. Surely he had a strange power over these people. How he swayed them, how he led them whithersoever he would, inspiring them with shouts of victory, or hushing them into silence with a word. She wondered if he was sincere, then cast out the thought, and bent her eyes to the ground in humbleness of spirit. Was he not preaching the Word? But the doubt came back at the close of the sermon. It came back at midnight when she sought her rest, and it stood by her bedside when she waked in the morning. Was he sincere? It troubled her without apparent reason when she took up her school-work again in the morning, and she was glad of a diversion furnished by Amos, one of the larger boys who swept the room each morning.

"See what I found on the floor," he said, displaying some bits of shining metal. "Awful lot of trash on this floor of a morning."

They looked like silver, and had been dropped molten upon the boards, and lay there, hardened in fantastic shapes like ice crystals. She put them in her desk to await some chance claimant among the pupils — for the rights of little ones must be conserved — and welcomed the labors that filled the day. But lessons were strangely puzzling. The pupils, spurred by the magic of her discipline, fairly outran expectation.

"I must carry home some books at night and prepare the lessons in advance," she said.

Maxa went to meeting again that evening and saw not only the benches but the aisles crowded with listeners. She saw that same tense figure sitting alone in the shadow behind the desk, watching the people with wide, unwinking eyes. She thought of a panther, not resting, but crouching; of a fate only waiting to hurl itself in bolts of destruction on unguarded heads. She thought he might be angel or demon, praying in silence for the deliverance of souls or spreading a snare for feet unwary. She was glad to be aroused when Elder Marston almost sprang to his feet and began a revival hymn:

I am standing upon the green shore,
All weary and faint with delay,
Still fearing the billows that roar,
Still dreading the mist-covered way.
And oh! that my Saviour would come
And carry me safe o'er the lea,
To rest in that beautiful home
My Father provided for me.
Oh, fear not, dread not, the dark flowing wave—
The Saviour is near you, and mighty to save.

The rhythmic cadences were caught up by the crowd as the rising and falling waves of the song swept over them, and faces reflected the lighting fires of the heart. Maxa joined in the singing, and hoped with that to stifle doubt. She was strangely comforted by the uncouth music, strangely touched by some power exerted by this man. She followed him through the passages of another song and listened with interest to the sermon. She was conscious that an influence reached from that rude pulpit to hearts all over the house, past faces as yet stolid with indifference, and wondered what the result would be when conviction seized the multitude, and the stress of waters should break all bounds.

In the midst of her wondering the sound of bells broke on the ear. A team was galloping towards the school-house, and through the windows she could see Charley Cook standing up in his sleigh and lashing his horses, while a half-dozen young men, well-muffled in buffalo robes, sat in the body of the vehicle and sang with all vigor a bacchanalian song. Here was the expected attempt to break up the meeting. The issue would soon be joined.

The jingling bells were still a moment as the party drove up to the door, and one after another filed into the house. The sermon was suspended till the confusion should pass, and as the roysterers crowded about near the stove Elder Marston began another song, leading with a vigor which told of strength for the conflict. The trespassers joined in the chorus for a moment, and then took up again the rollicking measures with which they had announced their arrival. The sacred music flagged. Young men who had been assisting dropped the lines to watch the outcome. Cook led with a gusto that was reassuring, fitting some local incident to the leading line, and throwing all possible emphasis into the refrain.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Said Marston to his men.

But both numbers and leaders were against "the gang." The minister suffered his hymn

to stop, and as the revelers paused on completing their measure, he started quickly a battle-hymn both famous and familiar:

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
As you deal with my contemners so with you my grace shall deal.
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel—
Since God is marching on!

Music and chorus were the same as that chosen by the disturbers. The preacher impressed the power of his selection with a force they had never seen. The tune of the sinners was wielded by the saints, and so boldly did the resonant members sing that when the last line was reached the strong

Truth goes marching on

was heard above all disturbance. Another stanza sung through with equal vigor, and Charley Cook's adherents had subsided. A third, and they joined in the music to a man.

Then the sermon was quickly taken up with even more force, and through the silence wrung from uproar the minister painted the beauties of a life redeemed. No vials of wrath, no thunderings of anger—only the sorrow of pure souls, and the infinite loss a rebel must suffer, were portrayed. This rural genius warned and terrified and pleaded by turns, but never lashed out a rage. Heads were bowed; eyes were streaming; men who had passed unmoved through a score of revivals bent forward on the rude desks of the school-room and gave way to tears.

Instinctively the gang had separated, and its stranded members were in hiding. Elder Marston had won. He dropped the sermon and rose in song. The effect was magical. Almost at the first note a shout proclaimed some soul in a tumult of joy. The rude song was a pæan. It unlocked the gates that had stood against warning and pleading alike. In the midst of it a strong man knelt in prayer, beating with his hands and crying aloud for mercy. Another followed him, and as the cadences of the song continued, rising in strength with each passing moment, another and another sank down and called out in earnest supplication. The preacher rose into visible power as the fire he had invoked swept over his subjects. Standing out strong before them he shouted:

"Come in! Come in! It 's winter with sin; here is warm sunshine. The roads are rough out there; here the paths are smooth. Burdens are crushing you, killing you, there; come in and be saved."

Each word could be heard through the uproar of the lifted voices. Above the united, impassioned, fervid clamor of those who prayed, through the loud, clanging beat of the song, each short sentence pierced a pause like arrows in the joints of harness.

Maxa grew dizzy. The room seemed swinging, whirling, rising, falling, as the flames of enthusiasm tossed high or bent low in their weird contortions. The house was like a great bell; that man who evoked and directed its pealing was a giant armed with a hammer, striking here, there, above, below—wherever he would, and beating out a note of warning, a chord of love, a strain of sorrow. She felt herself clutch her reason with an almost palpable grasp and struggle, half stifled for breath. She put out her hand to touch some solid thing, to find some object that her calmer consciousness had known, some line by which she might find her way back again to paths her feet had trod. But the chaos seemed to have found no center, and Maxa felt the last wall of conscious motive going, when a sharp cry near her broke the spell and startled the girl to normal life again.

She turned and saw Charley Cook standing in a circle of space that had been purchased for him by denser crowding. The man was in an agony. He was gasping. One hand was pressed fiercely across his eyes, pulling his face sidewise, as though the physical struggle with himself was a relief. The other hand was outstretched, wide open, palm downward, groping. The whole figure was tense and rigid, and in the silence which followed his first outcry the man's deep suspirations could be heard. Through the knotted, swollen throat came harsh, grating sounds. The demons were indeed rending him before they were cast out.

"I give up!" he cried in a loud voice quite void of inflection. "I give up! Don't keep me out! Let me come in!"

With one hand still pressed upon his face, and one stretched out and feeling as he went, the tortured man crept forward, while those who had filled the space before him pressed back to right and left and gave him passage.

Elder Marston had not moved a step. He stood in triumph as the crushed rebel came, thus humbled, to claim the promise of forgiveness. His head was bent forward, his deep eyes glanced out brightly, his smooth face was fairly luminous in the fierce joy of victory.

But what made Maxa start? She thought she saw on that face and in those eyes a very demon gloating above the writhings he had inflicted. She closed her eyes. Why should she be so haunted?

There was little more. A score of tender hearts were filled to overflowing with gratitude that this strong sinner had laid down his arms. His groping hand had touched the preacher's palm, and he was struggling in untried prayer

there by the desk. Above him stood Elder Marston, calming and hushing the tumult in the house, softening the grief of this one, tempering the shouts of that, and even checking the audible prayer.

Then light as a lullaby, gently as a mother, he led the way into the sanctuary of song:

> Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly.

Every voice was attuned to tenderness, and when the lines were done Elder Marston raised his hands and pronounced a benediction, dismissing the audience for the night.

Maxa joined her brother at the door, and they walked home together without a word. That Charley Cook had been "converted" was fact stupendous enough to silence conversation. Not one doubt of his sincerity was entertained. It was marvelous, but it was true. She sat with her parents some moments before the wide fireplace, and then left them for the night. But she went no more to meeting. She allowed her school-work to furnish excuse, but gladly greeted the reports that Charley Cook had thrown all his forceful nature into the work he had once opposed. She knew that with his surrender the ice-gorge of opposition had broken, and that scores of honest men and women had united in forming a society that prayerfully hoped for established services in a house of their own.

One evening the girl dismissed her school as usual, and gathered up the books she meant to take home for review, strapped them in a bundle, and then forgot them, leaving the little parcel so necessary for to-morrow's success exposed on her desk. When tea was done, and the home-work of the evening laid aside, she remembered her books. She must have them, for the good results of past days had depended, she was sure, on these nightly reviews of the lessons.

Her father's age excused him in her thought; she could not go now, for service was by this time in progress at the school-house; her brother and the farm help were among the worshipers. Something of the comical was suggested in the situation, and the lighter vein brought back her olden force and independence.

"I 'll get them myself when meeting is over," she said, and devoted the hours till that should be to songs and pleasantries. She watched the bright lights from the four broadside windows of the school-house when the time for closing came. She saw them, one by one, darkened as the heavy board shutters were put up outside. She listened till the last group of neighbors had passed to their homes, and then put on a warm coat and hood, slipped her feet into rubbers, took a box of matches, and passed unnoticed from the house. The books could be secured, she could be at home in half an hour, and the problems could soon be solved.

The night was dark, but she hurried along the frozen road not nearly so badly frightened as she had expected. Were not all these indistinct figures familiar from childhood? But when the dark building outlined itself against the forest and sky her heart gave a great throb at the thought of entering the lonely place.

Then reason stilled the rising terror. Of course there was nothing in the house; she knew that right well. The room would be warm and the floor would be littered with the usual wreck of which Amos complained. She would need no light, as she could easily find her way. And then, if anything should occur, did she not have the matches? She stepped upon the door-stone and stamped her feet to loosen the particles of ice and snow.

As she did so her ear caught the sound of two light footfalls within the house. It startled her for a moment until her courage could be rallied, and with the rebuke, "How foolish!" she inserted her key and opened the door. She threw it wide and gazed into the black depths of the room. Not an object could be distinguished save the fire which glowed through the crevices in the stove.

Something in that sight restored her sense of familiar things, and she stepped boldly into the room. But the blaze was not smoldering, as it should have been. The sides of the stove were red-hot, and as she took another step she wondered why it had been left burning so brightly. The door swung shut behind her just as she found her passage barred by a long bench drawn right across the open space in the center of the room. She nearly stumbled over it as she advanced towards her desk.

Lest she should encounter other obstacles she drew a match from the box and struck it against the rough back of the offending bench. She had taken the wrong end, and, as it failed to light, she turned it in her fingers, thinking how steady her nerves were, and what a very odd thing she was doing.

She struck again, and the flame lighted up the gloom about her. The tip had scarcely ignited when the air was shivered with a crashing blow on a window. Shattered glass jingled as it fell to the floor, and heavy strokes were rained on the strong shutters. She was conscious through the rush of fears that these blows had fallen on the glass first and then on the wood. The assault was from within the house.

In her fright she dropped the box and the lighted match as well. It fell, as though guided there, straight upon the rest, and instantly the

hundred of minute torches were ablaze. Not her own corner of the room, but the whole wide school-house was alight now, and by the kindling flame Maxa saw a man walk from the window to the desk, saw him turn up the lighted wick in the lamp, and saw him assume an attitude that horrified her with its familiar pose.

"Elder Marston!"

It was all the girl could say. In the crouching figure, in the pallid face, in the shining eyes, she saw not a power for good, but a spirit from perdition, whose flitting figure had haunted her ever since that night at meeting.

Benumbed by the sight, yet fascinated, her eyes swept around the room. Here was a strange kettle; there was a curious mold; on the hearth lay an iron-handled ladle. And as if to set speculation quite at rest, on the very bench which had barred her progress was laid a row of bright new coins.

How she stood there, how she could face a being so demoniac, she never knew; but she turned from these utensils of an outlawed craft with something of strength against the man before her.

"Yes, Elder Marston," he said.

Maxa had compelled him to speak. He was trapped; escape was hopeless; denial was useless. For an instant his courage had deserted him, and he tried to beat down the shutters. Now he was himself again, and he met the steady gaze of an honest woman with the composure of a veteran, an adept in sin.

"Do you know what I have been doing?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Maxa, with rising spirit. It occurred to her that this was her school-room, and the sense of proprietorship helped her mightily. He was conscious of her growing power, but the old feeling which conflict always provoked came over him.

"What will you do, Miss Haven?"

"I will send you to prison," she replied, hot with a strange emotion. It was not anger; it was not fear. It was deeper than these. This man a counterfeiter, and in this room where two hours before he had bathed a score of souls in prayer! This man!

"Let me say a word. First I will put out that fire of yours. The matches are burned up now, and in a moment that dry floor will blaze."

"Stay where you are," said Maxa, fiercely. "I will attend to the fire."

She stepped to the corner and lifted the pail of water. She took the tin cup and poured upon the flame until it was quite extinguished. As she did so Elder Marston saw that her nerves were like steel. He wondered how long it would be before the recoil would come and loosen the singular force that armed her.

"I am a counterfeiter," he said calmly. "I have been for years. I don't believe it is wrong. My dollars are as good as the Government's, and you know they are needed. No one has enough of them. If you contend it is wicked, I still assert I have a balance to my credit, for I am doing good every day. These people are really converted. Charley Cook has been on the borderland of heaven for two weeks. This community is better, and always will be better, for my coming; and if I had not come twenty men and women whom you know would have been lost forever. You tell what you have seen to-night, and twice that number will rush to ruin headlong, and all the Bibles on earth and all the angels above can't save them. You will not help them, and you will not kill me; you will harm them without helping anybody. If I am wrong, let Him judge who is wiser than you. Now will you tell?"

She could make no response. Was that a human being who stood there and debated a problem so awful?

"Are you thinking of the law?" he continued. "Think rather of the eternity of these people. Safe to-day, wrecked to-morrow. You know the law is really lighter than that. If you sin against the latter in keeping silence, how much more will you sin against the Spirit by exposing me and cursing my people? One thing more. If you are silent I promise — and I keep my word — never to coin another dollar. Now will you keep still?"

While he spoke the girl pondered rather than listened. As he closed, she turned about, opened the door, and sprang into the night. She fled down the road, through the farm-yard gate, and up to the house.

"Father," she cried, as she burst into the wide sitting-room, "Elder Marston is a counterfeiter. I went to the school-house for a book after the people had left to-night and found him making money."

The dim light in the room grew dimmer; she thought the words "making money, making money" were repeating themselves over and over again. She tried to walk to the settee, but could not lift her feet along the rapidly rising floor. The settee became frightened at her staring eyes, and ran far away, almost out of sight, down a long, icy road. Her feet were very cold, but her face was burning in the flames of ignited matches. A crash like millions of goblets broken with blows drowned the words "making money, making money, making money," and then came silence.

Help was summoned, and the fainting girl was carried to her bed. One of the boys saddled a horse and galloped for a physician.

David, the hired man, took down the shot-gun and ran to the school-house. When nearly there he heard the door close with a bang, and although he could see no fleeing figure he fired, and then called out:

"Halt, thou, or I 'll shoot again!"

"Why, shoot again, certainly," responded a voice that David had heard in song, in prayer, in preaching service every night for a month.

He ran as he never had run before. He hallooed for help, shouting the names of the nearest neighbors, and shouting again.

Lamps were lighted in the school-house, and there the farmers gathered while David told them what the girl had seen. One of the earliest arrivals was Charley Cook. The recent converts looked to this reformed son of Belial for their cue. They were dumfounded at Marston's brazen infamy. To their simpler natures such evident blasphemy loosened the very grasp of God. Scoffers whispered in their ears that the preacher had done this very work for years, and reveled in sin every summer. "He was too good any way; these perfect men are always scaly."

But through the promptings of temptation a strong voice pitched in earnest supplication drew all to view the figure of Charley Cook, and his simple devotion stemmed the rising tide of infidelity. He was kneeling on the littered floor near the center of the room where he had stood or knelt every night since his conversion, and where he had tried to atone for sins committed.

He bent down there now, his rough wool hat beside him, his hard hands clasping the sacred book from which the light was drawn that had dispelled his darkness, and lifted up his voice in prayer.

"Lord," he said, without a trace of formal intonation, "can't a traitor carry good news? Can't a lost man light a beacon-fire? Can't a hungry man bring bread? Can't a sick man heal? Help us to ask if this message is good, if this beacon-fire leads up out of trouble; if this bread satisfies, if this medicine cures us. And if they do, help us to take 'em, no matter how they come. Amen!"

And then he rose and went out and led the chase with such tireless vigor that by another nightfall the culprit was overtaken and landed in jail.

No event in twenty years had so engrossed attention as did this trapping of the counterfeiter, this unmasking of Elder Marston. In the weeks following his arrest the school-house where his latest work had been performed became a place to visit. Men came for miles, and told of other services where crowds had flocked to hear him preach, where doubtless he had been as infamous as here. But they found nothing in the place or its surroundings that could criminate the man. The closest search failed to reveal the hiding-places of tools. In that brief while granted him between the flight of Maxa and the arrival of David every vestige of his work had been obliterated. His craft had not deserted him even in the rush of moments that followed detection.

This phase of the case won comment; and while sincere men who had believed Elder Marston were grieved beyond expression at the awful revelation, they pinned their faith to Maxa's testimony, and were glad to know her sense of justice was strong enough to beat down all her barriers of timidity. She would tell exactly all she knew. And now that his preliminary hearing was at hand, crowds of countrymen flocked to the city for what was to them a veritable judgment.

In the city such curiosity had been aroused that Commissioner Bayne concluded to hold the inquiry in quarters more commodious than the little office where his customary business was transacted. The "old hall" was near at hand, once used for the sittings of the Federal court, now seldom occupied above the first floor, whose crowding occupants monopolized the little room; and never in the forty years since its erection had the ancient walls inclosed so dense a throng.

The newspapers had exploited Elder Marston's record with a brilliancy of description that won attention. It was understood that the prisoner would appear as his own attorney. His shrewdness, his logic, his eloquence, were said to be phenomenal.

The hall would not contain the crowd that came to witness the proceedings. Men pushed inside the bar, and took up positions about the desks and tables. They were packed about the deep windows through whose small, untidy panes the light had come so long. Officials of all grades took seats of honor near the bench.

A hush of habit fell upon the audience as the gray-haired commissioner took his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. A murmur of comment followed as a slender, dark-faced man entered the room, searching swiftly with his deep-set eyes till they rested on Maxa Haven. Was it anger or appeal she read in them? A swaying, crushing movement of the crowd told how deep was the interest. In the shuffling noise of many feet a breaking timber somewhere in the room roused a few to apprehension, which was stilled in a moment by the rage to hear. There was a sense of offending in the incident.

The formal arraignment was listened to in a hush that drove the great crowd forward half a man's breadth, that bent the body and turned the ear to catch the faintest sound.

"Not guilty," said Elder Marston, calmly; and it was his first utterance since arrest.

"Ah! he will fight."

The audience breathed again; it swayed back with loosened tension; feet were shifted to an easier position. An attorney rose to state the case — when the commissioner, looking past him with dilated eyes, saw the center of the room slowly sinking. Before he could open his lips in warning they saw their danger. A straining timber crashed, the first shot in a broadside of ruin.

"The floor is falling," yelled a hundred voices in a breath — voices that rose from articulate rills to yells and shrieks, then sank to smothered groans as the whole mass sank swiftly down.

Dastards and heroes had mingled on equal footing in the audience; they could be distinguished now. Strength was panic-stricken, and weakness was underfoot. But as the scores of persons uninjured sprang from the windows and the lower doors, the work of rescue began. Out into the sunshine as from the shadow of death strong men assisted their fellows to safety, till the last maimed body was stretched in the gracious light of a winter sky — out from the suffocating horror of the dust cloud to the thankful consciousness of life.

All but one.

When Elder Marston's ear first caught the sound of breaking wood he knew the avalanche was coming. Calmer than others, because he knew what they were there to learn, he darted one thought at what might be the end, then turned his eyes and studied Maxa Haven. He felt the floor quiver as the crowd drew back, he saw the windows rising as the center sank, and his last look as the hundreds swept downward was on the girl, was on the prosecuting witness, clinging there with both hands to the broad ledge of the window, clinging and crying for help.

He knew how much this ruin meant. Surely some lives would be lost; why not hers? He knew the tale locked in that honest heart and waiting for the telling by those honest lips; and he knew that with her silenced he could not be convicted. But one glance backward as he reached the air changed all his swift-formed plan. Through the rising cloud of dust he saw that she had gained a footing on the broken timbers which the floor had left, and was standing pressed close against the wall and gazing at the crush below. She would be saved unharmed.

Conviction lay that way; but — could he not escape? Nothing was easier. In the mad confusion which had seized the town he had safe conduct through any streets he chose. He was already on the outer circles of the crowd, the spirit of flight stirring within him, when he heard a later cry, a sharp voice lifted and repeating over and over again:

"The walls are falling! Look out!"

There was Elder Marston's battlefield. Just silence now, and all the world could not bring home that charge. Just silence, and those trembling walls, that vaulting roof, would hush forever the lips that could accuse him. Doubtless she was screaming. Let her scream. So were scores of others. No one thought of looking up there. Only he knew.

Only he knew? Dared he keep silence? Would not his hands be red? All this in an instant. Then came the revulsion that erased the last vestige of that wicked thought, and Elder Marston turned back through the crowd, pushing and pressing nearer till he stood under the window where Maxa was clinging.

"Can't a hungry man bring bread?" Charley Cook had asked in his prayer. Aye; but he will feed at times. "Can't a sick man heal?" Yes; but there is contagion in life; the healer is better that he bettered his friend.

"Help me with this ladder," he cried. "There 's a woman."

They were slow to obey him. They had drawn back from the walls. A loosened brick fell at his feet, but he did not mind the warning. If only he might save that girl! He was better than any three as they raised the ladder. He waited for none of them, but sprang up swiftly before it had touched the house. He stood on the broad ledge and tore the sash from its fastenings, threw it behind him blindly, and stooped down with hands and eyes and heart brimful of blessing.

He lifted her to safety; but in the effort which thrust the girl beyond the reach of danger the rescuer lost his balance and fell with the crumbling walls, under the heavy roof, into a tomb where he lay acquit, beyond the reach of human questioning.

Le Roy Armstrong.

VIGILANCE.

MORE than one king goes wandering in disguise,
And, with a realm at heart, a cake must turn.
But — art thou Alfred? Never let it burn:
Show, in a kitchen, thou hast royal eyes.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF ABILITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

SOME time ago there appeared in "The Nineteenth Century" an article entitled "The Distribution of Ability in England." The writer had taken a dictionary of contemporary biography and had classified all the Englishmen therein mentioned according to the occupation in which they had attained distinction, and then by the counties in which they were born. In this way he was able to show in what proportion the counties of England had produced men of distinction and in what department these men had gained eminence. This article suggested to me the idea of writing one of a similar character showing the distribution of ability in the United States by States, and also by race-extraction, which I felt sure would have an even greater interest than the classification made by the English writer, because it was possible here to cover the entire history of a rapidly growing country, and because American States are necessarily far more distinct and important social and political divisions than counties could possibly be. I therefore took Appleton's "Encyclopedia of American Biography" in six volumes, one of the largest and most recent works upon the subject, and classified the persons mentioned therein who were citizens of the United States according to occupation, birthplace, and race-extraction.

I began this work, which has proved much larger and more laborious than I anticipated, with a feeling of curiosity. But when I had obtained my results I found that they went much further than the satisfaction of a merely curious inquiry. I am satisfied, and I think any one who will examine the tables which follow will be equally satisfied, that the results obtained have a great deal of historical value. The number of names classified and tabulated reaches 14,243, not including the immigrant table, and a number so large includes virtually all the men and women who by their ability have raised themselves even slightly above the general level. The method of classification which I have adopted shows what communities have produced the men who have governed the country and fought its battles, who have educated it and influenced its thought, who have produced its literature, art, and science, and who have made the inventions which in some instances have affected the history of the United States and of mankind.

The classification according to birthplace is as absolutely accurate as is possible in tallying such a large number of names. There are a few instances in which the birthplace was unknown, and these have of necessity been omitted. There are many cases in which the birthplace may be said to have been accidental, and where the person in question had no real connection either by parentage, ancestry, or subsequent career with the State in which he was born. I found it impossible to fix any rule in regard to these cases if I once departed from the actual place of birth as a test. I determined therefore to exercise no discretion in the matter, but to credit to each State every one who was born within its borders, no matter whether their parentage and subsequent career connected them with that State or not, and as I am satisfied that these cases in a large degree balance each other I do not think the accuracy of the general result is affected. To this general rule I have made but a single exception. Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, but it would have been such a manifest absurdity to credit him to Massachusetts that I have given him to Maryland, to which State he of course really belonged.

While it was possible to be absolutely accurate in regard to the place of birth, and practically so in regard to the occupation or profession, it was not possible to be more than approximately correct on the question of race-extraction. In the first place it was necessary to make the race classification according to the paternal line alone, which is of course partial and, if the French saying that "*les races se feminisent*" be true, is also a misleading arrangement. At the same time, as will be readily seen, it is the only method possible, and moreover the errors arising in this way in large measure balance one another. Taking, therefore, the paternal line as the one to fix race origin, it is less difficult than might be supposed to determine what the race

origin is. In a large number of cases, especially where the extraction is not English, the race stock is given in the dictionary. In a still larger number of instances the name and the place of birth furnish unmistakable evidence as to race. That error should be avoided in this classification is not to be expected, but I am perfectly satisfied that the race distribution is in the main correct. Such errors as exist tend, I think, here as elsewhere in these statistics to balance one another, and the net result is, I believe, so substantially accurate as to have very real value, and to throw a great deal of light on what we owe in the way of ability to each of the various races who settled the United States.

The classification which I have described thus far shows only the quantity, and has no bearing upon the quality of ability. The arrangement of the dictionary, however, furnished me with methods of estimating and distributing ability by quality as well as quantity. A small portrait inserted in the text is given of each person who attained more than ordinary distinction, and my examination satisfies me that these portraits have been in the main so judiciously distributed as to enable us to use them as a test of quality and as constituting a class. To the persons having a small portrait I have given a single star, and in the following tables there will be found a classification of these names under that head. A further but much less valuable classification of the same sort I have given of those to whom were awarded full-page steel engravings. This, I say, is less valuable from the fact that these large portraits do not appear to have been distributed simply on the ground of ability and eminence. For example, an arrangement which gives a place to William Gilmore Simms and shuts out Hawthorne, Poe, and Lowell in the field of literature is manifestly of little weight. In the same way a classification which of necessity includes Tyler, Pierce, and Fillmore, and which omits Jay, Taney, and Chase because they did not happen to be Presidents, is quite misleading as an index of the quality of ability represented. At the same time there is something to be learned from the distribution of these large portraits, especially as their race classification is perfectly accurate, and I have therefore given the persons who have them a double star and have made a table in which they are classified by State and race.

I have also classified by race and occupation all persons of foreign birth who have gained distinction in this country. I have treated as immigrants all persons who came to the United States after the adoption of the Constitution. It was, of course, necessary to draw the line dividing the immigrant from the original settler at some definite point, and for this purpose I took 1789 as the most convenient date. This table, to which I have appended one covering all negroes mentioned in the dictionary, is, of course, accurate, and will, I think, be found to have an especial value as showing the countries to which we are indebted for ability among our immigrants, and also in what directions that ability has been displayed.

The total number of names classified, apart from the table last described, is, as I have said, 14,243, and these are divided among the States as follows:

TABLE A.

TOTALS BY STATES.

Massachusetts	2,686
New York	2,605
Pennsylvania	1,827
Connecticut	1,196
Virginia	1,038
Maryland	512
New Hampshire	510
New Jersey	474
Maine	414
South Carolina	398
Ohio	364
Vermont	359
Kentucky	320
North Carolina	300
Rhode Island	291
Georgia	202
Temessee	136
Delaware	115
Indiana	113
District of Columbia	75
Louisiana	68
Illinois	59
Michigan	44
Missouri	39
Alabama	34
Mississippi	26
Florida	12
Wisconsin	12
California	5
Iowa	5
Arkansas	3
Texas	1
	14,243

TOTALS BY GROUPS.[1]

New England States		5456
	Massachusetts 2686	
	Connecticut 1196	
	New Hampshire 510	
	Maine 414	
	Vermont 359	
	Rhode Island 291	
		5456
Middle States		5021
	New York 2605	
	Pennsylvania 1827	

1 I have here, and throughout this article, included in the Middle States New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, giving Maryland to the Southern group, to which it properly belongs by settlement, history, population, and, in the main, occupations. For the same reason I have given Kentucky to the Southern, and Missouri to the Western group.

New Jersey	474	
Delaware	115	
	5021	
Southern States		3125
Virginia	1038	
Maryland	512	
South Carolina	398	
Kentucky	320	
North Carolina	300	
Georgia	202	
Tennessee	136	
District of Columbia	75	
Louisiana	68	
Alabama	34	
Mississippi	26	
Florida	12	
Arkansas	3	
Texas	1	
	3125	
Western States		641
Ohio	364	
Indiana	113	
Illinois	59	
Michigan	44	
Missouri	39	
Wisconsin	12	
California	5	
Iowa	5	
	641	

The foregoing table needs no comment, but the next, which distributes the totals according to race, requires, perhaps, a few words of explanation. The term Scotch-Irish is well understood in this country, and I have therefore used it, but it is so far from accurate as an ethnic description that it is almost a misnomer. The English phrase of "Ulstermen" is unfortunately no better. The people called Scotch-Irish in the United States are descendants of the Scotch and English who settled in the north of Ireland, and who made themselves famous by their defense of Londonderry. In some instances there was an infusion of Irish blood, but for the most part these people were of pure Scotch (both lowland and highland) and English stock and were ardent Protestants. Their heaviest emigration to America began about 1729 and continued with fluctuating numbers until 1774. They have played a great part in the United States, as will be seen by the detailed tables presently to be given.

The Huguenots cover of course the Protestant French who came here during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, either direct from France, or by way of England and Holland, where they had first taken refuge. They are quite distinct from those classified simply as French, who are descended as a rule from the original settlers of Louisiana, Missouri, and Illinois, from soldiers who came with Rochambeau, or from refugees who fled here from San Domingo in 1792.

The Welsh enumeration is undoubtedly imperfect. I have included all described as of Welsh origin, and all others where the Welsh extraction was obvious, but there are certainly many Welshmen whom it was impossible to distinguish either by name or place of birth, and who are therefore counted among the English.

The Irish may seem surprisingly few, but as there was virtually no Irish immigration during the colonial period, and indeed none of consequence until the present century was well advanced, no other result could have been looked for.

All the other race divisions are, I feel satisfied, substantially accurate, except, perhaps, for a slight margin of error in each case in favor of the English. It is possible that the Scotch-Irish have benefited at the expense of the Scotch pure and simple, owing to identity of name, but the two classes include virtually all persons of Scotch descent given in the dictionary. The division of the total number by races is as follows:

TABLE B.

TOTALS BY RACE.

English	10,376
Scotch-Irish	1439
German	659
Huguenot	589
Scotch	436
Dutch	336
Welsh	159
Irish	109
French	85
Scandinavian	31
Spanish	7
Italian	7
Swiss	5
Greek	3
Russian	1
Polish	1
	14,243

The next two tables, C and D, give the State and race divisions, with the distribution in each case according to professions or occupations, showing in what directions the ability of the States and races has been manifested. A few words only are needed to explain the classification. "Statesmen" includes not only persons who have held public office, but all who as reformers, agitators, or in any other capacity have distinguished themselves in public affairs. "Clergy" covers not only ordained ministers and missionaries, but all who have been conspicuous in any religious movement, and many of those included under this head, it may be added, have attained distinction in other fields, chiefly as writers. "Literature" covers all who have distinguished themselves as writers and includes journalists. "Musicians" includes singers, players, and composers. All the other titles are, I think, self-explanatory.

TABLE C.

	Statesmen.	Soldiers.	Clergy.	Lawyers.	Physicians.	Literature.	Art.	Science.	Educators.	Navy.	Business.	Philanthropy.	Pioneers and Explorers.	Inventors.	Engineers.	Architects.	Musicians.	Actors.	Totals.
Massachusetts	255	246	493	235	167	538	89	131	136	52	118	61	33	43	22	13	33	21	2,686
New York	259	331	366	304	130	388	147	122	110	78	140	51	21	40	54	15	15	34	2,605
Pennsylvania	202	236	306	178	153	227	67	92	52	63	112	34	21	12	35	7	8	22	1,827
Connecticut	147	102	270	127	67	184	33	37	76	23	49	16	16	18	12	1	8	10	1,196
Virginia	271	234	121	129	46	83	4	12	29	43	10	10	39	2	4	..	..	1	1,038
Maryland	110	64	84	39	40	54	13	14	8	48	16	4	5	3	5	1	..	4	512
New Hampshire	97	47	65	55	29	93	15	15	34	17	14	9	3	11	3	..	3	....	510
New Jersey	79	48	98	61	34	35	10	12	22	22	19	8	5	9	9	..	2	1	474
Maine	55	53	49	39	19	83	16	21	28	18	14	4	2	5	4	..	4	....	414
South Carolina	106	69	46	51	26	40	7	14	9	16	6	1	2	....	....	2	1	1	398
Ohio	63	83	32	18	19	59	20	11	21	11	8	3	1	7	5	..	2	1	364
Vermont	52	36	60	44	22	50	14	14	25	5	11	5	3	11	2	2	3	....	359
Kentucky	70	71	30	49	19	33	4	11	4	9	4	3	7	3	3	..	..	....	320
North Carolina	108	59	39	41	12	18	....	2	2	8	4	....	3	1	3	..	..	....	300
Rhode Island	68	25	31	24	17	42	8	8	7	22	16	8	8	2	3	1	1	....	291
Georgia	52	36	17	37	18	17	1	5	7	8	1	2	....	....	1	..	..	....	202
Tennessee	47	32	15	18	4	8	....	3	2	3	2	....	2	....	....	..	..	....	136
Delaware	31	12	15	12	11	12	2	3	....	9	5	....	1	1	....	..	..	1	115
Indiana	23	32	4	6	7	19	3	6	4	5	3	....	....	....	1	..	..	....	113
District of Columbia	5	22	1	5	5	13	2	3	2	11	2	1	....	....	3	..	..	....	75
Louisiana	10	7	3	8	3	14	1	6	1	6	....	....	5	....	....	1	..	3	68
Illinois	12	13	2	3	3	7	2	8	3	1	2	1	2	....	....	..	..	....	59
Michigan	5	8	3	4	....	5	1	8	1	1	1	....	2	1	4	..	..	....	44
Missouri	8	6	6	4	2	5	1	2	1	2	1	....	1	....	....	..	..	....	39
Alabama	8	4	4	5	5	5	2	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	34
Mississippi	3	6	3	2	....	9	....	1	1	....	....	....	1	....	....	..	..	....	26
Florida	2	5	1	1	1	2	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	12
Wisconsin	1	3	....	....	....	5	....	1	1	1	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	12
California	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1	..	1	2	5
Iowa	1	2	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	5
Arkansas	....	....	....	1	....	2	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	3
Texas	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	1	....	1
	2150	1892	2164	1500	859	2051	462	564	586	482	559	221	183	169	174	43	82	102	14,243

TABLE D.

	Statesmen.	Soldiers.	Clergy.	Lawyers.	Physicians.	Literature.	Art.	Science.	Educators.	Navy.	Business.	Philanthropy.	Pioneers and Explorers.	Inventors.	Engineers.	Architects.	Musicians.	Actors.	Totals.
English	1542	1260	1520	1100	632	1631	335	441	442	350	402	167	120	136	123	37	63	75	10,376
Scotch-Irish	265	273	221	162	86	131	21	32	64	54	41	14	29	15	14	2	2	13	1439
German	67	84	163	45	41	80	40	37	18	16	27	8	7	4	12	2	5	3	659
Huguenot	84	93	65	57	37	85	24	22	31	23	35	10	4	5	7	..	4	3	589
Scotch	79	77	59	47	31	47	18	7	16	11	14	6	3	3	8	2	4	4	436
Dutch	56	45	75	40	13	22	6	6	9	11	26	7	10	2	6	..	2	....	336
Welsh	36	25	19	30	7	18	3	6	1	4	4	1	2	2	1	..	..	....	159
Irish	9	18	28	12	2	17	7	3	....	4	3	4	....	....	2	..	..	....	109
French	7	14	7	4	6	15	3	7	3	1	4	3	5	....	1	..	2	3	85
Scandinavian	3	....	5	....	3	1	3	1	....	6	3	1	3	2	....	..	..	....	31
Spanish	....	....	....	1	....	....	1	2	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	1	7
Italian	1	3	....	1	....	....	....	....	1	1	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	7
Swiss	1	....	2	....	1	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	5
Greek	....	....	....	....	....	2	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	3
Russian	....	....	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	1
Polish	....	....	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	....	1
	2150	1892	2164	1500	859	2051	462	564	586	482	559	221	183	169	174	43	82	102	14,243

TABLE E.

SINGLE STARS — BY STATES.

New York	245
Massachusetts	213
Pennsylvania	113
Connecticut	112
Virginia	94
New Jersey	56
Maryland	50
New Hampshire	35
Maine	34
South Carolina	34
Ohio	32
Kentucky	29
Georgia	25
Vermont	24
North Carolina	20
Rhode Island	20
Delaware	15
Tennessee	11
District of Columbia	9
Illinois	6
Indiana	6
Louisiana	6
Michigan	6
Missouri	1
Florida	1
California	1
Alabama	1
Wisconsin	1
Total	1200

BY GROUPS.

Massachusetts	213
Maine	34
New Hampshire	35
Vermont	24
Rhode Island	20
Connecticut	112
Six New England States	438
New York	245
New Jersey	56
Pennsylvania	113
Delaware	15
Four Middle States	429
Maryland	50
Virginia	94
South Carolina	34
Kentucky	29
Georgia	25
North Carolina	20
Tennessee	11
District of Columbia	9
Louisiana	6
Florida	1
Alabama	1
Ten Southern States and Dis. of Columbia	280
Ohio	32
Illinois	6
Indiana	6
Michigan	6
Missouri	1
California	1
Wisconsin	1
Seven Western States	53

TABLE F.

SINGLE STARS — BY RACES.

English	856
Scotch-Irish	129
Huguenot	57
Scotch	45
Dutch	39
German	37
Welsh	15
Irish	13
French	6
Scandinavian	1
Spanish	1
Swiss	1
Total	1200

TABLE G.

DOUBLE STARS — BY STATES.

Virginia	12
Massachusetts	11
New York	7
Pennsylvania	5
Ohio	5
New Hampshire	4
North Carolina	4
South Carolina	2
Connecticut	2
Vermont	1
New Jersey	1
Maine	1
Rhode Island	1
Tennessee	1
Kentucky	1
Total	58

BY GROUPS.

New England	20
Middle States	13
Southern States	18
Western States	7
Total	58

BY PROFESSION AND RACE EXTRACTION.

Virginia	Welsh 1	Statesmen, 1 Soldier,	
	English 6	Statesmen, 2 Soldiers, 1 Lawyer,	
	Scotch 1	Soldier	12
Mass	English 5	Statesmen, 4 Writers, 1 Inventor, 1 Philanthropist	11
New York	English 2	Statesmen, 1 Writer,	
	Dutch 1	Statesman,	
	Scotch 1	Statesman, 1 Writer,	
	Irish 1	Soldier	7
Penn	English 1	Soldier, 1 Naval Officer,	
	Sc. Irish 1	Inventor, 1 Statesman,	
	Scotch 1	Soldier	5
Ohio	English 3	Statesmen, 2 Soldiers	5
N. H.	English 3	Statesmen,	
	Sc. Irish 1	Statesman	4
N. C.	English 1	Statesman,	
	Sc. Irish 3	Statesmen	4
S. C	English 1	Writer,	
	Sc. Irish 1	Statesman	2
Conn	English 1	Lawyer, 1 Writer	2
Vermont	Sc. Irish 1	Statesman	1
N. J.	English 1	Statesman	1
Maine	English 1	Writer	1
R. I.	English 1	Soldier	1
Tenn.	Spanish 1	Naval Officer	1
Kentucky	English 1	Statesman	1
Total			58

TOTALS BY RACE EXTRACTION.

English	41
Scotch-Irish	8
Scotch	4
Welsh	2
Dutch	1
Spanish	1
Irish	1

TABLE H.

Immigrants.

	English.	German.	Irish.	Scotch.	Scotch-Irish.	French.	British Provinces.	Scandinavian.	Welsh.	Belgians.	Swiss.	Dutch.	Poles.	Hungarians.	Italians.	Greek.	Russian.	Spanish.	Portuguese.	Totals.	Negroes.
Statesmen	8	11	13	7	1	2	3	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	47	14
Soldiers	7	15	19	4	11	7	5	3	1	..	1	1	2	3	..	..	1	..	..	80	1
Clergy	51	72	85	23	30	23	13	7	4	13	4	7	1	2	1	..	1	..	..	337	25
Lawyers	7	3	6	5	7	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	37	3
Physicians	15	21	2	10	3	3	2	1	..	..	..	1	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	60	..
Literature	64	30	22	34	12	5	10	3	7	1	..	..	6	4	2	..	..	..	1	201	7
Art	43	22	12	19	1	3	3	2	..	..	1	2	1	1	2	..	..	..	..	112	1
Science	22	16	6	10	..	4	4	..	1	1	9	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	1
Educators	12	10	7	12	5	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	1	..	62	5
Navy	2	1	4	....	3	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	14	..
Business	16	7	8	13	10	1	4	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	61	..
Philanthropy	9	1	4	1	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	2
Pioneers and Explorers	2	2	3	1	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	1
Inventors	3	....	....	....	1	1	....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Engineers	2	9	1	7	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	23	..
Architects	7	2	....	1	..	1	....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Musicians	19	20	1	....	1	1	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	46	2
Actors	56	3	7	1	1	1	2	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	72	..
	345	245	200	151	88	63	60	18	16	15	15	14	13	11	10	3	2	1	1	1271	62

TABLE I.

IMMIGRANTS—SINGLE STARS.

French	Clergy	2
	Actor	1
	Statesman	1
		—4
Irish	Clergy	6
	Literature	1
	Business	1
	Lawyer	1
	Soldier	1
	Navy	1
		—11
German	Clergy	2
	Science	1
	Literature	1
	Lawyer	1
	Statesman	1
	Artist	1
	Engineer	1
	Musicians	2
	Soldiers	4
		—14
English	Clergy	3
	Actors	3
	Literature	2
	Soldiers	2
	Artist	1
	Musician	1
	Philanthropist	1
	Business	1
	Lawyer	1
		—15
Scotch	Literature	2
	Business	2
	Educator	1
	Clergy	1
	Science	1
		— 7
Swiss	Science	4
	Clergy	2
		— 6
Scotch-Irish	Literature	2
	Clergy	1
	Business	1
	Actor	1
	Soldier	1
	Artist	1
	Navy	1
		— 8
W. I. and Prov.	Clergy	1
	Science	1
	Engineer	1
		— 3
Scandinavian	Engineer	1
Belgian	Clergy	1
Poles	Soldier	1
Total		—71

It is not my intention to analyze the foregoing tables in detail. Indeed, it is not necessary to do so even if space permitted, for the figures tell their own story plainly enough. There are, however, a few general results to which it may be well to call attention. I will take the last table, that relating to immigrants, first. It will be noted that the Irish, who in the general tables contribute a very small number of names, stand third in this table of immigrants. It will be observed too that the Irish have contributed more largely to the soldiers than any others, the Germans and Scotch-Irish coming next, and the English and Scotch being remarkably small in this field. It is also very interesting to note in this connection, especially with regard to some statements that used to be made about the persons of foreign birth in the armies of the United States, that of the men who gained distinction as soldiers, in fighting the battles of the country, 1892 were native-born, and only 80 were immigrants, while in the navy the disproportion was quite as glaring, 482 being native-born, and only 14 being contributed by immigrants. The largest amount of ability in the immigration table is shown by the English, and if we add to them the Irish, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and Welsh, as well as those from the British provinces, we find that the immigration from Great Britain has contributed three-fourths of the ability furnished from outside sources. Germany comes next to England in the total amount of immigrants who have attained distinction, but the largest num-

ber in proportion to its immigration is undoubtedly given by France, which furnishes 63 names to the table. Immigration has contributed most largely to the clergy, to literature, and to art, the proportion in the latter case being astonishingly high, 112 immigrants to 147 native-born. On the other hand, the immigrants have contributed as little to the statesmanship of the country as they have done to its army and navy.

By the table showing the distribution according to States (Table C) it will be seen, as might be expected, that the oldest communities with the largest white population have been most prolific in ability of all kinds. At the same time this rule is by no means absolute in its application. In Virginia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut the percentage of ability in proportion to the total white population is higher than in the two other leading States, New York and Pennsylvania. In proportion to its population, Connecticut leads every other State in the total amount of ability. In the matter of groups, not only the absolute amount of ability but the percentage in proportion to population is higher in the New England and Middle States than in those of the South and West, outside Maryland and Virginia.

Even more interesting than the percentages shown by the totals is the distribution by occupation. There are eighteen departments enumerated in which distinction has been achieved. New York leads in eight: soldiers, lawyers, artists, navy, business, engineers, architects, and actors. Massachusetts leads in eight also: clergy, physicians, literature, science, educators, philanthropy, inventors, and musicians; while Virginia leads in the remaining two: statesmen and pioneers.

This table also shows that the production of ability has been remarkably concentrated, and has been confined, on the whole, to comparatively few States. A few comparisons will prove this. Two States, Massachusetts and New York, have furnished more than a third of the ability of the entire country. Three, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, have supplied almost exactly one-half, and five, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Virginia, have produced two-thirds of the total amount. In the arrangement by groups, we find that the New England group and that formed of the four Middle States must each be credited with more than a third of all the ability produced. The six New England and the four Middle States furnish together almost exactly three-quarters of the ability of the country. If Virginia be omitted, it also appears that Massachusetts alone has furnished a little more and New York alone a trifle less ability than all the Southern and Western States together—that is, than twenty States and the District of Columbia. In the Western States the wide difference which exists is owing, of course, in large measure to their very recent settlement, for which proper allowance must be made in drawing any deductions from the figures given in the tables.

Among the new States settled and admitted to the Union since the adoption of the Constitution, some interesting results may also be obtained. I do not include Maine in this division, because Maine, although a new State, is one of the oldest settlements. Excluding Maine, then, we find that Ohio has a long lead over all the other new States, including Kentucky, which was settled about the same time, and Louisiana, which was settled many years before. This striking fact in regard to Ohio can be due only to the character of the original settlement.

If we turn now from the distribution by totals and examine that by professions, we find that while the Southern and Southwestern States, including Virginia and Maryland, are comparatively strong in statesmen, soldiers, and pioneers, and in a less degree in lawyers, they are weak in all other classes. The ability of the South, less in amount than that of the New England and Middle States, was confined to three or four departments. In other words, there was in the South but little variety of intellectual activity. In the Middle States and New England ability sought every channel for expression, and was displayed in various ways. All the States in not very widely varying proportions produced statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, pioneers, and clergymen, and the seaboard States naval officers. But almost all the literature, art, science, business, philanthropy, and music; almost all the physicians, educators, inventors, engineers, architects, and actors were produced by the Middle and New England States. This is a most significant fact. It shows a wide difference between the two civilizations, that of the New England and Middle States on the one side and that of the Southern States on the other; for the surest tests of civilization in any community are the amount of ability produced and the variety of directions in which that ability has been displayed. The thirteen original States were with one or two variations settled, and they were all controlled, by men of the same race-stocks and of like traditions. The cause of the wide difference in amount and variety of ability shown by these tables is a fresh proof, if proof were needed, of the pernicious results of slavery upon even the finest races. There never was a more complete or a worse delusion than the one once so sedulously cultivated, that in this age of the world aristocracy in the best and truest sense

and a high civilization could be compatible with slavery. No finer people ever existed than those who settled and built up our Southern States, but when slavery became, in the course of the world's progress, and in a free country, nothing less than a hideous anomaly, it warped the community in which it flourished, limited the range of intellectual activity, dwarfed ability, and retarded terribly the advance of civilization. It is wonderful that the people who labored beneath the burden of a slave system achieved as much as they did, and the mass of ability which they produced under such adverse conditions is a striking proof of the strength of the race. The effects of slavery are painfully apparent in these tables, and only time will enable the people who suffered by the evil system to recover from them.

If we narrow the examination of the tables to special professions we can get in that direction also many interesting results. It is possible to point out only a few of them here. In literature Massachusetts has a long lead over any other State, and together with New York and Pennsylvania has furnished more than half of all the writers produced in the United States. New York, as might be expected from her large population, is ahead in soldiers and, what was less to be anticipated, in naval officers also. Of the total of 1892 soldiers New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, and Pennsylvania furnished the country with 1047. Ohio, however, in proportion to the total amount of ability, shows among the larger States one of the highest percentages in soldiers, and is far ahead of all those nearest it in total numbers. Virginia leads slightly in statesmen, and with Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut supplies more than half of all produced. New York is far ahead in art, which has come almost wholly from that State and from New England and Pennsylvania. Massachusetts has a similar lead in music, of which New England rather unexpectedly furnishes nearly two-thirds. Invention has come chiefly from Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut, and educators are most numerous in the same group. New York leads in business, Massachusetts in philanthropy, while Virginia is ahead in pioneers and explorers, with Massachusetts a close second.

If we turn now from the table of States to that of races we find that in statesmen and soldiers the Scotch-Irish, Scotch, Huguenots, and Dutch all have a slightly higher percentage in proportion to their totals than the English, while in other directions these four race divisions fall behind the leading race. Other percentages of this kind can readily be made from the tables, but the most interesting question in this direction arises in regard to the proportion of ability to the total numbers of each race. Unluckily only a rough estimate can be made, for there is absolutely no means of knowing exactly the total amount of immigration in any case. I believe that in proportion to their numbers the Huguenots have produced more and the Germans fewer men of ability than any other races in the United States. I think there can be no doubt as to the Germans, for their immigration was larger than any other in the colonial period except that of the English and possibly of the Scotch-Irish. Their comparatively small numbers in total amounts are emphasized by their further decline in the table of single stars. The explanation is, I think, obvious. The Germans settled chiefly in two or three States, and by retaining their language for at least a century kept themselves more or less separated from the rest of the community. In other words, they did not quickly become Americans. The result was less ability produced and less influence exerted upon the country in proportion to their numbers than that of a much less numerous people like the Huguenots who at once merged themselves in the body of the people and became thoroughgoing Americans. Indeed, if we add the French and the French Huguenots together we find that the people of French blood exceed absolutely, in the ability produced, all the other races represented except the English and Scotch-Irish, and show a percentage in proportion to their total original immigration much higher than that of any other race. The Dutch suffered slightly, I have no doubt, in the same way and from the same causes as the Germans, while the other immigrants, from Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, did not suffer at all and had no barriers of language to overcome.

The race table shows the enormous predominance of the English in the upbuilding of the United States, and if we add to the English the people who came from other parts of Great Britain and Ireland that predominance becomes overwhelming. The same table shows also what I think is the most important result of the whole inquiry, that the people who have succeeded in the United States and have produced the ability of the country are those who became most quickly and most thoroughly Americans. This is a moral of wide application, and carries a lesson which should never be forgotten, and which, whenever we meet it, should be laid to heart.

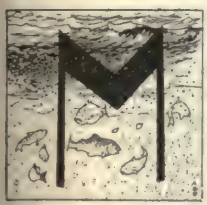
Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE SQUIRREL INN.—V.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

XXIII.

HAMMERSTEIN.



ISS CALTHEA ROSE was up and about very early the next morning. She had work to do in which there must be no delay or loss of opportunity. It was plain enough that her scheme for driving away Ida Mayberry had failed, and, having carefully noted the extraordinary length of time which Mrs. Cristie and Mr. Lodloe spent together under the stars the previous evening, she was convinced that it would not be easy to make that lady dissatisfied with the Squirrel Inn. She therefore determined to turn aside from her plans of exile, to let the child's nurse stay where she pleased, to give no further thought to Lanigan Beam, and to devote all her energies to capturing Mr. Tippengray. She believed that she had been upon the point of doing this before the arrival of intruders on the scene, and she did not doubt that she could reach that point again.

Miss Calthea was very restless that morning; she was much more anxious to begin work than was anybody else on the place. She walked about the ground, went into the garden, passed the summer-house on her way there and back again, and even wandered down to the barn-yard, where the milking had just begun. If any one had been roaming about like herself, she could not have failed to observe such person. But there was no one about until a little before breakfast-time, when Mr. Petter showed himself.

This gentleman greeted Calthea coolly. He had had a very animated conversation with his wife on the evening before, and had been made acquainted with the unwarrantable enmity exhibited by this village shopkeeper towards Mrs. Cristie's blooded assistant. He was beginning to dislike Calthea, and he remembered that the Rockmores never liked her, and he wished very much that she would cease to spend so much of her time at his house. After breakfast Calthea was more fortunate. She saw the Greek scholar walking upon the lawn with a piece of writing-paper in his hand. In less than five minutes, by the merest accident in the world, Mr. Tippengray was walking across the lawn with Miss Rose, and he had put his piece of paper into his pocket.

She wanted to ask him something. She would detain him only a few minutes. The questions she put to him had been suggested to her by something she had read that morning — a most meager and unsatisfactory passage. She held in her hand the volume which, although she did not tell him so, had taken her a half-hour to select in Mr. Petter's book-room. Shortly they were seated together, and he was answering her questions, which, as she knew, related to the most interesting experiences of his life. As he spoke his eyes glistened and her soul warmed. He did not wish that this should be so. He wanted to bring this interview to an end. He was nervously anxious to go back on the lawn that he might see Miss Mayberry when she came out of doors; that he might show her the lines of "Pickwick" which he had put into Greek, and which she was to turn back into English.

But he could not cut short the interview. Miss Calthea was not an ancient mariner; she had never even seen the sea, and she had no glittering eye, but she held him with a listening ear, and never was wedding guest, or any other man, held more securely.

Minutes, quarter-hours, half-hours passed, and still he talked and she listened. She guided his speech as a watchful sailor guides his ship, and whichever way she turned it the wind always filled his sails. For the first ten minutes he had been ill at ease, but after that he had begun to feel that he had never so much enjoyed talking. In time he forgot everything but what he had to say, and it was rapture to be able to say it, and to feel that never before had he said it so well.

His back was towards the inn, but through some trees Miss Calthea could see that Mr. Petter's spring wagon, drawn by the two grays, Stolzenfels and Falkenberg, was at the door, and soon she perceived that Mr. Lodloe was in the driver's place, and that Mrs. Cristie, with Ida Mayberry holding the baby, was on the back seat. The place next to Lodloe was vacant, and they seemed to be waiting for some one. Then Lanigan Beam came up. There was a good deal of conversation, in which he seemed to be giving information, and presently he sprang up beside the driver, and they were off.

The party were going for a long drive, Miss Calthea thought, because Mrs. Petter had come out and had put a covered basket into the back of the wagon.

Mr. Tippengray was so absorbed in the interest of what he was saying that he did not hear the roll of the departing wheels, and Miss Calthea allowed him to talk on for nearly a quarter of an hour, until she thought she had exhausted the branch of the subject on which he was engaged, and was sure the spring wagon was out of sight and hearing. Then she declared that she had not believed that any part of the world could be as interesting as that region which Mr. Tippengray had been describing to her, and that she was sorry she could not sit there all the morning and listen to him; but duty was duty, and it was necessary for her to return to Lethbury.

This announcement did not seem in the least to decrease the good spirits of the Greek scholar, but his chin and his spirits fell when, on reaching the house, he heard from Mrs. Petter that his fellow guests had gone off for a long drive.

"They expected to take you, Mr. Tippengray," said his hostess, "but Lanigan Beam said he had seen you and Miss Rose walking across the fields to Lethbury, and so they asked him to go. I hope they 'll be back to dinner, but there 's no knowing, and so I put in a basket of sandwiches and things to keep them from starving before they get home."

Miss Calthea was quite surprised.

"We were sitting over yonder the whole time," she said, "very much occupied with talking, it is true, but near enough to hear if we had been called. I fancy that Lanigan had reasons of his own for saying we had gone to Lethbury."

Poor Mr. Tippengray was downcast. How much time must elapse before he would have an opportunity to deliver the piece of paper he had in his pocket! How long would he be obliged to lounge around by himself waiting for Ida Mayberry to return!

"Well," said Calthea, "I must go home, and as I ought to have been there long ago, I am going to ask Mr. Petter to lend me a horse and buggy. It 's the greatest pity, Mr. Tippengray, that you have lost your drive with your friends, but as you can't have that, suppose you take one with me. I don't mind acknowledging to you that I am a little afraid of Mr. Petter's horses, but with you driving I should feel quite safe."

If Mr. Tippengray could have immediately thought of any good reason why he should have stayed at home that morning he would probably have given it, but none came into his mind. After all, he might as well be driving to Lethbury as staying there doing nothing, and there could be no doubt that Miss Calthea was very agreeable that morning. Consequently he accepted the invitation.

Calthea Rose went herself to the barn to speak to Mr. Petter about the horse, and especially requested that he would lend her old Zahringen, whom she knew to be the most steady of beasts; but Zahringen had gone to be shod, and there was no horse at her service except Hammerstein, and no vehicle but a village cart. Hammerstein was a better horse than Zahringen, and would take Calthea home more rapidly, which entirely suited Mr. Petter.

It may be here remarked that the barn and stables were not of Mr. Petter's building, but in order that they might not be entirely exempt from the influence of his architectural fancies, he had given his horses the names of certain castles on the Rhine.

Calthea was not altogether satisfied with the substitution of the big black horse for the fat brown one, but she could make no reasonable objection, and the vehicle was soon at the door.

Mr. Tippengray was very fond of driving, and his spirits had risen again. But he was a good deal surprised when Miss Calthea declined to take the seat beside him, preferring to occupy the rear seat, with her back to the horse. By turning a little to one side, she said she could talk just as well, and it was more comfortable in such a small vehicle as a village cart to have a whole seat to one's self.

As soon as they were in the road that ran through the woods she proved that she could twist herself around so as to talk to her companion, and look him in the face, quite as easily as if she had been sitting beside him. They chatted together, and looked each other in the face, and the Greek scholar enjoyed driving very much until they had gone a mile or more on the main road and had come upon an overturned wagon lying by the roadside. At this Hammerstein and the conversation suddenly stopped. The big black horse was very much opposed to overturned vehicles. He knew that in some way they were connected with disaster, and he would not willingly go near one. He stood head up, ears forward, and slightly snorting. Mr. Tippengray was annoyed by this nonsense.

"Go on!" he cried. "Get up!" Then the driver took the whip from the socket and gave the horse a good crack.

"Get up!" he cried.

Hammerstein obeyed, but got up in a manner which Mr. Tippengray did not intend. He arose upon his hind legs, and pawed the air, appearing to the two persons behind him like a tall, black, unsteady steeple.

When a horse harnessed to a village cart sees fit to rear, the hind part of the vehicle is brought

very near to the ground, so that a person sitting on the back seat can step out without trouble. Miss Calthea perceived this, and stepped out. On general principles she had known that it was safer to alight from the hind seat of a village cart than from the front seat.

"Don't pull at him that way," she cried from the opposite side of the road; "he will go over backwards on top of you. Let him alone, and perhaps he will stop rearing."

MISS CALTHEA STEPS OUT.

Hammerstein now stood on all his feet again, and Miss Calthea earnestly advised Mr. Tippengray to turn him around and drive back.

"I am not far from home now," she said, "and can easily walk there. I really think I do not care to get in again. But I am sure he will go home to his stable without giving you any trouble."

But Mr. Tippengray's spirit was up, and he would not be conquered by a horse, especially in the presence of a lady.

"I shall make him pass it," he cried; and he brought down his whip on Hammerstein's back with such force that the startled animal gave a great bound forward, and then, finding himself so near the dreaded wreck, he gave a wilder bound, and passed it. Then, being equipped with blinders, which did not allow him to see behind him, he did not know but the frightful wagon, its wheels uppermost, was wildly pursuing him, and, fearing that this might be so, he galloped onward with all his speed.

The Greek scholar pulled at the reins and shouted in such a way that Hammerstein was convinced that he was being urged to use all efforts to get away from the oncoming monster. He did not turn into the Lethbury road when he came to it, but kept straight on. At such a moment the straighter the road the better. Going down a long hill, Mr. Tippengray, still pulling and shouting, and now hatless, perceived, some distance ahead of him, a boy standing by the roadside. It was easy enough for the practised eye of a country boy to take in the state of affairs, and his instincts prompted him to skip across the road and open a gate which led into a field recently plowed.

Mr. Tippengray caught at the boy's idea, and, exercising all his strength, he turned Hammerstein into the open gateway. When he had made a dozen plunges into the deep furrows and through the soft yielding loam, the horse concluded that he had had enough of that sort of exercise, and stopped. Mr. Tippengray, whose senses had been nearly bounced out of him, sprang from the cart, and, slipping on the uneven surface of the ground, tumbled into a deep furrow, from which, however, he instantly arose without injury, except to his clothes. Hurrying to the head of the horse, he found the boy already there, holding the now quiet animal. The Greek scholar looked at him admiringly.

"My young friend," said he, "that was a noble thought worthy of a philosopher."

The boy grinned.

"They generally stop when they get into a plowed field," he said. "What skeered him?"

Mr. Tippengray briefly related the facts of the case, and the horse was led into the road. It was soon ascertained that no material harm had been done to harness or vehicle.

"Young man," said Mr. Tippengray, "what will you take for your hat?"

The boy removed his head-covering and looked at it. It was of coarse straw, very wide, very much out of shape, without a band, and with a hole in the crown surrounded by a tuft of broken straw.

"Well," said he, "it ain't worth much now, but it 'll take a quarter to buy a new one."

"Here is a quarter for your hat," said the Greek scholar, "and another for your perspicacity. I suppose I shall find my hat on the road, but I cannot wait for that. The sun is too hot."

"WHAT SKEERED HIM?"

The Greek scholar now started homeward, leading Hammerstein. He liked walking, and had no intention whatever of again getting into that cart. If, when they reached the overturned wagon, the animal should again upheave himself, or in any way misbehave, Mr. Tippengray intended to let go of him, and allow him to pursue his homeward way in such manner and at such speed as might best please him.

The two walked a long distance without reaching the object of Hammerstein's fright, and Mr. Tippengray began to think that the road was a good deal narrower and more shaded than he had supposed it to be. The fact was, that a road diverged from the right, near the top of the hill, which he had not noticed when passing it in mad career, and, naturally turning to the right, without thinking very much about it, he had taken this road instead of the one by which he had come. Our scholar, however, did not yet comprehend that he was on the wrong road, and kept on.

Soon his way led through the woods, with great outstretching trees, with wide-open spaces, interspersed here and there with masses of undergrowth. Mr. Tippengray greatly enjoyed the shaded road, the smell of the pines, and the flowers scattered along the edges of the wood; but in a few minutes he would doubtless have discovered that he had gone astray, and, notwithstanding the pleasantness of his surroundings, he would have turned back, had he not suddenly heard voices not far away. He stopped and listened.

The voices came from behind a clump of evergreens close by the roadside, and, to his utter amazement, Mr. Tippengray heard the voice of Lanigan Beam saying to some one that true love must speak out, and could not be silenced; that for days he had been looking for an opportunity, and now that it had come she must hear him, and know that his heart was hers only, and could never belong to anybody else. Then the voice of Ida Mayberry, very clear and distinct, replied that he must not talk to her in that way; that her line of life and his were entirely different. And she was doubtless going to say more, when her companion interrupted, and vowed with all possible earnestness

that whatever line of life she chose should be his line; that he would gladly give up every plan and purpose, follow her in whatever direction she chose to lead, and do whatever she wished he should do.

Mr. Tippengray was very uneasy. The subject matter of the conversation he was overhearing disturbed him in a manner which he did not understand, and he felt, moreover, that it was not proper for him to listen to another word. He did not know what to do; if he moved forward they would hear the wheels, and know that he had been near, and if he attempted to back out of the vicinity there was no knowing what hubbub he and Hammerstein might create. While standing undecided, he heard Lanigan speak thus:

"And as for Greek and that sort of thing, you shall have all you want. I 'll hire old Tippengray by the year; he shall be the family pedagogue, and we 'll tap him for any kind of learning we may happen to want."

Instantly all thought of retreat fled from the mind of the scholar; his eyes glittered, and he was on the point of doing something, when there came from a little distance the voice of Mrs. Cristie loudly calling for Ida. There was shuffling of feet, and in a few moments Mr. Tippengray perceived the nurse-maid rapidly walking away between the trees while Lanigan leisurely followed.

With head erect and nostrils dilated, as if he had been excited by the perception of something upside down, Mr. Tippengray again laid hold of the bridle of Hammerstein, and went on. In a few minutes he emerged upon an open space, through which flowed a little brook, and where sat Mrs. Cristie, Lodloe, Ida Mayberry with the baby in her lap, and Lanigan Beam. All of these persons, excepting the infant, were eating sandwiches.

At the sight of the little man and the tall horse, the former spattered with mud, smeared with the earth of the plowed field, and crowned with a misshapen hat with the expansive hole in the top, the sandwich-eaters stopped eating, gazed open-eyed, and then burst out laughing. Mr. Tippengray did not laugh; his eyes still glittered.

It was half an hour before the tale was told, order restored, and Mr. Tippengray had washed his face and hands in the brook, and taken refreshment. Then he found himself alone with Mrs. Cristie.

"Truly you have had a hard time," said she, kindly.

"Madam," answered the Greek scholar, "you are entirely correct. This has been an unfortunate day for me. I have been cunningly entrapped, and heartlessly deserted; I have been nearly frightened out of my wits, have had my soul nearly burned out of my body, and have been foully besmirched with dirt and mud. But, worse than all, I have heard myself made the subject of contempt and contumely."

"How is that?" exclaimed Mrs. Cristie. "I do not understand."

"I will quickly make it plain to you," said the indignant scholar, and he related the conversation he had overheard.

"What a shameful way to speak of you, Mr.

MR. TIPPENGRAY STOPPED AND LISTENED.

Tippengray!" cried Mrs. Cristie. "I did not suppose that Mr. Beam would dare to say such things to one whom he knew to be your friend. I have no doubt that if I had not called Ida at that moment you would have heard her resent that disrespectful speech."

"I hope so; with all my heart, I hope so," replied the Greek scholar.

He said this with so much feeling that his companion looked at him a few moments without speaking.

"Mr. Tippengray," she said presently, "it is time for us to go home. How would you like to take Ida Mayberry back in your cart?"

The brightness in the eyes of the Greek scholar changed from the glitter of indignation to gleams of joy.

"Madam," said he, "I should like it of all things. It would remove from the anticipated pleasures of this day the enormous Alpha privative which has so far overshadowed them."

The young widow did not exactly comprehend this answer, but it was enough to know that he was glad to accept the opportunity she offered him. No sooner had he spoken than Mr. Tippengray remembered the hazards to which he was exposing himself by again taking the reins of Hammerstein; but not for an instant did he think of drawing back. His desire to take Ida Mayberry away from that fellow, and have her by himself, overpowered fear and all other feelings.

Mrs. Cristie's arrangement for the return

pleased everybody except Lanigan Beam. The nurse-maid was perfectly willing to go in the village cart, and was not at all afraid of horses, and Walter Lodloe had no objection to sit on the back seat of the wagon with his lady-love, and help take care of the baby. Lanigan made few remarks about the situation; he saw that he had made a mistake, and was being punished for it, and without remonstrance he took the front seat and the reins of the grays.

XXIV.

TRANSLATIONS.

LANIGAN BEAM had no more fear of Mr. Tippengray as a rival than he would have had of Mr. Petter, but the apportionment of companions for the return trip nettled him a good deal, and, as a consequence of this, the pair of grays traveled homeward at a smarter pace, and Hammerstein and the village cart were soon left far behind.

The road was not the one by which Mr. Tippengray had arrived on the scene, but led through the woods to the main road, which it joined at a point not far from the sign of the Squirrel Inn. Hammerstein traveled very quietly and steadily of his own accord, slackening his gait at the rough places, thus giving Mr. Tippengray every opportunity for an uninterrupted converse with his fellow scholar; and he lost no time in submitting to her his Greek version of the lines from "Pickwick."

"I am very glad you have it with you," said Ida, "for I put my Greek dictionary in my pocket this morning, when I first came down, hoping to have a chance to do some translating. And what better chance could I have than this?"

Drawing out her dictionary and a little blank-book she immediately began her labors. Mr. Tippengray did not altogether like this. He felt an intense and somewhat novel desire to converse with the young woman on no matter what subject, and he would have preferred that she should postpone the translation. But he would not interrupt the engrossing occupation into which she now plunged with ardor. Rapidly turning backward and forward the leaves of the little dictionary, and tapping her front teeth with her pencil as she puzzled over the correlation of Greek and English words and expressions, she silently pursued her work.

Although he did not talk to her, it was very pleasant for Mr. Tippengray to sit and look upon this fair young scholar. At her request he made the tall steed walk, in order that her pencil might not be too much joggled, slyly thinking, the while, that thus the interview would be prolonged. The air was warm and balmy. Everything was still about them. They met no one, and every minute Mr. Tippengray became more and more convinced that, next to talking to her, there could be no greater joy in life than basking in the immediate atmosphere of this girl.

At last she shut up her dictionary.

"Now, then," she exclaimed, "I have translated it, and I assure you that it is a fair and square version, for I do not in the least remember the original paragraph."

"I have the original here," said Mr. Tippengray, pulling the second volume of "Pick-

THE TRANSLATION.

wick" from his pocket, "and we will compare it with your translation, if you will be so good as to read it. You do not know with what anxious enthusiasm I await the result."

"And I, too," said Ida, earnestly. "I do not think there could be a better test of the power of the Greek language to embalm and preserve for future generations the spirit of Dickens. Now I will read, and you can compare my work with the original as I go on."

The translation ran thus:

"For the reason that he who drives a vehicle of the post-road holds high office above the masses," to him answered the Sire Weller with eyes affiliated; "for the reason that he who drives a vehicle of the post-road acteth at will, undoubted, humanity otherwise prohibited. For the reason that he who drives a vehicle of the post-road is able to look with affection on a woman of eighty far distant, though it is not publicly believed that in the midst of any it is his desire to wed. Among males which one discourseth similarly, Sammy?"

"I wrote Sammy," she explained, "because I remembered that is the way the name is used in English."

Mr. Tippengray raised his eyebrows very high, and his chin slowly began to approach the sailor knot of his cravat.

"Oh, dear," he said, "I am afraid that this would not express to future ages the spirit and

style of Dickens. The original passage runs thus," and he read:

"'Cos a coachman 's a privileged individual," replied Mr. Weller, looking fixedly at his son. "'Cos a coachman may do without suspicion wot other men may not; 'cos a coachman may be on the very amicablest terms with eighty mile o' females and yet nobody thinks that he ever means to marry any vun among 'em. And wot other man can say the same, Sammy?"

"They are not much alike, are they?" said Miss Mayberry. "I think if Dickens could read my translation he would not in the least recognize it. The fact is, Mr. Tippengray, I do not believe that your method of Greek pickling will answer to preserve our fiction for the future. It may do for histories and scientific work, but when you come to dialect and vernacular, if you once get it into Greek you can never get it back again as it used to be."

"That will be a great pity," said Mr. Tippengray, "for fiction makes up such a large part of our literature. And it does seem that good English might be properly translated into good Greek."

"Oh, it is n't the translation," said Ida; "that is all easy enough: it 's the resurrection back into the original condition. Look at the prophet Enoch. He was translated, but if it were possible now to bring him back again, he would not be the same Enoch, you know."

"One might infer from that simile," said the Greek scholar, smiling, "that when a bit of English gets into Greek it goes to heaven, and would better stay there. Perhaps you are right in what you say about fiction. Anyway, it is very pleasant to talk with one who can appreciate this subject, and reason sensibly about it."

Mr. Tippengray shut up his book and put it back into his pocket, while his companion tore her translation from her note-book and scattered it in little bits along the road.

"I would not like it," she said, "if any one but you were to read that and know I did it."

Mr. Tippengray's eyes and Mr. Tippengray's heart turned towards her. Those words, "any one but you," touched him deeply. He had a feeling as if he were being translated into something better than his original self, and that this young woman was doing it. He wished to express this in some way, and to say a good many other things which came crowding upon his mind, but he expressed nothing and said none of these things. An exclamation from Ida caused him to look in front of him, and there was the spring wagon with the horses standing still.

Mrs. Cristie turned round and called to them:

"Mr. Beam says that there are some by-roads just ahead of us, and as he was afraid you might turn into one and get lost, he thought it better to wait for you."

"Nonsense!" cried Miss Mayberry; "there was no danger that we would turn into any by-ways. The road is plain enough."

"I 'm not so sure of that," said Mr. Tippengray to himself. "I think that just now I was on the point of turning into a by-way."

The wagon now moved slowly on, and the village cart followed. Mr. Tippengray would gladly have dropped a good deal behind, but he found this not practicable, because whenever he made Hammerstein walk Stolzenfels and Falkenberg also walked. It was plain enough that Lanigan Beam did not wish any longer to cut himself off from the society of the lady to whom he had made a proposal of marriage, and whenever he could find a pretext, which was not difficult for Lanigan, he called back to her to direct her attention to something, or to ask her opinion about something. Miss Mayberry did not respond with any readiness, but the persistence of the young man succeeded in making the conversation a general one, and the Greek scholar made no attempt to explain to the nurse-maid that he was in course of translation.

Dinner was very late at the Squirrel Inn that day, and Mrs. Petter gave her guests a scolding. But this did not in the least disturb the mind of Mr. Tippengray, who was well used to being scolded for coming late to his meals. But something else disturbed him, and for nearly an hour after dinner he wandered about the lawn and around the house. He wanted very much to see Miss Mayberry again, and to tell her the things he did not have a chance to tell her on the road, and he also very much wished to prevent that rascally Lanigan Beam from getting ahead of him, and continuing his broken-off interview with the lady.

XXV.

MR. TIPPENGRAY MOUNTS HIGH.

It seemed as if every one must be taking an afternoon nap, for the Greek scholar had the grounds to himself. When he began to be tired of walking, he seated himself where he had a good view of the house, and presently saw Ida Mayberry at her window, with the young Douglas in her arms. Almost at the same moment he saw Lanigan Beam approaching from the direction of the barns.

"If he turns his steps towards that window," thought the scholar, "I shall see to it that I am there before him."

But the young man did not walk towards the front of the house, but went in the direction of his room, where the ladder stood leaning

THE PROPOSAL.

against the open window. Mounting this, he disappeared within.

The eyes of Mr. Tippengray flashed, and his face was lighted by a bright thought. In an instant he was on his feet and running lightly towards Lanigan's room. Cautiously and silently he approached the ladder; deftly and without making the least noise he moved the upper end of it from the side of the building; and then, putting it on his shoulder, gently walked away with it.

Around to the front of the house Mr. Tippengray carried the ladder, and boldly placed it nearly upright under Miss Mayberry's window. In astonishment that young lady looked out, and asked him what in the world he was doing.

"I want to speak to you," said Mr. Tippengray, "on a subject of great importance, and I cannot afford to lose this opportunity. May I come up?"

"Certainly," said Ida.

In a moment the Greek scholar was standing on one of the upper rounds of the ladder, with his head and shoulders well above the window-sill. Little Douglas was delighted to see him, and, taking hold of his outstretched forefinger, gave it a good wag.

"It was a capital notion," said Mr. Tippengray, "for me to take this ladder. In the first place, it enables me to get up to you, and, secondly, it prevents Lanigan Beam from getting down from his room."

Miss Mayberry laughed, and the baby crowed in sympathy.

"Why should n't he get down, Mr. Tippengray?" said she.

"If he did," was the answer, "he would be sure to interfere with me. He would come here, and I don't want him. I have something to say to you, Miss Mayberry, and I must be brief in saying it, for bystanders, no matter who they might be, would prevent my speaking plainly. I have become convinced, Miss Mayberry, that my life will be imperfect, and indeed worthless, if I cannot pass it in prosecuting my studies in your company, and with your assistance. You may think this strong language, but it is true."

"That would be very pleasant," said the nurse-maid, "but I do not see how you are going to manage it. My stay here will soon come to an end, for if Mrs. Cristie does not return to the city in a week or two, I must leave her. I am a teacher, you know, and before the end of the summer vacation I must go and make my arrangements for the next term, and then you can easily see for yourself that when I am engaged in a school I cannot do very much studying with you."

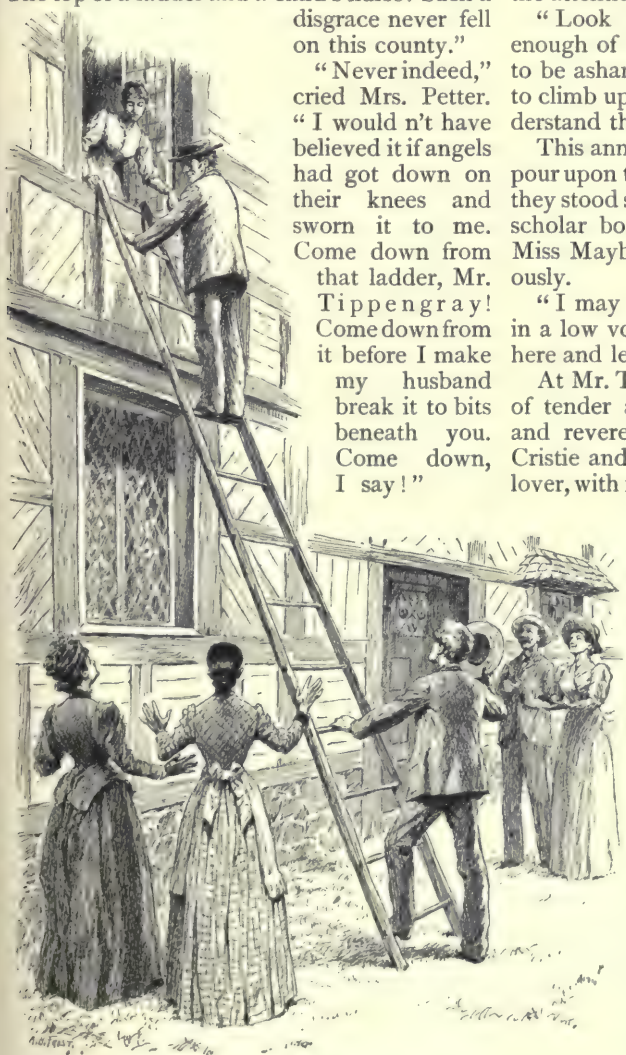
"Oh, my dear young lady," cried Mr. Tippengray, "you do not catch my idea. I am not thinking of schools or positions, and I do not wish you to think of them. I wish you to know that you have translated me from a quiet scholar into an ardent lover, and that it would be of no use at all to try to get me back into my original condition. If I cannot be the man I want to be, I cannot be the man I was. I ask you for your hands, your heart, and your

intellect. I invite you to join me in pursuing the higher education until the end of our lives. Take me for your scholar, and be mine. I pray you, give me — "

"Upon — my word!" was the ejaculation, loud and distinct, which came up from the foot of the ladder and stopped Mr. Tippengray's avowal. Miss Mayberry instantly thrust her head out of the window, and Mr. Tippengray looked down. It was Calthea Rose who had spoken, and she stood under the window in company with Mr. and Mrs. Petter. A short distance away, and rapidly approaching, were Mrs. Cristie and Walter Lodloe.

"Here is gratitude!" cried Calthea in stinging tones. "I came all the way back from Lethbury to see if anything had happened to you and that horse, and this is what I find. The top of a ladder and a child's nurse! Such a disgrace never fell on this county."

"Never indeed," cried Mrs. Petter. "I would n't have believed it if angels had got down on their knees and sworn it to me. Come down from that ladder, Mr. Tippengray! Come down from it before I make my husband break it to bits beneath you. Come down, I say!"



MR. PETTER TAKES OFF HIS HAT.

"Mr. Tippengray," said Mr. Petter, in solemn voice, "in the name of the laws of domesticity and the hearthstone, and in the honorable name of the Squirrel Inn, I command you to come down."

There was but one thing for Mr. Tippengray to do, and that was to come down, and so down he came.

"Disgraceful!" cried Miss Rose. "You ought to be ashamed to look anybody in the face."

"Never would I have believed it," exclaimed Mrs. Petter. "Never, never, if I had not seen it with my own eyes, and in broad daylight too!"

What Mr. Tippengray would have said or done is not known, for at that instant Ida Mayberry leaned far out of the window and claimed the attention of the company.

"Look here," she cried, "we have had enough of this. Mr. Tippengray has nothing to be ashamed of, and he had a perfect right to climb up this ladder. I want you all to understand that we are engaged to be married."

This announcement fell like a sudden downpour upon the people beneath the window, and they stood silenced; but in an instant the Greek scholar bounded up the ladder, and, seizing Miss Mayberry by the hand, kissed it rapturously.

"I may have been a little abrupt," she said, in a low voice, "but I was n't going to stand here and let our affair be broken off like that."

At Mr. Tippengray's spontaneous exhibition of tender affection, Mr. Petter involuntarily and reverently took off his hat, while Mrs. Cristie and Lodloe clapped their hands. The lover, with radiant face, now descended the ladder and received congratulations from everybody except Miss Calthea, who, with her nose pointed about forty-five degrees above the horizon, walked rapidly to the post where she had tied her horse.

Miss Mayberry now appeared, with the baby in her arms, and an expression of great satisfaction upon her face. Mrs. Cristie relieved her of the first, but the latter increased as the little company heartily shook hands with her.

"I had supposed it would be different with you, Mr. Tippengray," said Mrs. Petter, "but people ought to know their own minds, and I have no doubt that Calthea would have often made it very hot for you, especially if you did not turn over an entirely new leaf in regard to coming to your

meals. But there must be no more laddering; whether it is right or not, it does not look so. When Ida is n't tending to the child, and it 's too wet to be out of doors, you can have the little parlor to yourselves. I 'll have it dusted and aired."

"Excuse me," said Lodloe, coming forward, "but if you have no further use for that ladder, Mr. Tippengray, I will take it to Lanigan Beam, who is leaning out of his window, and shouting like mad. I presume he wants to come down, and as I have locked the door of my room he cannot descend in that way."

"Poor Lanigan!" ejaculated Mrs. Petter, "he does n't know what he 's coming down to. But no matter what he undertakes he is always a day after the fair."

Mr. Petter drew the Greek scholar aside.

"My dear sir," he said expressively, "I have a special reason for congratulating you on your decision to unite your blood and culture with those of another. Had you been entrapped by the wiles of our Lethbury neighbor, a person for whom I have but slight regard, and who is looked upon with decided disapprobation by those as competent to judge as the Rockmores of Germantown, I am afraid, my dear sir, I should have been compelled to sever those pleasant relations which for so many months have held us together, and which I hope may continue for years."

"My good Petter," said Mr. Tippengray, "I have a pleasant house in town, which I hope to occupy with my wife this winter, and I should like it very much if you and Mrs. Petter would make us a visit there, and, if you wish, I 'll have some of the Germantown Rockmores there to meet you."

The landlord of the Squirrel Inn stepped back in amazement.

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, "that you know the Rockmores?"

"The way of it is this," replied the Greek scholar; "you see, my mother was a Purley, and on the maternal side she belonged to the Kempton-Tucker family, and you know that the head of that family married for his second wife a Mrs. Callaway, who was own sister to John Brent Norris, whose daughter married a Rockmore. So you see we are connected."

"And you never told me!" solemnly exclaimed Mr. Petter.

"No," said his companion; "there are pleasures of revelation which are enhanced by a delay in realization, and, besides, I did not wish to place myself in a position which might, perchance, subordinate some of your other guests."

"I must admit that I am sorry," said Mr. Petter; "but your action in the matter proves your blood."

And now, Mrs. Cristie having finished her very earnest conversation with Ida, the newly betrothed pair walked together towards the bluff from which there was such a beautiful view of the valley below.

XXVI.

ANOTHER SQUIRREL IN THE TAP-ROOM.

"If I had known," said Lanigan Beam, as late that night he sat smoking with Walter Lodloe in the top room of the tower, "that that old rascal was capable of stealing my ladder in order to make love to my girl, I should have had a higher respect for him. Well, I 'm done for, and now I shall lose no time in saying good-by to the Squirrel Inn and Lethbury."

LANIGAN BEAM WANTS HIS LADDER.

"Why so?" asked his companion in surprise. "Was the hope of winning Miss Mayberry the only thing that kept you here?"

"Oh, no," said Lanigan, "it was the hope that Calthea might get old Tippengray. You will remember I told you that, but as she cannot now go off with him, there is nobody for her to go off with, and so I must be the one to travel."

Lodloe laughed. "Under the circumstances, then," he said, "you think you could n't stay in this neighborhood?"

"Not with Calthea unattached," replied Lanigan. "Oh, no! Quite impossible."

When Miss Rose had been convinced that all her plans had come to naught, earnestly and with much severity and singleness of purpose she considered the situation. It did not take her long to arrive at the conclusion that the proper thing for her to do was to marry Lanigan Beam, and to do it without loss of time. Having come to this decision, she immediately began to make arrangements to carry it into effect.

It was utterly vain and useless for Lanigan to attempt to get away from her. She came upon him with a sweet assurance which he supposed had vanished with her earlier years; she led him with ribbons which he thought had faded and fallen into shreds long, long ago; she clapped over his head a bag which he supposed had been worn out on old Tippengray; and she secured him with fetters which he imagined had long since been dropped, forgotten, and crumbled into dust. He did not go away,

and it was not long before it was generally understood in the neighborhood that, at last, he and Calthea Rose were to be married.

Shortly after this fact had been made public, Lanigan and Walter Lodloe, who had not seen each other for some days, were walking together on the Lethbury road.

"Yes," said the former, "it is a little odd, but then odd things are all the time happening. I don't know whether Calthea has taken me in by virtue of my first engagement to her, or on some of the others. Or it may be that it is merely a repeal of our last breaking off. Anyway, I found she had never dreamed of anything but marrying me, and though I thought I had a loose foot, I found I had n't, and there 's an end of it. Besides, I will say for Calthea that her feelings are different from what I supposed they were. She has mellowed up a good deal in the last year or two, and I shall try to make things as easy for her as I can.

"But one thing is certain; I shall stick to my resolution not to tell her that I have made money, and have reformed my old, loose ways of living and doing business. All that I am going to keep as a sort of saving fund that I can draw on when I feel like it, and let it alone when I don't feel like it. We are going to travel,—she is wild on that point,—and she expects to pay the piper. She can't do it, but I shall let her think she 's doing it. She takes me for a rattling scapegrace, and I need n't put on the sober and respectable unless I choose to; and when I do choose it will be a big card in my hand. By George! sir, I know Calthea so well that I can twist her around my finger, and I am not sure, if I had got the other one, that I could have done that. It 's much more likely that I should have been the twisted one."

"What is Miss Rose going to do about her business?" asked Lodloe.

"Oh, that 's to be wound up with a jerk," answered his companion. "I 've settled all that. She wanted to hire somebody to take charge of the store while we 're gone, and to sell out the things on her old plan; but that 's all tomfoolery. I have engaged a shopkeeper at Romney to come out and buy the whole stock at retail price, and I gave him the money to do it with. That 's good business, you know, because it 's the same as money coming back to me, and as for the old oddments and remnants and endments of faded braids and rotten calicoes, it 's a clear profit to be rid of them. If the Romney man sends them to be ground up at the paper-mill, he may pay himself for the cartage and his time. So the shop will be shut day after to-morrow, and you can see for yourself that my style of business is going to be of the stern, practical sort; and after all, I don't see any better outlook for a fellow than to live a married life in which very little is expected of him, while he knows that he has on tap a good bank-account and a first-class moral character."

THE autumn was a very pleasant one, and as there was no reason for doing anything else the guests at the Squirrel Inn remained until late in the season. Therefore it was that Miss Calthea was enabled to marry and start off on her wedding tour before the engaged couples at the inn had returned to the city or had even fixed the dates for their weddings. Calthea was not a woman who would allow herself to be left behind in matters of this nature. From her general loftiness and serenity of manner, and the perfect ease and satisfaction with which she talked of her plans and prospects with her friends and acquaintances, no one could have imagined that she had ever departed from her original intention of becoming Mrs. Lanigan Beam.

In the midst of her happiness she could not help feeling a little sorry for Ida Mayberry, and this she did not hesitate to say to some persons with whom she was intimate, including Mrs. Petter. To be sure she had been informed as to the year of Mr. Tippengray's birth, which, if correct, would make him forty-six; but it was her private opinion that sixty would be a good deal nearer the mark. However, if the young child's nurse should become an early widow, and be thrown upon her own resources, she, for one, would not withhold a helping hand. But she earnestly insisted that not a word she said on this subject should ever be breathed into another ear.

When Ida Mayberry heard what Calthea had said about her and Mr. Tippengray's age, she was very angry, and declared she would not go to the old thing's wedding, which was to take place the next day in the Lethbury church. But after thinking over the matter she changed her mind, and concluded that at times like this we should all be pleasant and good-natured towards one another; so she sat down and wrote a letter to Miss Calthea, which she sent to the expectant bride that very afternoon. The missive ran thus:

MY DEAR MISS ROSE: I have seen so little of Mr. Beam in the last few days that I have had no opportunity to express to him some thanks which are due him from Mr. Tippengray and myself. I am therefore obliged to ask you, my dear Miss Rose, to give to him a message from me, which, as it is one of gratitude, you will be pleased to deliver.

Not long ago when Mr. Beam took occasion to tell me that he loved me and asked me to marry him,—I remember now that it was on the very day that Mr. Petter's horse behaved so

badly and, unfortunately for you, tipped you out of the tail end of the little cart, and made it necessary for you to give up both it and Mr. Tippengray to me,—he (Mr. Beam) was so good as to say that if I would agree to be his wife and still wished the instructive companionship of Mr. Tippengray, he would take that gentleman into his family as a tutor. Now this, as you will readily acknowledge, my dear Miss Rose, was very good in Mr. Beam, and in return I wish you to say to him, both from Mr. Tippengray and from me, that if there should ever be any position in our gift which he is capable of filling, all he has to do is to ask for it.

Most sincerely yours,
IDA MAYBERRY.

And the next day in church no face expressed a more delighted interest in the nuptial ceremonies than that of the pretty Miss Mayberry.

It was late in November, and the weather was getting decidedly cool. There was a fire in the tap-room of the Squirrel Inn, and also one in the little parlor, and by this, after supper, sat Mr. and Mrs. Petter.

The guests were all gone; Mr. and Mrs. Tippengray, who had had a quiet wedding in New York, were on their way to Cambridge, England, where the bride would spend a portion of the honeymoon in the higher studies there open to women, while Mrs. Cristie and Mr. Lodloe were passing happy days in the metropolis preparing for their marriage early in the new year. The Beams were in Florida, where, so Lanigan wrote, they had an idea of buying an orange grove, and where, so Calthea wrote, she would not live if they gave her a whole county.

The familiar faces all being absent, and very few people dropping in from Lethbury or the surrounding neighborhood, the Squirrel Inn was lonely, and the hostess thereof did not hesitate to say so. As for the host, he had his books, his plans, and his hopes. He also had his regrets, which were useful in helping him to pass his time.

"What in the world," asked Mrs. Petter, regarding an object in her husband's hands, "made you take down that miserable, dilapidated little squirrel from the sign-post? You might as well have let him stay there all winter, and put up a new one in the spring."

"This has been a most memorable year," replied her husband, "and I wish to place this squirrel in his proper position on the calendar shelf of the tap-room before the storms and winds of winter have blown the fur from his body and every hair from his upturned tail. I have killed and prepared a fresh squirrel, and I will place him on the sign-post in a few days."

"If you would let that one stay until he was a skin skeleton he would have given people a better idea of the way this year has turned out, than he does now," said Mrs. Petter.

"How so?" he asked, looking at her in surprise.

"Don't we sit here stripped of every friendly voice?" she said. "Of course it 's always more lonesome in the winter, but it 's never been so bad as this, for we have n't even Calthea to fall back on. Things did n't turn out as I expected them to, and I suppose they never will, but it always was my opinion, and is yet, that nothing can go straight in such a crooked house. This very afternoon, as I was coming from the poultry-yard, and saw Lanigan's ladder still standing up against the window of his room, I could n't help thinking that if a burglar got into that room, he might suppose he was in the house; but he 'd soon find himself greatly mistaken, and even if he went over the roof to Mr. Lodloe's room, all he could do would be to come down the tower stairs, and then he would find himself outside, just where he started from."

"That would suit me very well," remarked Mr. Petter.

"If this house had been built in a plain, straightforward way," his wife continued, "with a hall through the middle of it, and the rooms alike on both sides, then things might have happened in a straightforward way, and not all mixed up as they were here this summer. Nobody could tell who was going to marry who, and why they should do it, if they ever did."

Mr. Petter arose and, still holding the stuffed squirrel in his hand, stood with his back to the fire.

"It strikes me, Susan," said he, looking reflectively in front of him, "that our lives are very seldom built with a hall through the middle and the rooms alike on both sides. I don't think we 'd like it if they were. They would be stupid and humdrum. The right sort of a life should have its ups and downs, its ins and outs, its different levels, its outside stairs and its inside stairs, its balconies, windows, and roofs of different periods and different styles. This is education. These things are the advantages that our lives get from the lives of others.

"Now, for myself, I like the place I live in to resemble my life and that of the people about me. And I am sure that nothing could be better suited to all that than the Squirrel Inn.

"All sorts of things come into our lives, and when a thing like Lanigan Beam comes into it, what could be better than to lodge it in a place where it can go no farther? and if something of a high order, something backed up by Matthew Vassar, but which is a little foreign, and not altogether of our kind, how well to be able to put that in a noble and elevated position where it can have every advantage and can go and come, without being naturalized or made a part of us. Think, too, how high ex-

cellence can be worthily lodged, with the comforts of the North and the beauties of the South, as in the case of Mrs. Cristie's rooms, and how blooded service is not forced into a garret, but is quartered in a manner which shows that the blood is recognized and the service ignored."

"If I had known what she was when she came," remarked Mrs. Petter, "I should have put her on the top floor."

"Think, too," continued the landlord, "of noble sentiments, high aspirations, and deep learning, lodged of their own free will, for it appears that there was no necessity for it, so near as to answer every need of social domesticity, and yet in a manner so free and apart as to allow undisturbed and undisturbing reveries beneath the stars, and such other irregular manifestations of genius as are common to the gifted."

"Such as coming late to meals," interpolated the lady.

"Think, too," Mr. Petter went on to say, speaking in a more earnest voice — "think, too, of a life or a house in which there is no place for a Calthea Rose; in which she cannot exist, and which, I am happy to say, she has always opposed and condemned."

Mrs. Petter slightly yawned.

"All that sounds very well," she said, "and there may be truth in it, but, after all, here we are alone by ourselves, and, so far as I can see, no chance of being less lonely next season, for your rules keep out all common folks, and we can't count on the people who were here this year coming again."

Mr. Petter smiled. "There is no reason to suppose," he said, "that next season we shall not be favored with the company of the Rockmores of Germantown."

And with that he walked away to place in its proper position on the shelf in the tap-room the squirrel of the past season.

Frank R. Stockton.

THE END.

BUILDING.

WHEN but a little, imitative child
My plaything bits of this and that I piled
One over other, ever high and higher,
And called it building houses; but desire
To build less pleased me than by one last piece
To see down-topple the whole edifice.
Oh, the eager, Oh, the triumphant feeling,
When to the ground in ruin it went reeling!

In youth I built me towers and palaces
Such as life's prime and richest heart most please.
Yet little wherewithal had I to build;
Only the heavens and untried earth were filled
With visionary forms of beauty, lent
As for a model of my tenement.
Just at the cope the world o'erthrew it, saying,
Why art thou still with childish toys a-playing?

Youth's visions gone and boy's prophetic play,
On the firm earth a well-planned base I lay;
Stone upon stone my house shall rise and stand,
Not as the child's, to fall at touch of hand,
Nor yet the youth's, at scorn of elder eyes,
But like the world's, and worthy of its prize.
Then God's strong arm reached forth, my structure rending,
Me back to dreams and youth forever sending.

John Albee.

THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

XXXII.

FACE TO FACE.

ONCE in the street, Phillida's perplexities began. She had undertaken to send for Millard, but there were no slow-footed district Mercuries to be had in the Mackerelville part of New York. It was now barely half-past six, and Millard would hardly have risen yet. In a battle against grim death and Miss Bowyer time seemed all important. She therefore took the Fourteenth street car and changed to an up-town line carrying her to the vicinity of the Graydon, debating all the way how quickest to get an explicit message to Millard without a personal interview, which would be painful to both, and which might be misconstrued. Alighting from the car in the neighborhood of the Graydon, whose mountainous dimensions deflected the March wind into sudden and disagreeable backsets and whirling eddies that threatened the perpendicularity of foot-passengers, she requested a florist, who was opening his shop and arranging a little exhibition of the hardier in-door plants on the sidewalk, to direct her to a district telegraph office. She was referred to one just around the corner. To this always open place she walked as rapidly as possible, to find a sleepy-looking young woman just settling herself at the desk, having at that moment relieved the man who had been on duty all night.

"Can you give me a messenger right away?" she demanded.

"In about fifteen or twenty minutes we 'll have one in," said the girl. "We don't keep but two on duty at this hour, and they 're both out, and there 's one call ahead of you. Take a seat, won't you?"

But Phillida saw in her imagination Mrs. Martin badgered by Eleanor Bowyer, and heard again the grievous cry of the frightened and suffering Tommy. After all, she could only make the matter understood imperfectly by means of a message. Why should she stand on delicacy in a matter of life and death? She reflected that there was no animosity between her and Millard, and she recalled his figure as he reached his hand to her that fatal evening, and she remembered the emotion in his voice when he said, "Part friends?" She resolved to go in person to the Graydon.

The entrance to the apartment building had lavished upon it a good deal of that joint-stock grandeur which goes for much and yet costs each individual householder but little. Despite her anxiety, Phillida was so far impressed by the elaborate bronze mantelpiece over the great hall fireplace, the carved wooden seats, and the frescoing and gilding of the walls, as to remember that she was dressed for a tenement in Avenue C, and not for a west-side apartment house. The gray shawl she had left behind; but she felt sure that the important-looking hall boys and, above all, the plump and prosperous-seeming clerk behind the counter, with an habitually neutral expression upon his countenance, must wonder why a woman had intruded into the sacred front entrance in so plain a hat and gown at seven o'clock in the morning. She felt in her pocket for her card-case, but of course that had been left in the pocket of a better dress, and she must write upon one of those little cards that the house furnishes; and all this while the clerk would be wondering who she was. But there was a native self-reliance about Phillida that shielded her from contempt. She asked for the card, took up a pen, and wrote:

"Miss Callender wishes to see Mr. Millard in great haste, on a matter of the utmost importance."

She was about to put this into an envelop, but she reflected that an open message was better. She handed the card to the clerk, who took it hesitatingly, and with a touch of "style" in his bearing, saying, "Mr. Millard will not be down for half an hour yet. He is not up. Will you wait?"

"He must be called," said Phillida. "It is a matter of life and death."

The clerk still held the note in his hand.

"He will be very much annoyed if that is not delivered to him at once. It is his own affair, and, as I said, a matter of life and death," said Phillida, speaking peremptorily, her courage rising to the occasion.

The clerk still held the note. He presently beckoned to a negro boy sitting on one of the carved benches.

[1] Copyright, 1891, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. All rights reserved.

"Washington," he said.

Washington came forward to the counter.

"Wash," said the clerk in an undertone — an undress tone kept for those upon whom it would have been useless to waste his habitual bearing as the representative of the corporate proprietorship of the building — "has Mr. Millard's man come in yet?"

"No, sir."

"Take this up to seventy-nine, and say that the lady is below and insists on his being called at once." Then to Phillida, as the form of Washington vanished upward by way of the marble staircase, "Will you take a seat in the reception-room?" waving his hand slightly in the direction of a portière, behind which Phillida found herself in the ladies' reception-room.

In ten minutes Millard came down the elevator, glanced about the office, and then quickly entered the reception-room. There were unwonted traces of haste in his toilet; his hair had been hastily brushed, but it had been brushed, as indeed it would probably have been if Washington had announced that the Graydon was in flames.

There was a moment of embarrassment. What manner was proper for such a meeting? It would not do to say "Phillida," and "Miss Callender" would sound forced and formal. Phillida was equally embarrassed as she came forward, but Millard's tact relieved the tension. He spoke in a tone of reserve and yet of friendliness.

"Good morning. I hope no disaster has happened to you." The friendly eagerness of this inquiry took off the brusqueness of omitting her name, and the anxiety that prompted it was sincere.

"There is no time for explanations," said Phillida, hurriedly. "Mr. Martin has called a Christian Science healer to see Tommy, who is very ill with diphtheria."

"Tommy has diphtheria?" said Millard, his voice showing feeling.

"Your aunt wants a doctor," continued Phillida, "but Mr. Martin has left the woman in charge, and she refuses to give up the case. Tommy is crying, and Mrs. Martin is in a horrible position and wants to see you." Here Phillida's eyes fell as she added, "There was nobody to send; I could n't get a messenger; and so I had to come myself."

"I am glad — " here Millard paused and began over — "You did the best thing to come yourself. You will excuse me, but I don't understand. You have n't charge of the case at all, then?"

"No, no, Charley — Mr. Millard; there is no time to explain. Get a good doctor, and put Miss Bowyer out, if you have to fetch a policeman. Get a good doctor at once. If you save the child you must be quick, quick! The horrible woman will be the death of him."

Millard caught the infection of urgency and began to take in the situation. He stepped to the door, drew aside the portière, and said:

"Washington, call a coupé for me. Quick, now." Then he called after the boy as he went to the telephone, "Tell them to hurry it up."

He turned towards Phillida; then with a new impulse he turned again and walked impatiently to the office. "Mr. Oliver, won't you ask if my man is below, and send him here as quickly as possible?"

The clerk moved, without ruffling his dignity by undue haste, to the speaking-tube which communicated with the basement. In the course of half a minute a young Englishman, with a fore-and-aft cap in his hand, came running to the reception room, in the door of which Millard was standing.

"Robert," said Millard, "run to the stable and have them send my coupé on the jump. Come back with it yourself."

The well-trained Robert glided swiftly out of the front door, not even asking a question with his eyes.

"You 'll go back with me in the coupé?" Millard said to Phillida, who had risen and now stood waiting in embarrassment to say good morning.

Phillida could not for a moment think of riding back with Millard, not so much on account of the conventional impropriety in it as because her visit was capable of misconstruction; and while she believed that Millard knew her too well to put any interpretation of self-interest on her coming, she could not have brought herself to return to Avenue C in his coupé. If for no other reason, she would have declined in order to avoid prolonging an interview painful and embarrassing to both. She was worn and faint from the fatigues of the night and the excitement of the morning, and she could not think of the right thing to say.

"No; I will go home," she said. Spoken thus, without calling him by name, the words had a severe sound, as of one mortally offended. A sudden access of fatigue and faintness reminded her that she had eaten nothing this morning.

"You will excuse me. I 've had no breakfast yet. I 've been at Mrs. Martin's since daylight. Good morning, Mr. Millard."

This explanation made her perfectly proper refusal somewhat less abrupt and direct; but the words were still cold and severe.

"I will call another coupé, and send you home. You are faint," he said.

"No, thank you," she said, and went out.

But Millard followed her into the street, and hailed a car, and assisted her to enter it, and lifted his hat and bowed in response to her

"Thank you," when she had gained the platform. As the car moved away he stood a moment looking after it, and then returned toward the sidewalk, saying softly to himself, "By Jove, what a woman! What a woman that is!"

XXXIII.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

By the time the coupé reached the curb in front of the Graydon, Millard had fixed in his mind the first move in his campaign, and had scribbled a little note as he stood at the clerk's counter in the office. He handed the driver a dollar as a comprehensible hint that speed was required, and, taking Robert with him, was soon bowling along the yet rather empty Fifth Avenue. He alighted in front of a rather broad, low-stoop, brownstone house, with a plain sign upon it, which read "Dr. Augustine Gunstone." What ills and misfortunes had crossed that door-stone! What celebrities had here sought advice from the great doctor in matters of life and death! Few men can enjoy a great reputation and be so unspoiled as Dr. Gunstone. The shyest young girl among his patients felt drawn to unburden her sorrows to him as to a father; the humblest sufferer remembered gratefully the reassuring gentleness of his voice and manner. But Millard made no reflections this morning; he rang the bell sharply.

"The doctor has n't come down yet," said the servant. "He will not see patients before nine o'clock."

"At what time does he come down?"

"At a quarter to eight."

"It 's half-past seven now," said Millard. "Kindly take this note to his room with my card, and say that I wait for an answer."

There was that in Millard's manner that impressed the servant. He was sure that this was one of those very renowned men who sometimes came to see Dr. Gunstone and who were not to be refused. He ran up the stairs and timidly knocked at the doctor's door. Millard waited five minutes in a small reception-room, and then the old doctor came down, kindly, dignified, unruffled as ever, a man courteous to all, friendly with all, but without any familiars.

"Good morning, Mr. Millard. I can't see your patient now. Every moment of my time to-day is engaged. Perhaps I might contrive to see the child on my way to the hospital at twelve."

"If I could have a carriage here at the moment you finish your breakfast, with my valet in it to see that no time is lost, could you give us advice, and get back here before your office hours begin?"

Dr. Gunstone hesitated a moment. "Yes," he said; "but you would want a doctor in the vicinity. I cannot come often enough to take charge of the case."

"We 'll call any one you may name. The family are poor, I am interested in them, they are relatives of mine, and this child I have set my heart on saving, and I will not mind expense. I wish you to come every day as consultant, if possible."

Dr. Gunstone's was a professional mind before all. He avoided those profound questions of philosophy towards which modern science propels the mind, limiting himself to the science of pathology and the art of healing; on the other hand, he habitually bounded his curiosity concerning his patients to their physical condition and such of their surroundings as affected for good or ill their chances of recovery. He did not care to know more of this poor family than that he was to see a patient there; but he knew something of Millard from the friendly relations existing between him and younger members of his own family, and the disclosure that Millard had kinsfolk in Avenue C, and was deeply interested in people of a humble rank, gave Dr. Gunstone a momentary surprise, which, however, it would have been contrary to all his habits to manifest. He merely bowed a polite good morning and turned toward the breakfast-room.

These men in whose lives life and death are matters of hourly business — matters of bread and butter and bank-account — acquire in self-defense a certain imperviousness; they learn to shed their responsibilities with facility in favor of digestion and sleep. Dr. Gunstone ate in a leisurely way, relishing his chops and coffee, and participating in the conversation of the family who joined him one by one at the table, without once troubling himself that another family in Avenue C was in agonized waiting for his presence, and that haste or delay might make the difference between life and death to a human being. This was not heartlessness, but a condition of his living and working — a postponement of particular service, however important, in favor of the general serviceableness of his life.

Millard was not sorry for the delay; it gave him time to dispose of Miss Bowyer.

Seeing that Phillida had gone to seek reinforcements, Mrs. Martin had concluded that, in Tommy's interest, a truce would be the better thing. So, while Miss Bowyer was seeking to induce in little Tommy the impressible conscious state,—or, to be precise, the conscious, passive, impressible state,— Mrs. Martin offered to hold him in her arms. To this the metaphysical healer assented with alacrity, as likely to put the child into a favorable condition for the exercise of her occult therapeutic powers.

"Hold him with his back to the north, Mrs. Martin," she said; "there, in a somewhat reclining posture; that will increase his susceptibility to psychic influence. There is no doubt that the magnetism of the earth has a polar distribution. It is quite probable also that the odylic emanation of the terrestrial magnet has also a polar arrangement. Does the little fellow ever turn round in his bed at night?"

"Yes."

"That shows that he is sensitive to magnetic influences. He is trying to get himself north and south, so as to bring the body into harmony with the magnetic poles of the earth. You see the brain is normally positive. We wish to invert the poles of the body, and send the magnetism of the brain to the feet."

Miss Bowyer now took out a small silver cross and held it up before the child a little above the natural range of vision.

"Will you look at this, little boy?" she said.

She did her best to make her naturally unsympathetic voice persuasive, even to pronouncing the last word of her entreaty "baw-ee." But the "little baw-ee" was faint with sickness, and he only lifted his eyes a moment to the trinket, and then closed the eyelids and turned his face towards his mother's bosom.

"Come, little baw-ee. Look at this, my child. Is n't it pretty? Little baw-ee, see here!"

But the little baw-ee wanted rest, and he showed no signs of having heard Miss Bowyer's appeal, except that he fretted with annoyance after each sentence she addressed to him.

"That is bad," said Miss Bowyer, seeing that Tommy would not look. "If I could get him to strain the eyes upward for five minutes, while I gazed at him and concentrated my mind on the act of gazing, I should be able to produce what is known in psychopathic science as the conscious impressible state — something resembling hypnotism, but stopping short of the unconscious state. I could make him forget his disease by willing forgetfulness. I must try another plan."

Miss Bowyer now sat and gazed on the child, who was half-slumbering. For five minutes she sat there like a cat ready to jump at the first movement of a moribund mouse. She was apparently engaged in concentrating her mind on the act of gazing.

"Now," she said to Mrs. Martin in a whisper — for explication was a necessity of Miss Bowyer's nature, or perhaps essential to the potency of her measures — "now I will gently place the right hand on the fore brain and the left over the cerebellum, willing the vital force of the cerebrum to retreat backward to the cerebellum. This is the condition of the brain in the somnambulic state and in ordinary sleep. The right hand, you must know, acts from without inwards, while the left acts from within outwards." She suited the action to the words; but Tommy did not take kindly to the action of her right hand from without inwards, or else he was annoyed by the action of the left hand from within outwards. Evidently Miss Bowyer's positive and negative poles failed to harmonize with his. He put up his hands to push away hers; but finding that impossible, he kicked and cried in a way which showed him to be utterly out of harmony with the odylic emanations of the terrestrial magnet.

With these and other mummeries Miss Bowyer proceeded during all the long hour and a quarter that intervened between Phillida's departure and the arrival of the reinforcement. Miss Bowyer was wondering meanwhile what could have been the nature of Phillida's conference outside the door with Mrs. Martin, and whether Mrs. Martin were sufficiently convinced of her skill by this time for her to venture to leave the place presently to meet certain office patients whom she expected. But she concluded to run no risks of defeat; she had left word at her office that she had been called to see a patient dangerously ill, and such a report would do her reputation no harm.

Mrs. Martin was driven to the very verge of distraction by the sense of Tommy's danger and the necessity she was under of suppressing her feelings, while this woman, crank or impostor, held possession of the child and of her house. Not to disturb Tommy, she affected a peaceful attitude toward the professor of Christian sorcery, whom, in the anguish of her spirit, she would have liked to project out of a window into the dizzy space occupied by pulleys and clothes-lines. Footsteps came and went past her door, but there was as yet no interruption to Miss Bowyer's pow-wow. At length there came a step on the stairs, and a rap. Mrs. Martin laid Tommy on the bed and opened the door. Charley beckoned her to be silent and to come out.

"What is the name of the faith-healer, Aunt Hannah?" he whispered.

"Miss Bowyer."

"Does she still refuse to leave?"

"Oh, yes! She declares she will not leave."

"You want her out?"

"Yes; I want a doctor," said Mrs. Martin, giving her hands a little wring.

"Tell Miss Bowyer that there is a gentleman outside the door who wishes to see her. Whenever the door is shut, do you fasten it inside."

"Miss Bowyer, there 's a gentleman inquir-

ing for you outside," said Mrs. Martin when she returned.

Miss Bowyer opened the door suspiciously, standing in the doorway as she spoke.

"Did you wish to see me?"

"Are you Miss Bowyer?"

"Yes,"—with a wave inflection, as though half inquiring.

"Are you the Christian Scientist?"

"Yes," said Miss Bowyer, "I am."

"This is a case of diphtheria, is n't it?"

"It 's a case of belief in diphtheria. I have no doubt I shall be able to reduce the morbid action soon. The child is already in the state of interior perception," she said, seeing in Millard a possible patient, and coming a little further out of the door.

"It 's catching, I believe," said Millard. "Would you mind closing the door a moment while I speak with you?"

Miss Bowyer peered into the room, to see Mrs. Martin giving Tommy a drink. Feeling secure, she softly closed the door, keeping hold of the handle. Then she turned to Millard.

"Did you wish to see me professionally?" she asked

"Well," said Millard, "I think you might call it professionally. I live over on the west side. Do you know where the Graydon apartment building is?"

"Yes, oh, yes; I attended a patient near there once, in one of the brownstone houses on the other side of the street. He got well beautifully."

"Well, I live in the Graydon," said Millard.

"Yes," said Miss Bowyer, with a rising inflection, wondering what could be the outcome of this roundabout talk. "Is some member of your family sick?" she asked.

A bolt clicked behind the metaphysical healer, who turned with the alarm of a trapped mouse and essayed to push the door. Then, remembering what seemed more profitable game in front, she repeated her question, but in a ruffled tone, "Some member of your family?"

Charley laughed in spite of himself.

"Not of my family, but a relative," he said. "It is my cousin who is sick in this room, and I called to get you outside of the door. I beg your pardon for the seeming rudeness."

Miss Bowyer now pushed on the door in vain.

"You think this is a gentlemanly way to treat a lady?" she said, choking with indignation.

"It does n't seem handsome, does it?" he said. "But do you think you have treated Mrs. Martin in a ladylike way?"

"I was called by her husband," she said.

"You are now dismissed by the wife."

"I will see Mr. Martin at once, and he will reinstate me."

"You will not see Mr. Martin. I shall not give you a chance. I am going to report you to the County Medical Society and the Board of Health at once. Have you reported this case of diphtheria, as the law requires?"

"No, I have not," said Miss Bowyer; "but I was going to do so to-day."

"I don't like to dispute the word of a lady," he said, "but you know that you are not a proper practitioner, and that in case of a contagious disease the Board of Health would put you out of here neck and heels, if I must speak so roughly. Mrs. Martin is my aunt. If you make any trouble, I shall feel obliged to have you arrested at once. If you go home quietly and do not say a word to Mr. Martin, I 'll let you off. You have no doubt lost patients of this kind before, and if I look up your record—"

"My hat and cloak are in there," said Miss Bowyer.

"If you renounce the case and say no more to Mr. Martin I will not follow you up," said Charley; "but turn your hand against Mrs. Martin, and I 'll spend a thousand dollars to put you in prison."

This put a new aspect on the case in Miss Bowyer's mind. That Mrs. Martin had influential friends she had not dreamed. Miss Bowyer had had one tilt with the authorities, and she preferred not to try it again.

"My hat and cloak are in there," she said, pushing on the door.

"Stand aside," said Millard, "and I will get them."

Somehow Millard had reached Miss Bowyer's interior perception and put her into the conscious, impressible, passive state, in which his will was hers. She moved to the other side of the dark hall in such a state of mind that she could hardly have told whether the magnetism of her brain was in the cerebrum or in the cerebellum or in a state of oscillation between the two.

"Aunt Hannah," called Millard, "open the door."

The bolt was shoved back by Mrs. Martin. Millard opened the door a little way, holding the knob firmly in his right hand. Mrs. Martin stood well out of sight behind the door, from an undefined fear of getting in range of Miss Bowyer, whose calm bullying had put Mrs. Martin into some impassive state not laid down in works on Christian Science.

"Give me Miss Bowyer's hat and cloak," said Millard.

The things were passed out by Mrs. Martin, who, in doing so, exposed nothing but her right hand to the enemy, while Charley took them in his left and passed them to Miss Bowyer.

"Now remember," he said, closing the door and holding it until he heard the bolt shoved to its place again, "if you know what is good for you, you will not make the slightest movement in this case."

"But you will not refuse me my fee," she said. "You have put me out of a case that would have been worth ten or twenty dollars. I shall expect you to pay me something."

Millard hesitated. It might be better not to provoke her too far; but on the other hand, he could not suppress his indignation on his aunt's behalf so far as to give her money.

"Send me your bill, made out explicitly for medical services in this case. Address the cashier of the Bank of Manhadoes. I will pay you if your bill is regularly made out."

Miss Bowyer went down the stairs and into the street. But the more she thought of it the more she was convinced that this demand for a regular bill for medical services from a non-registered practitioner concealed some new device to entrap her. She had had enough of that young man up-stairs, and, much as she disliked the alternative, she thought it best to let her fee go uncollected, unless she could some day collect it quietly from the head of the Martin family. Her magnetism had never before been so much out of harmony with every sort of odylic emanation in the universe as at this moment.

XXXIV.

DOCTORS AND LOVERS.

FAINT from the all-night strain upon her feelings, Phillida returned to her home from the Graydon to find her mother and sister at breakfast.

"Philly, you 're 'most dead," said Agatha, as Phillida walked wearily into the dining-room by way of the basement door. "You 're pale and sick. Here, sit down and take a cup of coffee."

Phillida sat down without removing her bonnet or sack, but Agatha took them off while her mother poured her coffee.

"Where have you been and what made you go off so early?" went on Agatha. "Or did you run away in the night?"

"Let Phillida take her coffee and get rested," said the mother.

"All right, she shall," said Agatha, patting her on the back in a baby-cuddling way. "Only tell me how that little boy is; I do want to know, and you can just say 'better,' 'worse,' 'well,' or 'dead,' without waiting for the effect of the coffee, don't you see?"

"The child has diphtheria. I don't know whether I ought to come home and expose the rest of you."

"Nonsense," said Agatha. "Do you think we 're going to send you off to the Island? You take care of the rest of the world, Philly, but mama and I take care of you. When you get up into a private box in heaven as a great saint, we 'll hang on to your robe and get good seats."

"Sh-sh," said Phillida, halting between a revulsion at Agatha's irreverent speech and a feeling more painful. "I 'll never be a great saint, Aggy. Only a poor, foolish girl, mistaking her fancies for her duty."

"Oh, that 's the way with all the great saints. They just missed being shut up for lunatics. But do you think you 'll be able to save that little boy? Don't you think you ought to get them to call a doctor?"

"I? Oh, I gave up the case. I 'm done with faith-healing once for all, Agatha." This was said with a little gulp, indicating that the confession cost her both effort and pain.

"You —"

"Don't ask me any questions till I 'm better able to answer. I 'm awfully tired out and cross."

"What have you been doing this morning?" said Agatha, notwithstanding Phillida's injunction against questions.

"Getting Miss Bowyer out of the Martin house. Mr. Martin was determined to have her, and he went for her when his wife sent him for a doctor."

"Miss Bowyer! I don't see how you ever got her out," said Agatha. "Did you get a policeman to run her into the station-house on the mortal plane?"

"No; I did worse. I actually had to go to the Graydon and wake up Charley Millard—"

"You did?"

"Yes; I could n't get a messenger, and so I went myself. And I put the case into Charley's hands, and he sent his man Friday scampering after a coupé, and I came home and left him to go over there and fight it out."

"Well, I declare!" said Agatha. "What remarkable adventures you have! And I never have anything real nice and dreadful happen to me. But he might have brought you home."

"It was n't his fault that he did n't. But give me a little bit of steak, please; I have got to go back to the Martins'."

"No, you must n't. Mother, don't you let her."

"I do wish, Phillida," said the mother, "that you would n't go down into the low quarters of the town any more. You 're so exposed to disease. And then you 're a young woman. You have n't got your father's endurance. It 's a dreadful risk."

"Well, I 'm rather responsible for the child, and then I ought to be there to protect Mrs.

Martin from her husband when he comes home at noon, and to share the blame with her when he finds his favorite put out and Charley's doctor in possession."

"So you and Charley are in partnership in saving the boy's life," said Agatha, "and you 've got a regular doctor. That 's something like. I can guess what 'll come next."

"Hush, Agatha," said the mother.

Phillida's appetite for beefsteak failed in a moment, and she pushed her plate back and looked at her sister with vexation.

"If you think there 's going to be a new engagement, you 're mistaken."

"Think!" said Agatha with a provoking laugh, "I don't think anything about it. I know just what 's got to happen. You and Charley are just made for each other, though for my part I should prefer a young man something like Cousin Philip."

Phillida was silent for a moment, and Mrs. Callender made a protesting gesture at the impulsive Agatha.

"I don't think you ought to talk about such things when I 'm so tired," said Phillida, struggling to maintain self-control. "Mr. Millard is a man used to great popularity and much flattery in society. He would never stand it in the world; it would hurt him twenty years hence to be reminded that his wife had been a — well — a fanatic." This was uttered with a sharp effort of desperation, Phillida grinding a bit of bread to pieces between thumb and finger the meanwhile. "If he were to offer to renew the engagement I should refuse. It would be too mortifying to think of."

Agatha said nothing, and Phillida presently added, "And if you think I went to the Graydon to renew the acquaintance of Charley, it 's — very — unkind of you, that 's all." Phillida could no longer restrain her tears.

"Why, Phillida dear, Agatha did n't say any such thing," interposed Mrs. Callender.

"If you think," said Agatha, angrily, "that I could even imagine such a thing as that, it 's just too awfully mean, that 's all. But you 've worried yourself sick and you 're unreasonable. There, now, please don't cry, Philly," she added, going around and stroking her sister's hair. "You 're too good for any man that ever lived, and that 's a great misfortune. If they could have split the difference between your goodness and my badness, they might have made two fair average women. There, now, if you don't eat something I 'll blame myself all day. I 'm going to toast you a piece of bread."

In spite of remonstrance, the repentant Agatha toasted a piece of bread and boiled the only egg that Sarah had in the house, to tempt her sister's appetite.

"Your motto is, 'Hard words and kind acts,'" said Mrs. Callender, as Agatha came in with the toast and the egg.

"My motto is, 'Hard words and soft boiled eggs,'" said Agatha, who had by this penance secured her own forgiveness and recovered her gaiety.

In vain was Phillida entreated to rest. She felt herself drawn to Mrs. Martin, who would, as she concluded, have got rid of Miss Bowyer, and seen the doctor and Charley, and be left alone, by this time. So, promising to be back by one o'clock, if possible, she went out again, indulging her fatigue so far as to take a car in Fourteenth street. Arrived at Mrs. Martin's, she was embarrassed at finding Millard sitting with his aunt. She gave him a look of recognition as she entered, and said to Mrs. Martin, who was holding Tommy:

"I thought I should find you alone by this time."

This indirect statement that she had not considered it desirable to encounter Millard again cut him, and he said, as though the words had been addressed to him, "I am expecting Dr. Gunstone every moment."

"Dr. Gunstone? I am glad he is coming," said Phillida, firing the remark in the air indiscriminately at the aunt or nephew, as either might please to accept it.

At that moment Millard's valet, Robert, in the capacity of pioneer and pilot, knocked at the door. When Millard opened it he said, "Dr. Gunstone, sir," and stood aside to let the physician pass.

Gunstone made a little hurried bow to Millard, and, without waiting for an introduction, bowed with his usual deference to Mrs. Martin. "Good-morning, madam; is this the little sufferer?" at the same time making a hurried bow of courtesy to Phillida as a stranger; but as he did so, he arrested himself and said in the fatherly tone he habitually used with his young women patients, "How do you do? You came to see me last year with —"

"My mother, Mrs. Callender," said Phillida.

"Yes, yes; and how is your mother, my dear?"

"Quite well, thank you, doctor."

The doctor despatched these courtesies with business-like promptness, and then settled himself to an examination of little Tommy.

"This is diphtheria," he said; "you will want a physician in the neighborhood. Let 's see, whom have you?" This to Millard.

Millard turned to his aunt. She looked at Phillida. "There 's Dr. Smith around the corner," said Phillida.

Dr. Gunstone said, "Dr. Smith?" inquiringly to himself. But the name did not seem to recall any particular Smith.

"And Dr. Beswick in Seventeenth street," said Phillida.

"Beswick is a very good young fellow, with ample hospital experience," said Gunstone. "Can you send for him at once?"

Robert, who stood alert without the door, was told to bring Dr. Beswick in the carriage, and in a very short space of time Beswick was there, having left Mrs. Beswick sure that success and renown could not be far away when her husband was called on Gunstone's recommendation, and fetched in a coupé under the conduct of what seemed to her a coachman and a footman. Beswick's awkwardness and his abrupt up-and-downness of manner contrasted strangely with Dr. Gunstone's simple but graceful ways. A few rapid directions served to put the case into Beswick's hands, and the old doctor bowed swiftly to all in the room, descended the stairs, and, having picked his way hurriedly through a swarm of children on the sidewalk, entered the carriage again, and was gone.

Millard looked at his watch, remembered that he had had no breakfast, and prepared to take his leave.

"Thank you, Charley, ever so much," said his aunt. "I don't know what I should have done without you."

"Miss Callender is the one to thank," said Millard, scarcely daring to look at her, as he bade her and Dr. Beswick good-morning.

When he had reached the bottom of the long flight of stairs, Millard suddenly turned about and climbed to the top once more.

"Miss Callender," he said, standing in the door, "let me speak to you, please."

Phillida went out to him. This confidential conversation could not but excite a rush of associations and emotion in the minds of both of them, so that neither dared to look directly at the other as they stood there in the obscure light which struggled through two dusty panes of glass at the top of the next flight.

"You must not stay here," he said. "You're very weary; you will be liable to take the disease. I am going to send a professional nurse."

This solicitude for her was so like the Charley of other times that it made Phillida tremble with a grateful emotion she could not quite conceal.

"A professional nurse will be better for Tommy. But I cannot leave while Mrs. Martin has any great need for me." She could not confess to him the responsibility she felt in the case on account of her having undertaken it the evening before as a faith-doctor.

"What is the best way to get a nurse?" asked Millard, regarding her downcast face, and repressing a dreadful impulse to manifest his reviving affection.

"Dr. Beswick will know," said Phillida. "I will send him out." She was glad to escape into the room again, for she was afraid to trust her own feelings longer in Millard's company. The arrangement was made that Dr. Beswick should send a nurse, and then Millard and Beswick went down-stairs together.

Phillida stayed till Mr. Martin came home, hoping to soften the scene between husband and wife. In his heart Martin revered his wife's good sense, but he felt it due to his sex to assert himself once in a while against a wife whose superiority he could not but feel. As soon as he had accomplished this feat, thereby proving his masculinity, he always repented it. For so long as his wife approved his course he was sure that he could not be far astray; but whenever his vanity had made him act against her judgment he was a mariner out of reckoning, and he made haste to take account of the pole star of her good sense.

He had just now been impelled by certain ugly elements in his nature to give his wife a taste of his power as the head of the family, the more that she had dared to make sport of his new science and of his new oracle, Miss Bowyer. But once he had become individually responsible for Tommy's life without the security of Mrs. Martin's indorsement on the back of the bond, he became extremely miserable. As noontime approached he grew so restless that he got excused from his bench early, and came home.

Motives of delicacy had prevented any communication between Phillida and Mrs. Martin regarding the probable attitude of Mr. Martin toward the transactions of the morning. But when his ascending footsteps, steady and solemn as the Dead March in "Saul," were heard upon the stairs, their hearts failed them.

"How 's little Tommy?" he asked.

"I don't think he 's any better," said Mrs. Martin.

"Come to think," said the husband, "I guess I 'd better send word to Miss Bowyer to give it up and not come any more, and then I 'd better get a regular doctor. I don't somehow like to take all the responsibility, come to think."

"Miss Bowyer 's given up the case," said Mrs. Martin. "Charley 's been here, scared to death about Tommy. He brought a great doctor from Fifth Avenue, and together they sent for Dr. Beswick. Miss Bowyer gave up the case."

"Give up the case, did she?" he said wonderingly.

"Yes."

"Well, that 's better. But I did n't ever hardly believe she 'd go and give it up."

Mr. Martin did not care to inquire further. He was rid of responsibility, and, finding him-

self once more under the lee of his wife, he could eat his dinner and go back to work a happier man.

XXXV.

PHILLIDA AND HER FRIENDS.

THE appearance in the Martin apartment of the trained nurse, who was an old friend and hospital associate of Mrs. Beswick's, relieved Phillida of night service; but nothing could relieve her sense of partial responsibility for the delay in calling a doctor, and her resolution to stay by little Tommy as much as possible until the issue should be known. Every day while the nurse rested she took her place with the patient, holding him in her arms for long hours at a time, and every day Millard called to make inquiries. He was not only troubled about the little boy, but there hung over him a dread of imminent calamity to Phillida. On the fifth day the symptoms in Tommy's case became more serious, but at the close of the sixth Dr. Beswick expressed himself as hopeful. The next evening, when Millard called, he learned that Tommy was improving slowly, and that Miss Callender had not come to the Martins' on that day. His aunt thought that she was probably tired out, and that she had taken advantage of Tommy's improvement to rest. But when had Phillida been known to rest when anybody within her range was suffering? Millard felt sure that she would at least have come to learn the condition of the sick boy had she been able.

He hesitated to make inquiry after Phillida's health. Her effort to avoid conversation with him assured him that she preferred not to encourage a new intimacy. But though he debated, he did not delay going straight to the Callenders' and ringing the bell.

Agatha came to the door.

"Good evening, Miss Agatha," he said, presuming so much on his old friendship as to use her first name.

"Good evening, Mr. Millard," said Agatha, in an embarrassed but austere voice.

"I called to inquire after your sister. Knowing that she had been exposed to diphtheria, I was afraid—" He paused here, remembering that he no longer had any right to be afraid on her account.

Agatha did not wait for him to re-shape or complete his sentence. She said, "Thank you. She has a sore throat, which makes us very uneasy. Cousin Philip has just gone to see if he can get Dr. Gunstone."

When Millard had gone, Agatha told her mother that Charley had called.

"I am glad of it," said Mrs. Callender. "Did you ask him in?"

"Not I," said Agatha, with a high head. "If he wants to renew his acquaintance with Phillida, he can do it without our asking him. I was just as stiff as I could be with him, and I told him that Cousin Phil had gone for the doctor. That 'll be a thorn in his side, for he always was a little jealous of Philip, I believe."

"Why, Agatha, I 'm afraid you have n't done right. You ought n't to be so severe. For my part, I hope the engagement will be renewed. I am sick and tired of having Phillida risk her life in the tenements. It was very kind of Mr. Millard to call and inquire, I am sure."

"He ought to," said Agatha. "She got this dreadful disease taking care of his relations. I don't want him to think we 're dying to have him take Phillida off our hands." Agatha's temper was ruffled by her anxiety at Phillida's sickness. "I 'm sure his high and mighty tone about Phillida's faith-cures has worried her enough. Now just let him worry awhile."

Certainly, Agatha Callender's bearing towards him did not reassure Millard. He thought she might have called him Charley; or if that was not just the thing to do, she might have made her voice a little less frosty. He could not get rid of a certain self-condemnation regarding Phillida, and he conjectured that her family were disposed to condemn him also. He thought they ought to consider how severely his patience had been tried; but then they could not know how Phillida was talked about. How could they ever imagine Meadows's brutal impertinence?

He was not clear regarding the nature of the change in Phillida's views. Had she wholly renounced her faith-healing, or was she only opposed to the Christian Science imposture? Or did she think that medicine should be called in after an appeal to Heaven had failed? If he had felt that there was any probability of a renewal of his engagement with Phillida, he could have wished that she might not yet have given up her career as a faith-doctor. He would then have a chance to prove to her that he was not too cowardly to endure reproach for her sake. But, from the way Agatha spoke, it must be that Philip Gouverneur was now in favor rather than he. Nothing had been more evident to him than that Philip was in love with his cousin. What was to be expected but that Philip, with the advantage of cousinly intimacy, should urge his suit, once Phillida was free from her engagement?

But all his other anxieties were now swallowed up in the one fear that she who had ventured her life for others so bravely might have sacrificed it. Millard was uneasy the night long, and before he went to the bank he called again at the Callender house. He was

glad that it was Sarah, and not Agatha, who came to the door. He sent in a card to Mrs. Callender with the words, "Kind inquiries," written on it, and received through Sarah the reply that Mrs. Callender was much obliged to him for inquiring, and that Miss Callender had diphtheria and was not so well as yesterday.

The cashier of the Bank of Manhadoes was not happy that day. He threw himself into his business with an energy that seemed feverish. He did not feel that it would be proper for him to call again before the next morning; it would seem like trying to take advantage of Phillida's illness. But, with such a life in jeopardy, how could his impatience delay till morning?

Just before three o'clock the Hilbrough carriage stopped at the bank. Mrs. Hilbrough had come to take up her husband for a drive. Hilbrough was engaged with some one in the inner office, which he had occupied since Masters had virtually retired from the bank. Millard saw the carriage from his window, and, with more than his usual gallantry, quitted his desk to assist Mrs. Hilbrough to alight. But she declined to come in; she would wait in the carriage for Mr. Hilbrough.

"Did you know of Miss Callender's illness?" he asked.

"No; is it anything serious?" Mrs. Hilbrough showed a sincere solicitude.

"Diphtheria," he said. "I called there this morning. Mrs. Callender sent word that Phillida was not so well as yesterday."

Mrs. Hilbrough was pleased that Millard had gone so far as to inquire. She reflected that an illness, if not a dangerous one, might be a good thing for lovers situated as these two. But diphtheria was another matter.

"I wish I knew how she 's getting along this afternoon," said Mrs. Hilbrough.

"I would call again at once," said Millard, "but, you know, my relations are peculiar. To call twice in a day might seem intrusive."

"I would drive there at once," said Mrs. Hilbrough, meditatively, "but Mr. Hilbrough is so wrapped up in his children, and so much afraid of their getting diphtheria, that he will not venture into the street where it is. If I should send the footman, Mr. Hilbrough would not let him return to the house again. I 'm afraid he would not even approve of communication by a telegraph-boy."

"A boy would be long enough returning to be disinfected," said Millard; but the pleasantry was all in his words; his face showed solicitude and disappointment. He could think of no one but Mrs. Hilbrough through whom he could inquire.

"Perhaps," he said, "you would not object to my sending an inquiry in your name?"

"Oh, certainly not; that would be a good plan, especially if you will take the trouble to let me know how she is. Use my name at your discretion, Mr. Millard. I give you *carte blanche*," said she, smiling with pleasure at the very notion of bearing so intimate a relation to a clever scheme which lent a little romance to a love-affair that was so highly interesting to her on all accounts. She took out a visiting-card and penciled the words, "Hoping that Miss Callender is not very ill, and begging Mrs. Callender to let her know." This she handed to Millard.

Mr. Hilbrough came out at that moment, and Millard bowed to Mrs. Hilbrough and went in. Hilbrough had been as deeply grieved as his wife to hear that the much-admired Phillida was ill.

"What are you going to do, my dear?" he said. "You cannot go there without risking the children. You can't send James without danger of bringing the infection into the house. But we must n't leave Phillida without some attentions; I don't see how to manage it."

"I 've just made Mr. Millard my deputy," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "You see, he feels delicate about inquiring too often; so I have written inquiries on one of my cards and given it to Mr. Millard."

Hilbrough did n't like to do things in a stinted way, particularly in cases which involved his generous feelings.

"Give me a lot of your cards," he said.

"What for?"

"For Mr. Millard."

"I don't see what use he can make of them," said Mrs. Hilbrough, slowly opening her card-case.

"He 'll know," said Hilbrough. "He can work a visiting-card in more ways than any other man in New York." Hilbrough took half a dozen of his wife's cards and carried them into the bank.

"Use these as you see fit," he said to Millard, "and if you need a dozen or two more let me know."

Under other circumstances Millard would have been amused, this liberal overdoing was so characteristic of Hilbrough. But he only took the cards with thanks, reflecting that there might be some opportunity to use them.

As he would be detained at the bank until near four o'clock, his first impulse was to call a district messenger and despatch Mrs. Hilbrough's card of inquiry at once. But he reflected that the illness might be a long one, and that his measures should be taken with reference to his future conduct. On his way home from the bank he settled the manner of his pro-

cedure. The Callender family, outside of Phillida at most, did not know his man Robert. By sending the discreet Robert systematically with messages in Mrs. Hilbrough's name, those who attended the door would come to regard him as the Hilbrough messenger.

It was about five o'clock when Robert, under careful instructions, presented Mrs. Hilbrough's card at the Callender door. Unfortunately for Millard's plan, Mrs. Callender, despite Robert's hint that a verbal message would be sufficient, wrote her reply. When Robert put the note into Millard's hands he did not know what to do. His commission did not extend to opening a missive addressed to Mrs. Hilbrough. His first impulse was to despatch Robert with the note to Mrs. Hilbrough. But he remembered Mr. Hilbrough's apprehension of diphtheria, and that Robert had come from the infected house. He would send Mrs. Callender's note by a messenger. But, on second thought, the note would be a more deadly missile in Hilbrough's eyes than Robert, who had not gone beyond the vestibule of the Callender house. He therefore sent a note by a messenger, stating the case, and received in return permission to open all letters addressed to Mrs. Hilbrough which his man might bring away from the Callenders'. This scheme, by which Millard personated Mrs. Hilbrough, had so much the air of a romantic intrigue of the harmless variety that it fascinated Mrs. Hilbrough, who dearly loved a manœuver, and who would have given Millard permission to forge her name and seal his notes of inquiry with the recently discovered Hilbrough coat-of-arms, if such extreme measures had been necessary. Mrs. Callender's reply stated that Dr. Gunstone was hopeful, but that Phillida seemed pretty ill.

The next morning Millard's card with "Kind inquiries" was sent in, and the reply was returned that Phillida was no worse. Her mother showed her the card, and Phillida looked at it for half a minute and then wearily put it away. An hour later Robert appeared at the door with a bunch of callas, to which Mrs. Hilbrough's card was attached.

"Oh! see, Philly," said Agatha softly, "Mrs. Hilbrough has sent you some flowers."

Phillida reached her hand and touched them, gazed at them a moment, and then turned her head away, and began to weep.

"What is the matter, Philly? What are you crying about?" said her mother with solicitation.

"The flowers make me want to die."

"Why, how can the flowers trouble you?"

"They are just like what Charley used to send me. They remind me that there is nothing more for me but to die and have done with the world."

The flowers were put out of her sight; but Phillida's mind had fastened itself on those other callas whose mute appeal for Charley Millard, at the crisis of her history, had so deeply moved her, though her perverse conscience would not let her respond to it.

XXXVI.

MRS. BESWICK.

ABOUT the time that Phillida got her flowers Mrs. Beswick sat mending her husband's threadbare overcoat. His vigorous thumbs, in frequent fastening and loosening, had worn the cloth quite through in the neighborhood of the buttons. To repair this, she had cut little bits of the fabric off the overplus of cloth at the seams, and worked these little pieces through the holes, and then sewed the cloth down upon them so as to underlay the thumb-worn places. The buttonholes had also frayed out, and these had to be reworked.

"I declare, my love," she said, "you ought to have a new overcoat. This one is not decent enough for a man in your position to wear."

"It 'll have to do till warm weather," he said; "I couldn't buy another if I wanted to."

"But you see, love, since Dr. Gunstone called you and sent a carriage for you, there 's a chance for a better sort of practice, if we were only able to furnish the office a little better, and, above all, to get you a good overcoat. There, try that on and see how it looks."

Dr. Beswick drew the overcoat on, and Mrs. Beswick gave herself the pleasure of buttoning it about his manly form, and of turning the doctor around as a Bowery shopkeeper does a sidewalk dummy, to try the effect, smoothing the coat with her hands the while.

"That looks a good deal better, Mattie," he said.

"Yes; but it 's fraying a little at the cuffs, and when it gives away there darning and patching won't save it. There, don't, don't, love, please; I'm in a hurry."

This last appeal was occasioned by the doctor's availing himself of her proximity to put his arm about her.

"Annie Jackson got twenty-five dollars for nursing the Martin child. Now, if I 'd only done that."

"But you could n't, Mattie. You 're a doctor's wife, and you owe it to your position not to go out nursing."

"I know. Never mind; your practice 'll rise now that Dr. Gunstone has called you, and they sent a carriage with a coachman and a footman after you. That kind of thing makes an impression on the neighbors. I should n't wonder if you 'd be able to keep your own car-

riage in a few years. I 'm sure you 've got as much ability as Dr. Gunstone, though you don't put on his stylish ways. But we must manage to get you a new overcoat before another winter. Take off the coat, quick."

The last words were the result of a ring at the door. The doctor slipped quickly out of his overcoat, laughing, and then instantly assumed his meditative office face, while Mrs. Beswick opened the door. There stood a man in shirt-sleeves who had come to get the doctor to go to the dry dock to see a workman who was suffering from an attack of cart-pin in the hands of a friend with whom he had been discussing municipal politics.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Beswick's wifely heart was gladdened by another ring. When she saw that the visitor was a fine-looking gentleman, scrupulously well-dressed, even to his gloves and cane, she felt that renown and wealth must be close at hand.

"Is Dr. Beswick in?" demanded the caller.

"He was called out in haste to see a patient, who — was — taken down very suddenly," she said; "but I expect him back every moment. Will you come in and wait?"

"Can I see Mrs. Beswick?" said the stranger, entering.

"I am Mrs. Beswick."

"I am Mr. Millard. My aunt, Mrs. Martin, referred me to you. The occasion of my coming is this: Miss Callender, while caring for my little cousin, has caught diphtheria."

"I 'm so sorry. You mean the one they call the faith-doctor? She 's such a sweet, ladylike person! She 's been here to see the doctor. And you want Dr. Beswick to attend her?"

"No; the family have called Dr. Gunstone, who has been their physician before."

Mrs. Beswick was visibly disappointed. It seemed so long to wait until Dr. Beswick's transcendent ability should be recognized. She was tired of hearing of Gunstone.

"I would like to send a good nurse to care for Miss Callender," said Millard, "since she got her sickness by attention to my little cousin. My aunt, Mrs. Martin, said that the nurse Dr. Beswick sent to her child was a friend of yours, I believe."

"Yes; I was in the hospital with her. But you could n't get Miss Jackson, who nursed the little Martin boy. She 's going to take charge of a case next week. It 's a first-rate case that will last all summer. You could find a good nurse by going to the New York Hospital."

Millard looked hopeless. After a moment he said: "It would n't do. You see the family of Miss Callender would n't have me pay for a nurse if they knew about it. I thought I might get this Miss Jackson to go in as an acquaintance, having known Miss Callender at the Martins'. They need n't know that I pay her. Don't you think I could put somebody in her place, and get her?"

"No; it 's a long case, and it will give her a chance to go to the country, and the people have waited nearly a week to get her."

"I suppose I 'll have to give it up. Unless — unless —"

Millard paused a moment. Then he said:

"They say you are a trained nurse. If, now, I could coax you to go in as an acquaintance? You have met her, and you like her?"

"Oh, ever so much! She 's so good and friendly. But I don't think I could go. The doctor 's only beginning, but his practice is improving fast, and his position, you know, might be affected by my going out to nurse again."

But Mrs. Beswick looked a little excited, and Millard, making a hurried estimate of the Beswick financial condition from the few assets visible, concluded that the project was by no means hopeless.

"I would n't ask you to go out as a paid nurse. You would go and tender your services as a friend," he said.

"I 'd feel like a wretch to be taking pay and pretending to do it all for kindness," said Mrs. Beswick, with a rueful laugh.

"Indeed, it would be a kindness, Mrs. Beswick, and it might save a valuable life."

"I don't know what to say till I consult the doctor," she said, dreaming of all the things she could do towards increasing the doctor's respectability if she had a little extra money. "I cannot see that it would hurt his practice if managed in that way."

"Indeed, it might help it," said Millard, seeing Mrs. Beswick's accessible point. "You 'd make the friendship of people who are connected with the first families of the city, and you 'd make the acquaintance of Dr. Gunstone, who would recognize you only as a friend of Miss Callender's."

"I 'll speak to the doctor. I 'm sure I would n't do it for any one else. I could n't stay away all the time, you know."

"Stay whatever time you can, and it will give me pleasure to pay you at the highest rate, for the service is a very delicate one."

"I 'll feel like a liar," she said, with her head down, "pretending to do it all for nothing, though, indeed, I would n't go for anybody else."

"Oh, do it for nothing. We 'll have no bargain. I 'll make you a present when you are done."

"That 'll be better," she said, though Millard himself could hardly see the difference.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Edward Eggleston.

'ZEKI'L.

HE lived alone in a weather-beaten log cabin built on the roadside at the edge of a rocky, sterile field, with a few stunted peach trees growing around it, and a wild grape-vine half covering the one slender oak shading the front yard. The house consisted of only one room, with a wide, deep fireplace in the north end, and a wide window to the south. The logs had shrunk apart, leaving airy cracks in the walls, and the front door creaked on one hinge, the other having rusted away.

But 'Zeki'l Morgan's ambition seemed satisfied when he came into possession of the house, the unproductive clearing around it, and the narrow strip of woodland bounding the richer farm beyond. From the cabin door could be seen the broken, picturesque hills marking the course of the Etowah River, with the Blue Ridge Mountains far beyond, and the Long Swamp range rising in the foreground.

Very little of 'Zeki'l's past history was known in Zion Hill settlement. He had walked into Mr. Davy Tanner's store one spring day, a dusty, penniless tramp, his clothes hanging loosely from his stooping shoulders, a small bundle in one hand, a rough walking-stick in the other. Mr. Davy Tanner was a soft-hearted old man, and the forlorn, friendless stranger appealed strangely to his sympathy, in spite of his candid statement that he had just finished a five-years' term in the penitentiary for horse-stealing.

"I tell you this, not because I think it 's anything to boast of, but because I don't want to 'pear like I 'm deceivin' folks," he said in a dejected, melancholy tone, his face twitching, his eyes cast down. It was a haggard face, bleached to a dull pallor by prison life, every feature worn into deep lines. Evidently he had suffered beyond the punishment of the law, though how far it had eaten into his soul no man would ever learn, for after that simple statement of his crime and his servitude as a convict, he did not again, even remotely, touch upon his past, nor the inner history of his life. No palliative explanations were offered, no attempts made to soften the bare, disgraceful truth.

Mr. Davy Tanner was postmaster as well as merchant, and his store was the general rendezvous for the settlement. The women came to buy snuff, and thread, and such cheap, simple materials as they needed for Sunday clothes; the men to get newspapers and the occasional letters coming for them, besides buying sugar and coffee, and talking over the affairs of the county and of Zion Hill church.

They looked on 'Zeki'l Morgan with distrust and contempt, and held coldly aloof from him. But at last a farmer, sorely in need of help, ventured to hire him, after talking it over with Mr. Davy Tanner.

"I tell you there ain't a mite o' harm in him."

"S'pose he runs away with my horse, Mr. Tanner?"

"I 'll stand for him if he does," said Mr. Davy Tanner, firmly. "I don't know any more th'n you about him, but I 'm willin' to trust him."

"That 's the way you treat most o' the folks that come about you," said his neighbor, smiling.

"Well, I ain't lost anything by it. It puts a man on his mettle to trust him; gives him self-respect, if there 's any good in him."

All the year 'Zeki'l filled a hireling's place, working faithfully; but the next year he bought a steer, a few sticks of furniture, and, renting the cabin and rocky hillside from Mr. Davy Tanner, set up housekeeping, a yellow cur and an old violin his companions. Then he managed to buy the place, and settled down. On one side he had the Biggers' place, a fine, rich farm, and on the other Mr. Davy Tanner's store and Zion Hill church. He attended the church regularly, but always sat quietly, unobtrusively in a corner, an alien, a man forever set apart from other men.

As the years passed openly expressed distrust and prejudice died out, though he was never admitted to the inner life of the settlement. He did not seem to expect it, going his way quietly, and ever maintaining an impenetrable reserve about his own private history. Not even Mr. Davy Tanner could win him from that reticence, much as he desired to learn all about those long years of penal servitude and the life concealed behind them. He seemed to be without any ties of kindred or friendship, for the mail never brought anything to him, not even a newspaper.

But he seemed a kindly natured man, with a vein of irrepressible sociability running through him, in spite of his solitary ways of

"A DUSTY, PENNILESS TRAMP."

life. There were glimpses of humor occasionally, and had it not been for that cloud of shame hanging forbiddingly over him, he would have become a favorite with his neighbors.

Across the road, opposite his house, he set up a small blacksmith shop, and much of his idle time he spent in there, mending broken tools, sharpening dull plows, hammering patiently on the ringing red-hot iron. The smallest, simplest piece of work received the most careful attention, and the farmers recognized and appreciated his conscientiousness.

One summer afternoon as he was plowing in his cotton-field, a neighbor came along the road and, stopping at the fence, hailed him. He plowed to the end of the row, and halted.

"Good evenin', 'Zeki'l," said the man, mounting to the top of the fence, and sitting with his heels thrust through a crack in the lower rails.

"Howdy you do, Marshall? What 's the news down your way?" 'Zeki'l inquired, drawing his shirt-sleeve across his face, and leaning on the plow-handles.

"I don't know as there 's much to tell. Billy Hutchins an' Sary Ann McNally run away an' got married last night, an' old Miss Gillis is mighty nigh dead with the ja'nders. A punkin could n't look yallerer." He opened his knife, and ran his fingers along the rail in search of a splinter to whittle. "Old man Biggers has sold his place at last."

"Has he?"

"Yes; I met him down at the store, an' he said the trade had been made."

"He 's bound to go to Texas."

"Yes; so he 'lows."

"Well, old Georgy is good enough for me," 'Zeki'l remarked, with a pleased glance at his sterile fields.

"An' for me," said Marshall, heartily. "Wanderin' 'round don't make folks rich. Biggers owns the best place in this settlement, an' he 'd better stay on it. It won't do to believe all the tales they tell about these new States. I had a brother to go to Louisiany before the war. Folks said, 'Don't take anything with you; why, money mighty nigh grows on bushes out there.' His wife took the greatest pride in her feather beds, but what would be the use o' haulin' them beds all the way across the Mississippi, when you could rake up feathers by the bushel anywhere? Well, they went, an' for the whole endurin' time they stayed they had to sleep on moss mattresses, an' my brother 'lowed it was about the meanest stuff to hill he ever struck. If you did n't b'il it, an' hang it, an' do the Lord only knows what to it, it would grow an' burst out of the beds when you were sleepin' on them." 'Zeki'l's attention did not follow those reminiscent remarks. "Who bought the Biggers' place?" he inquired, as soon as Marshall ceased speaking.

"A man he met in Atlanta when he went down the last time, a man from one of the lower counties, an' his name — why, yes, to be sure, it 's Morgan, same as yours — 'Lijy Morgan. May be you know him," with a sharp, questioning glance.

But the momentary flush of emotion that the stranger's name had called to 'Zeki'l's face was gone.

"I don't know as I do," he slowly replied, staring at a scrubby cotton-stalk the muzzled ox was making ineffectual attempts to eat.

"I 'lowed may be he might be some kin to you," said Marshall, in a baffled tone.

"I don't know as he is," said 'Zeki'l, still in that slow, dry, non-committal tone, his eyes leaving the cotton-stalk to follow the swift, noiseless flight of a cloud-shadow across a distant hillside. "Morgan is n't an uncommon name, you know."

"That 's so," reluctantly admitted Marshall.

"When does Mr. Biggers think o' goin' to Texas?"

"Oh, not until after crops are gathered."

"The other family is n't to come then right away?"

"No; not till fall."

After Marshall had whittled, and gossiped, and gone his way, 'Zeki'l stood a long time with his hands resting on the plow-handles, his brows drawn together in deep thought. Some painful struggle seemed to be going on. The crickets shrilled loudly in the brown sedge bordering a dry ditch, and a vulture sailed majestically round and round above the field, his broad black wings outspread on the quivering air. The cloud-shadows on the river-hills assumed new form, shifted, swept away, and others came in their places, and the vulture had become a mere speck, a floating mote in the upper sunlight, before he turned the patient ox into another furrow, murmuring aloud:

"I did n't go to them, an' if they come to me, I can't help it. I am not to blame; the Almighty knows I 'm not to blame"; and his overcast face cleared somewhat.

That night when Mr. Davy Tanner closed his store and went home he said to his wife:

"'Zeki'l Morgan must be lonesome, or pestered about somethin'. You 'd think that old fiddle o' his could talk an' cry too from the way he 's playin'."

The season advanced; crops were gathered, and the shorn fields looked brown and bare. A sere, withering frost touched the forests, and the leaves fell in drifts, while the partridge called to his mate from fence and sedgy court. A light snowfall lay on the distant mountains when the Biggerses started to the West and the new family of Morgans moved into Zion Hill settlement.

It was the third day after their arrival. 'Zeki'l leaned over the front gate with an armful of corn, feeding two fat pigs, when 'Lijy Morgan passed along the road on his way to Mr. Davy Tanner's store. He was a strong-looking, well-built man, with rugged features and hair partly gray. He looked curiously at the solitary, stooping figure inside the gate, his steps slackened, then he stopped altogether, a grayish pallor overspreading the healthy, ruddy hue of his face.

"'Zeki'l!"

'Zeki'l dropped the corn, and thrust open the gate.

"Howdy you do, 'Lijy?"

Their hands met in a quick, close grip, then fell apart.

"HOWDY YOU DO, 'LIJY?"

"I like not to have known you, 'Zeki'l, it was so unexpected seein' you here," said 'Lijy, huskily, scanning the worn, deeply lined face before him with glad yet shrinking gaze.

"An' twelve years make a great difference in our looks sometimes, though you are not so much changed," said 'Zeki'l, quietly. He had been prepared for the meeting, and years of self-mastery had given him the power of concealing emotion.

"Twelve years? Yes; but it has seemed like twenty to me since — since it all happened. Why did n't you come home, 'Zeki'l, when your time was out?"

"I 'lowed the sight o' me would n't be good for you, 'Lijy; an'— an' the old folks were gone."

"Yes; it killed them, 'Zeki'l, it killed them," in a choked voice.

"I know," said 'Zeki'l, hastily, his face blanching; "an' I thought it would be best to make a new start in a new settlement."

"Do the folks here know?"

"That I served my time? Yes; but that 's all. When I heard that you had bought the

Biggers' place I studied hard about movin' away, but I like it here. It 's beginnin' to seem like home."

'Lijy stared at the poor cabin, the stunted, naked peach trees, so cold and dreary-looking in the wintry dusk.

"Is it yours, 'Zeki'l?"

"Yes; it 's mine, all mine. Come in and sit awhile with me, an' warm. It 's goin' to be a nippin' cold night."

He turned, and 'Lijy silently followed him across the bare yard and into the house. A flickering fire sent its warm glow throughout the room, touching its meager furnishing with softening grace, but a chill struck to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill of desolation.

"Do you live here alone?"

"Yes; all alone, except Rover and the fiddle."

The cur rose up from the hearth with a wag of his stumpy tail, and gave the visitor a glance of welcome from his mild, friendly eyes.

There were only two chairs in the room, and 'Zeki'l placed the best one before the fire for his guest, then threw on some fresh pieces of wood. Outside the dusky twilight deepened to night, the orange glow fading from the west, and the stars shining brilliantly through the clear atmosphere. The chill wind whistled around the chimney-corners and through the chinks in the log walls.

Between the men a constrained silence fell. The meeting had been painful beyond the open acknowledgment of either. The dog crept to his master's side and thrust his nose into his hand. The touch roused 'Zeki'l. From the jamb he took a cob pipe and a twist of tobacco.

"Will you smoke, 'Lijy?"

"I believe not; but I 'll take a chew."

He cut off a liberal mouthful, and then 'Zeki'l filled and lighted his pipe. It seemed to loosen his tongue somewhat.

"Is Marthy Ann well enough?"

"She 's tolerable."

"How many children have you?"

"Three; the girls, Cynthy an' Mary—"

"I remember them."

"An' little Zeke."

'Zeki'l's face flushed.

"Named him for me, 'Lijy?"

"Yes; for you. Cynthy 's about grown now, an' a likely girl, I can tell you."

His face softened; his eyes grew bright with pride and tenderness as he spoke of his children. 'Zeki'l watched him, noting the change in his countenance, and perhaps feeling some pain and regret that he had missed such pleasure. 'Lijy reached out his hand and laid it on his knee. "'Zeki'l, you must come live with us now. I 'll tell these folks we are brothers, an'—"

"I don't know as I would," said 'Zeki'l, gently. "It would only make talk, an' I 'm settled here, you know."

His unimpassioned tone had its effect on his brother. He protested, but rather faintly, finally saying:

"Well, if you 'd rather not."

"That 's just it. I 'd rather not."

They both rose, and 'Lijy groped uncertainly for his hat.

"Your life ain't worth much to you, 'Zeki'l. I know it ain't," with uncontrollable emotion.

"It 's worth more 'n you think, 'Lijy, more 'n you think."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and cleared his throat as though to speak again, but his brother had reached the door before he called to him.

"'Lijy."

"Well?"

"What became o' 'Lizabeth?"

"She 's still livin' with us."

He peered into the bowl of the pipe.

"She 's never married?"

"No. She had a fall about ten years ago which left her a cripple, an' she 's grayer than I am. You 're not comin' to see us, 'Zeki'l?"

"I reckon not, 'Lijy." And while 'Lijy stumbled through the darkness home—his errand to the store forgotten—'Zeki'l stood before the fire, one arm resting against the black, cobwebby mantel. "Crippled an' gray! O 'Lizabeth, 'Lizabeth!" he groaned, and put his head down on his arm, the twelve years rolling backward upon him.

"Where have you been, 'Lijy?" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan when her husband returned. "We waited an' waited for you, till the supper was spoiled."

"I met a man I used to know," he said, evasively, casting a wistful, troubled glance towards the corner where 'Lizabeth, his wife's sister, sat knitting, a crutch lying at her side.

Cynthia, a rosy, merry-eyed girl, laughed.

"Pa is always meetin' a man he knows."

Mrs. Morgan began hastily removing the covered dishes from the hearth to the table.

"Well, where is the sugar you went over to the store to get?" she demanded with some irritation.

"I forgot it, Marthy. I 'll go for it in the mornin'," in a confused, propitiatory tone.

She stared at him.

"I never! Forgot what you went after! You beat all, 'Lijy Morgan; you certainly do beat all."

"The man must 'a' sent your wits wool-gatherin', pa," cried Cynthia, jocosely.

'Lizabeth leaned forward. Her face was long, thin, and pale, and the smooth hair framing it glinted like silver in the firelight;

but her dark eyes were wonderfully soft and beautiful, and her mouth had chastened, tender lines about it.

"Are you sick, 'Lijy?" she inquired, in a gentle, subdued voice, a voice with much underlying, patient sweetness in it.

Morgan gave her a grateful look. "N-no; but I don't think I care for any supper," he said slowly. "I 'll step out an' see if the stock has all been fed."

When he returned Mrs. Morgan sat by the fire alone. He looked hastily about the room.

"Where is Cynthy?"

"Gone to bed."

"An' 'Lizabeth?"

"She 's off too."

He drew a sigh of relief, and stirred the fire into a brighter blaze.

"Marthy Ann, it was 'Zeki'l I saw this evenin'."

She dropped the coarse garment she was mending.

"'Zeki'l."

"Hush! Yes; he lives up on the hill between here an' the store"; and then he went on to tell her about their meeting and conversation. Her hard, sharp-featured face softened a little when he came to 'Zeki'l's refusal to live with them or to have their kinship acknowledged.

"I 'm glad to see he 's got that much consideration. We left the old place because folks could n't forget how he 'd disgraced himself; an' to come right where he is! I never heard of anything like it. Why did n't he leave the State if he wanted to save us more trouble?" wiping tears of vexation from her eyes. "You spent nearly all you had to get him out of prison, an' when he had to go to the penitentiary it killed his pa an' ma, an —"

"Be silent, woman; you don't know what you are talkin' about," he said sternly, writhing in his chair like a creature in bodily pain. "God A'mighty forgive me!" He paused, smote his knee with his open palm, and turned his face away.

"Well, if I don't know what I 'm talkin' about, I 'd like to know the reason," she cried, with the same angry excitement. "You ain't been like the same man you were before that happened, you know you ain't I 'll never be willin' to claim kin with 'Zeki'l Morgan again, never. Folks may find it out for themselves; an' they 'll do it soon enough, don't you be pestered, soon enough."

But not a suspicion of the truth seemed to occur to Zion Hill settlement. The Morgans were welcomed with great friendliness, and 'Zeki'l alone failed to visit them. Children sat around his brother's fireside, a wife ministered to him; but he had forfeited all claim to such heavenly joys. The girls had evidently been informed of his relationship to them, for they looked askance at him as they passed along the road, pity and curiosity in their eyes. Once he came out of the blacksmith shop, and, meeting his sister-in-law in the roadway, stopped her, or she would have passed with averted head.

"You need n't be so careful, Marthy Ann," he said, without the slightest touch of bitterness in his calm tone.

"It is for the children's sake, 'Zeki'l," she said, her sallow face flushing with a feeling akin to shame. "I must think o' them."

He gave her a strange glance, then looked to the ground.

"I know; I thought o' them years ago."

"It 's a pity you did n't think before—"

"Yes, so it is; but some deeds are n't to be accounted for, nor recalled either, no matter how deeply we repent."

"We sold out for the children's sake, but, Lord! I 'm pestered now more than ever."

"Because I 'm here?"

"Well, it is not reasonable to think we can all go right on livin' here an' folks not find out you an' 'Lijy are brothers."

"What would you like for me to do, Marthy Ann?"

She hesitated a moment, then drew a little nearer to him.

"Could n't you go away? You 've got nobody but yourself to think about, an' I know in reason 'Lijy would be glad to buy your place," with a careless, half-contemptuous glance at the cabin.

A dull flush passed over his face; his mouth twitched.

"Does 'Lijy want me to go?"

"He ain't said so; but—"

"I 'll think about it," he said slowly, turning back to the smithy, where a red-hot tool awaited his hammer.

But thinking about it only seemed to bind his heart more closely than ever to the arid spot he called home. He had looked forward to spending all the remaining years of his broken, ruined life there, far from the world and from those who had known him in the past. Then a great desire had risen within him to remain near 'Lizabeth. He shrank from the thought of meeting her, speaking to her, and felt rather glad that she did not appear at church. A few times in passing he had caught a glimpse of her walking about the yard or garden in the winter sunshine, leaning on her crutch, and the sight had sent him on his way with downcast face. He had just sat down before the fire to smoke one evening when there came a timid knock on the door. It was just between daylight and darkness, and he

supposed it to be some neighbor on his way to or from the store who wished to drop in to warm himself and gossip a little.

"Come in," he said hospitably, and, reaching out, drew the other chair nearer the fire.

The latch was slowly lifted, the door swung open, and then he started to his feet, pipe and tobacco falling to the floor, while his face flushed and paled and his breath came in a sharp sigh. It was 'Lizabeth, her bonnet pushed back, her shawl hanging loosely around her shoulders.

"I 've been to the store for Marthy Ann. I wanted to go to get out away from the house a little while, and I thought I 'd step in for a minute, 'Zeki'l, to see you."

"DO YOU THINK YOUR LAMENESS WOULD MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?"

"You are tired; come an' sit down," he said huskily, and led her to the chair.

What emotion those simple, commonplace words covered! They looked at each other, silently noting the changes time and sorrow had wrought. They had never been openly declared lovers, but words were not needed for them to understand each other, and they knew that they would marry when she had finished her term as teacher in the county school, and he had built a house on the lot of land his father had given him. But that shameful, undenied accusation of horse-stealing, followed swiftly by trial and conviction, had put an end to all hopes, all plans.

"You see I 'm a cripple now, 'Zeki'l," she said to break the silence.

"An' I 've grown old," he replied, and their eyes met again in a long, eloquent, steadfast gaze, and they knew that neither age, nor affliction, nor shame, nor separation had wrought any change in their love. It had only grown stronger and deeper. Her thin face flushed, her trembling fingers gathered up a fold of her gown.

"Why don't you come to see us, 'Zeki'l?"

"I can't, 'Lizabeth; I can't. It would n't be right. Don't you know I 've been longin' to come, an' hungerin' an' hungerin' to see you?" He flung himself on the floor at her feet, his face hidden against her knees. "You don't know all; you don't know all." The words were wrung from him by an almost uncontrollable desire to tell her the story of his sufferings. She had not turned against him nor forgotten him. It was almost more than he could bear, to read in her eyes her faith and her pardon. He felt the touch of her hand on his bared head, and tears gushed from his eyes.

"Can't you tell me?" she whispered, her face, her eyes, illuminated by a pity and tenderness divine in their beauty.

"No, honey; it 's somethin' I must bear alone, I must bear alone."

He rose to his feet again, brushing his sleeve across his eyes, and she stood up also, leaning on her crutch, the transient glow of color fading from her face.

"You should n't bear it alone if I did n't have this lameness. You—"

"Hush!" he said, and, taking her hand, pressed it against his breast. "Do you think your lameness would make any difference? Would n't I love you all the more, take care o' you all the better, for it? It 's the disgrace, the shame, standin' between us. I 'll never outlive it, get rid of it, an' I 'll never ask any woman to share it. I could n't."

Her physical infirmity held her silent. She would be a care and a burden to him rather than a help. She drew up her shawl.

"The Almighty comfort you, 'Zeki'l."

"An' take care o' you, 'Lizabeth."

He took her hand in a grasp painful in its closeness, then he turned and leaned against the mantel, and she went softly out of the room.

WINTER passed. The frost-bound earth sent up faint scents and sounds of spring in fresh-plowed fields and swelling buds. 'Zeki'l wandered about his fields in idleness, striving to make up his mind to go away. It would be best, yet the sacrifice seemed cruel.

"It is more than I can bear," he cried aloud one night, and strained one of the violin-strings until it snapped asunder. He laid the instrument across his knees and leaned his head upon it. The candle burned dimly, and a bat flew in through the open door, circled around the room, at last extinguishing the feeble light with one of its outspread wings. But the unhappy man did not heed the gloom. Why should he care to have a light for his eyes when his soul was in such darkness? He groped his way to the bed, and fell down upon it. Rover came back from a nightly prowl, barked to let his master know of his presence, then lay down on the doorstep.

The sound of music vibrated through the air, and 'Zeki'l remembered that the young people of the settlement were to have a "singing" at his brother's that evening. He raised his head and listened. They were singing hymns, and many of them were associated with recollections of his own youth. A line of Tom Moore's "Come, ye disconsolate," once a special favorite when sorrow seemed far from him, was borne to his ears:

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

He lay down and slept.

At dusk the next evening, as he was heating a piece of iron in the blacksmith shop, a man stopped at the wide, open door.

"Will you give me a night's lodging? I have walked far to-day, and I 'm a stranger in this part of the country."

'Zeki'l wheeled, the light from the forge shining across his face. It brought out the stranger's face and form in bold relief also.

"Why, it 's Zeke Morgan," he cried, walking into the shop.

"Yes; I thought I recognized your voice, Miller," said 'Zeki'l, slowly, and without much pleasure at the recognition.

They had been in prison together, and 'Zeki'l had left Miller there. He had never felt any liking for the man, and less now than ever, as he looked at his ragged clothing and dissipated face. He had evidently been steadily sinking in vice, and its repulsiveness was impressed upon his outward being. But a certain pity stirred 'Zeki'l's heart. He remembered his own friendlessness when he entered that settlement. Could he show less mercy than had been shown to him?

"Sit down, won't you?" he said kindly, blowing up the coals in the forge to a glowing heat.

"That I will. I 'm footsore, and hungry as a bear. I 'm in luck to meet with you, comrade," chuckling.

'Zeki'l winced. The man's familiarity grated upon him.

"Where are you goin'?" he inquired.

"Oh, nowhere in particular. I 'm just out."

"Why, I thought your time would be up in two years after I left."

Miller shrugged his shoulders. "Yes; but I made so many attempts to escape that they kept adding extra time to my term."

He sat down while 'Zeki'l finished his work.

"You seem to be getting on pretty well," he continued, his restless eyes scanning the surroundings.

"Only tolerable."

Two or three of the neighbors dropped in, one to leave a broken plow, another to tell a bit of gossip. They stared curiously at 'Zeki'l's disreputable companion, who jocosely informed them that Morgan had once been his chum.

'Zeki'l felt annoyed, and, closing up the shop, invited his guest into the house. They had supper, then sat down and smoked. Miller talked a good deal, and asked many questions about the neighborhood and the store; but at last he fell asleep, huddled up on the bed, and 'Zeki'l lay down on a bench, recollections of his prison life keeping him awake far into the night. When he awoke the next morning his guest was gone. He was glad of it. The man's presence oppressed him, brought a sense of degradation. But what were his feelings when he heard that Mr. Davy Tanner's store had been robbed, the mail-box rifled, letters torn open, and various articles of wearing apparel taken!

He grew so pale, seemed so agitated and confused, that the man who had come up to tell the news stared wonderingly, half-suspiciously at him. He had brought the plow to the shop the evening before, and he now looked around for the stranger.

"Where is your friend?" he inquired.

"He is no friend of mine."

"But he 'lowed that he knew you."

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In prison," said 'Zeki'l, quietly, though he flushed with shame.

"Aha! I 'lowed so, I just 'lowed so, last night."

'Zeki'l tingled all over. He had never felt the degradation of being a convict more heavily

than at that moment. He suspected Miller of the theft, this man's tone implied that he suspected them both. It showed how slight a hold he had upon the trust of his neighbors if they could so readily believe that he would rob the best friend he had in the settlement. He went into the house, and sat down by the hearth, his head leaned between his hands.

News of the robbery spread, and men left their work to go over to the store, stirred up, pleasantly excited. It was not often that Zion Hill settlement could boast of having anything so important as this robbery take place within its limits, and it must be made the most of.

'Zeki'l held aloof from the store, where he knew a large crowd had collected, but later in the day a small delegation came up to interview him. He read suspicion in every face, indignation in every eye. His quiet, honest life among them had been forgotten; they remembered only that he had been a convict.

"Once a thief, always a thief, I say," one man cried loudly.

'Zeki'l clenched his hands, but what could he say in self-defense? He made a clear, straightforward statement of all he knew about Miller, earnestly denying all knowledge of the robbery, but he felt the slight impression it made on their doubting minds. They did not openly accuse him, but they asked many questions, they exchanged knowing glances, and when they went away he felt that he had been tried and condemned. The sheriff had gone in pursuit of Miller, and all day groups of men sat or stood about the store whittling sticks, chewing tobacco, and talking. It was a most enjoyable day to them. It afforded excitement, and gave an opportunity to air opinions, to bring forth old prejudices. There was almost universal condemnation of 'Zeki'l. He had entertained the thief, had given him all the information necessary, and the more bitter ones wagged their heads and said that no doubt he had shared in the spoils. Even Mr. Davy Tanner looked sad and doubtful, though he defended the unfortunate man.

"We 've no right ever to accuse a person without evidence o' guilt. We don't know even that this other man had anything to do with it,—though circumstances do all p'int that way,—let alone 'Zeki'l Morgan. It 's best to hold our peace till we find out the truth."

"But it looks mighty suspicious ag'in' 'Zeki'l."

"Because he 's been in the penitentiary, an' we think he 's got a bad name by it."

"Well, ain't that enough to set honest men ag'in' him?"

"Yes; but it ain't best to always judge a man by his misdeeds in the past, but rather by his good deeds in the present, an' what they promise for the future."

"Why not, when it 's accordin' to scriptur'?"

So the talk went on, while 'Zeki'l sat by his fireless hearth or walked aimlessly up and down the yard. At dusk his brother called, looking almost as haggard as he did.

"It 's a bad thing, 'Zeki'l."

"Yes," said 'Zeki'l, listlessly.

"They are fools to think you had anything to do with it, plumb fools."

"It 's natural they should, 'Lijy."

"I can't stand it, 'Zeki'l. Lord! I can't stand it."

He fell into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Chut, man! what does it matter?" said 'Zeki'l, bracing himself up and forcing a smile. "Don't let 'Lizabeth believe it, that 's all I ask."

"She 'll never believe it."

"It 's all right then; I 'll not care what the rest o' the world thinks."

"But I do," cried 'Lijy, starting up, "an' I 'll put an end to it by — "

"You 'll not do anything rash, 'Lijy," said 'Zeki'l, firmly, quietly, and laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Recollect your family."

He looked slight and insignificant by the side of his brother, but his face had a strength and calmness which seemed to give it a power the other lacked. 'Lijy groaned, and turned tremblingly away.

A week passed, but Zion Hill settlement could not go back to its every-day vocations until somebody had been arrested for the robbery. The man Miller seemed to be wary prey, eluding his pursuers with the crafty skill of an old offender. It was a solitary week to 'Zeki'l. He had been completely ostracized by his neighbors. They openly shunned him, and no more work came to his forge. He stood in the empty shop one day wondering what he should do next, where he should go, when 'Lizabeth walked slowly, quietly in.

He flushed painfully.

"You see I 'm idle," he said, pointing to the dead coals in the forge. "They don't think I 'm worthy o' doin' their work any longer."

"I would n't mind," she said, tenderly, laying her hand on his arm. "They 'll see they are mistaken after a while, and be glad enough to come back to you."

"I don't know," with a heavy sigh. "It 's the injustice that hurts me, an' the lack o' faith in my honesty. The years I 've lived here count for nothin' with them."

"I have faith in you, 'Zeki'l."

He laid his hand over hers.

"If I had you, 'Lizabeth, if I only had you to help me bear it."

"That 's what I 've come for, 'Zeki'l. I 'm crippled. It may be that I 'll turn out to be more of a burden than a comfort to you, but I can't sit down there any longer knowin' you are here slighted and sufferin' all alone. 'Zeki'l, have pity on me, if you 've none on yourself, and let me bear this trouble with you."

He trembled before the future her words conjured up.

"THE SHERIFF, TWO DEPUTIES, AND MILLER."

"Could you, would you, be willin' to bear my disgrace, share it, be shunned like a plague, have no company, no friend, but me?"

"What are friends to the one we love, or company? I 'd give up all the world, 'Zeki'l, willin'ly, willin'ly, for you."

He looked into her deep, earnest eyes, realized the full truth of her words, and drew her closer to him.

"It 's a great sacrifice, 'Lizabeth, an' I 'm wrong to let you make it; but — the Lord forgive me! I can't hold out alone any longer. My will an' my courage are all broke down. I need help, I need you."

After a momentary silence he dusted a bench, and they sat down to talk over their plans for the future. The shop, black with charcoal and iron dust, was a queer place for such a conversation; but they paid little heed to their surroundings.

"Marthy Ann will never get over your marryin' me," said 'Zeki'l.

"Then she can make the best of it."

The next day was Saturday, and regular "meetin'" day at Zion Hill church. Everybody in the settlement who could attended services that day. The Morgans were all there, even 'Lizabeth, and 'Zeki'l sat in his accustomed place, apparently unmindful of the cold, hostile glances and whispers around him. Through open doors and windows shone golden sunlight, floated spicy odors from the woods surrounding all but the front of the church, which faced the public road; and vagrant bees mingled their lazy hum with the champing of bits and the stamping of iron-shod hoofs in the thickets, where the mules and the horses were tied.

It was a quiet but alert congregation. A kind of expectancy, of suspense, filled the air. No telling what might happen before the day was over. The preacher made the robbery the theme of his discourse, and there were nods and approving looks when he referred to the punishment laid up for those who per-

sisted in doing evil. It was a fitting finale that just before the benediction was pronounced a small cavalcade rode up to the church door — the sheriff, two deputies, and Miller. A thrill ran through the church, a rustle, a whisper, and the preacher cried aloud to the sheriff:

"What do you want, Brother Mangum?"

"'Zeki'l Morgan."

"Here he is, here he is," cried more than one voice, and men rose to their feet and laid eager hands on the unresisting 'Zeki'l.

"What do you want him for?" cried 'Lijy Morgan, rising from his seat in the deacons' corner. "What 's he done?"

"Helped to rob the store."

"We 've said so, we 've said so, ever since it happened," a chorus of stern but triumphant voices exclaimed.

"Bring up the witness ag'in' him, the man that says he did it," said 'Lijy, advancing to the open space before the pulpit.

"No man has said out an' out that he helped to do it, but Miller—"

"It 's a lie," cried 'Lijy, loud enough to be heard beyond the church door.

'Zeki'l's eyes were fixed anxiously, warningly, on his brother, and once he tried to throw off the hands holding him.

"Prove it then," a taunting voice cried out.

"I will," said 'Lijy, though he grew pale, and trembled strangely. "A more honest man than 'Zeki'l Morgan never lived."

"What do you know of him?"

Again 'Zeki'l strove to free himself, but failed.

"'Lijy," he called imploringly, "'Lijy, 'Lijy, mind what you say!"

'Lijy looked across at him.

"I will mind the truth, 'Zeki'l." He turned to the congregation.

"I came here with good recommendations, brethren; I am a deacon o' the church; you have faith in my integrity, my honor." An approving murmur went up. "If a dozen thieves were to stop at my house there 'd be no suspicion against me." He paused, passed his hand over his face, then looked up again. "Years ago there were two brothers in this State who grew up together happy and contented. The elder one was always a little wild, and would get drunk sometimes, even after he 'd married and had a family to look after, but the younger was the steadiest, best boy in the settlement. One night the elder brother, in a fit of drunken recklessness, stole a horse from the camp of a Kentucky drover, an' nobody found it out but his brother, who undertook to return the horse, an' was arrested. He took the guilt, he stood the trial, an' went to the penitentiary. He lost his good name, the girl he loved, his home, everything in the world an honest man values. He served his time, an' instead o' comin' home to be a reproach to his cowardly brother when free, he went away into a strange settlement to live. An' by an' by his brother moved there too, an' his conscience hurt him more an' more as he saw what a sad, lonesome life the convict lived. He was prosperous, he enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-men, while the other was shunned, and regarded with distrust." Emotion checked his utterance for a moment; then he turned and pointed to 'Zeki'l. "Brethren, look at that man; look without prejudice or suspicion, an' you 'll not see guilt in his face nor on his conscience. There never lived a truer hero than 'Zeki'l Morgan. Nobody should know it better than I, for I am the brother whose crime he suffered for."

Then he walked across the floor to 'Zeki'l's side in the midst of the deepest silence which had ever fallen upon a congregation in Zion Hill church.

Matt Crim.

DE MORTE BEATA.

I THINK, when Death's irrevocable touch
Shall find this heart and bid its fevers die,
I shall not meet him with brave words, nor sigh,
As others do, "Alas, I lose so much!"
Nor shall I grasp, as drowning men will clutch
A fellow struggler, some friend standing by,
And drag from sorrow — O base tyranny! —
The frantic vows which mourners make for such.
Rather, O Death, — who dost in silence lay
Upon our babbling lips thy potent kiss,
To quiet us, and soothe life's last fierce pain, —
Thy strong, strange love-touch I would meet again
With speechless passion, with responsive bliss,
And give thee all I have, thy love to pay.

Theodore C. Williams.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE SOCIOLOGICAL GROUP.

CHARLES W. SHIELDS.
HENRY C. POTTER.
THEODORE T. MUNGER.
WM. CHAUNCY LANGDON.
SAMUEL W. DIKE.
SETH LOW.
RICHARD T. ELY.
HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.
CHARLES A. BRIGGS.
WASHINGTON GLADDEN.
FRANCIS G. PEABODY.
WILLIAM F. SLOCUM, JR.
EDWARD J. PHELPS.
WILLIAM M. SLOANE.
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

It is understood that each writer has had the benefit of suggestions from the Group, but is himself alone responsible for opinions expressed in a paper to which his name is subscribed.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE question of city government divides itself naturally into two parts. First, what ought a city to undertake to do? Secondly, under what form of organization ought it to try to realize the purposes of its existence? The first of these questions is pertinent, because in the eye of the law a city is altogether an artificial creation. It is in fact what it is sometimes called, a municipal corporation. Nothing is better settled in every State in the Union than that the legislature of the State, unless it be limited by the State constitution, has absolute and arbitrary control over a city's charter. The State may grant a city charter or revoke it. The State may enlarge the powers granted to the city or it may diminish them; it may assign duties under the city charter to officers elected by the people, or to officers named by the governor, or designated by itself. In other words, the municipal corporation is the creature of the legislative power of the State precisely as any other corporation is; though it must be admitted that powers are usually granted to municipal corporations as agents of the State different in kind from powers granted to other corporations. Both of these characteristics must be borne in mind because many of our misconceptions concerning cities have arisen from the absence of close thinking concerning their nature. It has been customary in popular thought to emphasize the aspects of a city in which it is merely an agent for the State almost to the exclusion of those aspects of the city in which it is merely a corporation organized to attend to its own business. In consequence, our cities have been organized as though they were, in themselves, little states. The business side of their activity has been almost lost sight of both in the framing of the charter and on election day. It is important, therefore, to remember that a city has not a single attribute of sovereignty. The legislature of the State has unlimited authority as representing the sovereignty of the people, except where the authority is limited by the people speaking through the State constitution or through the Constitution of the United States. In other words, there is not the slightest resemblance between a city and the work which it is called upon to do under its charter, and the governmental work either of one of the States or of the United States.

A BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

IT would clear away much misconception if the popular body in cities, instead of being spoken of and thought of as a local legislature, could be looked upon and considered as a board of directors. One of the most important grants wherein the powers of such a body in cities seem to pass beyond the functions of a board of directors is the right to adopt ordinances which are enforced by the police; but even as to this power it is to be borne in mind that city ordinances have no original authority. They are constantly declared invalid by the courts because they contravene statutes of the legislature or deal with matters not covered by the grant of power to the city corporation. The inferences to be drawn from this discussion are two. First, that the whole question as to what ought to be the business of the city, and as to the best method of conducting this business, is fairly open to discussion; second, that the question is one involving good judgment only. It does not involve the liberties of the people or touch any of the inherent rights of citizenship.

ATTITUDE OF LEGISLATURE.

MANIFESTLY there are three attitudes which the legislature may hold as towards the government of cities. It may devolve upon the people of the city, through their charter, complete control of all their affairs, including the right to borrow money, to undertake public

works, to carry on, as part of the business of the municipality, water-works, gas-works, street railroads, or, for that matter, anything which the broadest interpretation might conceive to be properly municipal business. A striking illustration of the extent to which a legislature has been willing to go in granting to a city unusual powers of a business character is afforded by Cincinnati. The city of Cincinnati, under the authority of the legislature of the State of Ohio, has constructed a railroad, the Cincinnati Southern, three hundred miles long, across the States of Kentucky and Tennessee from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, so that, of the whole road, a single terminus only is in the State of Ohio. Naturally the city of Cincinnati was obliged to comply with the railroad laws of Kentucky and Tennessee in securing the right of way and the like, precisely as any other corporation would have done; but the striking fact is that an Ohio city was authorized to expend eighteen or twenty millions of dollars outside of the limits of Ohio simply to enlarge its business facilities. Plainly this was a grant of business, not of governmental, powers. Again, the legislature may give to the city the smallest possible control of its local affairs, interfering arbitrarily in the details of its action, compelling the undertaking of public works by mandatory acts, appointing special officers or commissions for the discharge of local duties, and the like. In Tennessee the city of Memphis has surrendered its charter, and the business and governmental work of the former city are carried on by a State commission having charge of what is known as the Memphis taxing-district. Or yet again, the legislature may seek to find between these two extremes some mean which, taken as a whole, promises the best results. In Europe, both in England and on the continent, still another method has been resorted to. The local authorities have been given extensive powers the use of which is subject to review by a central administrative board. So far as I am aware, the American objection to centralization has prevented any resort here to this method.

It probably is a safe generalization to say that early American charters gave to the cities a large measure of home rule; in some cases, apparently, including the right to borrow money without specific authorization, and generally to control their local affairs pretty much as they pleased, though the business activities of such cities, so far as public works are concerned, were limited, for the most part, to the conduct of water-works and public markets. But these in the early days were almost the only business enterprises into which cities were likely to be tempted. No one will deny that a charter with large powers is the ideal charter, to be worthy of which every city ought to strive. But it must not be forgotten that this type of charter has been largely abandoned in the United States, because experience has shown that under the conditions actually existing, certainly in our large cities, the city government has not shown itself worthy to be trusted with powers so extensive. The great failure, which has made every other possible, has developed in the popular body which men are so apt to speak of as the city legislature. Should men learn to think of the common council as a board of directors rather than as a legislature, much would be gained. The moment this name is given to the body it becomes apparent why the business of cities has been so frequently mismanaged. No business within the city could be successfully managed by the bodies to whom has been committed oftentimes the oversight of city affairs. Often they have been found wanting both in intelligence and in integrity, and until some way is discovered to procure for cities a popular body for the conduct of their business which will command public confidence and regard, it seems to be idle to claim that enlarged inherent powers should be intrusted to them. It is claimed, I know, that better men would be selected for these bodies if the work committed to them was of sufficient importance to be attractive to better men. There is doubtless an element of truth in this proposition. But the Biblical rule would appear to be the sound rule for cities as for individuals; one must be faithful over a few things before he is made ruler over many things; and until our American cities demonstrate their capacity to do a few things well, it would seem to be clearly unwise to enlarge their inherent powers upon the theory that because they have not done a little well they still would be able to do a great deal well.

HOME RULE FOR CITIES.

NEVERTHELESS the demand for home rule for our cities, within well-determined limits, is undoubtedly based upon experience, and ought to prevail. When city government first failed to give satisfaction, the earliest and not unnatural appeal of the inhabitants of the city was made to the State. Most of our States — perhaps all of them — have tried to remedy the miscarriage of city government in three ways. They have created special commissions having their authority directly from the State, to do local work which under a proper city government would be performed by city officials. The States have passed mandatory laws compelling localities to undertake public works whether they wanted to or not, and they have interfered generally in the details of city action

to an inconceivable extent. Sufficient experience has been had of each of these remedies to make it perfectly clear that the remedy is worse than the disease. It is distinctly worse, because, while it has worked no benefit in the long run to the cities, it has carried into the legislature, and spread measurably throughout the State, the corruption which might otherwise have been limited to the locality. These three points, therefore, appear to be clear: first, when unusual work is to be done which cannot readily be carried forward by the ordinary officials of the city, the city and not the legislature should determine the men by whom the work is to be carried on; secondly, the State constitution should prohibit the legislature from passing mandatory laws to compel a locality to undertake public works to be paid for by the locality; and thirdly, the legislature should not be permitted continually to interfere to suspend or alter the city charter. A commission appointed by the legislature is responsible to nobody but the legislature; neither the governor, nor the mayor, nor any other authority, can call it to account, and therefore a State commission for any purpose other than inquiry is one of the most dangerous of bodies, for the reason that it exercises authority unchecked by any effective responsibility. But while it seems clear that the legislature ought not to interfere in the details of city management, it seems equally clear that the power of the purse intrusted to cities should be closely limited and clearly defined. The commission on cities appointed in New York State by Governor Tilden called attention to the strange anomaly that, whereas in the town meeting money could not be borrowed without a vote of the taxpayers, the moment a town was converted into a city, and its borrowing capacity thereby increased, all checks and hindrances upon the exercise of the borrowing power were immediately abandoned. In other words, there appears to be necessity, under existing conditions, of limiting the amount of debt which a city may legally incur. I know of no better form for this limitation to take than a percentage on the assessed valuation, though the objections to this form are manifest and not without force. There is indeed the recourse which has been successfully practised in some places of permitting the creation of debt only after an affirmative vote by the people. In some communities this provision probably would stint more than the other, but there appears to be no other objection to it. It is a very difficult thing to convince an immense population of the necessity for a great public work, especially when, as is almost always the case, some parts of the city inevitably will benefit more directly from the undertaking than other parts. I am inclined therefore to favor rather, under existing conditions, the limitation of the city debt to a percentage on the assessed value for the purpose of taxation. But even within that limit it is not sure to be safe to give to the local authorities a free hand. Certainly they ought to be free to provide adequately for all the current and ordinary business of the city. But there will be times when public works of great desirability, not within the ordinary scope of the charter, must be authorized to be undertaken. In such cases, subject to the limitations upon the legislature already indicated, there appears to be no better way at present available than to secure from the legislature the special authority needed. Laws granting such powers ought always to be permissive, and should lodge with some authority within the city, which authority should be directly responsible to popular control, the duty of deciding whether or not action should be taken under the law.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the question whether a city should or should not manufacture its own gas, and either build or conduct its own street railroads. These matters are altogether questions of expediency. The city surely is fortunate which is competent to do things of this sort for itself; but few American cities have manifested so great competency in other directions as to justify a very strong inference that they would administer successfully business of this kind. Yet the ideal doubtless is that they should do so. A city can borrow money so cheaply that the temptation is great to take the risk. The chief obstacle to movement in this direction is the spoils system, which makes even a messenger's place in the municipal service depend upon party victory. Selections for fitness and permanency of tenure based upon faithful service must become the rule in city employment, as it is in private employment, before cities can be wisely charged with duties on behalf of the public not absolutely essential. So much may be ventured as to the general powers to be intrusted to the municipal corporation.

FORM OF ORGANIZATION.

ATTENTION is asked now to the form of organization under which cities in the United States may hope to realize the best results in the conduct of the affairs committed to them. It is proposed to speak in particular concerning the financial and executive sides. All efforts to secure a common council composed of men who by character and experience are competent for the duties which ought to be committed to them thus far have been singularly unsuccessful. Aldermen have been elected on general tickets, on district tickets, and on

ward tickets. They have been elected to serve without pay and with pay, but under no system have satisfactory results been permanently achieved. Honorable exceptions there always are, but I speak of the bodies as a whole. It is easy to say that better results might be achieved if the representative were not compelled to reside in the district he represents, but it is not easy to point out an effectual remedy in the presence of American political habits for the restrictions which this demand imposes. Neither is it at all clear that under existing conditions men widely different in type from those to whom we are accustomed could be secured here by such a change. It has been suggested that a large body, say of one hundred members or thereabouts, might prove better than a small one, provided that none other than deliberative duties were demanded of it. The decision of such a body on matters requiring discussion might be more free and more intelligent, and less easily subject to manipulation from outside, than the decisions of a smaller body similarly composed. On the other hand, any attempt to secure good executive work from such a body would be worse than fruitless. This body ought, however, to have unlimited powers of inquiry, and the mayor and all other city officials ought to be obliged to answer any questions concerning the public business which such a body might be disposed to ask. It probably would work well to make it the duty of the mayor and of all other executive officers to attend the sessions of this body, to give to it such information as might be helpful in the conduct of its business, and to answer questions.

FINANCIAL METHODS.

On the financial side of organization a system has been devised for New York and Brooklyn which has successfully overcome many of the evils from which those cities formerly suffered. At one time the common council had substantially complete control of the accounts. They could transfer balances from one account to another; they could increase appropriations at any time during the year; and they could authorize the incurring of debt with a free hand. The result was that favorite departments of the city government would be gorged and those not on good terms with the aldermen would be starved. The power to increase appropriations at any time resulted in wasteful extravagance, and the authority to borrow money was used to keep the tax rate down, while postponing the payment of current expenses through the issue of bonds. At the present time, in these two cities, there is a board of estimate consisting of three or four of the principal officers of the city. This board annually prepares a budget for the ensuing year. The meetings of the board of estimate are public, and they have authority to summon before them for explanation of any estimate all city officers. This budget when prepared cannot be increased by the common council. In New York that body has no authority over it whatever. In Brooklyn the common council may reduce any item, but they cannot enlarge any item, neither can they introduce any new items. Obstruction of the public business, which the council, in former times, was inclined to resort to, by declining to approve any budget at all, has been made impossible through the provision that unless the common council act by the first Monday in October, the budget stands finally as submitted by the board of estimate. All authority has been taken from the common council to transfer money from one account to another, and all funds raised for administrative purposes are under the control of the head of the department without interference on the part of the common council; neither is there any power left anywhere to provide for current expenses otherwise than through the tax levy. The operation of this system has been good at every point. It has shown, among other things, that a very large part of the annual tax levy in these cities arises from items beyond the reach of a board of estimate, such as interest on the city debt, the State and the county taxes, although the provisions of the same system have been extended to the details of estimates for the two counties. On the other hand, as to those parts of the budget which are within the control of the board of estimate, a wholesome sensitiveness prevails that no extravagance shall be justly charged to the members of that board. The principle of responsibility has been brought to bear here with most wholesome effects. The board of estimate in Brooklyn, for example, consists of the mayor, the comptroller, and the city auditor, with two others representing the county, all of whom are elected officials, and every one of whom in case of renomination is liable to be compelled to defend his attitude in the board of estimate. Another good effect has been largely to relieve the executive departments from a kind of interference on the part of the common council which tended only to a division of responsibility and a loss of efficiency. This system and the beneficent results which have followed it are a striking commentary on what has been already said as to the failure of the representative body in cities to show itself worthy of any considerable deposit of power. It is to be remembered that this situation has grown up, not by intention, but by taking away from the common council, one after another, powers which it had abused. In Brooklyn only

two considerable powers of a financial character are left with that body: the first is the duty of ordering unusual work to be done, such as the extension of the water-works, or the erection of a building after the money has been raised for that purpose; the second is the right to grant franchises. In New York City the common council has been shorn of almost every power, in part even of this last. Since the scandal concerning the Broadway railroad it is now the law that all charters shall be sold at public auction. It is not entirely clear that either city would suffer, under existing conditions, by the abolition of its common council. It is certainly pitiful that this should be so, because the useful functions which such a body might discharge, if only it were competent and trustworthy, are many and various. In the matter of city franchises one radical change ought to be made. At present the attitude of the city in granting franchises is entirely negative. The city is allowed to give or to withhold consent to something which somebody wants to do. The proper attitude for the city is just the reverse of this. Its officials should determine what the city's interests demand, and be enabled to offer at public auction a perfected right to supply that demand. Such a sale should be, in fact, a lease for a term of years not exceeding twenty. The new Rapid-Transit bill for New York happily illustrates the proper course. It is mournful to reflect upon the opportunities for relieving the tax levy which have been lost in all our cities through the system of parting permanently with public franchises. It may be too late to remedy the evil as to franchises already granted, but it is not too late to change at once the policy of our cities for the future.

EXECUTIVE METHODS.

THE organization of the city on the executive side ought to proceed on parallel lines to those which prevail in other successful business organizations. The two principles bearing on this question which appear to be sustained by human experience are these: first, that responsibility must go with power; second, that for executive work one man is better than three men or any larger number. The second principle is merely a detail of the first. The reason why one man is more efficient in executive work than a larger body is that the one man can be held entirely responsible, while as to a larger number responsibility cannot be fixed. It is a curious and instructive fact that in the largest cities of the country the original charters have been in this respect the most radically changed. At first the effort was made to govern these cities through representative bodies to which were given great powers, while the mayor was made little more than a figurehead. With the passage of time the mayor has become an officer of very great power, while the process which has already been described has stripped the representative body of its most important functions. The power of appointment lodged in the mayor was everywhere subject until recent years to confirmation by the common council. Theoretically such a check might have been expected to produce good results; practically, it has developed, very generally, if not everywhere, either dead-locks or deals; that is to say, the confirming power has either obstructed public business or it has demanded a share at least in the right of nomination. The result has been a loss of responsibility on both sides, the mayor claiming that he nominates the best men who can be confirmed, and the confirming body on the other hand claiming that they could confirm no better officials because none others were nominated. In the presence of this experience, pretty uniformly developed, the city of Brooklyn and some other cities have given to the mayor the absolute power of appointment. With this power ought also to go the power of removal. Certainly these are great powers, but if they are bestowed under such conditions as to maintain side by side with the power a corresponding responsibility, the result is believed to be safer than the situation that preceded it. For another strangely significant fact has been characteristic to a greater or less extent of every large city. Through the operation of party machinery one man from time to time has become so dominant in the councils of the majority party as really to be not merely the dictator of nominations but actually the controller of city officials. As a consequence there has been often seen in our cities the singular spectacle for democratic communities of one man entirely irresponsible to the citizens becoming in fact complete master of the city officials. In more cities than one the people have come to feel, in the presence of this persistent fact, that if under popular suffrage a single man must needs exercise so great power, that man had better be the mayor of the city and responsible to the people than some one entirely out of their reach. It may be claimed that even under this system the mayor may suffer himself to be guided in all important matters by the party autocrat. This is true; but in that case the responsibility of the mayor for such a failure to realize what is becoming cannot be shaken off upon somebody else, and through the mayor the autocrat can be dethroned. The mayor, under this system, is reponsible for the administrative side of the city government. But it is important to the successful application of this principle that it should be followed logically to its conclusion.

In New York City the mayor is given the absolute power of appointment, but the officials he appoints serve for terms longer than his own. Such a system gives power without responsibility, and through its incompleteness is open to just and severe criticism. In Brooklyn, on the other hand, the mayor appoints absolutely all the executive officers of the city for a term coterminous with his own. As a consequence, every incoming mayor has an opportunity to make a city government in sympathy with himself, for which he not only may be asked to be responsible, but for which he must be responsible. This situation achieves another result of the utmost consequence to successful administration; it compels the city government to be operated as a unit. The importance of this will be made clear by a single illustration. The police department is expected to enforce ordinances which are essential to the effective administration of the department of city works, the health department, the fire department, and the building department. These departments, therefore, ought to work in harmony with one another. If the heads of these departments are appointed by the mayor, and are all responsible to him, this result follows as a matter of course. Under other systems every city has felt the loss of efficiency springing from feeling, which may range all the way from indifference to open hostility, between the different departments of the city administration. This is one of the great reasons why heads of departments should not be elected; because officials who receive their authority from a direct vote of the people are inclined to feel entirely independent of one another, and to look upon the popular vote as to a certain extent an authority to do what they please. The so-called "boss" sometimes has been the only force in a city to compel coöperation between the different city departments. It is far better that this coöperation should depend upon a common responsibility to the responsible head of the city than upon the unifying power of an irresponsible party magnate. In other words, the granting to the mayor of the power to appoint absolutely all the executive officers of the city for terms coterminous with his own has in substance no other effect than this, that it gives to a man who is responsible to the citizens the powers which have been exercised over and over again through other forms by individual men who were not responsible to the citizens.

POPULAR CONTROL.

THIS system also places the city government under the control of the people to an extent not otherwise attainable. Under such a charter, when the mayor is to be elected, the people understand that they are determining the whole character of their city government. The incoming mayor has an opportunity to make the city government, on its administrative side, completely in harmony with himself. Under the usual system the people may elect a mayor, and yet succeed in accomplishing very little besides changing the incumbent of the mayor's chair. In the city of New York last year had Mr. Grant been defeated for reëlection, a number of the largest executive offices within the city would still have remained for several years under the control of Tammany Hall, and out of sympathy in that event with the executive elected by the people. Under the system pursued in Brooklyn, on the other hand, no such miscarriage can follow an election by the people. Their will as expressed on election day is effective not only in the mayor's office but through every executive office within the city. Experience has demonstrated, furthermore, that while there are certain things which a public vote can do, there are other things which it cannot do. It is mighty to overthrow any official, no matter how firmly he may be intrenched, but it is not capable of electing one officer after another through a long series of years with a consistent movement towards a definite end. In other words, questions to be decided by the vote of an immense mass of men must be simple questions. The best informed men in the city, outside of those directly concerned with politics, have almost no knowledge of the bearing of one election upon another. The same system, therefore, which produces unity and responsibility of administration on the part of the mayor when he is elected, brings the entire city government into a more genuine responsibility to the people than any other system. The old idea in American communities was that safety is to be found at the hands of government through division of power. As applied to great cities it is not too much to say that this idea has broken down completely. One reason for the breakdown clearly is that the work of the city is in fact business more than it is government. The division of power has developed a loss of efficiency. On the other hand, it has been demonstrated over and over again that under any conceivable division of power there has been power enough left to do harm, even though there has not been sufficient positive power anywhere to accomplish much good. In other words, the absence of responsibility has shown itself more harmful and more dangerous under the conditions existing in large cities than the contrary policy which is here advocated. It may be urged that the experience of the new system is not extended enough to justify final conclusions. Possibly not; but this at least would

certainly be borne out by any intelligent citizen of Brooklyn, where the system has prevailed for eight years, that no one would willingly return to the former methods of city administration. It is not pretended that under any conditions perfection has been attained, but it will not be denied that the new system has shown a capacity for benefiting the city that could not possibly have been found under the old system; neither has the city realized evils as great or as burdensome as those which befell it when both power and responsibility were divided in the search for safety.

HONESTY IN EXPENDITURE.

One great problem before every city is to secure a dollar's worth for every dollar that is spent. To this end the system of giving large power to the executive, under conditions which compel him to accept corresponding responsibility, is an immense step forward on the line of correct organization. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the community at large is responsible for some of the evils which betray themselves in city government. So long as the city chooses its officials on party lines, it must expect to have officials with whom the interest of the party is first and the welfare of the city second. It is not reasonable to suppose that men who, as candidates, have found the citizens themselves completely indifferent to the city, but warmly interested in party success, can, as officials, successfully adopt and act upon precisely the opposite view. The best city government is not to be had until in the minds of all officials the city is the first thought. The spoils system, as applied to the administration of the city, is fatal to any high degree of efficiency. It is frequently said that the police force and the fire force in the city of New York are notable for their efficiency; certainly they have never failed the public in an emergency. It is worth while noting that in those two forces the tenure of place is secure. No man can be removed from the police force or from the fire force except upon charges and conviction on trial. It is pitiful to witness efficient clerks discharged from the service of the city because of their opinions. The spoils system is merciless. Not only clerks, but office-boys — all places that carry salaries — are considered fair game for the victors at the election. In pretty much every department some one man will be kept whose training is essential to the performance of any sort of work by the department. But except for some such reason as this, no one is spared; not even the sick and the feeble and the destitute escape the consequences of this system. Nurses and physicians and matrons, storekeepers, and every one else hold their places not by reason of efficient service rendered to the city but by the chance of being on the winning side at the election, and it may even be added, on the further chance of being in with the dominant faction of the successful party. It is not reasonable to expect more than passable results in a business conducted under a system like this. Our people must be willing to accept longer tenure of office for subordinates, and security of position in return for faithful discharge of duty, before employees of the city will look upon the city government as an object of regard, entitled to their willing and best service.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

There are many in these days who think that the range of municipal action could be beneficially extended; who believe that a bad tenement-house system deserves the consideration of the municipal authorities; that many evils connected with this system, and many other abuses, can be removed only by the agency of municipal authority. In every direction the opportunity for a city to benefit its citizens by a government able to command complete popular confidence is beyond description. All who so think, and all who believe that a city government unworthy of trust is a demoralizing influence in the community, ought to join hands in demanding the abolition of the spoils system in its application to the inferior places in the city departments. The heads of departments, and, if they wish it, their deputies, might reasonably change with the change of mayor; but changes carried below that point are certain to do harm unless they are changes made for cause. The day may even come when successful administrators at the head of a department will be rewarded by reappointment at the hands of a new mayor; but whether that day should come or not, the political evils of the system would be reduced to small proportions if the effects of victory were to be shown only in changes in positions such as these.

Seth Low.

"THE BOATS WITH WING-LIKE MOTION."

A PAINTER'S PARADISE.

PLAY IN PROVENCE.

When Peace descends upon the troubled ocean,
And he his wrath forgets,
Flock from Martigues the boats with wing-like motion,
The fishes fill their nets.

ONE burning hot day in August we left the limited express at Arles to take the slowest of slow trains. It carried us in a gentle, leisurely fashion across the wide plain of La Crau and between the dark cypress avenues which line the embankment, stopping every few minutes, at one station for half an hour for a cargo of grapes, at another for three-quarters to let a fast train pass.

But we did not mind. We had now fairly begun the voyage of discovery which we had been planning for a year or more. We were on our way to discover the Étang de Berre and Martigues, the chief city on its banks, but one absolutely unknown to fame, apparently to the guide-book, and even to Mistral save as a peg on which to hang two beautiful lines. And as for the Étang de Berre, probably a thousand people go by it every day on the express between Marseilles and Lyons, but who ever looks at it except, perhaps, to wonder vaguely what this great stretch of water is that follows the railroad almost from Marseilles well on to Arles? From our carriage-window we watched its olive-clad shores and its beautiful islands; we saw the towns upon its banks, perched up, as in medieval pictures, on high hilltops, or nestling low down on the very water's edge. And at last we came to Pas de Lanciers, where we once more had to change cars.

Again we set out, at a still more leisurely pace, through endless olive orchards. We stopped oftener. The stations degenerated into mere sheds, and at each women took the mail, collected the tickets, smashed the trunks; was this, then, a land of women's rights? And all the time we were talking of the lovely little town, like another Venice, which we were about to claim as our discovery, for already, one summer, I had been there to spy it out and had seen its loveliness. Just before we started we had read in THE CENTURY'S "Topics of the Time" that there was no place left in the world to be discovered. But that was true geographically, not pictorially; Martigues might be found on the map, but not in paint or in print; and we were in high spirits at the prospect.

It was dusk when the train finally crawled into Martigues. We were worried about our

AT THE FISH-MARKET DOOR.

ZIEM'S STUDIO.

baggage, uncertain whether, in so primitive a place, any one could be found to carry our heavy trunk and traps from the station to the hotel. We tried to consult our one fellow traveler, but he could speak only an unknown tongue, the Provençal, which some travelers have found phonetically intelligible, but of which we could hardly understand a word, and Martigues seemed more out of the world than ever. The train stopped; we got out, gave up our tickets, and passed through the station. At once three men wearing caps emblazoned with the names of hotels fell upon us, and each asked if we were not going to his house. Two stages and a couple of carriages were waiting in the little open square. No one to carry our trunks into the town indeed!

In our surprise we stood there a minute undecided. But a brisk little man with short black beard bustled up and took J——'s big white umbrella and camp-stool out of his hands.

"You must come to my hotel," he said; "it is there that all the painters descend."

And he helped us into the stage, hunted up our trunk, lifted it to the driver's seat, got in after us, and before we realized what had happened we were being jolted over the cobbles of narrow, dimly lighted streets.

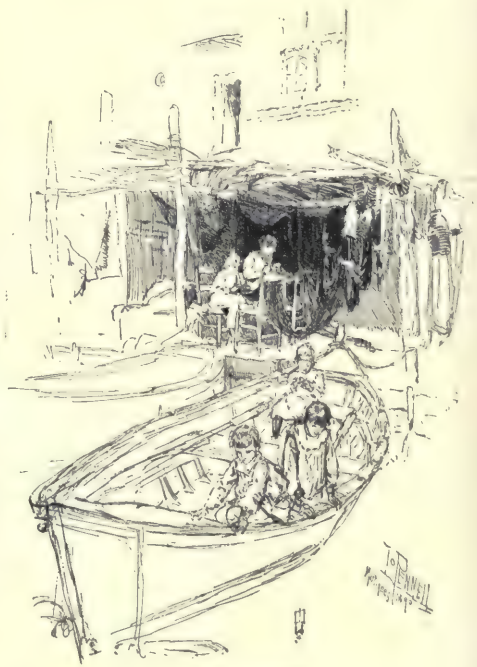
"I can give you a room," he said, as we were driving along. "I am the *patron* [the proprietor]. Only yesterday six painters left me. I can give you the room a monsieur from Marseilles and his wife had."

Six painters! We had planned a brilliant pictorial discovery; was it possible that we were to find instead merely another popular painters' settlement? The blow was crushing.

There was no doubt about it when we reached the hotel, for the hall into which we were ushered was strewn from end to end with easels, and canvases, and all the usual studio litter, leaving but small space for the black brass-bound boxes of the commercial traveler. Madame, who at once bade us welcome, told us our room was not quite ready, but we could make our toilet for dinner here in the corner. And as we washed our hands at the big brass fountain or sink that stands in the hall of every French commercial hotel in came a man with pointed soft felt hat on the back of his head, a white umbrella under one arm, a sketch-book sticking out of his pocket. Six painters had gone, but how many were left in Martigues?

We found that out very quickly the next morning when, after our coffee, we started to explore the town. In the walk of the 4th of September, in the long shady *Place* on which the hotel stands, the first person we met was a tall, good-looking man, in striped red and black jersey and huge straw hat, walking with military step, at whose heels followed a small boy in one of the funny little aprons all French boys wear, almost bent double under a load of canvas and camp-stool. And when we wandered to the canals which, as at Venice, run through the town, and when we crossed the bridges, we saw at every turn an easel, and behind it a man in white Stanley cap or helmet painting the very houses and water and boats which we had come to discover. And after our midday breakfast, when we went to the café next door to the hotel, there at a table under the trees were half a dozen helmets and Stanley caps, and a huge pile of canvases and umbrellas, and outside, playing leap-frog with a crowd of other urchins in aprons, was the little boy whom we had met earlier struggling beneath his burden. The proprietor of the café was sitting with the helmets, but he joined us presently, and asked if we were painters too.

"We always have painters here," he said;



YOUNG SAILORS

ÉTANG DE CAROUTE.

"they come even in winter. There are so many *motifs* for them in Martigues. Monsieur has not begun to see it yet. You must go this afternoon to the Bordigues, where every painter who comes to Martigues makes a picture, or else, perhaps, to the Gâcherel, where all these gentlemen," waving his hand to the helmets under the trees, "are at work in the afternoon. Yes; the *motifs* are many."

As we walked from the café down towards the water, J—— with a sketch-block under his arm, a little toddling child who could scarcely talk lisped "pinter" as he passed, as though, instead of being unknown in Martigues, the painter was one of the first objects to its children, his name the first on their lips. Before we had gone very far along the shore of the great lake that stretches between Martigues and the Mediterranean (the Étang de Caroute it is called on the map), we came to a little building with huge window opening upon the dusty road and facing northward, and in the garden beyond was something white and shining. A man was superintending some work close by, and we asked him whose house this was, for the window looked mightily like a studio.

"Don't you know?" he said in amazement. "It is there M. Ziem lives."

We had thought M. Ziem dead for years, and here he was alive in Martigues, which he had discovered before we were born.

"Here," the man went on, "he has painted all his Venices, and Constantinoples, and Cairos. Here is the Nile, or the Adriatic, or the Bosphorus, as he wishes, flowing past his doors. There on the near hillsides are the stone-pines and cypresses of the south and east; on the water beyond lies Venice; and in his garden are the mosques of Constantinople. *Allez!*"

We went and looked closer then, and we saw that the little white shining thing was a toy mosque with dome and minarets, that oriental pots and jars were scattered about in the garden, and that two or three men were putting up another and larger mosque, the framework of its dome and minarets lying with the stones and mortar below its unfinished walls.

Still farther down the road a man breaking stones by the wayside stopped to point out the Gâcherel, the great farm upon the lakeside, with beautiful cypress grove and sunlit garden, where the vines overshadowed an old stone well, and there, under the cypresses, were the easels and helmets in a row.

There were painters wherever we went: painters walking slowly down the blindingly white road under white umbrellas; painters staring at the sunset from the lower hilltops; painters under the olives; painters in the hotel

FISHING FROM BOATS.

dining-room. It was a town of painters. Where was our discovery? Was this the little city lying forgotten and unsought in a watery wilderness that we were to be the first to make known for the pleasure of all the world and our own great glory — this southern seacoast Barbizon?

Of course it was a disappointment. Fancy if in the heart of the African forest Stanley had met not pigmies but another Emin Relief Expedition. But now that we were there we might as well make the best of it. Though the explorer had been in Martigues before us, there was no reason why we should not enjoy the artist's life led in this remote painter's paradise — this paradise without drains or sewers, but a paradise for all that. On the surface there was an Arcadian simplicity in the painter's daily existence that was very charming. We began to talk about Murger's Bohemia, and Barbizon in the days before it had been exploited, and by our second morning we were really glad that, instead of making a pictorial discovery, we had found a well-established artist colony. We were quite ready to be friendly.

At first we thought the artists were too. After our second breakfast M. Bernard, our landlord, stopped us in the hall.

"These gentlemen, the painters," he said to J——, "are eager to do all they can for a colleague. There is one who offers you his boat; it is at your entire disposition. Among brother artists it is always so; take it when and where you want. There is another who wishes to fraternize with you; he will show you about Martigues; he knows it well, and Monsieur is still a stranger."

What could have been kinder?

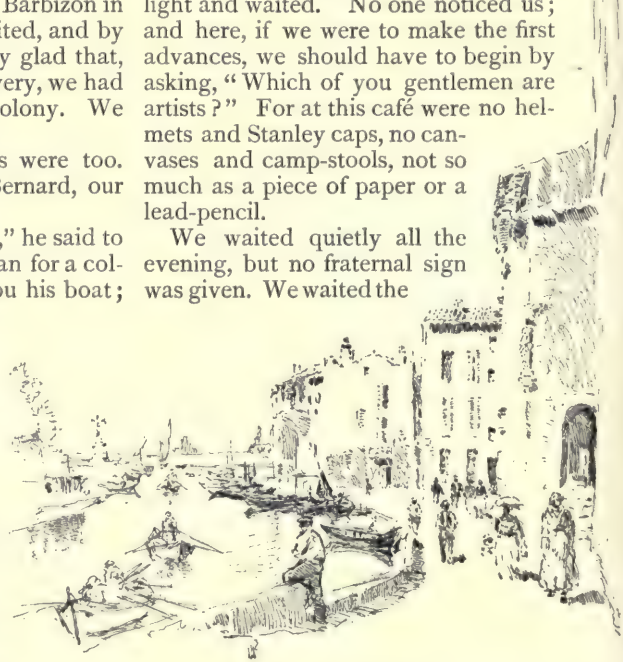
"Where can I see these gentlemen to thank them?" asked J——.

"Oh," said M. Bernard, "be sure they will give you the chance at once. One Monsieur goes to the Café du Commerce, the other to the Cascade. You will always find them there. And there are many painters still in my hotel. They, too, will wish to know and talk with Monsieur."

We were on our way to the Cascade when he stopped us, and now we hurried there all the faster, gay and smiling, prepared to meet the gentlemen, the painters, half way. The helmets and Stanley caps were under the same tree, but they stared vacantly over our heads as if they did not see us. It was not easy to go up and ask, "Which of you gentlemen is the one who would fraternize with me?" But we sat at a near table to give him every chance, and when the dog of one of the party came running up to us we patted it and fed it with sugar, though only the minute before we had seen it snapping at the tail of the pet goose of the café and at the legs of small boys in the street, and we should have preferred keeping it at a respectful distance. But no fraternal greeting had passed between us when the gentlemen, the painters, buckling on their knapsacks, and with wild, loud cries of "Black! Brosse! Black! Brosse!" for the dog and the little black-aproned boy, started in the hot sunshine for the Gâcherel.

In the evening, after dinner, we went to the Commerce. We wanted to thank the friendly artist who had offered us his boat. The café was crowded; men in fishermen's jerseys, men in velveteens, men in alpaca coats, were drinking coffee and playing dominoes. We sat down at a table in strong light and waited. No one noticed us; and here, if we were to make the first advances, we should have to begin by asking, "Which of you gentlemen are artists?" For at this café were no helmets and Stanley caps, no canvases and camp-stools, not so much as a piece of paper or a lead-pencil.

We waited quietly all the evening, but no fraternal sign was given. We waited the



A FAVORITE MOTIVE.

next day, and the next, and the day after that. We waited a week, two weeks. At the hotel the man in the big hat occasionally wished us a cold and non-committal "*Bon jour*" or "*Bon soir*"; the others never paid the least attention to us. On the streets and in the café the Stanley caps and helmets persistently stared over our heads. The owner of the boat modestly refused us the chance to thank him. We were left severely to ourselves. What would Murger have said to the good fellowship of this modern Bohemia?

However, though we were cast upon our own resources, there was much that was pleasant to see and to be done. Martigues, though it had not waited for us to discover it, was as picturesque as if none but its native fishermen had stepped upon its sea-washed shores. It was really the Provençal Venice, which we had not the satisfaction of being the first to call it. For scarcely had that too aggressively appropriate name occurred to us than we saw it in big letters on an old stage, and next on a café; while M. Bernard was quick to ask us if we did not find his town "*Vraiment une Venise Provençale?*" Lying, as it does, just between the Étang de Berre and the Étang de Caroute, where their hill-girt shores draw close together and almost meet, the sea water runs between its white houses and carries the black boats with their graceful lateen sails to its doors. And only a step from its canals you wander through the silvery olive orchards of Provence, or climb the sweet lavender-scented hillsides, or follow a smooth, white road past an old red-roofed farmhouse, or a dark cypress grove, or a stone-pine standing solitary, or else a thick hedge of tall, waving reeds. And even while in the town you cannot help seeing the country as you never do in Venice. As the fishermen drew up their nets on canal-banks there would come rattling by the long Provençal carts drawn by the horses that wear the blue wool collar and high-pointed horn which makes them look like some domestic species of unicorn. Or in the cool of the summer evening, after the rest during the day's heat, a shepherd, crushing a sprig of lavender between his fingers as he walked, would drive his goats and sheep over the bridges and start out for the long night's browse on the salt marshes by the lake or on the sparse turf of the rocky hillsides, or in the morning, just as the white-sailed boats were coming home, he would leave his flock huddled together on the church steps or in the little square.

LOOKING DOWN THE GRANDE RUE.

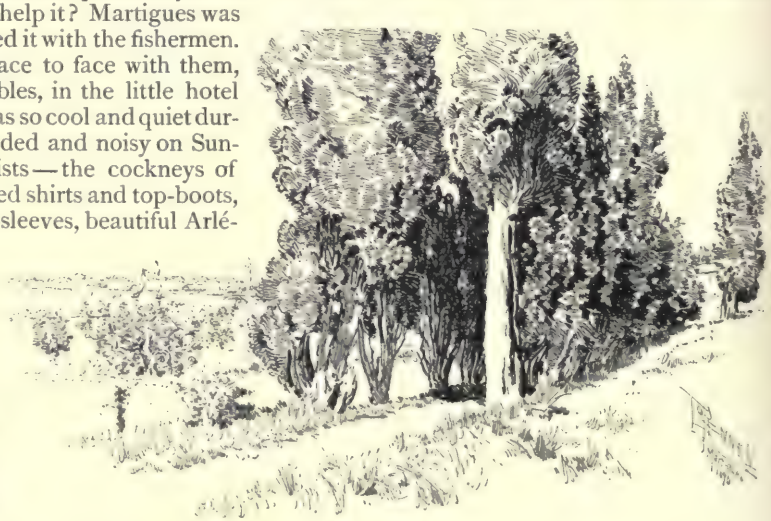
But you could walk from one end of Martigues to the other without stumbling upon a single architectural or historical monument

GOING TO THE GÂCHEREL.

worth mention in the guide-book. It is not a place for the tourist. Even if its beauty alone could attract him, its unspeakable dirt would quickly frighten him away. And the blue waters of its canals reflect no palaces and churches which a Ruskin would walk a step to see; there is no St. Mark's, no piazza, no fair Gothic house like that of Desdemona. The only buildings with the slightest pretense to architectural distinction are the church, with the fine but florid Renaissance portal, which the architect would call an example of debased rococo, and the great square hôtel de ville, massive and simple as an old Florentine palace. The only building with the slightest suggestion of history or legend is a lonely little gray chapel which, from the highest hilltop near, overlooks the white town and its blue lakes; but when we asked about it, one man thought a monk lived up there, and another knew he had been dead for years, and all traces of its past had been lost with the keys of its several doors. Martigues may have a history, but we made no further effort to learn it.

All this time we saw a great deal of our brother artists, as M. Bernard pleasantly called them. How could we help it? Martigues was small; they alone shared it with the fishermen. Twice a day we sat face to face with them, though at separate tables, in the little hotel dining-room, which was so cool and quiet during the week, so crowded and noisy on Sundays, when excursionists — the cockneys of Marseilles, cyclists in red shirts and top-boots, peasants in their shirt-sleeves, beautiful Arlésiennes in the fichu and coif of Arles — descended upon it to eat breakfasts at M. Bernard's. Regularly we passed the same easels on our morning walk through the town, at the hour when women were bravely pretending to sweep away its hopeless dirt, or making their own and their children's toilets on the doorsteps, or going with stone jars to the well, or marketing under the sycamores in front of the hôtel de ville; while the stage from near Port de Banc came rumbling over the bridges with loud blowing of bugles, followed, if it were Sunday or Thursday morning, by the street-car which, with its three horses, gave Martigues for a few minutes quite the air of a big town. As likely as not we chanced upon a white umbrella and an unopened sketch-book on the drawbridge over the main canal, where I loved to linger to watch the fishermen unloading their nets of the huge fish that looked so absurdly like pasteboard, raking up the bottom of the canal for mussels, and posing statuesquely with their *fichonaro*, as they call it in their impossible Provençal, the long pole, with row of sharp iron teeth at one end and string at the other, with which they spear the fish that escape the nets, bringing them up bleeding and writhing. And always at the Cascade, after breakfast, we found the same group under the trees, in striped jerseys and white Stanley caps or helmets on hot days, in overalls and straw hats when a light breeze freshened the air, in blue flannel and derby hat when the mistral blew — they were perfect little men of the weather-house!

Their arrival at the café was the great event in our square in the interval between the Sunday ball and the Thursday opera, which was so comic even when it was meant to be grand. The tall painter led the way, Madame at his side; at his heels two dogs and the small black-aproned boy laden with his tools; then came the short, fat gentleman, the painter, all his traps on his own stout shoulders, walking with his head thrown back, his fat little stomach



THE GÂCHEREL.

thrown forward, as if he carried with him wherever he went the consciousness of Salon medals to come and Albert Wolf's dearly bought puffs; then his thin, tall, gray-haired father-in-law, his stool and canvas, for variety, slung over one arm; then another manly back erect under heavy load; and on many days there were no less than six in this impressive party. But it was the setting out for afternoon work that we waited for with delight, even after we had drained our glasses of the last drop of coffee, and I had read every word of the four serial shilling shockers published in *Le Petit Provençal* and *Le Petit Marseillais*. For there would be first the wild, loud shouts of "Black! Brosse! Black! Brosse!" until the setter and the black apron would rush from some unseen haunt back to the café gate; there would be the buckling on of knapsacks, the lifting up of burdens, and then the brave march, three, four, five, or six, abreast, down the wide street to the lake in all the glare of two o'clock sunlight. At the foot they passed out of sight in the direction of the Gâcherel. Whoever chose to follow them would find them there still three, four, five, or six, abreast, easels set up under the shadow of the cypresses, six, eight, ten, or twelve eyes turned to where the white walls and red roofs of Martigues rose from the blue water. But the greatest sight of all was when a new canvas, on an arrangement that looked like a section of a four-posted bedstead, was borne in triumph by Brosse and two assistants in front of the procession. Who, after seeing that, would ever again say that the painter's life is all play?

During our afternoon rambles we usually had all to ourselves the olive orchards and the lavender-scented hillsides that looked seaward. But at the hour of absinthe, when, from the western ridge of hills beyond the lake, cypresses and olives rose black against the light, and all the bells of the town were ringing out the angelus, and the swift boats were sailing homeward along a flaming path across the waters, then we would again meet the party from the Gâcherel, their backs turned resolutely to the sunset, once more on their way to the Cascade; and we would overtake the white umbrellas, now folded, while their owners, sketch-books sticking out of their pockets, hands behind their backs, strolled slowly towards the Mediterranean, gazing westward.

THE PORTAL OF THE CHURCH.

But, often as we saw our brother artists, they always passed us by on the other side.

I do not know how long this would have lasted if it had not been for Black, the dog we had fed with sugar. His master went away to near Avignon for a day or two, and poor Black was left tied to the café gate, while the goose cackled derisively just beyond his reach, and the small boys played leap-frog just within his sight. His eyes followed us so wistfully

THE HARBOR.

when we came in or out, that one morning I unfastened the strap and took him for a happy walk. That very evening his master returned to Martigues. J—— and I were sitting on the little bench in front of the hotel, alone as usual, when Monsieur, on his way to the Cascade, his only dissipation, stopped with Madame.

"I tank you, Madam," he said to me in excellent English, but with a charming accent, "for your kindness to my dog. You are very good."

"Vous êtes bien aimable!" ("You are very amiable") chimed in Madame, and we were friends on the spot.

And now, as Mr. Black would say, a strange thing happened. For one by one all the other gentleman painters began to speak to us. And, stranger still, all spoke in English, just as all wore English clothes, though it was only J—— in a French hat and necktie, always talking French,—even to a stray sailor who told him reproachfully, "Why, I thought you was an Amurrican!"—who was ever mistaken for an Englishman. And strangest of all was that they understood their own English so much better than ours that when it came to a conversation we had to fall back upon French, no matter what they talked.

It had been quite plain to us all along that something more than the length of the walk separated the artists of the Café du Commerce, whose sketch-books never left their pockets, from those of the Cascade, whose canvases were never put away. No one could have stayed in Martigues a week without seeing that beneath the Arcadian surface of its artists' life all was not exactly as it should be. Sometimes we had thought it must be a matter of dress —a question between brand-new helmets and conspicuous Jerseys on the one side, very shabby ordinary hats and coats on the other —which kept the two groups as wholly apart as if their cafés represented the rival Salons. But now that both were equally cordial to us we saw into the true state of affairs quickly enough. Had we been more curious, we need have asked no questions. We had only to listen while they talked.

"Bah!" said one of the Commerce one evening as we walked together past the Cascade and saw the helmets over their absinthe—"Bah! the tricolorists! They always paint red roofs, white houses, and blue sky and water. But *que voulez-vous?* They see nothing else. They want to see nothing else. They make the grand machine! When sea and sky are most beautiful they go to the café. They care not for nature. But it is the way with the painters of to-day. They are all blind to nature's most subtle, most delicate effects. They come to a place; they wait never to learn its beauties, to know it really. They take out their canvas, and they make their picture *en plein air*, and think it must be fine because it is painted so, with nature before them for model. No good work was ever done like that."

"But Claude Manet?" we suggested.

He shrugged his shoulders. "But did even Claude Manet set up his easel in the morning at nine and paint steadily the same effect un-

til twelve, though shadows had shortened and the sun risen high in the heavens? Did he think the afternoon light the same as at five? No; I don't understand the modern school. When I was in Paris such masters as Rousseau, Corot, Ziem were respected, not triflers like Manet. And what their methods? They studied nature, they communed with her, they watched her every change, they saturated themselves with her. And then, with all this knowledge, all these memories, they went into the studio and composed a great picture; they were not content to make a painted photograph."

We had almost reached the Gâcherel by this time. Far out beyond the two lights of

OLD HOUSES ON THE HARBOR.

Port de Banc the afterglow was just beginning to fade, the dusky grays were gradually creeping westward, a great rift of pale faint green showed beneath a ridge of still-flaming clouds. "Look at that!" he cried, standing still and pointing with arm extended to the west, while chattering girls from the washing-place, and children singing "*Sur le pont d'Avignon*," and laborers starting homeward after their day's work, and priests out for their evening walk, passed down the road. But no one noticed him; he and the sunset were every-day occurrences at Martigues. "Look at that! Can I bring my canvas and paint here an effect which is gone in five minutes? No; but I come evening after evening at this hour. I look, I regard, I study, I learn. The inspiration seizes me. I must paint. I shut myself in my studio. I wrestle with color! That is art; not to cover so many inches of canvas every day, to use brushes for so many hours by the clock, as if I were but a weaver at his loom. *Allons au café!*"

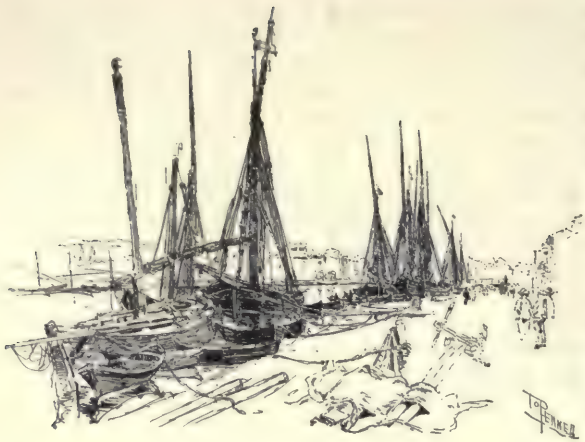
The next day at noon we were drinking coffee with our friends at the Cascade.

"And your big picture?" we asked of one.

"It marches. Two weeks more, working every morning, and I shall have finished it. I begin another this afternoon at the Gâcherel; I must give it all my afternoons. It is my Salon picture. Every year I have had my Salon pictures on the line, every year I have sold one to the state. I have always had a medal wherever I have exhibited. Albert Wolf has written about me. Reproductions of my paintings you will find in the Salon catalogues."

One from the Commerce sauntered by, his big white umbrella up, a fan in one hand, his tiny sketch-book, as usual, in his pocket.

"They never work, these men," the helmet said with a shrug; "and what can they expect? They stay in Martigues, they do not come to Paris, they do nothing. You never see them with paint or canvas. They never work out of doors; they are not *fin de siècle*. And then they do not like it when others get the good places and the medals. They think no one to-day does good work, no one after Corot, and Daubigny, and their eternal M. Ziem!



"IT IS AS GOOD AS VENICE."

They abuse everybody else. They loaf and talk only of themselves. *Mon Dieu*, it is two o'clock! We must be off. Black! Brosse!"

And down the wide street marched the procession of brave workmen, while over at the Commerce the idlers sat for a couple of hours playing with their dogs and talking about the greatness of art before the coming of the modern artist.

We heard much of this talk. Many an evening poor Désirée, carrying the soup from the kitchen to the dining-room, would have to force his way through the group listening to an impromptu lecture on true artistic methods; many a morning a little crowd assembled under the sycamores of the walk for a lesson in true artistic perspective without the aid of camera. And daily we watched the progress of the big canvases, and learned of the strifes and struggles of the artist in Paris, where the spoils of the art world must be intrigued for as are political spoils at home, and where a good coat and a swell studio are the artist's highest recommendations, even as in London or New York.

Art for art's sake was the creed held at the Commerce; art for a medal's sake at the Cascade.

I was glad that we were allowed to hold a neutral position, to be neither tricolorist nor romanticist, but independent, like the young painter who gave lessons to all the pretty girls in Martigues, and the old professor of drawing who sang such gay songs over his wine after dinner. I liked the methods of the communers with nature; to spend morning and evening studying her among the olives and from canal-banks, to do nothing and call it work, what could be pleasanter? And yet success is sweet, and successful artists do not always do the worst work. Was not Velasquez a courtier? and did not Titian live in a palace?

However, if all the ways of Martigues were not peace, at both cafés it was agreed that the town was a real painter's paradise.

"It is as good as Venice," they would say at the Commerce. "We have the boats, the canals, the fishermen, and the sunlight; in the morning even Port de Banc in the distance is as fine as the Venetian islands. And yet it is so much more simple. The effects at a certain hour are the same every day — every day. It composes itself; it is not too architectural. And it is small; you get to know it all. You must not always be studying new *motifs*, new subjects, as in Venice. That is why M. Ziem likes it better than all the other places where he has painted."

"It is as good as Venice," they would say at the Cascade, "and so much nearer for us. We lose less time in coming. And people who buy paintings and go to exhibitions are not fatigued with looking at pictures of Martigues, as they are with those of Venice. Every painter has not worked here."

And they might have added that it has not been exploited and ruined like the village on the borders of the northern forest, or the fishing town on the Cornish coast. It is not filled with aggressive studios, it gives no public exhibitions, it has no old men and women falling into position as the artist passes, no inn parlor with picture-covered walls. The only signs of the painter's summer passage is an occasional unfinished sketch stuck up on a shelf in a fisherman's kitchen, or a smudge of paint on a bedroom wall.

Those were very pleasant days, the last we spent at Martigues. We were no longer alone when we strolled by the canals where the brown

A MARTIGAU MENDING NETS.

nets hung in long lines and the boats lay finely grouped, and where young girls in Rembrandtesque interiors and old men out in the sunshine chanting about "*pauvre Zozéphine*" made or mended nets and sails. We were no longer alone when we walked towards the sunset, no longer alone when we drank our midday coffee at the Cascade, or J—— smoked his evening pipe in front of the hotel. A space was found for his stool at the Gâcherel in the afternoons; Black followed Madame and me over the hills and under the pines. And we had made many other friends in the town: the builder of the mosque, who often consulted us about his dome and minarets—"what was the true Turkish form"; the shopkeepers, who would lean over their counters and call me "*Ma Bella*" when they asked what I wanted; the women who offered J—— a chair when he worked at their doors; the fishermen who invited us on their boats and into their kitchens. A little longer and we should have been on intimate terms with all Martigues, even though we could not understand its language.

But the summer painting season came to an end with September. One by one the helmets deserted the Gâcherel and the Cascade; one by one the white umbrellas and fans disappeared from the shores of the lake. Gradually the studio litter was cleared from the hall of our hotel.

"These gentlemen, the painters, go now," M. Bernard said, when he would have induced us to stay on, "but others soon arrive for the winter. The house will be gay again."

Only over at the Commerce one or two remained faithful, waiting for the coming of their master, M. Ziem.

But we could not wait to see the great man nor to share the winter gaiety. We had had our summer in Paradise; the time had come to turn our faces northward from the sunshine of Martigues to the fog of London.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

FRANCIA, 1450–1518.

(FRANCESCO DI MARCO RAIBOLINI.)

THE name by which this painter was and is still generally known is not well accounted for, but is supposed to be simply the abbreviation of his christened name, Francesco, assumed afterward in all probability as a surname to distinguish him from some other Francesco, the recognition of the family name, except in noble families, not being customary in Italy till a late period, and in some regions not being habitual even now. His pictures are signed F. Francia Aurifex, or simply Francia Aurifex, and sometimes with the addition of *Bon* or *Bononiensis* (of Bologna), showing that he did not himself recognize the family name, and that in his own day he was better known as a goldsmith than as a painter. He is indeed the most remarkable instance of that versatility in the practice of the arts which arose from the broad and thorough method of education in general principles on which the art of the Renaissance is based. He was one of the most successful medalists of the time, and head of the mint of Bologna under the Bentivoglio family, the tyrants of that city; the medals and coins issued from its mint under his direction of it are amongst the most admirable that we possess. The art of the goldsmith was generally considered as extending to all branches of design, and the passage of the pupil from the goldsmith's *bottega* to that of a painter was common at all times in the best period of the arts in Italy, as is shown by the example of Botticelli, Verocchio, and the Pollainoli. Vasari says that Francia, having known Mantegna and other painters, determined at a mature age to try his hand at painting. His training as a gold-worker, and the continual demand for the small figures which formed a great part of the more important works in gold and silver in an age when devotion combined with luxury to make the goldsmith the most important artisan of the epoch, made every apprentice of talent practically a sculptor, while the rules which directed the painter in all the stages of his work were so well settled, and the processes so systematic and direct, that they were acquired without the slightest difficulty by any good draftsman. What was most important was that he should draw with certainty, and the habit of working in metal with the graver is certainly the best of all trainings for this. With this general knowledge of all that art had to do, he was thrown into contact with Mantegna, who, being of all men of his time in the highest rank amongst painters, united with the gifts of the painter the feeling for form of the sculptor and the fertility of decorative design of the goldsmith, and was therefore probably the most sympathetic with the tenden-

cies of Francia of all his great contemporaries. Master in painting he cannot be said to have had, for while one authority attributes his instruction to Marco Zoppa, another assigns it to Lorenzo Costa, whose style his more resembles than that of any other of his early contemporaries. But in 1490 he was already recognized as one of the ablest draftsmen of that part of Italy to which he belonged. Bologna had in fact developed but slight artistic feeling in comparison with the Venetian or Tuscan regions, and the stimulus of a strongly artistic atmosphere was wanting to develop his tendencies. As was to be expected under the circumstances, he came under the influence of the most individual school amongst those around him, and this was the Umbrian. Cavalcaselle attributes to Perugino the shape which painting took in the hands of Francia as soon as he had determined his style.

The revolt of the Bolognese, or perhaps more properly the conquest of Bologna by Julius II., was a grievous loss to Francia, to whom Bentivoglio had been a patron and a friend, for though he remained as die-maker to the Pope, the new Lord of Bologna, the far-away encouragement of a sovereign who had the whole of Italy to draw from for his art was a slight recompense for the position he held under the Bentivoglios. But Italy was no longer so divided in its provincialism as it had been in the earlier days of art, and the fame and works of masters of one school were known and recognized in the others more frankly than in the century before. Pictures had become more a subject of private acquisition, mainly through the higher cultivation of the nobility and the encouragement given the painters through the purchase of panels for the decoration of their palaces, but also through the change wrought in the character of the works of art through the introduction of oil painting, which led to the greater attractiveness of the works themselves to the general amateur. It had become the practice for the wealthy to order pictures for their palaces from celebrated painters, as we have seen in the cases of Mantegna and Bellini at Mantua, and though there is no evidence that Francia ever left Bologna to study elsewhere, it is known that pictures of Perugino and Raphael went to Bologna;[1] and both in their turn influenced the manner of Francia.

The way in which Francia's acquaintance with Raphael began is not known, but it is likely to have occurred through sight of the works of the latter, just as had been the case with Perugino. But Timoteo Viti, whom we now know to have exercised a great influence on Raphael, came from Urbino to Bologna in 1491, to study the art in which Francia was first in that city, and remained until 1495, when he returned to Urbino and settled there. It is probable that the pupil of Francia brought the work of his fellow Urbinate to the knowledge of his master, for it is certain that Giovanni Bentivoglio had a picture of Raphael, and that a correspondence was carried on between Raphael and Francia, and that they exchanged portraits. Writing in 1508 Raphael acknowledges the receipt of the portrait of Francia, promises his own, and sends a drawing, desiring also to receive one from Francia. He adds that "Monsignor the Datario and Cardinal Riario were both expecting their Madonnas, which no doubt would be equally beautiful and well done as the previous ones." When we come to examine the dates of these occurrences we get a good light on the relations that must have existed between the two painters. Francia had begun painting about 1485, probably, as we find his style formed in 1490, and at the latter date he was forty years of age and Raphael was seven. At the date of the exchange of portraits, then, Francia was fifty-eight and Raphael twenty-five, both in the prime of their powers, but the elder painter had already surrendered himself to the influence of the divine Urbinate and from this he never emancipated himself. Raphael had been painting seven years as an independent master, and had already made his ineffaceable impression on the world's art; it was not surprising that Francia should have been carried away by him. The warmth of appreciation on the part of the younger and greater master will easily be accounted for by the flattery of imitation, which to ingenuous natures is a proof of superiority.

Francia painted till 1515, and died three years later on the 5th of January, leaving several sons, two of whom were painters of little importance. Of his frescos only two remain, in a much retouched condition, in the oratory of St. Cecilia at Bologna. His easel pictures and portraits in oil are numerous, and show the Peruginesque and Raphaelesque tendencies respectively so strongly that some of them have long been attributed to one or the other painter.

[1] Cavalcaselle. "From the day on which his [Francia's] name first emerged into notoriety he showed a distinct Umbrian character in the form of his art, and it has been justly said by Vasari that his panels and those of Perugino 'displayed a novel spirit and softness.' Of the mode in which this new spirit expanded in Perugino, we have had occasion to speak; it was the fruit of a happy combination of Florentine and Umbrian habits. How it expanded in Francia would be a mystery if we did not know that towards the close of the 15th century the pictures of Perugino were carried to Bologna."

AN UNKNOWN MAN, BY FRANCIA.

NOTES BY T. COLE ON THE FRANCIA PORTRAIT.

THIS portrait of "An Unknown Man" by Francia is one of his very finest. It hangs in the Sala dell' Iliade of the Pitti Gallery, Florence. It is life size, painted on wood, and measures 27¼ inches high by 20½ inches wide. It is wonderfully subtle and delicate in treatment, simple in its variety of tones, and mellow in coloring. The landscape background is warm and tender. The sky in color is something between a greenish blue and a warm gray, becoming of a golden hue toward the horizon. The distant hills are of warm bluish and greenish tones. The middle distance is warm and yellowish, grading down to the foreground into brownish tints. The background of the other side of the head is of a soft neutral brown. The hat and cloak of the figure are black, but of a soft grayish tone—the hat being of the darker shade and having a velvety richness. The trimming of the cloak suggests gold. The flesh is pale and yellowish. The hair is reddish brown.

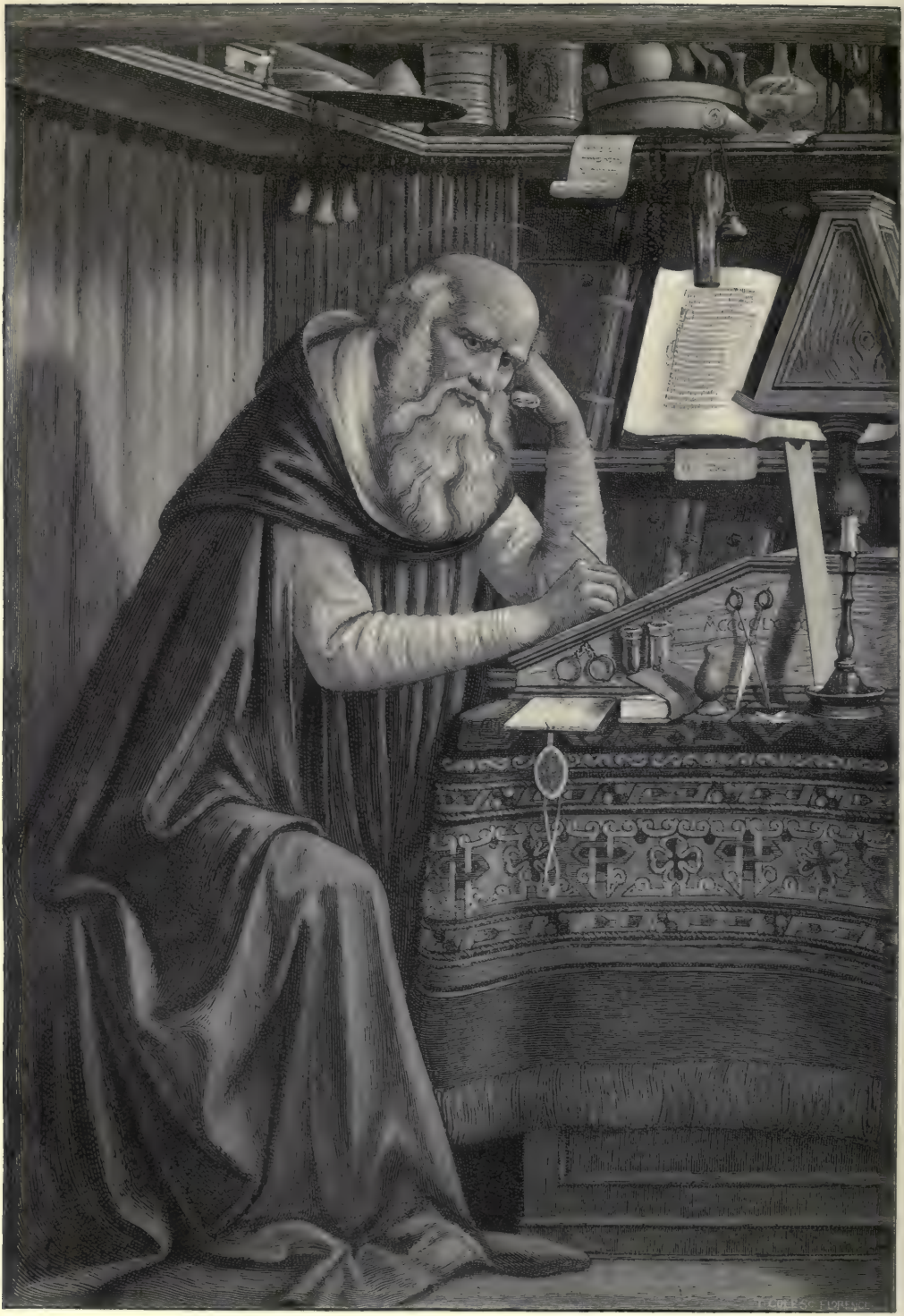
What a poetical personage it is—so tender, thoughtful, and serious! One cannot fail to be impressed by the portrait. And what a fine conception of a half length! It fully justifies Francia's reputation as a portrait painter.

GHIRLANDAIO, 1449–94.

(DOMENICO DI TOMMASO CURRADI DI DOFFO BIGORDI.)

THE career of Ghirlandaio must be considered one of the most brilliant of the Renaissance. Though educated in the midst of art influences, and probably always more or less given to the pursuit of some of its forms, his father being of that jeweler's craft which was the school of so many of the best artists of the time, he seems to have been slow to seek an independent career. The father's title *Ghirlandaio*, the garland-maker, was due to his distinction as a maker of the jeweled garlands which the fine ladies of Florence were in the habit of wearing, and not, as Vasari supposed, to his invention of them, for they had been the subject of sumptuary laws in the earliest and heroic days of the Republic. His being singled out for this title of distinction may be taken as proof of his supremacy in that branch of art, the more as it clung to his descendants, unlike the generality of those epithets. The qualities of the son are such as to show that he must have had early training in drawing and possibly in gold-work; for the facility and certainty of touch which are his distinguishing traits could not have been acquired late in life. We hear that he was put in his father's shop in boyhood, but that to his trade he preferred catching the likenesses of passers-by and customers, so that at length his father put him to the study of painting under Master Alessio Baldovinetti, where he must have progressed slowly, but where he acquired that solid and certain method which more than any other art-quality distinguishes him amongst his fellows of the Renaissance. At the age of thirty-one he is described by his father in an income-return preserved in Gaye as "without any fixed place of abode," which probably means that he had not yet set up a *bottega* of his own, nor was he recognized as a master until after he had executed the frescos in the church of the Ognissanti in 1480.

His pictures in the Vespucci chapel of the Ognissanti in Florence are destroyed, but there are others in the church which have been protected, and of which the St. Jerome, engraved by Mr. Cole, is an excellent example, though not a work of great pretension like the frescos in Sta. Maria Novella in the same city. The "Last Supper" in the refectory of the Ognissanti is considered the earliest composition we have by him. It is in the traditional form of the subject, the long table with two wings and with Christ in the middle, the grouping varied more than in the conventional representations by prior artists. A group on the left seems to be eagerly listening to the Saviour's words, and Peter points to Judas as if he would say: "Behold the villain who shall be our ruin!" There is an immaturity in the work as compared with the Sta. Maria Novella frescos which does not appear in the simpler subject of the St. Jerome, possibly painted afterward; but even the latter shows the hardness of a severe and painstaking student, and the precise execution of a methodical painter, rather than the power of a great master. It is, considering the epoch, a singularly elaborate work, and the accessories are rendered with a fidelity which is quite unique. Minute detail in design we have in earlier painters, especially in Mantegna and Gentile da Fabriano, though not in fresco; but here the effort for realistic fidelity is simply for the sake of detail, not of his own designing, and strikes one as somewhat mechanical and unfeeling. The firmness of hand is there, but the mastery of the larger qualities of art is not. About this time, and probably immediately after the Ognissanti frescos, he was commissioned to paint the story of S. Paolino in Sta. Croce, as well as a series of subjects in the Sala dell' Orologio of the Palazzo Vecchio; and other work for the Republic seems rapidly to have increased his reputation,



(ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE OGNISSANTI, FLORENCE.)

ST. JEROME, BY GHIRLANDAIO.

so that he was sent by the Pope, Sixtus IV., to assist in the decoration of the Sistine chapel. Before going to Rome, however, he painted at S. Gemignano in the oratory of S. Giovanni. The visit to Rome must have been about 1484, but how long it lasted, and whether it was a single visit or was repeated, is not ascertained. As, however, he seems, from the record of the work on the Palazzo Pubblico at Florence, to have drawn pay for every year from 1483 to 1485, inclusive, he could hardly have been away continuously for a year; and as in that interval he painted a second fresco for the Sistine, now destroyed, and decorated a chapel for the Tornabuoni family in Sta. Maria sopra Minerva in Rome, also destroyed, he probably made various visits as the state of the work he happened to be engaged on permitted. The frescos in Rome having been completed, as we must conclude, about 1484, he next undertook the decoration of the chapel of Sta. Fina at S. Gemignano, in which, as probably in most or all of his painting of this period, he employed the services of his brother-in-law, Sebastiano Mainardi, whose hand the discrimination of Cavalcaselle detects through the most important passages of it. Without some such coöperation it would indeed have been impossible for any painter to have executed so many important works as Ghirlandaio crowded into his short life. He repeated in S. Marco of Florence the subject of his "Last Supper" in the Ognissanti, of which Cavalcaselle says:

> Less favorable in its impression on the spectator is the "Last Supper" in the convent of S. Marco at Florence, where Ghirlandaio, repeating the arrangement carried out at Ognissanti, gives evidence of his progress in the production of relief, but less happily renders animation and movement. Yet the dim tone and roughness of surface caused by time and damp may have a part in diminishing the sympathy that might otherwise be felt for this work.

I cannot in all cases accept so readily the esthetic judgments of Cavalcaselle as his technical opinions, but in general it can hardly be admitted that the damages of time can affect our sympathy with a work of art; and I am not disposed to accept with less reserve the great expert's estimate of the relative importance of the Sassetti chapel frescos. The condition, however, in which they are now seen, much covered with dust and otherwise obscured, may make my judgment less favorable than it might be if the conditions for their study were as satisfactory as is the case in the choir of Sta. Maria Novella. The former work has been for some time made difficult of access by the restorations in progress in the church of the Santissima Trinità. Of these subjects Cavalcaselle says:

> Seen from the necessary distance, the Sassetti chapel not only shows a complete unity of decoration, but charms beyond all other works hitherto carried out by Ghirlandaio, because, in addition to the known features of his style, a greater harmony of color is apparent, and because the just value of tones in contrast creates an impression almost equal to that produced in the same sense by the frescos of Masaccio. A surprising reality is represented, with the breadth and grandeur attained by Masaccio and Raphael, in the portrait of Sassetti, whose form and bald head are not more finely given than those of his wife [*sic*]. The treatment in the former is such that Ghirlandaio appears to surpass himself in the handling of the impasto, and disdains the usual minuteness of stippling. The simple flow of a lake-red drapery of solid stuff, the manly frame and fleshy hands, are nature itself.

The value of the chapel thus considered as an integral work in which the distinct compositions are only parts must be estimated differently from that of the compositions themselves. The intellectual and artistic power of the man are shown to much greater advantage in a work of this complexity carried out successfully than they could be in an individual picture, no matter how remarkable. In this, which may be considered a different type of genius from the simply artistic type as we have seen it in Bellini or Masaccio, there is something of the architect, and Ghirlandaio has shown the same quality in a similar combination in the Palazzo Pubblico of Florence, of which Cavalcaselle says: "Florentine artists have seldom been more happy in laying out architectural space than Ghirlandaio in this instance — the whole is distributed with such excellence of proportion, adorned with such taste, and realized with such a successful application of perspective, that nothing remains to be desired." But the estimate of the artist as a painter of a story, and as a decorator and architectural composer, must not be confounded. In the latter capacity he may be classed with Giotto perhaps, in the class at least, if not at the height; but in the former I cannot agree with some of the critics who have studied Ghirlandaio.

The execution of this great work was followed by the commission to paint the choir of Sta. Maria Novella, by his treatment of which he will probably be finally judged as a painter. The choir had been painted by Orcagna, but the rain filtering in from the roof had so damaged the frescos that "many enlightened citizens of Florence desired either to have these interesting works renewed or to see the choir adorned anew by some painter worthy of the

task. But the family of the Ricci, who had a proprietary right in this part of the church, which was considered as their chapel, were not only unwilling to incur the cost themselves, but even refused to allow others to do it for them, fearing lest their coats-of-arms and shields should be removed and their hereditary claims to the choir (the patronage of it, as Vasari states, *i. e.*, the nomination of the attendant priests) should be subsequently disputed." The difficulty was finally adjusted by the Tornabuoni, who promised the Ricci that their arms should be put in the most honorable part of the choir, and that they should be recompensed in some other way. And to this effect a "contract and instrument very rigorous," as Vasari has it, was drawn up, by which Giovanni Tornabuoni engaged Ghirlandaio to paint the chapel anew, "with the same stories which had been there before," and Tornabuoni was to pay 1000 golden florins (not 1200, as is said by Vasari), and in case of their giving complete satisfaction the painter was to receive a bonus of 200 more. The work was done in four years, according again to the historian; but he has given the date of finishing in place of that of commencing — that of the year after he had painted the fresco at the Sistine chapel, 1485 — and Vasari says that he never stopped till the work was complete. Tornabuoni seems to have been a slippery customer; for he not only, while avowing his complete satisfaction with the decoration of the church, begged to be released from the payment of the bonus (which Ghirlandaio, "who esteemed glory and honor above riches," readily forgave), but he evaded his promise to the Ricci, putting their arms in an honorable place, it is true, for they were painted on the frontispiece of the tabernacle of the sacrament, but under an arch and in an obscure position and light, while he had his own arms and those of other branches of his family put on the pilasters and in other most prominent positions. Vasari proceeds, "And the fine part of the affair was on the opening of the chapel, because the Ricci, seeking with much clamor their arms and not finding them, went to the magistrate of the Eight with the contract. Whereupon the Tornabuoni showed that they had been placed in the most evident and honorable place in the chapel, and although the others exclaimed that they could not be seen, it was said to them that they were in the wrong, and that the arms having been put in so honorable place as the neighborhood of the most holy Sacrament they ought to be satisfied; and so it was settled by that magistrate that the matter must stand as it does at present." It is almost impossible to determine the amount of credit to be given respectively to Ghirlandaio and to his brother David and his brother-in-law Mainardi, for they worked in such complete harmony and persistency that Domenico may almost be said never to have been alone in his work. Besides these his many pupils contributed to swell the immense amount of painting which is credited to him by the chroniclers, but of which of course the greatest part was done by his assistants, the cartoons being probably his own in all cases, as was the practice in the schools. His activity seems to have abated in the last years of his existence, the actual date of his death being March 25 (1493), 1494.[1]

Ghirlandaio does not appear to have painted after 1491, and Vasari says that he devoted his time in the following years to mosaic. He was to have painted an altar-piece for the Franciscans of Falco, but it was done by Filippino; and Vasari tells also of a "Visitation," now in the Louvre, which was originally ordered for the church of Cestello, having been left unfinished. He went to Siena and Pisa for the mosaic work, but the story of Vasari that he was to have 20,000 ducats from Lorenzo dei Medici appears to be a fiction, for the documents show that not Lorenzo but Massaino di Goro Massaini was the patron who commissioned the work, and for a much smaller sum than that mentioned, but how much Milanesi does not inform us. That he went to Pisa at that time is evident, and that he was ill there; for Tornabuoni sent him a hundred florins on account of his being ill and in need. There is no clear evidence of his having done anything after 1491. A single mosaic known to be his is that over the north side door of the Duomo of Florence, and the probability is that in the mosaics which were executed under his influence the work was really done by his brother David, who is ascertained to have worked on the Duomo of Orvieto and that of Siena in 1492–93. Ghirlandaio is said never to have employed oils, but many pictures were sent

[1] NOTE FROM MILANESI: In the register of the deceased brothers of the Company of St. Paul there is this mention of him: "Domenico, son of Thomas, son of Corrado Bigordi, painter, called the Grillandaio, died Saturday morning, the 11th of January, 1493, of pestilential fever, according to the report, because he died in four days; and those who had charge of the pestilence desired that the dead body should not be visited and that it should not be buried in the daytime. They buried him Saturday night between twenty-four [*i. e.*, the hour of sunset] and one o'clock; and may God forgive them. It was a great loss [or perhaps the author of the note would have said "great shame," alluding to the obscure burial without the honors due to the dead, the words employed being *grandissimo danno*], because he was a man highly esteemed for all his qualities, and there was great general mourning." The date 1493, by the change of the beginning of the year from the 25th of March to the 1st of January which took place in 1750, becomes 1494. This change has, of course, nothing to do with the change of style from Greek to Gregorian of twelve days, commonly known as the change from old to new style.

out from his *bottega* painted in tempera, a process which suited far better the system of procedure to which he in common with the masters of his time adhered, namely, that of preparing a cartoon and then passing it over to the assistants to be traced and painted according to established practice, all the steps being prescribed, the qualities of execution being the same with all the pupils, and the color being almost conventional with all the men of the time. These various processes are laid down in the book of Cennini, who describes them as the settled practice of "good fresco" and tempera from the time of Giotto. Of the tempera pictures from the *bottega* of Ghirlandaio, that which is the most easily to be seen and studied, and is at the same time considered by the admirers of Ghirlandaio the best, is the "Adoration of the Magi" at the Lying-in Asylum of Florence known as the "Innocenti," which is not only far more brilliant in color than any other of the frescos of the school, but seems to be more directly the production of the master himself. He is reported to have said to his assistants that they were to refuse no commission, not even for the hoops by which the women carried their baskets (*cerchi da paniere di donne*)—an expression which Crowe, who is responsible for the English of the English edition of Cavalcaselle, translates "lady's petticoat panniers," not knowing that the practice of wearing hoops under the petticoats was centuries later than Ghirlandaio, and not stopping to reflect that it would have been absurd to ornament with painting hoops so worn even if they had been in fashion. This detail must not be taken to indicate avarice, but good nature and the desire to satisfy all demands on his art; for other incidents show that Ghirlandaio was not avaricious, as in his release of Tornabuoni from the bonus for the work at Sta. Maria Novella. Nor was he more inclined to exalt himself. He is reported by Vasari to have said to his brother David that he desired him to take charge of all the business details, so that he himself might be left free to devote himself to his work; "for now that I have begun to understand the manner of this art it vexes me that I cannot be commissioned to paint the entire circuit of the walls of Florence"—notwithstanding which we know that David was one of his most active assistants in the actual painting.

In estimating the art of Ghirlandaio, I feel a certain diffidence in putting my opinion beside those of Burton and Cavalcaselle, the latter of whom considers him the greatest of the painters of the fifteenth century. If we take art simply from the side of its technical qualities, the management of the broad surfaces of fresco, and the facility of composition involved in the decoration of the chapels in Florence, with the precision of execution and certainty of his drawing, such an estimate of his relative rank as that of Cavalcaselle might be accepted without much hesitation, for as a composer of great stories, as the sacred subjects were then called, he had no superior between Giotto and Raphael. But when Cavalcaselle says, "The spectator's memory involuntarily reverts to the false and capricious extravagance of Filippino, the overcharged richness of Botticelli," and contrasts their efforts with "the purity exhibited here by Ghirlandaio," I am obliged to dissent from the standard of art implied, and I quote the remainder of the sentence to demonstrate what I consider the mistaken estimate of the Italian critic: "The whole is distributed with such excellence of proportion, adorned with such taste, and realized with such a successful application of linear perspective, that nothing remains to be desired." All this being admitted proves only that Ghirlandaio was a great master, perhaps a greater master of the learned side of the art of painting—of its academical qualities, for which a scientific acumen is indispensable—than were Filippino and Botticelli; but in the true passion of art, in that which lies beyond and behind technic and a simply correct eye, both those painters were superior to him, in common with many others of the long line from Giotto to Michelangelo. He had profited well by all the art before him and all that was being done around him, and his system, cold, intellectual, and correct, merits in the sense in which it can be applied to such work the epithet of masterly; but the unexpected discoveries, the enchanting underthoughts, the inspiring imaginative felicities of the others, he had not. He was not in the true sense of the word an imaginative painter, nor does his power touch the heart any more than his color the musical sense. His portraiture is not so affectionate or complete as that of Gozzoli, nor has he the tender expression of Mantegna; his work is rather composition than invention, great and harmonious and impressive in line and the distribution of masses, but simply learned.

The comparison of his "Death of St. Francis" in the Sassetti chapel with that of Giotto in Sta. Croce will illustrate what I mean more clearly than can any abstract comparisons. It will do so the better from the fact that Ghirlandaio's subject is borrowed in the main from Giotto. The general distribution of the groups and most of the figures are the same, and the composition is one of the noblest of the master in both cases. But in that of the pioneer of modern art there is a dramatic concentration, an imaginative unity which is wholly lacking in the later work. The additions are almost without exception variations which weaken the impression. In Giotto

the soul of the saint is seen carried away into the blue heavens above, and the only spectator who is not absorbed in the pathetic and awe-inspiring flitting of the soul of their master is one who has his spiritual vision open to see the apotheosis; all the others are intent on the face of the saint—one closely watching the face with a look of rapture in sympathy with the serenity of the dead, and three behind him awe-struck apparently by the glory; one at either hand and foot kissing the stigmata in them, while the abbot looks at the wound in the side as if to assure himself that it was there; but all, even the stolid attendants, three at the head to read the prayer, and three at the foot to hold the cross and tapers, all are intent on the face of the saint. In the composition of Ghirlandaio the general disposition is the same; the three at the head of the couch are the same except that the central one has become a bishop or abbot, but the three at the foot are looking all ways; the friar who is watching the face of the dead regards it not with Giotto's look of rapt wonder, but approaches his head closely with an expression which it is not too much to call a grin. Yet this grin, but for a knitting of the brows, as if of pain, in the monk who holds and kisses St. Francis's left hand, is the only expression of any kind to be found in the whole picture; the abbot who in Giotto's picture is looking at the wound in the side as if he meant to see it, is a layman, who from the further side of the bed puts his hand over the body and touches its side with an action of no significance whatever, unless it be that he is supposed to be a doctor feeling if the heart still beats; Giotto's monk who kisses the right foot has become a page in the costume of Ghirlandaio's time, who stands behind the attendants at the foot of the bed, so that the feet may be seen by the spectator, and all the other assistants are disposed in various and studied attitudes, with utter disregard of the dramatic unity of the subject, but with constant study of the effect of the lines of the composition. While in the earlier picture the figures are all those of ecclesiastics, in that of Ghirlandaio half, nearly, are laymen, introduced probably to allow the painter to flatter his patrons by immortalizing their portraits. Giotto's open sky and its ecstatic vision of the flying soul and its attendant angels has given place to an elaborate architectural background of renaissance structure. Not only is the composition in all its main features borrowed directly from Giotto (which is however, *per se*, no fault in Ghirlandaio, for this was in accord with the recognized practice of the time), but the number of figures is the same, showing deliberate adaptation. In almost every case, however, the significance of the figure is lost—ignored so completely as to show that the dramatic insight of Giotto was thrown away on the later painter. All the greater refinements of grouping and line, all the added subtlety of naturalistic knowledge, all the higher mastery in technic are only so many more proofs that the copyist was insensible to the finest and rarest qualities of his original. Instead of the dramatic intensity of Giotto, he has given us only a masterly and refined *pose plastique*.[1]

It is thus restricted, then, that we must accept the eulogiums of the contemporaries of Ghirlandaio and of his modern admirers, that as master of the academic qualities of the art of painting he surpassed all his predecessors and contemporaries, and even his successors, until Raphael. He was the master of Michelangelo; but I am disposed to doubt if he exerted any great amount of influence on his development, and, if he did, whether it was not merely to strengthen the scientific element already in excess in the character of his pupil. In all that is spontaneous, incommunicable, inexplicable in art; in what is the gift of the good fairy at birth, and which education may stifle or foster but cannot impart, Ghirlandaio was the inferior of many others in that greatest of all epochs of painting.

W. J. Stillman.

1 The engraving of this subject by Mr. Cole in THE CENTURY for January, 1889, is so subtle even in its fidelity to the apparently rude execution of Giotto that it may be studied with the same confidence as the original. There is not a shade of expression on the faces of the actors in the scene which is not rendered with absolute truth. The rigidity of the draperies, the insistence on the expression in some of the faces of the attendants, and the naïveté of the effect of the whole, are rendered with unswerving conscience. Those who wish to follow out the parallel I have drawn between the identical motive in the hands of the greatest masters in their respective veins in the development of Italian art can do so by a comparison with the photograph of Ghirlandaio's St. Francis, by Alinari of Florence, which shows the composition in the chapel of Sta. Maria Novella much more clearly than it can be seen in the original.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS AT CAMP MORTON.

I. A REPLY TO "COLD CHEER AT CAMP MORTON."

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
INDIANAPOLIS, June 13, 1891.

WE, the undersigned committee, appointed by a resolution passed by the Department Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at its last session at Indianapolis, April 10, 1891, to investigate the statements contained in an article entitled "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," written by John A. Wyeth, and printed in the April number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, have examined the evidence contained in a reply to said article, written by W. R. Holloway, entitled "Treatment of Prisoners at Camp Morton." Most of the witnesses quoted by Mr. Holloway are personally known to us, and the remainder are men of high character, who enjoy the confidence of the communities in which they reside. We therefore indorse and approve the article written by W. R. Holloway, entitled "Treatment of Prisoners at Camp Morton."

JAMES R. CARNAHAN, JOHN COBURN, CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN, M. D. MANSON, E. H. WILLIAMS, LEW. WALLACE, JAMES L. MITCHELL,

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
OFFICE OF DEPARTMENT COMMANDER, INDIANAPOLIS, June 10, 1891.

THE committee appointed by order of the Twelfth Annual Encampment of the Department of Indiana, Grand Army of the Republic, to investigate the charges made against the official management at Camp Morton in the treatment of prisoners of war confined therein during the years 1862 to 1865 carefully examined, in my presence, the paper prepared by Col. W. R. Holloway in relation thereto, and verified all documents and data referred to in said paper, and found them to be correct.

I. N. WALKER, *Department Commander.*

THE April CENTURY contained an article entitled "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," written by John A. Wyeth, which charged that the rebel prisoners confined in Camp Morton, at Indianapolis, during the war were starved and subjected to other inhuman treatment or neglect. It has long been a matter of pride to the people of Indiana that they gave freely of their time and goods to relieve the distresses of the half-clad and half-famished prisoners who were sent to Indianapolis for safe keeping during the Rebellion. They have asked no thanks for their humanitarian efforts, but they have the right, I think, to claim exemption from such acts of ingratitude as take a publicly defamatory form.

Mr. Wyeth's paper begins with a misstatement, viz., that the writer had been guarded after capture by a company under the command of his cousin Thomas W. Smith, of Jacksonville, Illinois (an officer who by the way had resigned sixteen months before that time), and ends with the libelous assertion that the 1763 deaths which occurred in Camp Morton were due largely to starvation and other inhuman treatment. If we may accept a statement made by an uncle of Mr. Wyeth, and now preserved in the files of the War Department, Wyeth, when confined in Camp Morton, was "not quite eighteen years old" and "rather delicate naturally." Young Wyeth had three aunts residing at Jacksonville, Illinois, one of whom visited him at Camp Morton. Wyeth's uncle, Captain J. M. Allen, Provost Marshal of the Fifth District of Illinois, requested the Commissary-General of Prisoners that the boy "be removed to his care, or to the prison at Rock Island, which was near his home." But he adds: "If he cannot be removed as I suggest, I would be glad to have him kept and not exchanged. The dangers of the field service are much more than those of the camp." If prisoners were being starved, frozen, or cruelly maltreated at Camp Morton, it is not likely that this last request would have been made, particularly as young Wyeth would have disclosed such treatment to his aunt.

Young Wyeth seemed to forget that he was a prisoner of war, and was apparently much surprised to find that Camp Morton was not a hotel upholstered in modern style. With his long catalogue of inconveniences — floorless barracks, hard beds, lack of complete bathing appliances with hot and cold water attachments — I have nothing to do. These are the implied incidents of war, whether in the field or in the prison, and are not feared by those who think they are fighting for a principle, and should be kept in view in reading Mr. Wyeth's article. But against his charges of starvation and cruelty I set an explicit denial.

Mr. Wyeth's statements are purely *ex parte*, and abound in general assertions which are fortified neither by names nor dates. He has a case to plead. "The Southern side of prison

life has not yet been written. The reputation of the South has suffered, not only because the terrible trials of Northern prisoners in the Southern prisons have been so fully exploited, but because the truth of the Confederate prisons has not yet been given to the world." At last he consents to tell his "tale of woe," evidently thinking that he has only to speak to convince. If it were true, as he charges, that rebel prisoners confined in Camp Morton were deliberately starved to death, or otherwise inhumanly treated, the facts could not have been secreted during a quarter of a century; like the horrors of Andersonville, they would have obtained scandalous notoriety at the beginning. During the year 1862 the prison was a State institution, and was under the supervision of Governor Morton, its immediate superintendents being Colonel Richard Owen and Colonel D. G. Rose. I need not vindicate the reputation of the war governor of Indiana—a man who has been sanctified in memory as "the soldiers' friend." His nature was brave and generous, and his heart was as tender as that of a woman. The Union soldier was his peculiar care whether in the field, in the barracks, or in the hospital; and his solicitude extended to his captured foes as well, as many letters written to him by grateful ex-prisoners attested. Colonel Owen, who was a brother of the late Robert Dale Owen, the distinguished philanthropist, was the first commander of the camp, and was uniformly beloved by the Confederates under his charge. On June 10, 1862, his regiment was ordered to the front, and he was succeeded by Colonel D. G. Rose, who discharged his responsible duties with entire satisfaction. In August, 1862, a general exchange was effected, and soon after the camp was closed as a prison. In the following year it was reopened under the auspices of the general Government, but in the interim it was occupied by our troops as a barracks. The first commander of the prison in 1863 was Captain D. W. Hamilton, of the 7th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, a well-known resident of Indianapolis. He served until November, 1863, when he was relieved at his own request and to the regret of many of the prisoners, by whom he was well liked. His successor was General A. A. Stevens, of the 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps. General Stevens was a man of high character and a brave soldier. As lieutenant-colonel of the 3d Michigan he was in all of the battles of the Potomac in 1861–2, was severely wounded, and was promoted for bravery to the colonelcy of the 21st Michigan Volunteers, when he was transferred to the Army of the Ohio. He was wounded at Perryville and at Murfreesboro, and was afterwards assigned to the Veteran Reserve Corps. The commanders of the military district for Indiana were General H. B. Carrington, General O. B. Willcox, and General A. P. Hovey. The five gentlemen just named are still living, and will speak through me in the succeeding pages.

As private secretary of Governor Morton until June, 1864, and residing in Indianapolis during the war, it was a part of my duty to visit all of the camps and to learn something of their management. I talked with the prisoners in Camp Morton almost daily, visited their barracks, and ate of their food. I saw the bread baked in the bakery. Save the new arrivals at Camp Morton, most of whom were ill and ragged, the prisoners were in good health and comfortably clothed. If they were hungry, cold, or maltreated, they made no complaint to me, nor to any one of whom I ever heard. Any prison-house, no matter how well conditioned, will become irksome to those confined in it, although be it said the prisoners at Camp Morton were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. They fared as well as the Union soldiers who guarded them, if not better, and surely this is all that could have been expected. Homesickness, as superinducing other ailments, and lack of occupation were leading causes of mortality in Northern prisons. Whenever opportunity offered work was given to the prisoners. They assisted in building the new barracks and hospitals, and in digging a ditch to prevent themselves from escaping—a labor which Mr. Wyeth seemed to regard in the light of a hardship. But as a rule the prisoners were indisposed to labor. In many cases they refused even to nurse their own sick, for which they were disciplined by being compelled to take wheel-barrows and assist in the sanitation of the camp.

The most efficient causes of death in Camp Morton were the insufficient food and the exposure from which the rebel soldiers had suffered *before they arrived at the prison*. Mr. Wyeth says he slept on the ground during his first night in the camp, that he was seized with a chill which resulted in pneumonia, and that he was sent to the hospital on the following day. Just why Mr. Wyeth was not assigned to quarters upon his arrival is not clear. With the incoming of himself and his associates, there were only 1819 prisoners in camp, although there were accommodations for 3945, and General Stevens says that he does not remember that prisoners were ever compelled to remain without shelter or cover over night, faring much better in this respect than soldiers in the field. But, accepting Mr. Wyeth's story as true, the statement of his illness should be read in connection with the fact that when he was captured, ten days or two weeks before,

THE GATE, CAMP MORTON, FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

his wardrobe was "slim and ragged"; and that rather than sleep in a stable he asked his captors to permit him to sleep in the open air even "without blankets." He says, also, that while confined in the State penitentiary at Nashville, Tenn., he was placed in a "narrow stone cell, which was damp and chilly, and being without blankets, bed, or heat was uncomfortable enough." In other words, he came to Camp Morton with the seeds of disease in him. No physician of Mr. Wyeth's acquaintance will say that pneumonia is likely to come on immediately after one night's exposure. What was true of Mr. Wyeth was true of hundreds of other prisoners. Of those who came from Fort Henry and Fort Donelson five hundred were immediately put into the hands of the surgeons, and the sick-list for some time increased rapidly. Says the report of the Adjutant-General of the State of Indiana:

Ample hospital arrangements were made. Everything that kindness or humanity could suggest was done to alleviate the distressed condition of the prisoners. The citizens of Indianapolis, as well as of Terre Haute and Lafayette, responded to the calls of the authorities, and did all that was possible to be done in furnishing suitable nourishment, delicacies, and attention. Many estimable ladies and gentlemen volunteered their services as nurses and attendants, and prominent members of the medical profession were particularly kind and attentive. Buildings were rented outside the camp and converted into infirmaries, with every convenience and comfort required by the sick. Despite all these efforts, the mortality was frightful during the first month or two. . . .

The prisoners themselves, very generally, were profuse in commendations of their treatment, and when the time came for their exchange, many of them preferred to take the oath of allegiance, remaining North, than to be sent back to fight against the government that had manifested such kindness and magnanimity towards them.

A report from the War Department shows that 2684 prisoners of war were released upon taking the oath of allegiance at Camp Morton, and that of this number 620 enlisted in the United States service.

CAMP MORTON.

CAMP MORTON was a splendid grove adjoining the city of Indianapolis on the north, containing thirty-five acres, instead of twenty as stated by Mr. Wyeth. It was fitted up for the Indiana State Fair in 1860, but was used for that purpose during only one week of that year. It was occupied by the Union troops from the breaking out of the war until the 16th of February, 1862, when General Halleck, commanding the Department of the West, telegraphed to Governor Morton, asking how many prisoners he could provide for. The answer was 3000. The only place in the State well suited for the accommodation of the captives was this camp. It was located on high ground with good drainage and a light and porous soil. There was an abundance of pure water, supplied by a rapidly running stream which flowed through the camp and by a number of good wells. The camp was excellently shaded with walnut, maple, elm, and oak trees of the original forest, and it had formerly been a favorite locality for Methodist camp-meetings. There were a number of good and commodious buildings on the ground which had been erected for the exhibition of machinery, farm and garden products, and such articles as are usually under shelter at agricultural fairs. Captain James A. Ekin, U. S. Quartermaster, converted the existing buildings, which were

80x30 feet, into pleasant quarters. Bunks were arranged on the sides for sleeping, and long tables were placed in the center for the serving of rations. Stoves were set every twenty feet, and straw and blankets were furnished to make every man as comfortable as possible. The halls being insufficient to accommodate more than 2000 persons, other barracks were constructed out of the stock stalls adjoining the northern fence of the camp, and all were whitewashed inside and out. Mr. Wyeth leaves the reader to infer that he was quartered in one of these stock stalls. Such was not the case. The barracks which he describes were the halls; but, in any event, be it said that the stalls had been occupied by our own troops and were considered comfortable. They were re-modeled for the prisoners so as to give six apartments for sleeping and one for eating purposes, the latter being made by throwing two stalls into one with the table in the center. The usual garrison equipage and cooking utensils, with regulation rations, and plenty of dry fuel — precisely identical with what was issued to our own troops — were furnished and were so disposed as to be convenient for messing. The barracks were closed at the sides with planks and the cracks were covered with strips. If any of the strips fell off or were pulled off by prisoners to make ladders by which to escape, no complaint was made to the authorities, and there was no reason why the prisoners should not have nailed others on. There were plenty of nails, tools, and materials at headquarters, and a number of prisoners were frequently employed in assisting to build and repair barracks, being paid for the same by the Government. In spite of inconsiderate or wilful mischief done by the prisoners there never was a time when the buildings occupied by them were not equal to any occupied by our troops who were guarding prisoners or who were quartered in the various camps near by.

HOSPITALS.

MR. WYETH spent several months in the hospitals in Camp Morton, and bears witness to the conscientious attention and kindly treatment accorded himself and comrades by the physicians and hospital authorities; but he says that "up to the fall of 1864 the facilities for treating the sick were wholly inadequate, and many deaths were doubtless due to the failure to provide the necessary quarters." He was taken with a chill during the morning after his arrival, and was admitted to the hospital at 2 o'clock P. M. He surely had no just cause for complaint. No deaths from disease are reported to have occurred in the barracks. He does not mention the city hospital, where the worst cases were sent from Camp Morton, when there was room. The city hospital [see page 762] was an unoccupied building when the war broke out, and was taken possession of by order of Governor Morton, and continued during the war with Dr. John M. Kitchen, a leading physician, who still resides at Indianapolis, as surgeon-in-chief. Doctor Kitchen says:

Governor Morton ordered that there should be no distinction made between the Union soldiers and prisoners of war. All were treated alike; they had the same beds and bedding, clean underwear, nursing, and medical aid, food, etc., etc. No complaint was ever made of bad treatment of prisoners in the city hospital so far as I know, and I have letters from ex-prisoners, written since the war, expressing their gratitude for kindness and attention shown them while under my care. I removed the guard from the hospital, and only two prisoners embraced the opportunity to escape. The wooden addition to the building was built for the purpose of accommodating the prisoners. I also remember that when the prisoners were exchanged, their condition was better than that of the men who had guarded them.

The hospitals within the inclosure at Camp Morton were in charge of Dr. P. H. Jameson and Dr. Funkhouser (the latter is dead), from the time they opened until 1864. Colonel Charles J. Kipp, who now resides at 534 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., took charge of the hospitals inside of the camp January, 1864, and remained until June, 1865. He says:

During 1864 new hospitals were built after my own plans, with room for five hundred patients. The hospitals were furnished in the same style as the hospitals for our own men, and were provided with everything necessary for the proper care of the sick. The diet was the same as that given in the military hospital to our own men, and delicacies were given to all whose condition required them. The patients were under the care of skilful physicians, and were nursed by men selected from among their comrades by reason of their aptitude for their work. All army surgeons who visited us pronounced the hospital a model one.

General Stevens says:

I gave the hospitals my personal attention, and they were run on the best possible plan, and had the reputation of being the cleanest in the country outside of Washington.

Mr. Wyeth acknowledges that the hospitals were humanely and skilfully conducted, and inasmuch as the hospitals and barracks were under one management, it is inconsistent to impugn the policy governing the one and not that governing the other. It is absurd to suppose that the authorities made the prisoners alternately ill and well, and that any inconveniences which the prisoners may have suf-

fered could have been otherwise than merely incidental and accidental in a well-intentioned management.

Mr. John A. Reaume, a well-known resident of Indianapolis, who was hospital steward at the city hospital, says:

In our hospital, so far as I ever knew or heard, the prisoners were delighted with their treatment. I often meet some of their number, especially in Kentucky, and they never fail to refer with gratitude to their treatment at our hospital.

COLD WEATHER.

MR. WYETH complains that he and his associates had no straw, and yet the official records at Washington show that during the months of February, March, October, November, and December, 1863, and January and February, 1864, 78,792 pounds of straw were issued to the prisoners at Camp Morton, and that the total amount issued during the winter months to the prisoners confined there was 234,272 pounds.

He says further: "The only attempt at heating this open shed [barracks No. 4] was by four stoves placed at equal distances along the passage-way, and that up to Christmas, 1864, I had not felt the heat of a stove." The building being eighty feet long, and the stoves being but twenty feet apart, it follows that the farthest a man could get from a stove was ten feet! Dr. P. H. Jameson, Surgeon-in-chief of Camp Morton, and still one of the most prominent physicians of Indianapolis, says:

I remember those stoves. They were of the regulation camp kind, large cast-iron box affairs taking in a four-foot stick of wood. There was a plentiful supply of wood in camp all the time. Prior to January 1, 1864, I went through those barracks often and had no difficulty in getting as close to the stoves as I wanted to, sometimes closer. When Wyeth came into camp he had the pneumonia as had hundreds of his comrades, and the seemingly high death-rate at that time was owing to that fact, as the high death-rate at Denver, Colorado, is owing to the fact that persons go there with the seeds of the disease in their systems so far developed as to render cure impossible.

Mr. Wyeth says: "A number were frozen to death, and many more perished from diseases brought on by exposure added to their condition of emaciation for lack of food. I counted eighteen dead bodies carried into the dead-house one morning after an intensely cold night."

In this statement he evidently refers to what is remembered in Indianapolis as "the cold New Year's day," viz., January 1, 1864. From the "Indianapolis Journal" of January 5, 1864, I take the following:

The morning of New Year's day presented us with the coldest weather ever known here. On Thursday, December 31, at one o'clock P. M., the thermometer was 40 degrees above zero, at which time it began going down rapidly until it reached zero before eleven o'clock and 20 degrees below before daylight on New Year's morning. The most moderate temperature on New Year's day was 12 degrees below zero, and it did not rise above zero until Saturday afternoon, thus being more than 36 hours below zero.

The "Indianapolis Journal" of January 2, 1864, stated:

There was a rumor that several of the union soldiers belonging to the veteran reserve corps, who were guarding the prisoners at Camp Morton, were frozen to death on the night previous. Governor O. P. Morton requested General H. B. Carrington, United States Army, then on special duty in this State, to visit all of the camps and hospitals in and around the city, to inspect and report as to their condition and the amount of suffering that had resulted from the intensely cold weather. The following is an extract from his report:

"Troops on duty, the Invalid corps, Colonel Stevens. No deaths or serious injury from the extreme cold. All reports to that effect are without foundation. The guard is relieved hourly, and as much oftener as the soldier advises the corporal by call that he suffers in the least. Hot coffee is served to the men when relieved, and pains are taken to prevent suffering and needless exposure. . . .

"Among the prisoners there is less sickness than usual. I visited nearly every barracks and the hospitals. The men were cheerful and thankful; in fifty letters sent out nearly every one spoke kindly of their treatment. One prisoner said to me, 'It would be extravagant to ask for anything else.' Seven hundred extra blankets and many shoes had been issued. They lacked for nothing indispensable to their personal health and comfort."

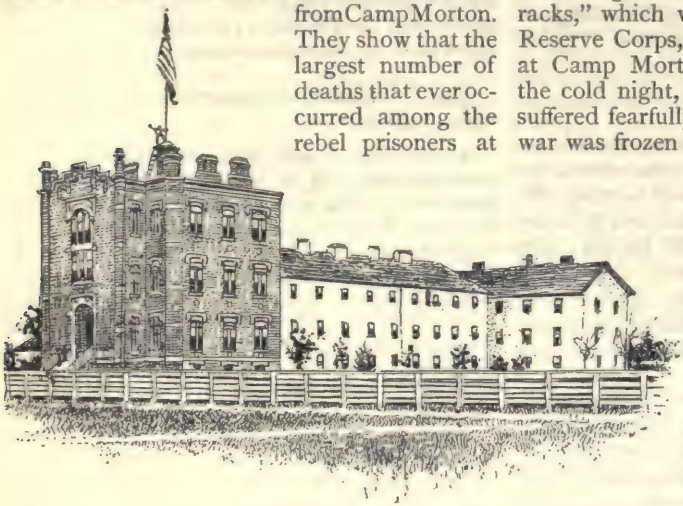
The "Indianapolis Journal" of January 4, 1864, says:

We are pleased to state that the item in Saturday's journal relating to soldiers freezing to death at Camp Morton is incorrect. Although the late cold snap has been very severe on the guards on duty there, and quite a number have had their ears, noses, and feet nipped by the icy winds of the past few days, no fatality has resulted therefrom.

There was issued to prisoners at Camp Morton during January, 1864, 600 cords of wood, and in February of the same year 560 cords. There was issued in all 11,641 cords.

Mr. Wyeth was afflicted with double vision when he "counted eighteen dead bodies car-

ried into the dead-house." The coldest weather during his imprisonment was in the months of January and February, 1864. A letter from the War Department says that "during the months of December, 1863, and January and February, 1864, the records show that the mortality among the prisoners on no one day was greater than nine deaths. No one died from freezing." This statement corresponds with the books of the undertakers who buried the dead from Camp Morton. They show that the largest number of deaths that ever occurred among the rebel prisoners at Camp Morton in one day was nine, on the 25th day of January, 1864.



OLD CITY HOSPITAL, INDIANAPOLIS. FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

General A. A. Stevens says:

I remember the cold January very well, and worried a great deal about the men. Without authority I made a requisition on the Quartermaster for several hundred blankets. I was liable to be hauled over the coals for doing it, but something had to be done. Indianapolis never had such weather before nor since, and we were not prepared for it. I was so worried about the condition of the prisoners that I could not sleep and almost froze myself. They suffered no more than the rest of us after the new order for blankets was given out.

Mr. Elijah Hedges, a reputable citizen of Indianapolis, who resides at 305 East New York street, and now the oldest undertaker in the city, was an employee of the firm who buried those who died at Camp Morton. He says "there never were eighteen dead bodies in what was called the dead-house at one time."

Dr. J. W. Hervey, one of the oldest and most respectable physicians in Indianapolis, was surgeon-in-charge of "Burnside Barracks," which were occupied by the Veteran Reserve Corps, the principal guards on duty at Camp Morton. He says: "I remember the cold night, January 1, 1864. Our guards suffered fearfully, but no soldier or prisoner of war was frozen to death."

A. E. Winship, of the 60th Massachusetts Volunteers, now the editor of the "Boston Traveler," says: "There used to be some tall swearing by the sentries on those nights, as in their loneliness they braved the weather, while the prisoners were comfortably freezing to death, shut in by the high fence, amply protected by the barracks, with four stoves, and under three blankets."

THE RATION.

Mr. Wyeth says that at no period during his imprisonment was the ration issued sufficient to satisfy hunger, and that he knew from personal observation that many of his comrades died from starvation. He does not give the name of a single person who died from starvation nor offer a particle of testimony to substantiate his remarkable statement. During the first half of his imprisonment the prisoners received the full army ration. But this being in excess of the needs of inactive men, it was slightly reduced June 1, 1864. The two rations are herewith subjoined, and each reader may de-

REGULAR RATION.

Hard Bread	14 oz., or
Soft Bread	18 oz., or
Corn Meal	18 oz.
Beef	14 oz., or
Bacon or Pork	10 oz.
Beans or Peas	6 qts. for each 100 men.
Hominy or Rice	8 lbs. " " " "
Sugar	14 " " " " "
Rio Coffee, ground	5 " " " " "
Tea	18 oz. " " " "
Soap	4 lbs. " " " "
Candles—adamantine	5 " " " " "
Candles—tallow	6 " " " " "
Salt	2 qts. " " " "
Molasses	1 " " " " "
Vinegar	3 " " " " "
Potatoes	30 lbs. " " " "

REDUCED RATION.

Hard Bread	14 oz., or
Soft Bread	16 oz., or
Corn Meal	16 oz.
Beef	14 oz., or
Bacon or Pork	10 oz.
Beans or Peas	12½ lbs. for each 100 men.
Hominy or Rice	8 " " " " " "
} only issued to sick or wounded.	
Soap	4 lbs. for each 100 men.
Salt	3¾ " " " " "
Vinegar	3 qts. " " " "
Potatoes	15 lbs. " " " "

termine for himself whether men who should receive the reduced ration would starve or suffer from hunger.

A letter from the War Department says:

The difference between the ration as above established and the ration allowed by law to soldiers of the United States army constituted the "savings" which formed the "prison fund." With this fund was purchased such articles not provided by the regulations as were necessary for the health and proper condition of the prisoners, as well as table furniture, cooking utensils, articles for policing, straw, the means of improving or enlarging the barracks, hospital, etc.

That the Government did not intend to stint the prisoners is shown by the fact that the difference in the cost of the two rations was credited to the "prison fund," and that a ration about equal to the full army ration was given to such prisoners as were employed upon the public works, and by regulation No. 3: "If the ration of soap, salt, or vinegar is found to be insufficient, it will be increased in such proportion as may be deemed proper by the commanding officer of the post, not to exceed in quantity the ration allowed soldiers of the United States Army."

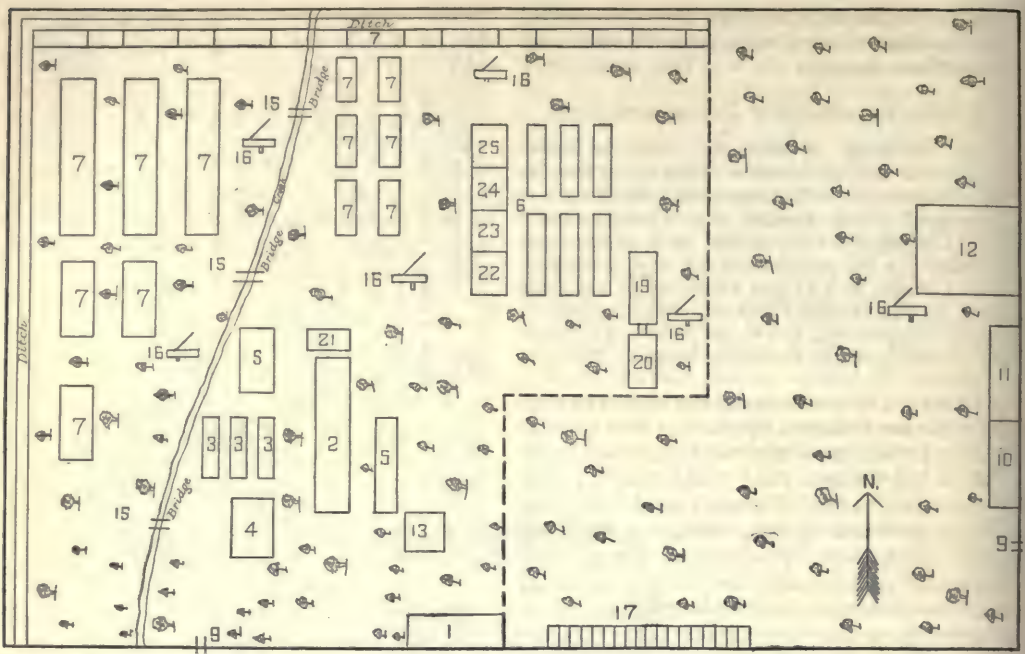
Tables prepared by Wm. H. Hart, Third Auditor of the Treasury, at Washington, D. C., in whose office the accounts of commissaries of subsistence are filed and settled, show that the whole number of rations issued to prisoners of war at Camp Morton from February 22, 1862, to July 31, 1865, was 2,626,684. I herewith append, as a sample exhibit, a statement for the year 1864, which shows in detail the kind and quantity of rations issued.

Mr. Wyeth states in a note that "it would be interesting to discover how many times the contract to feed the prisoners at Camp Morton was sublet. I have no doubt the Government intended to issue to each prisoner the regulation prison ration above given as official, but I know it never was received. I believe (in fact I heard while there) that it dwindled away under the contract system."

It is, perhaps, just as well that Mr. Wyeth did not make this charge more definite. It is no credit to his ability to judge what was done in Camp Morton, or to his subsequent information about army matters, to assert, or not to know that the Government did not let contracts to feed its soldiers or the prisoners of war. The Commissary of Subsistence for this department was required to advertise every sixty days for bids for such articles as he desired, and to let all contracts to the lowest reponsible bidder. These goods were to be received and delivered at such times and places and in such quantities as the Commissary should direct. Every article

ABSTRACT OF SUBSISTENCE STORES ISSUED TO REBEL PRISONERS AT CAMP MORTON, DURING THE YEAR 1864, BY CAPT. L. L. MOORE AND CAPT. NAT. SHURTLEFF, A. C. S.

					RATIONS OF																REMARKS.
	Daily Average during each month.	Total No. of Rations.	Number of Days.	Commencing.	Ending.	Pork.	Bacon.	Salt Beef.	Fresh Beef.	Flour.	Hard Bread.	Corn Meal.	Beans.	Potatoes.	Rice.	Hominy.	Coffee, Roasted.	Tea.	Sugar.	Vinegar.	Candles, Adamantine.	Soap.	Salt.	Pepper, Black.	Molasses.	
	2918	90,463	31	Jan. 1	Jan. 31	2148	35,066	....	51,056	88,180	26,332	....	7,867	5,238	2926	875	4437	526	13,569	904	1131	3619	3392	226	226	
	2861	80,108	28	Feb. 1	Feb. 28	....	28,071	....	51,850	35,856	35,856	....	12,016	13,110	5324	2487	4873	288	12,016	801	1001	3204	3004	200	201	
	2859	89,266	31	Mch. 1	Mch. 31	30,899	....	....	47,895	14,339	....	....	11,884	23,768	4870	3952	5840	116	12,179	792	990	3169	2971	178	178	
	2253	67,561	30	Apl. 1	Apl. 30	21,991	....	....	42,237	....	....	....	10,134	20,268	4058	2698	5405	....	10,134	675	844	2702	2534	169	168	
	2550	79,528	31	May 1	May 31	32,799	....	....	24,369	6,439	....	....	3,097	23,898	2077	2083	5037	79	11,734	795	662	3181	2783	199	198	
	3201	96,046	30	June 1	June 30	29,699	....	....	42,560	13,551	....	....	3,996	14,407	2565	2551	584	....	1,635	720	97	3842	3602	....	29	
	4455	138,135	31	July 1	July 31	38,823	....	....	66,516	34,978	389	6,108	....	3572	3570	....	....	....	1036	....	5525	5180	....	....		
	4437	137,592	31	Aug. 1	Aug. 31	16,918	....	....	93,030	8,319	14,554	5,539	....	3962	3544	....	....	....	1030	....	5496	5152	....	....		
	4356	130,686	30	Sept. 1	Sept. 30	12,195	....	....	97,476	7,312	35,373	5,449	....	3484	3485	....	....	....	....	980	5328	4901	....	....		
	4383	135,896	31	Oct. 1	Oct. 31	12,833	....	....	100,044	11,109	....	8,776	....	1047	4208	....	....	....	....	1019	5436	5096	....	....		
	4568	131,056	30	Nov. 1	Nov. 30	2,318	....	....	111,221	15,317	....	8,324	....	....	5157	....	....	....	....	983	5242	4915	....	....		
	4315	133,775	31	Dec. 1	Dec. 31	997	11,473	11,473	97,563	14,998	....	8,697	....	....	5161	....	....	....	....	1003	5351	5017	....	....		
Total Number of Rations, 1,099,872. Quantity in Bulk.....						Lbs. 13,057 24 Bbls.	Lbs. 266,799	Lbs. 11,473	Lbs. 886,447	Lbs. 1,146,540	Lbs. 188,533	Lbs. 59,216	Lbs. 91,817	Lbs. 100,649	Lbs. 34,085	Lbs. 38,901	Lbs. 26,176	Lbs. (1009)	Lbs. 60,597	Gals. 10,738	Lbs. 4775	Lbs. 51,996	Lbs. 48,547	Lbs. 972	Gals. 1080	



PLAN OF CAMP MORTON. (COMPILED FROM SKETCHES BY SEVERAL PERSONS WHO WERE ON DUTY IN THE CAMP WHILE THE PRISONERS WERE THERE. THE GROUND IS STILL INCLOSED AND USED AS STATE FAIR GROUNDS.)

1. Headquarters. 2. Old Hospital building. 3. Hospital tents. 4. Sutler's store. 5. Hospital buildings—built in 1863. 6. New Hospitals—built in 1864. 7. Barracks. 8. Hospitals. 9. Gates. 10. Quartermaster's office. 11. Commissary of Subsistence. 12. Bakery. 13. Base-ball grounds. 14. Creek —"The Potomac." 15. Bridges. 16. Pumps. 17. Sheds for officers' horses. 18. Ditch. 19. Dining-room. 20. Kitchen. 21. Dining-room. 22. Consulting room. 23. Reception room. 24. Engineer's office. 25. Prescription and supply room. - - - - - - - - Guard line.

contracted for was to be the best in the market, and all goods received were to be carefully inspected, and if found to be below the standard were to be rejected. Were these requirements obeyed? Let us see. The rations for Camp Morton were issued by Captain Thomas Foster, now of Greenbrier, Tennessee, and Captain Joseph P. Pope, the present Quartermaster-General for the State of Indiana, and a resident of Indianapolis. These officers issued supplies direct to Assistant-Commissaries John J. Palmer, 60th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, now a resident of Chicago; W. C. Lupton, 54th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, long since dead; Captain L. L. Moore, now connected with the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., and Captain N. Schurtleff, of Peoria, Illinois. The rations were issued by these officers direct to the heads of the various divisions—who were prisoners—upon the order of the commander of the camp, who compared each requisition with the morning reports, to ascertain the number of prisoners present at roll-call. The following is an extract from a card published by Captain Foster in the "Nashville (Tennessee) Banner," April 8, 1891:

I was, during the most of the war, commissary-in-chief of the military district of Indiana and Michigan, and was stationed entirely at Indianapolis, where I had United States commissary warehouses, from which, on regular requisitions, I issued the usual army rations of provisions to both the National troops and the Confederate prisoners. They fared exactly alike. The rations to each were the same in quality and quantity. There were no differences made between the prisoners and National troops in the field; the Camp Morton prisoners had even better fare, for instead of hardtack, a well-equipped bakery on the spot furnished them soft and fresh baker's bread daily, my commissary depot supplying a prime article of flour for the consumption of the bakery. The best bacon and fresh beef were issued to the prisoners, and coffee, sugar, beans, hominy, and rice. . . . Neither the troops nor the prisoners could consume the liberal rations furnished by the Government, and both made large savings, and the United States Commissary of Prisoners, in his frequent periodical rounds, was not slow to demand of me promptly in cash the value of the prisoners' savings, which he expended in getting them tobacco and various other comforts not in the line of regular rations. It is within my knowledge that the winter quarters and bedding were about as good as were enjoyed by the National troops in the camp who guarded them, and who really suffered hardships from the winter severities when mounted as sentinels on the high platform near the top of the fence of the corral. . . . Governor Morton was not the man to tolerate any but the most humane treatment of prisoners under his care and watchful eye, as were those of Camp Morton. . . . It is true the prisoners' camp was not a paradise—it was not a parlor, nor were feather-beds issued to them by the Quartermaster's Department, but they were made comforta-

ble, had plenty to eat, pure water to drink and for washing, and were urged to keep themselves in good health by athletic sports and ball-playing, which I have seen them engaged in and apparently much enjoying. Some of the prisoners thought trustworthy and honorable were allowed to go out on parole [returning at night] and to engage in pursuits by which they earned a little money to send to their families. I employed one or two clerks of this kind myself.

Captain Joseph P. Pope succeeded Captain Thomas Foster as Commissary of the Department of Indiana during the summer of 1864. Captain Pope says:

My purchases were made through public advertising every sixty days. The supplies bought were not surpassed in quality anywhere. The issues of flour reached one hundred barrels per day, which was made up in one-pound loaves of soft bread, unsurpassed in quality by any private family or public bakery. Samples of the baking were sent to my office daily. The bakery was within the inclosure where the prisoners were confined, and was under charge of State authorities, and to General Stone, who was directly in charge, there was paid by me from $6000 to $8000 every month for and on account of the "savings" on flour alone. This money was expended for supplies not furnished by the Government, and these supplies thus purchased were issued to the rebel prisoners as well as to the Union forces, including the guards. The rebel prisoners received better supplies than our own soldiers, owing to the fact that almost daily their "friends" were bearers of large hampers of provisions, etc., not embraced in our purchases or furnished by the Government, and these baskets of supplies were delivered to them. The only complaints ever reaching my ears came from our own soldiers in not receiving "outside supplies" in comparison.

Full rations were issued daily. The best quality of fresh beef was issued every other day, and it is a well-known fact that the "poor, emaciated" rebel prisoners left Camp Morton fat and in good condition. I was in this camp many times, and can testify to what I saw; there was no complaint of want of food; there were immense sugar caldrons into which the best quality of fresh beef by quarters was cut up and placed, making soup by the one thousand gallons. Potatoes by the carload were purchased and issued.

It is a significant fact that every officer connected with the subsistence department at Camp Morton during the war was then and still is a poor man, and no one has ever dared to impugn the integrity of any of their number.

General Stevens says:

I went to Camp Morton November 1, 1863, took command immediately, and remained there until the end of the war. The food was good and there was plenty of it. It is true the prisoners were not given ice-cream and pie, but they had bread, pork or bacon, fresh beef, beans or peas, hominy, potatoes, besides vinegar, salt, and soap. We never heard any complaints of lack of food. There were no cases of starvation. The rations were served regularly, and every prisoner received his share. Wyeth tells of a man who used to eat out of the swill-barrel. There was such a case, but the man was a low-lived sort of a fellow, and the other prisoners when they found it out ducked him in the barrel. There was one instance of rat-eating, and I also heard of the men eating a dog-stew, but these cases were similar to that of swill-eating. We had thousands of prisoners, and among them were many of the dirtiest and lowest specimens of humanity possible to imagine.

Dr. Charles J. Kipp says:

I know that the refuse material of the swill-barrels of the hospital was often carried away by the prisoners. I reported this fact to the officers, and was assured by them that the men who did this had either sold their rations or lost them through gambling.

General A. P. Hovey, the present Governor of Indiana, was in command of this district from August 25, 1864. He says:

My headquarters were at Indianapolis, and Camp Morton, containing from 3500 to 4500 rebel prisoners, was under my command during all of that period. I visited and inspected the camp once or twice a week during the time of my command. The food of the prisoners was ample, and I never heard any complaint of the scarcity of provisions, or that the prisoners suffered from hunger. They fared better than our soldiers in the field, and many luxuries were sent them from their friends.

General H. B. Carrington, United States Army, a part of whose duty was to inspect and report on the condition of the camps and hospitals at Indianapolis, says:

There never was any restriction upon the prisoners receiving favors from friends nor upon correspondence except what was necessary to prevent plots to escape. There never was a time when a reasonable complaint as to rations or treatment was rudely or wrongfully disregarded. There never was a time when the rations were insufficient or unwholesome. The bread was of the best. No prisoner was either starved or frozen to death. On one occasion I made a visit to every barracks, and half a day was spent in inquiry as to their condition and wants; not a single complaint was made, except a suggestion, which was acted upon. . . . The complaint most common outside was that the prisoners were permitted too many favors from friends.

William J. Robie, a well-known and prominent citizen of Richmond, Ind., was a member of the 60th Massachusetts Volunteers, and a guard at Camp Morton. He says:

I talked freely with the prisoners, and never heard them complain that they did not receive the full ration ordered by the War Department.

. . . No one suffered from hunger or starved while I was there. I often saw men go about with three or four loaves of bread under their arms, offering to exchange them for tobacco. Hungry men would not trade off their rations in such manner. The story of Mr. Wyeth is absurd and untrue, as every one connected with Camp Morton during that period knows.

Captain Jordan M. Cross, ex-City Attorney of Minneapolis, Minn., and now a resident of that place, was an officer of the 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, on duty at Camp Morton. He says:

The general appearance of the prisoners was that of men well fed, so much so that visitors and our own men often compared their condition to the well-known starved condition of our prisoners in the South. No prisoner at Camp Morton ever died from starvation. I often inquired of prisoners if their rations were good, wholesome, and sufficient. They never complained except at rare instances that they would like some delicacies, or possibly a greater change of diet.

Elijah Hedges says:

I was in Camp Morton almost every day during the time it was occupied as a prison. I talked with the prisoners a great deal, and I never heard one complain of not having sufficient to eat. Before the coffee ration was cut off by what was known as the retaliatory order, prisoners frequently offered to sell both myself and the driver of the dead-wagon whole buckets full of good coffee that they had saved from their rations, then worth from $3 to $4, for fifty cents. I remember how dejected, emaciated, and forlorn the prisoners looked when they arrived, and how fat and saucy they became long before they were taken away to be exchanged.

Captain James H. Rice, of the 5th Veteran Reserve Corps, now a retired officer of the army and a resident of Hartford, Connecticut, says:

No prisoners at Camp Morton between October, 1863, and May, 1865, died of starvation or were frozen to death. It is true that some of the prisoners traded their rations for tobacco and then gambled, using the tobacco as money; and to such an extent was this done that it became necessary to issue rations to those men, and then to see that they not only received but ate them under the supervision of the guards. There was a surplus of bread and no occasion for prisoners to be hungry, except from their own carelessness.

Mr. Wyeth omits all mention of the bakery in the prison. In September, 1862, Governor Morton ordered General A. Stone, Commissary-General of Indiana, to take charge of the bakery at Camp Morton that had been erected by the State some time before for the purpose of furnishing bread to the prisoners, guards, and troops in and about this city. It had been previously managed by a board of officers with indifferent success. Flour was furnished on requisition by the Commissary of Subsistence to prisoners, guards, and other troops at this point, as shown by the morning reports. The soldiers and prisoners being unable to prepare their own bread, the State issued to them one pound of bread instead of flour. A given number of pounds of flour will furnish an equal amount of bread and leave a surplus of say 33⅓ per cent. of flour on hand. This surplus the Commissary of Subsistence purchased of the State at a price fixed by the flour contract then existing between the Commissary and the party furnishing it. The capacity of the bakery when General Stone took charge of it, in 1862, was between six and seven thousand loaves daily, but it soon was increased to eleven or twelve thousand loaves per day. The bread ration was much better, was subject to less waste, and in every respect was much more acceptable to the soldiers and prisoners than the flour ration. The money value of each loaf was six cents, and no man or officer who knew anything about Camp Morton can ever be made to believe there ever was any real scarcity of bread or food in that camp.

Charlton Eden, for thirty years a prominent builder in Indianapolis, says:

I had the contract for building most of the barracks and hospitals in Camp Morton, during the time the prisoners were there. I had formerly resided at Paris, Kentucky, and soon became acquainted with several prisoners whose homes were at or near Paris, including the sons of William Mitchell, Daniel Hilder, and William and Younger Churshire. . . . William Mitchell wrote me to supply such of the Kentucky boys as he named with whatever they might desire and draw on him for the amount. I furnished them a number of high top-boots that cost sixteen dollars a pair, soft hats, and excellent suits of clothes for which Mr. Mitchell honored my draft. The prisoners knew I was authorized to furnish them anything they needed, but not one of their number ever asked for anything to eat.

During the 1865 session of the Indiana Legislature, rumors reached Governor Morton that certain sympathizers with the South who were members of that body were circulating reports that the prisoners at Camp Morton were being badly treated, only half fed and clothed, and the sick were not properly cared for. Governor Morton, on the 14th of February, sent a communication to the Senate and House of Representatives, calling the attention of the members to said reports. He asked them not to appoint a committee of investigation, but to go in a body to Camp Morton and make a personal examination. The invitation was accepted, and the next morning at nine o'clock

every member of the House and Senate who was in the city visited Camp Morton, and remained there until 12 o'clock M. R. M. Lockhart, for several years President of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, and now a resident of Waterloo, Indiana, and a member of the Legislature, speaking of that visit, says:

After our arrival inside the camp permission was given and the members were urged to visit every part of the grounds and talk to the prisoners without restriction. We visited the hospitals, sleeping quarters for the prisoners, and investigated the arrangements for furnishing provisions as well as the quality of food provided. Three hours were spent by us in camp, and at the conclusion of our visit not a single member had a word of censure for the management, or manner in which they found Camp Morton. The prisoners did not complain of their treatment, or of the want of food. From that date until the close of the session in March, we heard nothing more of bad treatment of the prisoners in Camp Morton.

Captain D. W. Hamilton says:

While I was in command of the camp, in addition to the regular rations, vegetables were often purchased from the prison fund, something our own soldiers did not get except when they purchased it with their own money. I permitted a gardener to drive into camp each day with vegetables, which the prisoners either purchased or exchanged their surplus rations for. A number of the prisoners had money in my hands sent by their friends, which I allowed them to draw at the rate of $2.00 per week, with which sum they used to make such purchases as they desired.

Mr. Wyeth says: "During the first four or five months of our life in Camp Morton, prisoners who could obtain money from friends outside were allowed to purchase certain articles from the prison sutler. . . . We never ceased to regret the order which closed this source of supplies."

The records of the War Department show that the order closing the sutler's store in Camp Morton was issued December 1, 1863; but they also show that it was reopened March 3, 1864.

CLOTHING.

CLOTHING was issued to prisoners of war immediately upon the opening of the camp, as shown by the following extract from the report of the Adjutant-General of the State of Indiana:

When the fact was brought to the knowledge of Governor Morton that about 300 of the Fort Donelson captives were deficient in clothing, he telegraphed the Secretary of War for orders to have their wants supplied by the United States Quartermaster at Indianapolis, and the order was promptly given. After that, whenever a prisoner needed clothes, shoes, or whatever else was essential for his health or comfort, the Government supplied it.

Under the twelfth paragraph of the rules governing the prison we read:

The commanding officer will cause requisition to be made by his quartermaster for such clothing as may be absolutely necessary for the prisoners, which requisition will be approved by him after a careful inquiry as to the necessity and submitted for the approval of the Commissary-General of Prisoners.

In reply to a letter addressed to J. N. Patterson, the Second Auditor of the Treasury, at Washington, D. C., for a detailed statement of the amount of clothing, number of blankets, shoes, etc., issued by the Quartermaster's Department to prisoners of war at Camp Morton, I am informed that "all returns for clothing, etc., covering the period of the late war have been disposed of as waste paper, under a provision of a recent Act of Congress"; hence I am unable to show what was issued. There is abundant evidence, however, that large quantities were given to prisoners. I find from an examination of the reports of the Quartermaster-General, for the years 1862–63–64–65, that there was disbursed by that department "on account of transportation and supply of prisoners" the sum of $786,893.96. What portion of that sum was expended for clothing I am unable to determine. Captain D. W. Hamilton says: "Just before I was relieved a large number of blankets was issued to the prisoners. These I personally handed to those who needed them. A number had blankets and comforts of their own."

Mr. Wyeth says: "We had no way of letting those ready and willing to send us food know of our wants. Every line written was scanned by the Camp Post-office Department, and a letter containing any suggestion of the lack of food, or maltreatment was destroyed." The eighth rule of the order for the control of prisoners read as follows:

All articles contributed by friends for the prisoners, in whatever shape they come, if proper to be received, will be carefully distributed as the donors may request, such articles as are intended for the sick passing through the hands of the surgeon, who will be responsible for their proper use. Contributions must be received by an officer, who will be held responsible that they are delivered to the persons for whom they are intended.

Mr. John H. Orr, who was the agent for the Adams Express Company during the war, which company did the largest business between this city and the South, says:

I remember that there was scarcely a day that we did not have boxes and packages for prisoners at Camp Morton; they were delivered at the camp,

and I do not remember of ever having received a complaint that they were not received by the persons to whom they were addressed.

CRUELTY.

A NUMBER of charges of extreme cruelty and murder are made against the guards and non-commissioned officers. Mr. Wyeth reports that in January, 1864, in an attempt to escape two men were killed, one wounded, and four captured. As the official record shows but one prisoner was killed in January, 1864, this statement is incorrect. He also says the four men captured were tied up, their backs to a tree, the rope lashed to their wrists, and arms at full length above their heads, all through the remainder of the night. "I saw them taken down the next morning in a most pitiable condition of exhaustion," etc.

Mr. William J. Robie, one of the men who guarded the four prisoners, says:

They were not tied with their hands above their heads, but simply with their arms behind the tree. My orders were to make them "mark time" until further orders. I was on guard from the time of their capture each alternate two hours until they were relieved in the morning. We did not compel them to mark time steadily, gave them frequent rests, and plenty of water to drink. They did not seem especially tired when released, but did seem to feel that they had gotten off very easily. There had been a large number of tunnels started, and several completed. The officers were determined to put a stop to it, and when these prisoners were released the officer in charge told them that they must quit tunneling or the next one would be caved in on them. I remember the break that occurred when some fifty prisoners escaped. It was about 6 P. M., and I was in the guard-house near by. When the rush was made the guard fired one shot and called for help. The prisoners went over the fence like cats, and started down the bank for the woods. I was out all night hunting them. We did not use bloodhounds. Thirty-five men were reported captured and returned that night and the day following. There were only one or two prisoners wounded, as the guards could not fire either way without the danger of hitting our own men. The first one up the ladder was wounded in the knee by a bayonet, and another was knocked off by a blow. Not one of those captured was punished. I never heard of such a thing as a prisoner being shot for coming too near the dead-line. Some of the men were very vicious and were in the habit of throwing stones, bottles filled with water, or anything else they could get hold of, at the guards after night, and it is not improbable that some stray shots went flying around when they should not have done so.

General Stevens says:

There was no disposition on the part of the officers to misuse the prisoners. What they did was in the way of discipline, that had to be enforced as it was everywhere in the army. If any of the prisoners suffered, it was either their own fault or the fault of their fellow-prisoners. It can be easily imagined that all did not belong to the best society. Some of them were as tough and depraved characters as I ever saw. The officers as a rule were sent to Johnson's Island, an officers' prison; that left us a bad lot.

Dr. J. W. Hervey, Surgeon-in-charge of the Veteran Reserve Corps, says:

Some of the prisoners were very insulting to the officers and men over them. They would pelt the guards with stones and broken bottles after night, several being severely injured. The only prisoners that were ever shot were those who attempted to escape and who did not stop when they were commanded to halt.

Captain James H. Rice, 5th Regiment, Reserve Corps, says:

I was officer of the day every sixth day and a part of the time every fourth day, and the statement that two prisoners were "deliberately murdered" and another "brutally murdered" bears evidence of its untruthfulness on its face. I know of no case where prisoners were killed except in attempting to escape. I had charge of five hundred prisoners taken to Aikens' Landing near Richmond, Virginia, in February, 1865, for exchange. There were no half-starved prisoners in the lot. I delivered them in good condition, and with the exception of about thirty sick whom I took with me at their special request, all were ready for field duty, and I have no doubt were sent to their regiments at once. I met men who had been in Camp Morton as prisoners, at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1866–67; the manner of their treatment was discussed, and it was admitted that they had no just cause for complaint.

Captain James Todhunter, Assistant-Quartermaster, now a resident of Indianola, Iowa, was present at Aikens' Landing, Va., when these Camp Morton prisoners were exchanged, and says:

The rebel prisoners were in good condition as to clothing and health, but of all the distressed, filthy, ragged, poor, starved-looking men I ever saw, were the Union prisoners received in exchange. Many of them had neither hat, cap, shoes, nor socks, and a number had their feet tied up with rags and were unable to walk and had to be assisted.

In a letter written to General Winder by Colonel Robert Ould, Confederate commissioner for exchange of prisoners, March 17, 1863, the latter says:

The arrangements I had made for exchanging prisoners work largely in our favor. We get rid of a lot of miserable wretches and receive some of the best material I ever saw.

Colonel John H. Gardner, who now resides at 1624 Wilmington street, Philadelphia, an officer of the Veteran Reserve Corps, who was on duty at "Camp Burnside," adjoining Camp Morton on the south, says:

I had charge of 500 prisoners from Camp Morton, who were exchanged at Fort Delaware, Delaware Bay. They were the most debauched and demoralized set of men I ever saw; they had reduced themselves almost to the level of brutes, they were inveterate gamblers, and when they had nothing else they would gamble their rations away.

General Carrington says:

There may have been individual guards who were rude, but it was rare. The officers could scarcely ever visit the prisoners' quarters without rude reception by some, who in their security as prisoners indulged in irritating words at least. Against such temptations to be stern in reply, rigid orders were enforced never to answer back and never to use force except when violence was threatened. There never was a substantial departure from this rule worthy of notice. The police and guard reports were made daily and regularly, and reported fully upon the entire condition of men and quarters.

Mr. Wyeth relates an instance of how "five prisoners who were accompanying a garbage wagon to a creek outside of the camp by a preconcerted signal seized two guards, disarmed them, and escaped. At another time one of the detail broke away and was killed. On another occasion two prisoners who did not attempt to escape were mortally wounded by a ball, the assassin doing his work so well that the bullet went through both bodies." Wyeth says: "One of the wounded men in dying declared that they had made no effort to escape, and that he and his comrade had been deliberately murdered."

Now for the facts. The following order will show the course required to be pursued in all cases where prisoners were shot:

Office of Commissary-General of Prisoners, Washington, D. C., March 17, 1864. Colonel A. A. Stevens, Commanding Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Indiana. Colonel: By direction of the Secretary of War you will hereafter, when a prisoner of war is shot by a sentinel for violating the regulations of the post, immediately order a board of officers to investigate all of the circumstances of the case to show that the act was justifiable, a full report of which will be forwarded to this office with your remarks. It is necessary that both the guard and prisoners should be fully informed of the regulations or order by which they are to be governed, and when a sentinel finds it necessary to fire upon a prisoner he must be able to show that he was governed strictly by the orders he received, and that the prisoner, or prisoners, wilfully disregarded his cautions or orders. Rigid discipline must be preserved among the prisoners, but great care must be observed that no wanton excesses or cruelties are permitted under the plea of enforcing orders. Should a prisoner be wounded by a sentinel he will be immediately taken to the hospital, where he must have proper attention from the surgeon-in-charge. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, William Hoffman, Colonel 3d Infantry, Commissary-General of Prisoners.

The shooting referred to above occurred April 16, 1864. The prisoners were James Beattie, Company B, 4th Florida, and Michael Healy, Company B, 30th Mississippi. Beattie was instantly killed, and Healy lingered until the next day, when he died. Mr. William H. H. McCurdy, a reputable and well-known resident of this city, was clerk of the district court-martial that tried the prisoner. He says:

Several prisoners guarded by two members of the Veteran Reserve Corps, one of whom was William H. Allen, were sent out with a garbage wagon. Allen was a young and excitable man who had seen but little service. He was walking behind a detail of prisoners, who were required to march in the rear of the wagon. The prisoners stepped out of the road to the left and moved quickly up to the side of the vehicle. The guard ordered them to fall back to their places, and at the same time brought his musket to a "charge bayonets," cocking it with his thumb as he brought it down. He claimed that in the excitement of the moment his thumb slipped off the hammer and the piece was discharged. The two prisoners were in line with the track of the bullet, which went through both with the result noted above. The guard was arrested and tried for murder. The record was forwarded to the War Department, where the matter was investigated by the judge advocate, who decided that the evidence "did not sustain the allegation; that the homicides occurred at the hands of the accused, but that he shot the men while they were deliberately disobeying an order to halt, after he had commanded them to do so; and that a standing order had been given to fire on all prisoners who did not halt when commanded to do so."

The records of Camp Morton show that only seven prisoners of war were killed by sentinels between October, 1863 and September, 1865: Goacin Arcemant, January 16, 1864; James Barnhart, February 11, 1864; James Beattie and Michael Healy, April 16–17, 1864; Henry Jones and R. F. Phillips, September 27, 1864; George T. Douglas, about October 1, 1864. They also show that in each instance the soldiers who did the shooting were ordered before the board of officers, who investigated the facts and circumstances that made it necessary for the sentinels to resort to such means.

Mr. Wyeth says: "I saw one Baker (every

person in Camp Morton, up to the time of this cruel man's death, will recall his name) shoot a prisoner for leaving the ranks after roll-call was ended, but before 'break ranks' was commanded, to warm himself by a fire a few feet distant."

General Stevens, in referring to this man, says:

I recollect Baker, who was a corporal, but I never heard of his shooting a man. I should have heard of it had it occurred, so I am not inclined to believe that he did. Baker had a pretty severe time with some of the prisoners. There were isolated cases of what might be looked upon as cruelty, but I don't see how they could have happened, as Mr. Wyeth claims, without an investigation.

A letter from the War Department says:

Corporal Augustus Baker, of Company G, 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, who formerly served in Company A, 2d Indiana Cavalry, and as corporal of Company G, 5th Regiment, Reserve Corps, was on duty at Camp Morton during the period that his regiment was stationed at that camp. There is no record that he was tried for any offense, that he shot, or that he was accused of shooting, or of cruel treatment to, prisoners of war during his term of service.

Mr. Wyeth says: "Two men, for an infringement, were compelled to 'mark time' for more than one hour in the snow. One man's feet were frost-bitten; he lost both feet from gangrene, and died from the effects of this inhuman punishment while *en route* for exchange in February, 1865, and was buried just west of Cumberland, Md."

As no name is given, the statement cannot be verified, but the official report of the surgeon-in-charge of that particular exchange, while it mentions the deaths and names of nine persons who died *en route*, viz: six from chronic diarrhea, two from pneumonia, and one from dropsy, makes no mention of a prisoner dying from gangrene, nor is there any record of a death near Cumberland, Md.

General O. B. Willcox, U. S. A., now Governor of the Soldiers' Home, at Washington, D. C., writes:

I have read the Wyeth article in THE CENTURY. I am sure no such state of things existed at Camp Morton while I was in command of the district which included Indianapolis though not the prisoners' camp. This period was a part of the summer and autumn of 1863 during the Morgan raid.

There were a number of "trusties" in the camp who were permitted to visit the city, and even attend the theater, in company with non-commissioned officers. Persons who were known to be loyal, or who presented letters from persons personally known to the officer in charge of the camp, were permitted to visit the same at will. Newsboys visited the camp regularly with the leading daily papers, and many of them did a good business in purchasing the rings made of cannel-coal, and breast-pins made of bone, as well as small and curious articles carved out of wood by the prisoners, which they sold outside of camp, as relics. The prisoners played baseball, and had good dramatic and glee clubs, and gave entertainments in the dining-room of the largest hospital. Amusements of all kinds were encouraged by the officers, and everything possible was done to make the prisoners contented.

Mr. Wyeth seems to have been particularly unfortunate in his army career, having been twice captured and compelled to spend most of the term of his enlistment in prison. This half-frozen, half-starved, emaciated youth, whose mother and sisters were unable to recognize him upon his return to Georgia, after his exchange, was able to reënter the Confederate army within a month, and has lived to attempt a vicarious vindication of the horrors of Andersonville and other Southern prison-pens.

I regret that the space at my disposal will not permit the use of extracts from letters written by the Hon. A. J. Warner, the well-known member of Congress from the Marietta, Ohio, district; Colonel A. D. Streight; Hon. S. A. Craig, an ex-member of Congress from the Brookville, Penn., district; Judge L. W. Collins, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota; General Allan Rutherford, ex-Third Auditor of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.; Dr. G. C. Smythe, ex-President of the Indiana State Medical Society, Greencastle, Ind.; Captain J. B. Harris, Secretary of the Terre Haute Gas Works, Terre Haute, Ind.; Colonel E. J. Robinson, of Bedford, Ind., and Geo. Wagner, of Philadelphia, both of whom served as adjutants at Camp Morton; Captain E. P. Thompson, postmaster of Indianapolis; J. B. McCurdy, of Oskaloosa, Iowa; J. Gilford, of Minneapolis; Captain Robert Sears, of Indianapolis; Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Fredrick, Omaha, Neb.; Captain W. E. O'Haver, Lafayette, Ind., and Captain H. C. Markham, Mount Ayre, Iowa.

W. R. Holloway.

II. REJOINDER BY DR. WYETH.

F all the United States soldiers held in prison by the Confederacy there died 153 for each 1000. Of all Confederate soldiers held in prison at Camp Morton 146 of each 1000 died — only a difference of 7 in each 1000. These are not my figures, or Southern figures, but are taken from the war records of the United States Government. Those who deny the truthfulness of my article on Camp Morton hope to weaken the force of these statistics by asserting that the Confederate soldiers, when brought to prison, were in such wretched physical condition that with "homesickness as superinducing other ailments and lack of occupation" they sickened and died![1] And yet these men came direct from the battle-field to prison. Broken down, forsooth, the men who went with Pickett at Gettysburg or swept Rosecrans's gallant veterans from the field of Chickamauga!

Even the apologist of Camp Morton corroborates much of my narrative, and where he fails my comrades, as it will be seen, make the proof of its truthfulness positive and complete. These survivors, scattered over a vast territory without the possibility of collusion, give the one experience of hunger, cruelty, and suffering for lack of clothing and proper protection from the rigors of the Northern winter. That the prisoners ate refuse matter from the hospital swill-tubs is acknowledged, for Dr. Kipp, the surgeon-in-charge,—a man whom every prisoner respects for his humane conduct,—is quoted as follows:

> I know that the refuse material of the swill-barrels of the hospital was often carried away by the prisoners. I reported this fact to the officers, and was assured by them that the men who did this had either sold their rations or lost them through gambling.

General Stevens, commander of the prison, knew of "such a case" and "one instance of rat-eating," and he "also heard of the men eating a dog-stew." Can any one believe that men with a full prison ration would feed on decomposing slops and devour rats and dogs? The commander further shows how little he knew of the welfare of his prisoners when he says: "I recollect Baker, who was a corporal, but I never heard of his shooting a man. I should have heard of it had it occurred!" On the other hand, I myself saw the pistol fire and the man fall, and I have the testimony of more than a dozen men who also saw this monster do this crime, and yet it was concealed. I have the proof that he shot a second prisoner after this; yet the commanding officer never heard of either case. What more proof is needed to show that we were hedged in from all hope of relief? Nothing is known of the poor fellow who was murdered in the tunnel. How easy to conceal cruelties and minor indignities inflicted on helpless prisoners when greater crimes were so successfully covered up. The statement that we had the privilege of communicating with our friends concerning affairs of the prison is untrue. My uncle, an officer in the Union Army, was not permitted to see me. He so informed me after the war. The aunt allowed to visit me in the hospital where I was ill was only permitted to converse with me in the immediate presence of an officer who could hear every word she said. Every line written was scanned, and of course, if it told of our sufferings, destroyed. I did not see a newspaper during the fifteen months of my imprisonment, and yet we are told that "newsboys sold papers in the camp every day." Fitting absurdity to declare that the prisoners "fared as well if not better than the Union soldiers who guarded them."

Equally absurd is the description of the barracks, which are called "good and commodious buildings" and "comfortable quarters." Here is the report of the United States surgeon who inspected these "commodious quarters." It is official, and can be found in the medical volume (part iii.) of the "Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion," issued from the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. A. They are described in July, 1864, as "nine dilapidated barracks." "There were also two hundred and ten condemned tents in use. Nevertheless the quarters were much crowded, there being only sixty to eighty cubic feet per man in the barracks. This crowded condition continued until September, 1864," etc.

Great stress is laid upon the prison ration. If the "regular ration," or even the "reduced ration," printed in the foregoing article had been daily given to each prisoner, no word of complaint would have been heard. With that quantity of food we could have withstood

[1] At Andersonville, Georgia, 333 Union prisoners, and at Elmira, New York, 245 Confederates out of every 1000 perished (War Department records).

cold and cruelty. With that ration the death-rate would have been materially lowered. *The Government issued it; the prisoners never got it.* Where did it go?

The "Buffalo Courier" of April 6, 1891, commenting editorially on my article, says among other things:

Painful as it is to admit, the presumption is in favor of the truth of his narrative. The ration for which the Government contracted and paid was sufficient and all that military prisoners had a reasonable right to expect, but, as Dr. Wyeth asserts for Camp Morton and Mr. Carpenter for Johnson's Island, the prisoners did not get it. And there never was a class of men who could be robbed with more impunity. Enemies in a strange land, their protests were easily suppressed. If any one inclines to disbelieve that men could be starved for profit under the United States Government, here is a bit of evidence. A gentleman now a resident of Buffalo was in the summer of 1863 one of 8000 Union soldiers in parole camp at Alexandria, Virginia, almost under the shadow of the Capitol. They had been prisoners, and released but not exchanged, and were awaiting exchange before being returned to their regiments. Here were Union men in Union hands; yet for two months they were nearly starved. They addressed petition after petition to the War Department, but got no redress. They became riotous and were suppressed by an armed guard.

And here is a bit of evidence from Indianapolis:

During the early winter of 1864, the grocery firm of P. M. Gapen & Co. of this city [Indianapolis], of which I was the senior member, purchased, through parties now deceased, twenty bags of coffee at twenty-one cents, twenty barrels of sugar, ten barrels of rice, and not less than forty boxes of candles at correspondingly low figures. Later, larger quantities were offered my firm at similar reductions from current wholesale prices. I then inquired where those goods came from, and was informed that they came from, or were supplies for, the prisoners at Camp Morton, and declined further offerings.

P. M. GAPEN.

In the limited space accorded me I will give a part of the corroborative testimony received from fellow-prisoners. The Hon. S. Pasco, U. S. Senator from Florida, says:

. . . I was sent to Camp Morton in May, 1864. I was first in the prison hospital and afterwards in Barracks No. 4, where I spent the winter. This building was little more than a shed. . . . Some of the incidents of cruel and inhuman conduct which you mention occurred before my residence there, but were among the current traditions of the camp. I often heard of them from those who were in the prison; others of later date came under my personal observation. I was a prisoner in all seventeen months, and no clothing was ever issued to me. Scanty food, harsh and brutal treatment, and insufficient shelter during the winter months were doubtless the cause directly or remotely of the large percentage of deaths which occurred during the ten months of my confinement in the camp. Your article is truthful, wholly free from exaggeration, and moderate in tone. As you have been attacked I feel bound to say this in the interest of truth. But I would gladly have remained silent, and wish I could wholly forget the misery and suffering and inhumanity which I saw and a part of which I experienced at the hands of the prison authorities.

Hon. C. B. Kilgore, Member of Congress from Texas, says:

I was a prisoner of war at Camp Morton for a few weeks in the winter of 1863–64. You have drawn a very moderate picture of the horrors of that horrible pen. I was in prison fourteen months in all, part of the time at Camp Morton, Camp Chase, and Fort Delaware.

Controversies which tend to engender bad feeling are much to be deplored, but exact justice should be done to both sides. Every ugly phase of the Southern prisons has been frequently made public. They were bad enough in all conscience, and neither side can scarcely justify the treatment given to prisoners of war.

Statement of Dr. W. P. Parr, Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army:

Your picture of the suffering of the prisoners falls short of the horrid reality. My blood gets hot, even at this remote day, when I recall those scenes of cruelty and cowardly brutality.

I was assigned to duty at Camp Morton February 12, 1864, and served till March, 1865, when I resigned. The prison barracks were boarded with planks nailed on upright, and these having shrunk left cracks through which the wind, rain, and snow blew in upon the men with freezing effects, as they had nothing to cover with but thin army blankets, with the hardboards beneath them. I asked those in authority to have the cracks closed by strips and plenty of clean straw put into the bunks, which would have made the men comparatively comfortable, but the reply was, "Damn them, let them freeze." And they did freeze; how many I do not now remember, but I do know that a great many of the frozen dead bodies were carried from their bunks to the dead-house, while many others died soon after they were brought into the hospital.

I felt then, as I do now, that it was a lasting shame upon our country that human beings, prisoners of war, should be thus forced to occupy a position where they must freeze to death, while ample means to prevent it were close at hand. When clothing was sent to the prisoners it was the practice to mutilate the coat by cutting off the skirt at the waist, allowing the owner to have the upper part. Boxes of provisions sent by friends to the hungry, half-naked prisoners were often not delivered.

One cold morning as I entered the camp I saw a lieutenant who had tied a prisoner by the thumbs

with a cord and suspended him by the cord being attached to a spike driven into a tree just high enough for the tips of his toes to touch the slanting roots of the tree. The poor fellow hung there till the pain caused him to swoon, when his whole weight broke the cord and he fell to the frozen ground in an insensible condition. This brave officer was preparing to hang him up again when I remonstrated with him so earnestly that he desisted. I was sent for to attend one of the men who was shot by the single guard. Talking with the poor fellow, his dying declaration was that they had committed no offense whatever. I believe he told the truth. It was a cold-blooded murder, so revolting and atrocious that the soldiers about camp would have lynched the miscreant if he had not been placed beyond their reach. This occurred just outside the camp as the prisoners were on their way to Fall Creek near by to load wagons with gravel. On one occasion the prisoners had completed a tunnel. One of their number turned informer, and a guard was secretly placed at the opening outside. As the first man put his head above ground the guard blew his brains out, instead of capturing and returning him to prison as a brave, humane soldier would have done.

To speak of the minor cruelties, such as "bucking and gagging," "marking time," carrying heavy pieces of wood till the men were ready to fall from fatigue, would fill a good-sized volume. I remember the shooting into the barracks at night and the wounding of prisoners as stated by you in THE CENTURY.

It was my privilege to help those under my care by lending them small sums of money to obtain articles for which they were in great need. In all this amounted to a considerable sum, and I never lost one dollar of the money thus loaned. I mention this fact to demonstrate the high sense of honor that characterized these men, surrounded by all the adverse circumstances and demoralizing influences calculated to tempt them to acts of dishonor.

Mr. C. S. S. Baron, of Portland, Indiana, lately of the Baron Manufacturing Company of Bellaire, Ohio, "for whom the works were named,"[1] appointed in 1877, by Governor T. L. Young of Ohio, colonel of the 2d Infantry, Ohio National Guard,[2] preludes his statement with this remark:

Like my honored old commander General James Longstreet, I have been a warm Republican ever since the war, believing that the reconstruction of the States and Government would be best accomplished by the party which had fought the war to a successful issue.

Continuing, he says:

I read your article in THE CENTURY to my wife, and it so closely resembled what I have been telling her for years that she declared you and I must have been messmates. Arrived at Camp Morton late in autumn of 1863; when we filed in the cries of "Fresh fish!" came from a thousand throats all over the prison grounds as there came a mighty rush of prisoners around us. I took a look at this crowd and my heart began to sink. Although at the beginning of winter, very few had sufficient clothing, many had no coats, the pantaloons of many were greatly dilapidated, and with many the shoes were worn to such an extent that the feet were not protected. I know our army had hard times, but in the worst regiment I had ever seen in the Confederacy I had never seen such squalor as this. Before being distributed to the barracks we were searched, and about $120 in United States currency was taken from me and my comrade. I succeeded in concealing $24 in the waistband of my pantaloons. In our bunk we found a thin coating of straw, and as we were at that time pretty well clothed and each had a good blanket, we did not suffer for a while. There were two stoves for burning wood in our shed, and one of these was not far from our bunk, so considering all we did not start out badly. For a while the issue of flour, beef or bacon, with occasionally potatoes, while not a full army ration, seemed to be sufficient for our wants, considering that we had no work to do and took but little exercise. The tyranny of one Baker was at all times manifest. He would compel us to stand in line at roll-call in the coldest weather, not only until every prisoner was accounted for, but until he could go to headquarters and make out his report and return. One bitter cold morning in the winter of 1863–64, while we were nearly freezing in ranks waiting for Baker's return, one of the prisoners very poorly clad and shod slipped out of the ranks to warm by a fire in the yard near by. Baker, coming down from headquarters, keeping the barracks between him and the prisoners, came upon the poor wretch as he was crouching over the fire, drew his revolver, and with "Here, d—— you, what are you doing out of line?" shot him. The poor fellow rolled over, and as he was carried off I am not sure what became of him. I see it stated that clean, fresh straw was issued with great frequency, which before God and man I pronounce untrue. Early in 1864 the falling-off in rations became very perceptible. About this time my money gave out. My friend B—— grew peevish and irritable, and driven by hunger would sometimes eat the piece of bread I had saved for my supper.

During the period when the men were being vaccinated I saw a big brutal sergeant knock a prisoner down, place his knee on the man's chest, and present his revolver at him, because he protested against being vaccinated.

In 1864, one very cold night a prisoner of our barracks, who was in ill health, went to the stove to warm. He was discovered by the guard, who came up to him saying, "I 'll warm you," and with this expression shot him. The poor fellow rolled off the box he was sitting upon. I do not think he even groaned.

One of the most brutal deeds I ever witnessed was that of Lieutenant or Adjutant D——. There was a small issue of condemned clothing,

[1] "History of Belmont and Jefferson Counties."
[2] Report of the Adjutant-General of Ohio, 1878.

a few light blouses, pantaloons, and shirts. Drawn up in line were from 75 to 100 men almost naked, one a boy of about 17 years, thin and delicate. Some wretch informed the adjutant that this boy had a jacket hid away in his bunk. The officer, a large man, jerked the boy out of line and threw him sprawling on the frozen ground. Terrified and hurt, the boy could only give stammering and incoherent answers to the officer's questioning, who unmercifully kicked and stamped him so that he was unable to walk to his quarters.

I think the two men you mention as being fatally shot through from behind were the two from my mess who met with that fate. They were detailed one morning for work outside the prison. They were brought in about noon and taken I think to a hospital tent, where some hours later they died. Knowing they were mortally wounded, they said that one of the guards made a threat to kill a rebel because a relative of his had been killed at the front by the rebels. Becoming alarmed, they complained to the sergeant that they were afraid that this man would do them harm, who however assured them there was no danger. The guard, awaiting his opportunity, got them in line and fired a ball through both.

As to eating rats, your statement can be sworn to by any survivor of that horrible pen. Every rat that was caught in Camp Morton was killed, cooked, and eaten by the prisoners. Was the dog your mess ate the adjutant's dog for which a number of men were tied up by the thumbs? This was December 27, 1864. On this day my father, looking out of headquarters, saw those men tied up by the thumbs to trees in the yard, just standing on the tips of their toes, and in great agony. Their shifting about, their groans, and their livid faces shocked him horribly. He had just arrived with a special pardon and order of release for me, signed by the immortal Lincoln at the intercession of Secretary Stanton, my father's schoolmate at Steubenville, Ohio. That is how I remember the date so well. My father lived then in Bellaire, Ohio. He was very poor, and could send me but little money. In September, 1864, I wrote him that my clothes, shoes, and hat were about gone. My mother sent me a coat, pantaloons, two shirts, two pairs socks, a pair of shoes, and a hat. They allowed me to have one shirt, the pantaloons, one pair of socks, and the shoes. The hat, coat, and other pair of socks I never got. When I entered Camp Morton I weighed 180 pounds. On the night of my arrival home I weighed 123 pounds. I had no disease; it was starvation pure and simple. For years past my weight has been over 200 pounds. The infernal mania for shooting into the barracks at night I could not understand. In closing let me say that if the good people of this country could have been convinced of the truth of one half of the tyranny, starvation, cruelty, and murder going on inside that fence, they would in their righteous wrath have leveled the whole thing to the ground, and probably would have visited lynch law upon those who were concerned in this great wrong.

Statement of Dr. J. L. Rainey, a practising physician of Cottage Grove, Henry County, Tennessee:

The attempt to refute your narrative, "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," will be utterly futile. There are yet living hundreds of men who know that your statement falls short in details of many cruelties inflicted upon prisoners there by soldiers and officers, and many privations which were maliciously inflicted. As an individual I had little cause to complain (as I was made a dispensing clerk in the hospital), but I am bound in honor to say that no man can prove that there is a shadow of falsehood in your statement.

I well remember the man who, for attempting to escape, was tied up to a tree by a cord around each thumb, standing on tip-toe. The surgeon[1] came in next morning and ordered him cut down. The man could not move his arms after he was cut down, until he was rubbed and stimulated. I was in the presence of the two men who were shot from behind and mortally wounded with the single ball, and heard the statement made by one of them that they were murdered. George Douglass, of Columbia, Tennessee, member of my company, who was nearly blind, was taken out on detail and shot. The guard said he tried to escape. He was so nearly blind that he could not have gotten home without aid had he been set at liberty. I examined the body at the dead-house. He was shot in the back, and it was murder.

The man shot in No. 7 for making a light to give a sick comrade some medicine had his arm amputated at the shoulder, and died. I was in the room when the operation was done.

The dire extremity to which some were reduced caused them to steal and to resort to the slop-barrels. I saw a poor, ragged, and emaciated prisoner ravenously devouring pieces of meat out of the slops, so rotten that it was thick with maggots. The eating of rats and dogs was well known.

I am not willing that it should be thought that all were like Baker, who to my knowledge did many more cruel things than you mention. Dr. Charles J. Kipp on taking charge made many valuable improvements in the care of the sick. I shall ever respect him as a kind, able, and honorable physician. Drs. Todd, Parr, Dow, Bingham, and Lindsey I remember with gratitude. Lieutenant Haynes, a one-armed officer, would not tolerate cruelties when he was on duty. I was released October 25, 1864, by order of President Lincoln, at the request of Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee.

Statement of Dr. W. E. Shelton, a practising physician of Austin, Texas:

I was confined at Camp Morton about June 1, 1863. In July or August I was assigned to duty as physician to the sick in quarters. My duties consisted in going through the barracks, prescribing for those not sick enough for the hospital, and sending the seriously ill to the wards. The sick were well treated. The treatment of prisoners in a great many instances was brutal and inhuman.

[1] Dr. W. P. Parr. See Dr. Parr's statement.

During one very cold spell several prisoners froze to death, and many others died from the effects of cold. I have read "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," and am prepared to swear that it is true.

The Rev. W. S. Wightman, pastor of the Southern Methodist Church, Bennettsville, S. C., writes:

I read with feelings of peculiar interest your most graphic description of the indignities, sufferings, and deaths that make up the history of that dreadful camp. I was taken to Camp Morton in July, 1864, and left there for exchange March, 1865. How I managed to stand the starvation and cold of that awful prison is something wonderful to me. My emaciation when I reached home was so great that my family scarcely recognized me. I can substantiate what you say in your article — the harsh treatment, the brutality, the horrible meanness. I suffered the pangs of hunger protracted through weeks and months, and of cold in those dreadful sheds for lack of bedding and clothes. I am witness to the fact that many a poor fellow perished from cold and starvation.

The Rev. W. H. Groves, a Presbyterian minister at Lynnville, Tennessee, who was in Camp Morton in 1864 and '65, says:

Dr. Wyeth graphically and truthfully describes Camp Morton. Every paragraph has the impress of truth, and will bear the scrutiny of the searcher of hearts. Think of men emaciated and exhausted by hunger, many of them with no clothing but the thin suits in which they were captured, standing that bitter winter cold — the long hours from dark till daylight, with only a single blanket, upon a bed of planks in an open cattle-shed. To strike a match to look at a sick or dying comrade was to be shot by the guards. Our rations were so meager that men became walking skeletons. No bone was too filthy or swill-tub too nauseating for a prisoner to devour. The eating of rats was common. I knew one of our men who was hung up by the thumbs for eating a dog. Some of the officials were very cruel, Baker in particular. God removed him, and we trust that he is in heaven. My feet were so badly frozen that I suffered intensely and could not wear my shoes for over a year. Our food was excellent in quality, at least the bread. We only got a small loaf a day. The meat was given in small quantity. We got about one third enough to eat. The mortality in consequence of short rations was very great. *Two of my mess of five died.* Dr. Wyeth has written no fancy sketch. It is what every living Confederate who was in Camp Morton the last year of the war will corroborate and which God will witness as true.

W. V. Futrell, orange-grower at Ozona, Florida, writes:

I can indorse all you say in regard to prison life at Camp Morton. Was there about twenty-three months, and suffered from hunger constantly. I was witness to the murder of one prisoner and the wounding of another by Baker. I saw dog-meat served at fifteen cents' worth of tobacco per pound. Many were frozen to death for want of proper clothing and cover. *My partner froze at my side one night, and I did not know he was dead until next morning.* The eating of rats and of scraps from the swill-tub at the hospital was of common occurrence. I have peeled potatoes for the hospital cook just to get the peelings to eat. I harbor no feeling of malice to any one, yet the officers and guards at Camp Morton were very cruel and allowed prisoners to starve.

The Rev. Samuel Tucker, preacher in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Arkansas, says:

Was confined in Camp Morton from March, 1863, to February, 1865. I can fully corroborate your statements concerning the treatment of prisoners. There were fifty-one men in the squad I arrived with, and thirty-two of these perished there. I have seen the prisoners struggling with each other to devour the dirty matter thrown out of the hospital kitchen. Rats were eaten, and I have seen dog-meat peddled out by the prisoners. The murdering of prisoners, clubbing, tying them up by the thumbs was known to all there. I could put the entire piece of meat given me for a day's allowance in my mouth at one time.

The vast bulk of testimony, which fully sustains the charges of criminal neglect on the part of those whose duty it was to treat prisoners of war humanely, I cannot publish here for lack of space. The statements of Messrs. B. P. Putnam, Tullahoma, Tennessee; B. F. Erwin and T. W. Cowan, Gadsden, Alabama; S. H. Russell, Huntsville, Alabama; J. T. George, Clerk of the Court of Graves County, Kentucky; James A. Thomas, Nashville, Tennessee; John F. Champenois, ex-Mayor and County Commissioner, Shubuta, Mississippi; N. M. Smith, Caswell, Mississippi; R. M. Guinn, Alvarado, Texas; I. C. Bartlett, Louisville, Kentucky; J. N. Ainsworth, Smith County, Mississippi; A. W. Baxter, Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tennessee; G. T. Willis, Greenville, South Carolina; S. W. Jacoway, South Pittsburg, Tennessee; J. A. Guy, Childersburg, Alabama; W. H. Carter, White County, Tennessee, and T. E. Spotswood, Fairford, Alabama, are, among others, important and interesting, and with much other valuable material will be reserved by me for future publication.

John A. Wyeth.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN."

THE one thing about country newspapers that seems to be always true is that they are never satisfactory to the people who support them. Yet there is nothing so hard to kill as a country newspaper, however unpopular it may be. A paper that really does not amount to much ordinarily may amount to a good deal if an intruder comes into its field, and gentlemen looking for locations should be careful of starting new papers in towns for no other reason than that the people encourage them.

An ordinary business is rated a failure if it does not pay. There are plenty of country papers that have not made a dollar in twenty years, but the publishers hold on with foolish stubbornness, though they might succeed in some other calling; they seem to imagine that a little red man will wriggle up through their office floors some day, and make their "good will" as valuable as they believe it to be. I have heard many men say they were certain they could not succeed as doctor, lawyer, merchant, dentist, or what not, but I have never heard one say he could not succeed as an editor, particularly as a country editor. Really good newspaper men are scarce in the country, for a business man and a writer must be combined to insure success; but there is no lack of newspapers, and as half the people seem to be waiting to give the business a trial, I feel certain that the supply will always be considerably greater than the demand.

Although as a nation we are supposed to have unusual confidence in newspapers, I shall always believe that there is a strong undercurrent of opposition to them among our liberty-loving people. If all the papers in a town unite in favoring a measure, a large proportion of the people are sure to oppose it. The three papers of a certain small city once united in opposing a candidate for an important office, but the people elected the candidate by the largest majority ever heard of in that region. The candidate was elected to fill an unexpired term, and when he came up for the same office a year later, the papers all agreed not to mention his name, and the objectionable candidate was defeated. I have known so many editors to fail in forcing the people into a particular way of thinking, that I am inclined to believe it is safest modestly to follow the best public sentiment. One of the best newspaper men I ever knew, and who had the reputation of being always original, once confessed to me that most of his matter was gleaned from others. He cultivated the bright men in the community, and his note-book was oftener used in taking down opinions and suggestions than in gleaning news items. I have heard of a bright fellow who went to Dakota with a printing outfit, but being unable to find a suitable town, he took up a claim. The crops failed, and he issued a small weekly paper from an imaginary town, giving it a name, and creating men and women, and institutions. His comments were very breezy, as I can well believe, since he was responsible to no one; somehow it is so much easier to say, "It serves him right," than it is to say, "It serves you right." He criticized imaginary plays at imaginary theaters; he criticized imaginary judges of imaginary courts; he ridiculed an imaginary society, and generally hit off popular delusions so well that his paper attracted attention, and a town was finally built on his farm. But this is a very rare case, even if it be true. The newspaper usually follows civilization, and the newspaper usually follows public opinion.

The longer a saying has been accepted and used, the greater the likelihood that it is true; therefore I have great confidence in the saying that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." It will be observed that I have used the English of this quotation, although I am perfectly familiar with the Latin of it, having seen it so much in country papers.

Country editors quarrel with one another too much; too many of them imagine that they are buzz-saws, and long for opportunity to prove it. The people are not interested in these quarrels, and as a rule do not like them. A tilt between editors may be occasionally interesting, but only when the parties to it are exceptionally clever. In a newspaper controversy an editor cannot defend himself; modesty will not permit it: he can only attack the other editor, so that while both are besmirched, neither is championed. There is one name that should be kept out of a newspaper, wherever published, and that is the name of the editor. A really good editor's name is seldom seen in print in the town where he lives, for

he cannot print it himself, and the other papers will not, except in a caricature. In a political controversy one paper attacks a candidate, and the other defends him, so that the character of the candidate is left in the end where it was in the first place, but when editors pummel one another they simply debase themselves in the eyes of the community. Lawyers are the most sensible class of men in the matter of quarreling; the reason probably is that their business throws them together a great deal, while other men nurse their professional hatreds in private.

There are many comfortably rich men in the country, but few of them are editors. There are many luxurious homes in the country, but few of them are occupied by editors. The fact is, there is little money in the business; for it is a curious fact that it costs more to produce the newspapers of America than the people pay for them. Running a newspaper is like rowing a boat up-stream. A man may pull his boat slowly against the current, if he works steadily, but he dare not rest, and he cannot anchor. Every time a newspaper goes to press the editor has the feeling that his sheet might have contained more news, and more advertisements, without a dollar of additional expense, and in this business more than in any other there is a constant clamor for more work, for harder pulling at the oars. The best weekly paper I know of is edited by an old man who is particularly clever as writer, publisher, and printer, and although he owns his own home and his own office building, he is compelled to work very hard every day. Younger men not half so industrious or capable have made a great deal more money. There may be an impression in cities that country editors might do very much better if they would, but the fact is that many a man has failed to make money at editing in the country who has succeeded in the city.

Although country editors are nearly always poor, there are plenty of persons who believe that half the paragraphs in a country newspaper are paid for with enormous bribes. There are always two sides to every question, and whichever side an editor falls on, the partisans of the other accuse him of being "bought." It is little wonder, therefore, that the editor is seldom a popular man; I never knew one who was, and I never knew one who was not often accused unjustly. Probably the people believe in bribes to editors because it is a very rare editor who does not accuse his opponent of being a bribe-taker, creating a prejudice against themselves and their calling. Lazy and incompetent editors nearly always explain the success of their more vigorous opponents by declaring that they carry on a system of blackmail. I once visited a large city the newspapers of which I had long admired almost with reverence, and was surprised to hear a citizen say that what the city really needed was better papers; they would bring "eastern capital." Every citizen of a country town wants his locality "boomed," to the end that he may sell his fifty-dollar lot for five hundred; he can appreciate how a really good paper might aid him in this, and because his lot does not advance in value as he thinks it should, he has a grievance against the editor. He longs for an editor with some "snap" in him. I don't know what "snap" means, but I know this is the quality usually thought to be lacking. There are more great men in every country town than really exist in the entire nation, and if they are not recognized, the local papers are of no account. I was once bothered a good deal by a certain man who said he could clean more chickens in an hour than any other chicken-cleaner in the world, and he wanted the fact mentioned. Men who are never suspected of greatness by other people accuse themselves of it to the editors, and when they refuse to mention this greatness, they are told that their columns contain a great deal of stuff not half so interesting. It has occurred to me that when a citizen of a country town becomes drunk, the first thing he does is to hunt up the editor to tell him what is the matter with the community.

Probably the reason every citizen feels at liberty to find fault with the editor, and not with the banker or merchant, is that he regards his contribution to the paper as in some sense a gift. Most of the subscribers and advertisers of a country newspaper are coaxed into it. In some towns it is the rule for the principal merchants to take a half-double-column advertisement, for which they pay a hundred dollars a year, and very often these stand so long without change that in the middle of summer they announce the arrival of new winter goods. Advertising in country papers pays as well as advertising in the city papers, considering the difference in the charge, but country advertisers usually do not know how to use effectively the space they pay for. The merchant also feels that if he advertises in one, he must advertise in all the papers printed in his town, and this idea is so general that an energetic, pushing editor is often held back by his slower competitors. Many business men refrain from advertising in one valuable medium because they fear that the insertion of an advertisement will cause the solicitors of poorer papers to bother them. Many business men seem to be ashamed to have it known that they have been guilty of the weakness of advertising; and some do not believe in legitimate advertising, because they have noticed that most advertise-

ments are given as a sort of duty. They have an unnatural and foolish dread of seeing their names in the papers, regarding it as a system of puffing that modesty does not warrant. Farmers and town people alike are often reminded of their duty to the "local paper," and as a rule they do not do their duty without grumbling. The country newspaper is much like the country church in the matter of support, and the country editor much like the country parson in the particular that he never makes any money and is seldom satisfactory.

It is surprising to note how nearly alike all country newspapers are; likewise how nearly alike all country towns are. Take the average county-seat town in almost any State, and the population is nearly always the same. In the eastern portion of Kansas and Nebraska, for example, the average population in the county-seat towns is from fifteen to eighteen hundred. They usually have the same number of stores, the same number of banks, the same number of newspapers (almost invariably two), the same number of mills and elevators, the same number of railroads (almost invariably two), the same number of grain and stock buyers, the same number of doctors, hotels, dentists, etc. And it is also worth noting that the population of the counties in the eastern portions of Kansas and Nebraska is nearly always the same. This is true in most States, the exceptions being in counties where large cities make a difference.

In the average State dozens of papers published at different county-seat towns can be found that look almost exactly alike; every editor who looks over exchanges must have remarked this. Usually they are of four eight-column pages, with "patent outside." The same kinds of dashes separate the editorial paragraphs on the second page; the local news is arranged in about the same way on the third page; and the editorial and local paragraphs often concern the same topics. The weather is excessively hot in one county, and the editor remarks it; the weather is excessively hot in another county, and the editor remarks it. There is good sleighing in a certain district, and you will find mention of it in all the papers, very often in connection with the liverymen taking the editors out for a "spin." There is the same similarity in the editorial columns, for most editors, as well as most men, pay too much attention to politics, and in most political discussions the difference is that one man says yes, while the other says no.

You will find about the same class of advertisements in all the papers printed in towns of the same size. The bankers always advertise, and then in the list of probabilities come the storekeepers, the implement-dealers, the lawyers, the doctors, the liverymen, the organ-dealer, and the blacksmiths, in about the order named; and another peculiar thing is that the advertisements are worded about the same. The papers all exchange, and every new idea in advertising goes the rounds.

Before "patents" were invented there was an individuality about most country papers that does not exist now. I am almost tempted to say that the country weeklies of twenty years ago averaged better than they do now; certainly in appearance, if not in ability. The influence of the country papers is more extensive at this writing than ever before, for they are constantly increasing in numbers, but certainly many strong, influential country papers of twenty years ago have lately lost prestige; it has been divided with new papers in their field, and with the big city publications, which are constantly increasing their circulation in the country.

The circulation of each country paper is about the same—usually less than a "bundle," or nine hundred and sixty, rarely fifteen hundred. The average circulation of six thousand of the country newspapers of America is not six hundred copies. Many of the patent medicine concerns in the east make their advertising contracts through experts, who travel from town to town. If these men understand their business, and they usually do, they know the circulation of the papers in a town before they reach the hotel; they get the information by looking at the town. When the agents call at the newspaper offices, the editors usually make a claim for their circulation that the agents know is ridiculous, but it always ends in the same way; the editors agree to the price offered by the agents, or no contracts are signed. The men who travel in advance of circuses have the same knowledge of the circulation of newspapers, but they are unable to use it, for they always pay at least treble prices for their advertising. Many editors demand a hundred dollars for a circus advertisement, whether the agent desires an inch or two columns, and the editors get their price, or no picture of an elephant goes in. But no editor exaggerates his circulation so much as the circus man exaggerates the attractions in his show, and the circus man knows it, so the difficulty is usually arranged. The circus advertising agent announces regularly every season that he is instructed to reduce the advertising expense at least one half; but he never does it.

There are four classes of men who usually own country papers: 1. Farmers' sons who think they are a little too good for farming, and not quite good enough to do nothing. 2. School-teachers. 3. Lawyers who have made a failure of the law. 4. Professional printers who have "worked their way." In nearly every case the

best country papers are conducted by the latter class, although they seldom have "backing," like the other three classes. You are always hearing men longing for "backing," though I believe it is usually a bad thing to have. Very few of the successful men ever had it; men worthy of "backing" usually do not need it; a man who has "backing" does not depend upon himself, and, after all, a man must make his own way. There are few city printers occupying the best places in the country. There are many country printers occupying the best places in the cities. The country seems to be the training-school of the profession. In most of the great newspaper offices there is a growing tendency to employ men who have had a training in the country, because they have a higher sense of duty and better habits than the city contingency. The demand in every newspaper office is for "all 'round men"; by this is meant men who know something of the business office, the press-room, and the composing-room: if they have no occasion to use this knowledge in any other way, they may use it in being fair with the other departments.

Very many of our noted publishers, writers, and editors are printers; I know of no class that has so much to say, and I believe that most of the printers who have amounted to a good deal began in the country towns, where a printer may become a publisher after he has saved a few hundred dollars. The town in which he buys an insignificant paper may become a city, and he may grow with it. In the larger cities there are few opportunities for printers to engage in business for themselves, whereas more than half of those in the country finally try it. Of noted men more have been printers than lawyers, or practitioners of any other profession or trade. Most of the unsuccessful newspapers are owned by inexperienced men; few practical men hold on to a failing paper long, for they do not believe much in "good will." If there are many poor papers in the country, it is because of the disposition of inexperienced men to rush into the business. Take a hundred of the poorest papers in any given region, and it will be found that ninety-five of them are owned by men of no practical knowledge, who believe that anybody can run a paper.

So many country papers are published by inexperienced men that there are numerous advertising agencies devoted to fleecing them. The usual method adopted is to offer them a trade. An article is priced at more than its actual value, and then the agent offers to take out one half or one third of its stated value in advertising, the publisher to pay the remainder in cash. I once knew a young lawyer who bought a paper, and soon after he received a proposition from an advertising agent, offering in large, bold, honest-looking type to give him a $300 fire-and-burglar-proof safe for half a column for one year. The advertisement was inserted, and the lawyer has confessed to me that in the darkness of his room at night he could see that safe, with his name over the door in plain but neat gilt letters. He could see visions of the door carelessly swung open, displaying to customers not only his full name at the top of the safe, but also the drawers inside, one of which bore his initials and the word "Private." Finally he thought of sending for the safe, the contract having about expired, so he looked up the original papers to get the necessary address. Then he noticed a lot of printing in small type, which he had never noticed before, which read as follows: "Providing the order is accompanied by $200 in cash." This cash balance usually represents the wholesale value of the article, and while a good many publishers do this class of advertising, very few of them complete the trade by paying the cash difference.

This same lawyer-editor in his salutatory said something about mounting the editorial tripod. Now I have been connected with printing offices since I was ten years old, a period of twenty-six years, but I have never seen a tripod, although so many editors claim to mount them; nor have I ever heard of a man who has seen one. There may have been a three-legged stool in the temple of Apollo, and an oracle may have occupied it, but there are no three-legged stools in the offices of editors; even the stools used by the printer always have four legs, and consequently are not tripods.

Many country papers are largely controlled by the printers employed by the inexperienced editors. The only monument ever erected at public expense in Bethany, Missouri, was unveiled last year in memory of Edwin R. Martin, an old-fashioned printer who never owned a newspaper; but he had worked in the same town for thirty years. At no time did his pay exceed $12 a week; sometimes it was only $6 a week. During that time the paper he served had many owners, most of whom knew nothing of newspapers, but this old veteran was a fixture in the place, and had "boarded" with the family where he died for certainly twenty years. Every week he wrote for its columns, and he never wrote anything unkind. He was fond of the cherished idols of the people, and complimented them in a quiet way. For years his paragraphs were credited to the farmer who had last traded for the paper, but in time his kindly hand was recognized, and when he died the people expressed their appreciation of his honest service to the community. Of verses alone he wrote so many that they were

collected not long ago, and printed in book-form by another old-fashioned country printer of almost equal cleverness. I "learned my trade" with Mr. Martin, and though I left him when a very young man, and went to work elsewhere, I can trace in his poems the history of the town as I remember it. A pretty girl ran away with a dissolute fellow and married him; in a few years she was dead from worry and trouble. The story was gently disguised, and printed in the home paper in verse by the old printer. In every verse there was a moral, as there was in every other line he ever wrote. All the local events that touched the hearts of the people were celebrated by him, but he never wrote of the political or other broils that were nearly always going on in the columns of the paper. He was an old man when he died, but in his time he was the social leader of the town, and excellent social customs still exist there for which he was responsible. No social affair was satisfactory without his presence. He was the leader in dramatic and musical entertainments, and was always as gentle and pure as a good woman. Behind a curtain in the room in which the printing office was located he had his bed, and those apprentices who found his favor were permitted to spend occasional evenings with him, when they learned all sorts of astonishing secrets. One of them was that some of the stories and poems in the "New York Mercury" and "Godey's Lady's Book" were from his pen, and the extra money he thus earned was spent in helping his less fortunate friends. Judging him by his opportunities, he was the best printer I ever knew; I have learned little of his art since I left him that he did not know twenty years ago. He would have been helpless in one of the great offices, but a printer from the city would have been equally helpless in his modest position. The two press-days of the week — one for each side of the paper — were great events. The temperature of the room had to be exactly right, and cold draughts were avoided as in a sick-room. The inking roller had to be washed and softened by a certain formula, and making the tympan ready was a work of the greatest care and delicacy. Although he had old type, and a hand-press so old-fashioned that I never saw another like it, he printed a marvelously neat paper; the perfecting presses of to-day do not understand the art of printing better than he understood it, though they print 20,000 complete papers in an hour where he printed 400 sheets on one side in the same length of time.

Printers have greatly improved as a class. Peter Bartlett Lee, who was famous as a "tramp printer," is dead, and he has no successor. It was said of Lee that he could name every county seat in the United States, and the papers published therein. It is probable that he had worked in every State in the Union, but during the latter years of his life he was not popular with his craft; his sort of printers had gone out of fashion, and came to be more and more unpopular. The printers gave their "subbing" to more industrious men, and Lee was supported by the reporters and editors, who wrote him up every time he appeared. The modern printer has an ambition above being a tramp; thousands of clever paragraphs are composed and set up every day by printers; for copy is always short in country offices, and editors are glad to accept these contributions. Printers are always handing the editor contributions, and many printers contribute regularly to the city papers, for which they receive good pay. In my experience as an editor I am often told interesting things by the printers, and I usually ask them to "set it up," which they do with good taste.

There is a musical strain in country printers; most of them belong to the town brass band or sing in a choir. Many printers play guitars, some of them flutes, and belong to serenading clubs, but for some reason they do not take to fiddles. Shoemakers seem to be fiddle-players naturally, and a fiddle can always be found for the serenading parties at some of the shoe shops; but a clarionet-player is rare, and if I were starting in the printer's trade again, I should learn to play a clarionet.

Boys seem to drift into printing offices naturally. I have seen hundreds of them learning the trade, but it seems to me that in all the towns in which I have lived I never knew any boys who were learning to be tailors, or blacksmiths, or painters. There are always boys around a printing office, and there is usually fairness in their promotion. In most of the offices where I have worked there has been a particularly good boy of whom all sorts of good things were predicted, but I never knew one to fulfil expectations. The best boy I ever knew is still setting type, aged forty-two.

It is possible for local papers to succeed if there is a possibility of success; the most energetic man in the world could not make money in the arctic regions putting up ice to sell to explorers. There are papers almost entirely local in their character which have a greater circulation in proportion to the population of the towns in which they are published than the best New York dailies. I personally know of a small daily that has a local circulation of 2500 in a town of 15,000 inhabitants. The commonly accepted estimate is that five persons see every paper that is printed. This country paper, therefore, is read by 87½ per cent.

of the townspeople; excluding the children who cannot read, but who are enumerated in the census, the paper would appear to be read by every person in the town able to read. I believe most editors understand that next to energy and intelligence, their success must depend upon honesty and fairness; therefore this influence must be for good. Of course there are many careless editors, but the disposition of the people to criticize them severely will generally reform them.

The best country papers are usually owned by one man; I do not believe partnerships are desirable in small ventures of any kind. In the best country papers you will find few railroad advertisements, which mean free passes, for it takes time to use passes, and certain expenses are inevitable in traveling that may be avoided at home. Whenever you find a successful country newspaper, you will usually find the editor at home, and busy. Working is becoming eminently respectable; it is those who do not work who are objects of suspicion; a genius is simply an industrious man who tries so many ways that he finally finds a good one. Wherever you find a failing paper you will find an editor who does not attend to his business. There was a time when many papers were supported almost entirely by legal advertisements, but there are few such papers now; their proprietors have either gone to work or into politics.

In estimating the number of newspapers in the United States, which is something like eighteen thousand, the "Big City Thunderer," published in a village of four or five hundred people, counts for as much as the best New York daily. The "Thunderer" is responsible for most of the bad habits credited to country newspapers and to the craft in general. There are sharp writers on most of the better class of country papers, and writers of good sense and judgment. It is the editor of the "Thunderer" who says his latch-string is always out. He is the person who extends his ☞ to people and calls for turnips, and potatoes, and corn in the shock on subscription. I have spent fifteen years of my life in the offices of small weekly papers, but I believe I could carry on my back all the produce and wood I have seen taken in on subscription; there is really very little traffic of this kind. The editor of the "Thunderer" is also the person who returns thanks for a bouquet of flowers sent "our wife." He belongs to a mutual admiration society. When the other members refer to him as "a genial, warm-hearted gentleman, and about the best editor on earth," he reprints the notices, to the disgust of his readers, and to the disgrace of his profession. The poorest editor of the "Thunderer" class can get a living, for he has accounts to "trade out" at the stores, and he can usually trade "orders" to his help, but the "patent outside" sheets on which he prints his paper must be paid for in actual money every week, for when the editor is poor they are sent C. O. D. These "patents" are usually sheets ready printed on two outside or inside pages; sometimes in cases of eight-page papers six pages are "patent." Most of them are printed on a sheet 26x40, which is an eight-column folio, or a five-column quarto. Ready-printed sheets are furnished from twenty-eight cities and towns in different parts of the country. The same forms were at one time used for hundreds of papers, the heads, names of publishers, mottos, etc., being changed for each customer, but of late it does not often occur that any two papers use ready-printed sheets that are exactly alike. The larger ready-print companies print one hundred editions weekly, so that publishers have a large list to select from. These sheets are furnished at about the actual cost of white paper and printing, the ready-print companies making their profit from the one hundred inches of advertising space reserved. Sheets without advertising may be obtained at an additional expense of about two dollars a week, but they are rarely used. It is said that "patent outsides" were in vogue in England in 1850, and in a solitary instance in the United States in 1851, but the father of the business was A. N. Kellogg, whose name is still at the head of one of the two principal ready-print concerns. In 1861 Mr. Kellogg was printing a weekly paper at Baraboo, Wisconsin, and his patriotic printers having enlisted in the army he was unable to print his usual paper, therefore he ordered of the "Daily Journal," at Madison, half-sheet supplements containing war news to fold with his own half-sheets. He soon saw that the two pages of his paper coming from Madison would look better printed on one side of a full sheet, and thus the ready-print idea was established. The Madison "Journal" received orders for similar sheets until it printed for thirty different offices; then the business went to Milwaukee and Chicago, and finally all over the country. Eight years after Mr. Kellogg's venture there were five hundred ready-printed papers in the country; to-day the company bearing his name prints nearly two thousand, and there are six thousand altogether. The Kellogg Company alone has eight different houses and sends ready-printed sheets into twenty-nine different States and Territories, the east and south being represented quite as well as the west and north.

It would be difficult to decide just when a country weekly becomes a country daily, though I believe it is a rule that when a town obtains a population of three thousand one of the weekly newspaper publishers attempts a

daily, and fails. Most towns in the west of ten thousand population have daily newspapers; in the east the case is different, for the proximity of large cities and fast trains is fatal to provincial dailies. Even in the west the big St. Louis dailies are delivered three hundred miles away by ten o'clock on the morning of publication. This ruins the business for hundreds of miles around St. Louis, and no creditable dailies are found until Kansas City is reached. The Chicago dailies are delivered on the Mississippi River by breakfast time, and except in the case of Milwaukee, there are no really creditable dailies within two hundred miles of Chicago. There are good newspapers in Omaha, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, but with an occasional exception, they ruin the field around them. The exceptions I think of are at State capitals, which usually afford at least one good paper. As a rule the great papers of a big city are issued in the morning; but evening papers do best in the smaller towns. A large majority of the country dailies appear at four o'clock in the afternoon, when there is no competition from the city.

In the smaller country dailies there is a tremendous amount of "padding," although the same thing may be found in the best metropolitan papers, and in magazines and books. Indeed, good "padding" is better than indifferent news, but when a man learns to "pad" well he is almost a genius, and it is difficult to keep him in the country. I have seen many small provincial dailies that did not contain on certain days a single paragraph of real local news, although there were several columns of alleged local news. It was all "padded," and read very well. A good local editor is a man who can make a good page when there is no local news, and there are many such. Every country newspaper office may be referred to as a manufacturing establishment, for much of the matter printed is manufactured, and much of it is good and useful. As a general proposition, it may be stated that a man cannot make a country daily a success unless he understands the art of "padding"; he must have padding, and if he cannot employ men who can furnish it, he must be able to furnish it himself. The modern system of plates makes it possible to run a very good evening paper with two printers, a foreman to set the advertisements, and a boy, but there should be two or three reporters, and all of them should be able to "pad" well. The reporters are also expected to look out for advertising, and if the publisher also does job printing they often solicit that. The most useless man on such a paper is the man who writes the editorials; in the country the demand is for good local news. I know one reporter who also collects and solicits; when there is a rush, he sets type in the afternoon; when the pressman is sick, he goes down into the basement, and runs the press and engine. This young man is responsible for the following actual example of "padding" in the personal column:

December 8.— Miss Mary Smith, of Bevier, is visiting Miss Sarah Jones, at 108 North Adams street.

December 9.— Miss Sarah Jones will entertain at 108 North Adams street, this evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Mary Smith, of Bevier.

December 10.— A gay party of young folks went to the lake to-day, skating, to entertain Miss Mary Smith, of Bevier, who is the guest of Miss Sarah Jones, at 108 North Adams street.

December 11.— Miss Mary Smith, who has been the guest of Miss Sarah Jones, at 108 North Adams street, returned to her home in Bevier to-day.

In most small cities there is a "committee of safety" composed of a number of men who are always suggesting what the other citizens should do to help the town. The papers print these suggestions, and very often hundreds of columns are printed concerning an enterprise that is finally forgotten. In a town where I once worked the editors wrote every dull day about the necessity of mending the "Doniphan Road," the bad condition of which seriously interfered with the trade from a very important region, but I am lately informed that the "Doniphan Road" is still in wretched condition, although the papers have been inquiring who is responsible for at least twenty years.

All this is "padding," and it is so well received that the reporters look for it. In my own experience I have often gone out on the streets, not to find news, but to find suggestions for "padding." The never-failing source of it is the man with complaints.

A majority of the evening dailies printed in the country do not have much, if any, telegraph news sent to them direct; they have as a substitute a "plate telegraph," which service is supplied from most of the large cities. Of the six columns of "plate telegraph" usually printed in an evening paper to-day, three columns may have been set up from the city papers of the night before; the other three columns being set up at 5 or 6 A. M., from the morning papers. Stereotype plates of these six columns are then made, and sent out on the express trains, reaching their destinations in ample time for the provincial evening papers, which, as a rule, could not have had the information by any other means except the use of the telegraph, direct. The plates are made to fit metal bases kept in the office of each customer; the plate and base are exactly type-high, and as the plates come in column lengths, they may be cut in any way desired.

This service costs $13.50 per week; $12 for the plates, and $1.50 for a week's expressage. Many head printers "make up" these plates as neatly as could be done with type, and while no pressman can disguise the fact that his is a "plate" paper, the reader does not seem to remark the difference. Five years ago there were many sneering remarks about this sort of matter, and it was claimed that the line between city and country papers could be drawn at "plates," but some very creditable morning papers now use them. The use of plates is an old newspaper principle. A paper that costs thousands of dollars to produce is sold for a penny, and the paper sold at this low price, in spite of the enormous original cost, is read by at least four persons who pay nothing at all for it. The reader in California does not find his paper less interesting because a copy of the same printing is being enjoyed also in New York. It costs several hundred dollars to produce six columns of the best plates; yet a country publisher may buy stereotype duplicates of the six columns for two dollars. And the matter is not less interesting to his readers because many other publishers in many other States are using the same articles. The surprise is that, although stereotyping is an old process, stereotype plates have only been generally used eight or ten years. I sometimes doubt that ready-printed sheets have been of any great service to country newspapers, but the invention of plates was a long stride forward. By their use country newspapers may secure at small expense the services of the very best writers; by their use every country publisher may secure a great staff of special writers and artists. Every field except the local field is covered by the plates, and it is almost certain that the service will steadily improve.

E. W. Howe.

THE POSSIBILITY OF MECHANICAL FLIGHT.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

THE publication by the press of a memoir I lately read to the National Academy of Sciences on the power required for mechanical flight has caused so much misapprehension, but also so much interest and inquiry, that I willingly accept the invitation of THE CENTURY to give here at least such an explanation as consists with the imperfection of a brief account in untechnical terms.[1]

In the first place, let me explain that I have in no way said that man can fly by his own strength, nor have I ever described the details of any particular "flying-machine." What has been done is to demonstrate by actual experiment that we have now acquired the mechanical power to sustain in the air (and at great speeds) bodies thousands of times heavier than the air itself, and that as soon as we have the skill to direct this power we shall be able actually to fly.

As the distinction between the possession of sufficient mechanical power and the skill to use it may not be clear, let us observe that an ordinary balloon is essentially lighter than the air and will float in it, moving only with it, at the mercy of the wind, like a log in moving water; while the flying-machine of the future that we now speak of is to be heavier than the air, and, being designed to glide on it somewhat like a skater on thin ice, will sink if it has not power to keep moving rapidly enough to make the air support it.

It seems at first incredible that any practically obtainable power can make the viewless air at the same time support a dense body like brass or steel, and cause it to run rapidly and securely along upon the thin element. Nevertheless I have seen it done; and for this best of reasons it has seemed to me that it can be done again, and that such a matter as mechanical flight ought not to be left to the opprobrium which past mistaken efforts and consequent failure have brought on it, but that it should be reinvestigated by scientific methods.

The distinctive mark of such methods is the primary importance attached in them to obtaining definite ideas about quantity, in order to state everything in number, weight, and measure, so that we may be able to prove, for instance, just how much power is demanded for such aërial transport, and if this be beyond the ability of a man's muscles to furnish, to prove definitely whether we can or cannot build an

[1] For fuller and exacter statement the reader is referred to a recent publication by the Smithsonian Institution, "Experiments in Aërodynamics."

engine at once strong and light enough to supply this power. Almost all notions about the capacity of the air for this kind of support have been and are very vague, and are in complete contrast to the precise ones science possesses on other matters. It is to furnish these exact data, it is to answer with certainty the question "How much?" that these new experiments have been made; and few things can, it seems to me, be of more interest than their results.

Above us is the great aërial ocean, stretching over all lands, and offering an always open way to them, yet a way that has never yet been thus trodden. Can it be that the power we have always lacked is at last found, and that it only remains to learn to guide it?

Let me, in answering, compare the case to that which would present itself if the actual ocean had never been traversed because it was always covered with fields of thin ice, which gave way under the foot, which indeed permitted vessels to be launched and to float, but which compelled them to move wherever the ice drifted. Such vessels would resemble our balloons, and be of as little practical use; but now suppose we are told, "The ice which has always been your obstacle may be made your very means of transport, for you can glide over the thinnest ice, provided you only glide fast enough, and experiments will prove not only how fast you must go to make the ice bear, but that it is quite within the limits of your strength to go with the requisite speed." All this might be true, and yet if no one had ever learned to skate, every trial of this really excellent plan would probably end in disaster, as all past efforts to fly have done. Indeed, in our actual experience with the air, men have come to the same kind of wrong conclusion as would have been reached in supposing that the ice could not be traversed because no one had the strength to skate, while the truth would be that man has plenty of strength to skate, but is not born with the skill.

The simile is defective so far as it suggests that man can sustain himself by his unaided strength on calm air, which I believe to be impracticable; but it is the object of these experiments to prove that he has now the power to sustain himself with the aid of engines recently constructed, and by means I indicate, as soon as he has skill to direct them.

All the time which I have been able to give to the subject during the past four years has been spent in continuous experiment in order to determine exactly how much power is required, and how it should be applied, to sustain in rapid motion quite dense bodies in the shape of plates or planes (somewhat as a skater is sustained on thin ice), by distributing their weight over a great mass of air, whose inertia prevents it from getting out of the way, owing to the swiftness with which they can be made to glide over it.

The experiments were made with the aid of a steam-engine of ten horse-power, which put in horizontal motion a long arm at the end of which a great variety of specially devised apparatus was connected with such planes, which were made to advance with exactly measured speeds up to seventy miles an hour.

Beginning with the year 1887, many thousand experiments of this and many other kinds were made, of which only the general result can be stated here. In one class of these trials the plane was attached to a dynamometer, which showed, in connection with a chronograph, the amount of power which made the air just support the plane, so that it neither rose nor fell, but soared along horizontally; while among the first results of observation was a demonstration of the important fact that it takes less power to sustain such a body in horizontal motion than when it is suspended over one place — a conclusion the very reverse of that formerly reached by physicists, who, not having tried the actual experiment, started from the plausible assumption that we must first see how much power it will take to keep the body suspended over one spot, and then add to that power something very much larger to find what it requires both to suspend it and to move it along.

To mention a single experiment out of many bearing on this last point, a sheet of brass in the form of a plane was suspended from the horizontal arm by a spring-balance, which, when all was at rest, was drawn out to a distance corresponding to the weight. As soon as the arm was put in movement, however, and lateral motion began and increased, the spring (which now not only sustained the plane but pulled it along) *contracted* more and more instead of lengthening, showing that the pull diminished with each increment of speed and each corresponding diminution of the inclination. It is very interesting to see with what slight power the heavy metal, when in such rapid motion, can be made almost to float on the air, and one can be convinced by the evidence of the spring-balance or the dynamometer, combined with the record of the speed, that (within the limits of experiment) it requires less and less power to maintain this horizontal transport of the plane the faster it goes. The above experiment is given only as an illustration, but the important conclusion just mentioned was not accepted till it had been confirmed by hundreds of varied demonstrations.

In another class of experiment the plane is no longer attached to the balance, but is placed horizontally, and left free to fall through a constant small distance while keeping in that hori-

zontal position, but at the same time being urged forward. Since it is not inclined either way, or, as a physicist would say, since there is no visible component of pressure to increase or diminish the time of fall, this time might be supposed to be the same whether it were dropped from a position of rest, or in such motion. Actual trial, however, shows the contrary in a very striking manner, for a plate more than a thousand times denser than the air may under such conditions be seen to settle down with an extraordinary slowness, as if it had almost parted with its weight, or, rather, as if the air had hardened under it into a jelly-like condition. The fact established here is also an important one, for it shows not only that by moving fast enough on it, air can be made to offer support like an elastic semi-solid, but, taken in connection with other experiments, it elucidates the result already referred to, and which, in view both of its importance, and of what may perhaps appear to the professional reader its paradoxical appearance, I will (to leave no doubt about my meaning) ask permission to repeat here in carefully chosen language. This general result is that "if in such aërial motion there be given a plane of fixed size and weight, inclined at such angles and moved forward at such speeds that it shall always be just sustained in horizontal flight, then the more the speed is increased the less will be the power required to support and advance it, so that there will be an increasing economy of power with each higher speed, up to some remote limit not yet attained in experiment." This is in startling contrast to all that we are most familiar with in land and water transport, where every one knows the direct reverse to be the ordinary case.

A mechanism designed to secure artificial flight by thus taking advantage of the inertia and elasticity of the air I call an aërodrome (air runner). In order to give a specific example of the weights and speed actually tried, I will select one out of many hundred experiments. This showed that one horse-power could transport and sustain in such horizontal flight over two hundred pounds' weight of loaded planes at the rate of fifty miles an hour; by which is meant that such planes actually did rise up from their support, under the reaction of the air at this speed, while carrying weights in this proportion to the horse-power, and soared along under all the circumstances of actual free flight, except that they were constrained to fly horizontally.

Engines have very lately been made for a special purpose, to weigh, together with a supply of fuel for a short flight, considerably less than twenty pounds to the horse-power, everything movable included. Again, less than twenty pounds is actually necessary for the weight of a system of planes strong enough to support the engine and accessories; so that less than forty pounds being sufficient for such power and support, while two hundred pounds can be carried, a wide margin remains for contingencies.

Now planes have only been used for the convenience of getting exactly comparable and verifiable values, and as other forms of surface will probably give better results in practice, there is reason to believe that still more weight than that here given can be transported at this speed by one horse-power — that is, in level flight.

The aërial journey in fact is in this respect somewhat like a terrestrial one, where the traveler can ride over a nearly straight and level path to his destination if he can but control his steed; which, if it ran away with him, over mountains and valleys, would be behaving like an aërodrome having sufficient power for proper flight, yet which, if not guided into such flight, would be wasting this power in aimless efforts.

These experiments also indicate in general what difficulties are to be avoided to secure such guiding, but the memoir confines itself mainly to showing the principles on which machines can be built, which will demonstrably fly with the power now at command if we can but thus guide it. The present memoir does not undertake to teach in detail how to steer a horizontal course, how to descend in safety, or the like,— all very important matters, but subordinate to the main demonstration.

If asked whether this method of flight will soon be put in practice, I should have to repeat that what has preceded is matter of demonstration, but that this is matter of opinion. Expressing, then, a personal opinion only, I should answer, "Yes." It is hardly possible that these secondary difficulties will not be soon conquered by the skill of our inventors and engineers, whose attention is already beginning to be drawn to the fact that here is a new field open to them, and though I have not experimented far enough to say that the relations of power to weight here established for small machines will hold for indefinitely large ones, it is certain they do so hold, at any rate far enough to enable us to transport, at speeds which make us practically independent of the wind, weights much greater than that of a man. Progress is rapid now, especially in invention, and it is possible — it seems to me even probable — that before the century closes we shall see this universal road of the all-embracing air, which recognizes none of man's boundaries, traveled in every direction, with an effect on some of the conditions of our existence which will mark this among all the wonders the century has seen.

S. P. Langley.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Sub-Treasury Cheap Money Plan.

THE sub-treasury scheme of the Farmers' Alliance is in many respects the most extreme form in which the cheap money delusion in this country has manifested itself. It is so extreme, in fact, that many of the Alliance leaders have refused from the outset to give it their approval, and others of them who at first viewed it with favor, after examination and discussion of its provisions, have withdrawn their approval. At first it made great headway in the South, but earnest, intelligent, and courageous exposure of its dangerous fallacies by leading politicians and newspapers has so far educated the people upon the economic principles involved that it has been losing ground perceptibly during the past three months. A veritable campaign of education has been in progress in several Southern States, with this scheme as the text of public discussion, and the beneficial results afford a striking illustration of the high patriotic service of courage and conviction in politics and journalism.

The sub-treasury scheme made its appearance in the last Congress, when a bill embodying its principles was introduced in both houses, having been prepared by the National Legislative Committee of the Farmers' Alliance. Briefly summed up, it provided for the appropriation by the Government of $50,000,000 to be used for the erection of warehouses in various parts of the country for the storage of cotton, wheat, oats, corn, and tobacco. Every county which had an annual production of these staples exceeding $500,000 in gross value was to be entitled to a warehouse. A petition was to be sent to the Secretary of the Treasury asking for its establishment, accompanied by the title of a suitable site to be given to the Government. The Secretary of the Treasury was to appoint a manager, who should give bonds for the faithful performance of his duties, and should receive a salary of not less than $1000 and of not more than $2500, proportionate to the business done. Any owner of cotton, wheat, corn, oats, or tobacco might take his crop to the nearest warehouse, deposit it, and receive in return eighty per cent. of its market value in treasury notes, the manager deciding what that market value should be. These treasury notes were to be specially issued for this purpose by the Secretary, no note to be less than $1 nor more than $1000, to be legal tender for all public and private debts, and good as part of the lawful reserve of national banks. The manager was to give a receipt for every deposit of produce, showing its amount, grade, or quality, value at date of deposit, and amount advanced upon it, with rate of interest one per cent. per annum, and with insurance, weighing, warehousing, classing, and other charges deducted. These receipts were to be negotiable by indorsement. Produce deposited might be redeemed at any time by a return of the receipt and money advanced on interest, and the payment of all warehousing charges. The money returned was to be destroyed by the Secretary of the Treasury. If there were no redemption of a deposit within twelve months, a sale was to be ordered for the reimbursement of the Government.

Let us see how this would work in practice. The warehouse managers, who are to decide upon the market price of the produce, would, in nearly all instances, be appointed through political influence, which is tantamount to saying that they would have little expert knowledge of the duties which they were to perform. These men would have absolute power to decide upon the sums of which the Government was to advance eighty per cent. There are, for example, eleven full grades of cotton, and about as many half grades, and there are about thirty grades of wheat. The manager must decide not merely the grade but the price as it is fixed in the markets of the world at the time. If he is an honest man and fairly capable, the opportunity for serious blunders would be very great. If he is a dishonest, or ignorant, or prejudiced, or malicious man, can any one estimate the evil and injustice of which he might be capable? He could overrate the produce of all his political and personal friends, and underrate that of all his enemies or rivals, and there would be no appeal from his decisions. The impossibility of having a just and uniform basis for the eighty per cent. advance in all the warehouses, or even in one of them, would from the outset throw fatal doubt upon the value both of the treasury notes and of the certificates of deposit, giving them at once a depreciated and uncertain standard.

The farmers who are misled into favoring the scheme think that they would receive at once a loan of eighty per cent. of the full value of their crop at only one per cent. interest, but they would pay much more than that. The warehousing, insurance, and other expenses for cotton, for example, are usually between eight and nine per cent. of its value. This would have to be paid to the Government, and would bring the interest up to nine or ten per cent. On wheat and other products there would be similar expenses, which would raise the interest on deposits of them to nearly or quite the same limits. The rate of interest, therefore, is not low enough to be beneficial to farmers who hope by this means to pay off existing debts at legal rates of interest. What a farmer would receive would be a loan for one year from the Government at the rate of nine or ten per cent. of a sum amounting to four-fifths of the total value of his crop paid to him in money of uncertain value. For the remaining fifth he would receive a certificate whose value would depend entirely upon what he got for it in open market. No buyer would ever offer him the full price as fixed by the warehouse manager, for there would be too many uncertainties about the crop's redemption to make the certificates a safe investment for anybody. They could only be negotiated at a heavy discount at best, and in many instances would scarcely be negotiable at all.

If warehouses were established, there would be a tendency among all farmers seeking an immediate market to put their produce into them. One of the advocates of the scheme estimated before a committee of the

Senate that the deposits would be so large as to require an addition of one thousand millions of dollars to the currency in January and February of each year. This flood of currency, all of which would be based upon uncertain and varying bases of valuation, would be accompanied by another flood of certificates of deposit. The Government would turn out these notes and certificates, and their receivers would at once put them in circulation. Their value would depend entirely upon the popular estimate which should be made of their purchasing power. The fact that the notes had been declared a legal tender would not add a particle to their value. The people would make their own estimate of the prospect for the fulfilment of the promise upon which they were based, and that estimate would fix their value.

What would be the prospect for this promise to be fully kept? If prices went down after the deposit, the produce would be left there till the very end of the year and sold for what it would bring. The effect of throwing a great mass of produce upon the market at one time would be to lower still further the price, and the result would be a great loss to the Government which must be made good by taxation. As the farmers of the country pay about half of the taxes, they would thus have to pay half of the cost of their own folly. From the nature of the case a falling-off in value would be almost inevitable, for speculators and purchasers would be interested in waiting for a forced sale, being thus certain of buying at a lower price. In case there should be a general rise after deposit, the chances would be that the farmers most in need of profiting by it would not be in a position to do so, for the poorer ones would have parted with their notes as soon as received, in payment of their debts, and would have also sold their deposit certificates at the first opportunity. Whatever rise there might be, therefore, would go to the advantage of the speculators in certificates.

As for the depreciated value of the notes issued in such volume, there can be no doubt upon that point. It would be fiat money of a more worthless kind than any which has hitherto been issued. It would be more worthless than the land-bank money of Rhode Island, because that was based upon the land of the State. It would be more worthless than that of John Law's bank in France, for that was based upon all the property of France. It would be more worthless than that of the Argentine Republic, for that was based upon all the landed property of the nation. In all these instances the fiat money was declared to be a legal tender and to be payable for public and private debts. In all of them it was issued for a term of years. But this warehouse-deposit money is based upon nothing except the arbitrary judgments of an irresponsible body of political appointees as to the value of products a year hence, and is to be destroyed at the end of a year. Nobody would ever consent to take it at its face value in payment of a debt, or in payment for goods, and it would be confined, as the Rhode Island paper money was, almost entirely to transactions among its original holders. It would enormously inflate prices in the communities in which it circulated, and thus make dearer everything that the farmer had to buy. But it would never be received elsewhere except at a discount, and consequently would have no effect in raising the price of the products of the farmer, which have to be sold in the markets of the world. Then, too, each period of enormous inflation would be followed by a period of sudden and almost paralyzing contraction, for at the end of each year all the notes and certificates must be destroyed.

We have said nothing about the unconstitutional aspect of the proposition for the Government to go into the business of loaning money and speculating in crops — a form of paternalism the most extreme ever proposed in this country. One of the advocates of the measure, when asked at a hearing before a Congressional committee why its authors had not included wool, hops, rice, and cheese with the other produce specified for deposit, made answer that those staples were protected by a high tariff, 75 per cent. on wool alone, and were not entitled to further aid from the Government. Whatever virtues may reside in the protective system, it is unfortunately true that to the arguments advanced in defense of a high tariff we owe the impression, so strong among many portions of the population, that it is the duty of the Government to render assistance to all industries and occupations whose members are in distress.

Notable Civil Service Reform Gains.

WHILE the past year has not been marked by as much progress for civil service reform as its advocates hoped to see, there have been some advances made which are of great value. The first of these came in the form of two decisions by the New York Court of Appeals sustaining the constitutionality and validity of the State civil service law. The second was the order of Secretary Tracy, issued in April last, directing that the working forces of the chief navy yards of the country should be placed under civil service reform regulations.

The decisions by the Court of Appeals were on suits brought by the Buffalo Civil Service Reform Association to compel the municipal authorities of that city to obey the law and enforce faithfully its requirements. Two inspectors, one of streets and the other of health, had been appointed in utter disregard of the civil service law, and the city council had refused to allow the mayor's estimate for salaries and expenses attending the execution of the civil service law, cutting it down from $1000 to $50. The Civil Service Reform Association obtained an injunction restraining the inspectors from drawing any pay. The case was tried by the Supreme Court and decided in favor of the association. An appeal was taken to the General Term with the same result. The case was then carried to the Court of Appeals, and the judgments of the lower courts were affirmed without dissent. When the city council refused to allow the mayor's estimate for salaries and expenses, the clerk of the civil service commission, who had been appointed by the mayor, brought suit against the city to recover his salary. He also won his case in the lower courts, and the judgments were affirmed by the Court of Appeals, without dissent, as in the other case.

In delivering the two opinions in these cases the judges of the Court of Appeals took occasion to express their approval of civil service reform principles in the warmest terms. The opinion in each case was written by Judge Rufus W. Peckham, and as it was concurred in by all the other judges, it stands on the record as the unanimous expression of the views of the highest judicial body in the State. As such it is worthy of careful consideration, as showing the deep impression which the reform has made upon thoughtful and trained ju-

dicial minds. The opinion in the case of the two inspectors began with a comprehensive statement of the growth of the civil service reform movement, in which, after describing the condition to which the public service had been brought by adherence on the part of the appointing powers to the "semi-barbarous maxim that 'to the victors belong the spoils,'" the need of a better system was impressively stated as follows:

> The chief reason for an appointment was the political work done by the applicant, and his supposed power to do more, and thus an appointment to an office in the civil list was regarded as a fit and proper reward for purely political and partizan service. No one can believe that such a system was calculated to produce a service fit for the only purpose for which offices are created, viz., the discharge of duties necessary to be performed in order that the public business may be properly and efficiently transacted. The continuous and systematic filling of all the offices of a great and industrious nation by such means became conclusive proof in the minds of many intelligent and influential men that the nation itself had not in such matters emerged from the semi-barbarous state, and that it had failed to obtain the full benefits arising from an advanced and refined civilization.

Seldom has the uncivilized aspect of the spoils system been more graphically portrayed than it is in this passage. Passing on to the steps which had been taken to secure laws bringing about reform, the court said:

> The fact must be fully recognized that the duties connected with the vast majority of offices in both the Federal and State governments are in no sense political, and that a proper performance of those duties would give no one the least idea whether the incumbent of the office were a member of one political party or another.

And again, in speaking of the reform laws which had been enacted:

> If the system were to be carried out to its fullest extent by appropriate legislation, and if the laws thus enacted were to be enforced *bona fide* and with cordial heartiness by the men to whose hands it would necessarily be confided, it has been confidently predicted that the improvements in our entire civil service would be such that no unprejudiced citizen would ever give his consent to return to the old order of things.

These are declarations whose truth no intelligent man can dispute, and it is of the highest public service to have them put forth from a body of such commanding influence. Reasoning from these premises, the court went on to overrule several specious pleas which had been advanced against the constitutionality of the civil service law, upholding the law at all points, and insisting upon its rigid enforcement.

In the case of the refusal of the city council to allow the appropriation for salaries and expenses, the opinion decided many questions of wide interest in connection with efforts which have been made in various legislative bodies, including Congress, to defeat the reform by cutting off appropriations for its maintenance. The court held that the refusal of the common council to place in the tax budget a merely nominal sum for carrying out the provisions of the law did not remove from the city its liability for the salary of an officer legally appointed under the law. On this point it held:

> A failure between the mayor and common council to agree on any sum cannot and will not absolve the city from its obligation to pay a reasonable compensation for services thus legally rendered. . . . If it (the council) make the appropriation, well and good. If not, the officer can sue the city for the amount due, and may recover a judgment, which can be enforced like other judgments against the city. . . . What an alderman of a common council might in good faith think was a reasonable sum is altogether too vague a basis upon which to rest a right to be paid what in fact is a reasonable sum. The proper enforcement of this general law cannot be made to depend upon the conduct of the common council or upon its consent to appropriate a sum sufficient to carry it into effect. The city may raise the proper amount if it choose to do so. It has the necessary machinery at hand for the purpose. If it choose otherwise, the law must still be executed, and, as has been seen, there is no other way so adequate or effectual for that purpose as to permit the institution of such an action as this and the recovery of a judgment with the inevitable costs and expenses which accompany such proceeding. The result will probably be that the members of a common council will in the end see that the laws of the State are certainly to be enforced, although they may run counter to the views or wishes of such members, and that the only effect of a persistent attempt on their part to obstruct or prevent their enforcement will be added expense to the municipality whose interests they misrepresent.

This emphatic and stern notification that the civil service law was not different from other laws, but must, like all others, be enforced strictly, was one which the professional politicians everywhere had long needed. They had from the time of the law's enactment looked upon it as being in some curious way a kind of statute which nobody need obey, and for the violation of which the courts would inflict no penalty. In Buffalo the city council had not only appointed the two inspectors in disregard of it, had not only refused to make appropriation for salaries and expenses under it, but for two years, while the suits growing out of their conduct were pending in the courts, they had refused to confirm veterans of the war who had passed the civil service examination and were entitled to appointments in the municipal service. As soon, however, as the decisions of the Court of Appeals were announced, all opposition to the law ceased, and from that time it has been enforced without serious antagonism in all branches of the service within its jurisdiction.

In regard to Secretary Tracy's order placing the navy yards of the country under civil service reform regulations, the effect of that and the need for it can best be stated in his own words. In a speech in Boston, delivered a few days before the order was issued, he said:

> For fifty years the employment of labor at the navy yards has been the one weak spot in navy administration. Whatever the party in control of the Government, it seems hitherto to have been powerless to exclude political influence in the employment of navy yard labor. It is not enough apparently that the mechanics and workmen in the Government shops should be Republicans or Democrats; they must wear the collar of the ward bosses who run the local political machine. The practice is a source of demoralization to any party that attempts to use it, destructive to the Government services, and debauching to local and national politics. It is an ulcer on the naval administrative system, and I propose to cut it out.

In order to cut out the ulcer, the Secretary issued an order placing the force in the Brooklyn Navy Yard under the reform regulations after June 1, and the forces in the Norfolk, Portsmouth, Washington, and Mare Island navy yards after July 1. All positions of foreman and master mechanic were declared vacant on those dates, and were filled by men who passed the best examination designed to test their especial fitness for the work. The examinations were open to all American citizens, former employees entering upon the same footing as other competitors. It is obvious

that this extension of the civil service regulations, if carried out faithfully and made permanent, as there is every reason to believe will be the case, will prove to be one of the most important advances which the reform has made.

Progress of Ballot Reform.

THE year 1891 will be a notable one in the history of ballot reform, for it will mark the enactment of new ballot laws in fourteen States, bringing the number of States which have such laws up to twenty-nine, two-thirds of the entire number. We append the full list, with date of enactment and character of each law:

Arkansas	1891	Good.	New Jersey	1890	Poor.
California	1891	Bad.	New York	1890	Bad.
Connecticut	1889	Poor.	North Dakota	1891	Good.
Delaware	1891	Good.	Ohio	1891	"
Illinois	1891	"	Oregon	1891	"
Indiana	1889	"	Pennsylvania	1891	Bad.
Maine	1891	"	Rhode Island	1889	Good.
Maryland	1889	Fair.	South Dakota	1891	"
Massachusetts	1888	Good.	Tennessee	1889	"
Michigan	1889	"	Vermont	1891	"
Minnesota	1889	"	Washington	1890	"
Missouri	1889	"	West Virginia	1891	"
Montana	1889	"	Wisconsin	1889	"
Nebraska	1891	"	Wyoming	1890	"
New Hampshire	1891	"			

Whole number	29
Enacted in 1888	1
" " 1889	10
" " 1890	4
" " 1891	14

In characterizing these laws as "good," "poor," "bad," and "fair" we have followed a very simple method. All the laws denominated "good" are modeled closely upon the original law in the series, that of Massachusetts, and are careful and thoroughgoing adaptations of the Australian system. They have the secret, official, blanket ballot, and they place independent and third-party nominations upon an equal footing with those of the regular parties. Fifteen laws follow the Massachusetts method in arranging the names of candidates in alphabetical order on the ballot, with the politics indicated after each name. Eleven arrange the names in party groups, with the title of the party at the top. There are twenty-three of the "good" laws, so that genuine ballot reform is an accomplished fact in one more than half the States of the Union. The Michigan law provided originally for separate party ballots to be distributed both in and out of the polling-places, but at the last session of the legislature it was amended so that at present it provides for the registration blanket ballot of the Australian system obtainable only inside the polling-places.

The remaining six laws we have put into three classes, that of Maryland being set down as "fair," those of Connecticut and New Jersey as "poor," and those of New York, Pennsylvania, and California as "bad." The Maryland law is good so far as it provides for a secret, official, blanket ballot, but it is defective in allowing any foreign voter to take a friend or interpreter into the booth with him to assist him in preparing his ballot, and in certain other provisions which are calculated to prevent entire secrecy in voting. The Connecticut and New Jersey laws are in no sense the Australian system, since they provide official ballots, but allow them to be circulated elsewhere than in the polling-places, and do not provide blanket ballots. The Connecticut law is the cruder of the two, and it was to the defective and confusing character of its provisions that the prolonged contest over the governorship in that State, growing out of the last election, was mainly due.

The laws of New York, Pennsylvania, and California, which differ in many other respects, have the common characteristic of discriminating so heavily against independent and other third-party nominations as to pervert completely the leading principle of ballot reform. They mark a turning-point in the tactics of the professional politicians in opposition to the reform. Not venturing longer to resist the popular demand for the reform, its enemies pretend to grant it, but in doing so insidiously introduce modifications which destroy its vital principles. The foremost principle of the Australian system is that which places independent and third-party nominations on an equal footing with those of the regular parties. It was to give all candidates equal and exact facilities for having their ballots printed and distributed at the polls that the work and expense of the printing and distributing were taken from the political organizations or machines and put into the hands of the State. When the machines did the work and paid the cost they had such power over the ballots that independent nominations were beset on every side with obstacles which made their success at the polls virtually impossible except in the rare instances when they were sustained by great popular uprisings. So long as the machines paid the cost of the work it was difficult to deprive them of this dictatorial and corrupting control. By removing from them the expense and putting it upon the State, the way was open for removing from them also their exclusive control. Nobody presumed to say that they should be relieved of the expense and still be allowed to retain their control. In order to destroy their control the principle of nominations by petitions was introduced, and its justice was universally admitted. The people of the State were to bear all the expense of the election, and the State was to assure to all the people equal and exact rights under the system of voting by which the election was to be conducted.

The New York, Pennsylvania, and California laws seek to destroy this principle by placing such restrictions upon its exercise as are practically prohibitive. We speak of the New York law as it was amended at the last session of the legislature. In its original form it did not discriminate against independent nominations. We said of it, after its passage in 1890, that though it was the outcome of a compromise, it was "really an excellent measure," and that, taken in connection with the law requiring the publication of campaign election expenses, it supplied the State of New York with the "most thoroughly reformed electoral system of all the States in the Union." We did not mean by this that New York had a completely reformed electoral system, or one that could not be improved. It had the only corrupt practices act which had been passed, and a ballot law which gave the State a secret official ballot and put independent nominations on an equal footing with regular party ones. At its first trial in the election of November last the law worked well, and the chief point of criticism was the provision requiring a separate ballot for every party, instead of a blanket ballot for all. This provision led to a confusing number of

ballots, and there was a general demand for its repeal. It had been put into the law to satisfy the demands of opponents of the Australian system, and had been yielded reluctantly by the advocates of that system, who had grave doubts of its usefulness.

Instead of repealing this provision, the legislature passed a series of amendments, raising the number of signatures required for independent nominations, repealing a provision of the law which allowed an independent candidate to have his name printed upon the ballots of the regular parties as well as upon a separate ballot of his own, and substituting a provision which forbids him to have it printed upon more than one ballot. Another amendment permits any regular candidate to file a caveat forbidding the printing of an independent nomination upon his ballot. The combined effect of these changes is to make an aggregate of 10,000 signatures necessary for the nomination of a complete independent state ticket, and to make the nomination of independent candidates for separate offices in various parts of the State practically impossible, for such nominations will have to stand by themselves upon an incomplete ticket, which no voter ought to be asked to deposit.

In the Pennsylvania law the discrimination is brought about in a different but scarcely less effective manner. The signatures of three per cent. of the voters of the portion of the State over which the office to be filled extends are required for any independent nomination, and all independent nominations must be filed so far in advance of election (49 days) as to be practically prohibitive. Then, as a still further obstacle, all independent and third-party nominations must be arranged together in alphabetical order at the end of the blanket ballot, while the regular party nominations are arranged in groups with the party title at the top. As the voter can indicate his choice for a party ticket by simply placing a mark opposite the title, but must check every name in the list of independent candidates in case he wishes to vote for them, it is obvious that the regular parties have all the advantages. The California law makes the number of signatures necessary for independent nominations five per cent. of all the voters, and requires all such nominations to be filed thirty days before election. This percentage is of itself tantamount to a prohibitive enactment.

These three laws, in fact, instead of aiding independent nominations, make them nearly or quite impossible, and thus destroy the leading principle of ballot reform, which is the facilitating of such nominations. These laws give the regular party machines a greater power than ever, for while, under the old system, they could make the printing and distributing of independent ballots difficult, under the new, as these laws pervert it, the use of all such ballots at the polls is practically forbidden by law.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Question of Pensions.

I.— A SOLDIER'S VIEW.

HAVING read with great care the article relative to pension matters prepared by Mr. Sloane and others, and published in the June number of your magazine, allow me to submit a few suggestions relative to that important topic as viewed from a pensioner's standpoint.

The article in question seems to be directed mainly against the action had in allowing arrears of pensions, and in passing what is generally known as the Dependent Pension Bill of June 27, 1890, and appears to be intended to convey the impression that our comrades who accepted the moneys granted as arrears, and those who accept the relief granted under the recent act, are unpatriotic. On their behalf I respectfully demur to the indictment.

As respects the first class I shall only ask to be shown why the comrade who waited from the time of his discharge until 1880 before asking for the pension due him at his discharge, and each year thereafter up to the time when he applied for it, and then accepted the amount found to have been due him under the law and the rulings and ratings fixed by the Department, without an allowance of one cent of interest on the amount which was legally due him during each of the several years since his discharge, is any less patriotic than I who applied for my pension promptly after my discharge in 1866, and have drawn it regularly since?

Many a comrade failed to apply from motives of the purest patriotism. He would not ask for a pension so long as he was able to support himself and family by his own exertions, because he knew that the nation was carrying an enormous debt, and its enemies were doing all they could to injure its credit and bring about the repudiation of the obligations issued during the war. After years of toil, by reason of increasing disabilities due to advancing age, he finds himself unable longer to continue the struggle unaided. He then asks for, and receives in a lump payment, the sum which is due him, and which would have been paid quarterly during the several years since his discharge had he seen fit to apply for it within one year after his discharge.

What is there unpatriotic in that case?

Nay, more; I personally know comrades to-day who were disabled during their army service, and who could be placed on the pension-roll at any time by simply filing a claim with proof of service and identity, and appearing before any examining board of surgeons north of Washington, who have never applied for pensions, and probably never will, because they know that the national debt is not yet paid, and they have been, and are, able to care for themselves and dependent ones without aid from any quarter. If the author of your recent article has any extended acquaintance among the survivors of the Union army, he doubtless knows of many such cases.

As regards the merits of the act of June 27, 1890, allow me to submit a few facts relative to the practical

working of that act which appear to have escaped entirely the notice of Mr. Sloane.

We will first note the existing conditions which prompted the action embodied in that bill. The lapse of years, the infirmities incident to age, and casualties of various kinds, had rendered large numbers of our old comrades incapable of self-support. The county poorhouses and other refuges were becoming crowded with such inmates. Their disabilities, being of a nature not directly connected with or chargeable to their army services, or perhaps due to accidental injury received since discharge, left them without the pale of relief afforded by existing pension laws. Hence the burden of their support was falling directly on the surviving comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and other charitable organizations, and on the taxpayers of the several counties where these disabled ones had been forced to seek shelter in the county-houses.

In this manner the citizens of such counties as had been most patriotic and had furnished the largest quotas of their able-bodied sons for the defense of the nation were now being rewarded (?) by the assessment of extra heavy taxes for the support of their county poor. It was the intent and design of the act of June 27, 1890, to lift that burden from the shoulders of the taxpayers of such counties and place it upon the shoulders of all taxpayers, to the end that those who had made no sacrifice of life, blood, or treasure might contribute at least equally with those who had given of their best and bravest for the maintenance of the national life.

The practical working of the act is good. Many a comrade who had been forced to seek shelter in the poorhouse now finds that with the aid of the modest sum allowed under that act, and with what he is still able to do towards his own support, he can once more resume his place as a citizen and become again a worker among his fellows.

As the sums granted under said act cannot exceed $12 per month, and no veteran is placed on the roll unless he is disabled to the extent of two-thirds of total disability and therefore entitled to a rating of $6 per month or more, there appears to be but little chance for the undeserving or the malingerers to be successful in an effort to secure pensions thereunder. No pensions of from $72 to $100 per month can be paid thereunder to men who are able to earn salaries in positions worth $4000 per annum, as occasionally happens under other pension acts, special and general.

It is not alone in the benefit conferred upon the disabled comrades included in the terms of this act, and upon the taxpayers resident in the several counties where they reside, that the most beneficent effects of this legislation are found. The widows of this class of comrades — where the death cause is not chargeable to their own vicious habits — are now promptly granted a pension of $8 per month, and many are thus enabled to keep their children about them and to raise and to care for them as mothers. Otherwise they would be obliged to break up their homes, and see their children sent to charitable institutions or abandoned to the care and custody of strangers.

It is true that the large majority of our old comrades are poor men; as respects the accumulation of wealth, the man who gave from three to five of the best years of his life, generally between the ages of twenty and thirty, on returning to civil life found himself handicapped in the race. Where there is one among us with wealth enough to care for him and his, and also to share to aid a destitute comrade, there will be found in any large gathering of old comrades thousands who, like myself, are wholly dependent upon their pensions and their daily earnings for the support of their dear ones. It is dire necessity, not want of patriotism, that has at times prompted the "demands" for equitable pension legislation that are so severely animadverted upon by Mr. Sloane and his coadjutors in your recent article.

With a word as to my right to speak as a representative soldier I will close this already long protest. I served continuously from early in April, 1861, until July, 1866, during the late war; was shot through the lung at Antietam, in September, 1862, and lost a leg at Gettysburg in July, 1863. The first ten years after my return to civil life were spent in the office of the Second Auditor of the Treasury Department adjusting the claims of our comrades, their widows and orphans, for arrears of pay, bounty, etc. The next ten years were spent in the General Land Office adjudicating contests arising between the different claimants under the railroad grants, and the contests between the settlers on the lands within the granted limits and the railroad companies, etc. Numbers of those settlers were soldiers. Since then I have been employed as a special examiner of the Pension Bureau in the investigation of cases requiring special examination. I have worked in many different States both east and west of the Mississippi, and in Florida, Alabama, and Georgia; have always belonged to the G. A. R. since it was established, and have met many thousands of veterans at State encampments and G. A. R. camp-fires, etc. East, West, and South, and in the regular course of my business and duties. I have had ample opportunity to become well acquainted with the feelings and aims of my comrades of the late war, their desires, hopes, and aspirations. Having thus passed thirty years of my life in the service of my country and my comrades, I feel that if I am not, *I ought to be* qualified to speak as an expert on this matter.

I know that while it is true that some comrades will be found at times who are clamorous for the passage of a service pension bill, there are but few who will not listen to reason, and upon receiving an explanation of the probable expense and the increased taxation which would be necessary in such a case, and the fact that such a measure is in conflict with the very genius of our institutions, in that it tends to create a privileged class, etc., and that if we once admit the validity of a claim for pensions for service in the army, no valid objection can be made to a claim for distinguished service in the diplomatic corps or other branches of the Government service, and thus our nation would soon be burdened with a pensioned "civil list," as the British Empire is at present — when these facts are clearly placed before them, even the most thoughtless will promptly admit that it is safer to adhere to the governing rule, as heretofore established, and make disability the basis of all pension legislation. And *all* will admit that they do not want a service pension if it is to endanger the pensions allowed to their disabled comrades, or to the widows and orphans of those who have been mustered out and are now awaiting the final roll-call.

As a survivor of the late war I cannot but feel deeply when I see the motives of my comrades impugned, and

if I have used too strong language in their defense, I hope it may be pardoned. I frankly admit that I do feel proud of my comrades and their record in the war for the Union. The humblest one who volunteered and followed the old flag has thereby earned the right to have his name inscribed upon the roll of honor and to be cherished and remembered through all time and eternity; yea, even until the "heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll," and the universe shall be dissolved in showers of star-dust never again to be gathered.

Frank Bell.

II. — REJOINDER BY PROFESSOR SLOANE.

YOUR readers will doubtless admire, as I do, the repression and good temper of Mr. Bell's letter, but they cannot fail to note exactly the same unmoral pleas to which the article on "Pensions and Socialism" called attention.

1. He admits that right-minded veterans have not drawn the pensions they might legally have secured under the Arrears Act because disability through army service was not such as to prevent their earning a living for themselves and their families; but he can see no difference between these patriots and those who, taking the law as their only standard of right, clutch what they can get, without caring whether their disability was due to military service or to hereditary ailments and the ordinary risks and toils of the times of peace between the close of the war and 1880.

2. He also admits with creditable frankness that soldiers enfeebled by age, or sickness not due to military service, are, under the act of June, 1890, the recipients of alms disguised under the name of pension. But he says nothing of the dismay of the honest pensioner who sees the name prostituted to cover quite another thing, nor of the well-used opportunities for dishonesty which the bill created. I cannot hear of a single rural community where public morality has not suffered by the tolerance in it of men known to be drawing pensions (*sic*) they have not deserved, secured too often, alas! by false swearing.

3. It is not true that the soldier who returned from the war in good health was handicapped in the race. (The preference of veterans in the public service is well illustrated by the case of Mr. Bell himself.) On the contrary, the life of the moral soldier was a wholesome life; the training of the army made him more adaptable for all uses than other men, and it is generally believed that most of the fighting and exposure throughout the war fell on less than one-third of the total number enlisted. The general poverty of the so-called veterans to which Mr. Bell refers, if it exists at all, and its existence is certainly doubtful, is due to causes utterly unconnected with the war.

4. Your readers will also observe the phrases, "due him under the law," "legally due him," at the beginning of Mr. Bell's letter, and the very different ones, "inscribed upon the roll of honor," "cherished and remembered . . . until . . . the universe shall be dissolved in showers of star-dust," etc., which occur at the close. To him there appears to be some connection between them, as if the latter were the climax of the former. My object was to show that in yielding to temptation and taking advantage of public sentimentality and a fallible human law, the claimant so far destroyed his own claim to either respect or honor, and, more heinous still, dragged in the mire the very name of veteran so cherished by the honest soldiers and the nation at large.

The generation of men now coming into the ranks of public service, while too young in 1861 to enlist, knew well the questions at issue and the horrors of the war. It yields to no older one in devotion to the principles for which the army fought, and cannot endure to endanger or lose those very jewels thirty years later by weakly yielding either to the threats of sturdy beggars or to the unconsidered requests of honest and honorable feebleness, which takes refuge too often with the former class instead of seeking help where alone it can be had without dishonor, among the Christian philanthropists who are abundant in all American communities, and who would gladly pay millions for their country's honor, but refuse one cent for tribute even to their loved veterans. It would be very instructive to print the letters which have been sent me within the last month by soldiers who fought for three years, or more or less, actually demanding the repeal for their sakes of the acts which disgrace their true manhood; but the space at my disposal of course forbids me to do so now.

William M. Sloane.

Weakness and Danger of the Single Tax.[1]

FIRST.—The advocates of the single tax on land values, with one accord, emphasize the epithet "single." Their distinguished leader has declared all other taxes to be either stupid or unjust or both. To make room for this exclusive plan all existing ways and means of raising revenue, national, State, and local, must be cleared away. The tariff, the internal-revenue imposts, the liquor licenses of States and cities, any existing taxes on franchises, on railway receipts, on successions — all must be abandoned, and no other projects for raising revenue, such as an income tax, must be entertained. The single tax is nothing if not "single"; it is not one which might be engrafted upon the stock of an existing system, whose elements might gradually give place to its expanding efficiency. It calls for the obliteration of all our traditions and ideas regarding taxation; such as the idea that as all persons are under the protection of the state, so all persons may, if the public needs require, be called upon to contribute not only their services but their wealth to the support of government and its reasonable purposes. The single-tax doctrine is not to touch persons as such, but only as they are receivers of the public in the income and profit of land. There is an idea that as all forms of property are protected by the state, they may all be, of right, subjected to taxation, if the public needs require. The single-tax men know of only one kind of property which may be justly taxed. Again, there is the idea that as all industries and employments are protected by the state, the government may, if public needs demand, collect some fraction of the income and profit of industry. There is no possible room nor justification for an income or succession tax under the single-tax régime.

There is another idea which has played a great part

[1] The reader is referred to a discussion of "The Single Tax," by Henry George and Edward Atkinson, in THE CENTURY for July, 1890.—ED.

in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, embodied in the epigram, "No taxation without representation." Defiance of this immemorial tradition cost one of the Stuart kings his crown, and his head to boot. "No taxation without representation" was the cry which nerved the hearts and steadied the aim of the embattled farmers at Lexington and Concord. Long usage has settled the import of this maxim. It imports not merely that they who are not represented are not to be taxed, but also that they who are *not taxed* ought not to be *represented*. In conformity with this established usage, and in obedience to universal sentiment, the framers of the national Constitution provided that representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned according to population, and not according to property or values of any kind. Representation and direct taxation are, in the national code, coextensive and inseparable.

These ideas are embodied in our State constitutions, some if not all of which provide specifically that taxes shall be as nearly "equal" as may be. It will take a long time to persuade American taxpayers that "equal" may mean the laying of all taxes upon some one class of people or some one kind of property.

Supposing, however, that all such ideas and traditions had been by some magic eradicated, and a single-tax scheme to have been actually formulated, how would it work under a system of government as complicated as our own? We have three systems of taxation working side by side, and two independent government agencies of tax administration. We have a national system of indirect taxation by means of imposts on imported merchandise, and by internal-revenue excises on certain selected articles. We have State taxes and local taxes, mostly direct, administered by a mixed agency of State and local officials. The single-taxers demand a revolution of these systems. Suppose that possible, the question arises, What agency do they propose to employ? There would be no sense in using two or three agencies for administering a single-tax system. Some one of these must be made the primary agent for obtaining the single-tax revenue, and be required to pay over to the other one or two their respective shares as the same may be ascertained. Would the State government subordinate itself to town and city authorities in this matter? On the contrary, the power of local taxation by cities and towns would vanish away, and the municipalities would have to content themselves with such moneys as the legislature would dole out to them. Local government, the pride of American and Anglo-Saxon freemen, would of consequence disappear.

But how would the State governments fare when it came to the question whether they or the national Government should be primary collectors of the single-tax revenue? Does not every school-boy know that we changed the government of the United States one hundred years ago from a confederation to a national union chiefly because the States could not be persuaded nor compelled to collect and pay over the "single tax" on improved lands provided for in the Articles of Confederation?

The framers of the Constitution applied themselves to make a national government which should not need the interposition of any State to raise and collect its revenue. They put into that document a power to raise revenue, absolute, unassailable, irrevocable, and this power has been defined and supported by a long course of supreme adjudication. The single-tax scheme, if worked at all, must be executed by the general Government and its agents, and the States and all municipalities throughout the States will enjoy only such revenues as Congress may see fit to apportion and pay over. Under such a scheme the forms of democracy might indeed survive, but the state and the government would, in essence, be imperial.

For these reasons, (1) the impossibility of clearing away at a single sweep all existing taxes, (2) the persistence of ancient custom and doctrine, (3) the peculiar and complicated nature of our American government — for these reasons, not to mention others, the exclusive tax on land values has no claim to consideration as a practical working scheme in this country in our day.

SECOND. — If the single tax be examined as a mere theory it will be found that its advocates make certain tacit assumptions which, when expressly stated, are seen to be false. They assume, for example, a state of universal and continuous peace. Deprived of every means of raising extraordinary revenue for war purposes, the nation, invaded and beleaguered, must lay down its arms and accept the terms of the foe at the point where the single-tax receipts shall have been exhausted. Were that the doctrine of the world, one single nation not so scrupulous about collecting taxes from persons, chattels, incomes, franchises, and successions, might soon dictate the conditions of existence to all the rest. The single tax thus endangers, if it does not deny, the right and power of nations to maintain their organized existence. The old common-law doctrine is safer and better, that a free and brave people may "rob the cradle and the grave" to recruit their defensive force, and throw the last dollar they can wring from the orphan and the widow into their military chest.

These single-tax dreamers assume the continuous and universal advancement of society — population always on the increase and evenly so, wealth increasing, intelligence and virtue always abounding more and more. The world does move, has moved, but never on any continuous line of advance by steady and unbroken march. The lot of civilized man in general has been painful and stormy. The progress of particular nations has been "by fits and starts"; periods of depression succeed epochs of advance as by a kind of rhythm. There have been times in the history of this country when the rental value of land in some States would not have paid the salaries of the town clerks. Fortunately our "unjust and stupid" taxes on imports and incomes, on property of many kinds, saved us from political marasmus.

The progress of wealth and population is not uniform in different parts of the country. Population shifts and industries migrate. Rents go down in New England and go up in the Dakotas. The census returns show that the population of counties in the older States, and even in some of the newer ones, is declining from decade to decade. In such counties the revenue from a single tax on land values might be a minus quantity. It may however be expected by the single-tax advocates that the great national taxing machine will in some way compensate for such inequalities.

The enthusiasts again make no allowances for those disasters which in every generation wreck cities, dis-

mantle provinces, and even involve continental areas in vast loss and ruin. Famine is chronic in India and China. In the latter empire only three years ago 1,500,000 people were homeless or starving from the overflow of a single great river. Would an exclusive tax on land values be the only appropriate source of revenue for the provinces thus desolated? It is only a few years since several counties of a Western State, on the eve of a promising harvest, were visited by the red-legged grasshopper and swept as clean of vegetation as the pavements of a city. Would the doctrine of the unearned increment have been a solace to those stricken farmers? Would a single tax on city lots have been a convenience and a boon to the people of New Ulm and Rochester and Sauk Rapids after they had been swept by the tornado? States, like men, do wisely not to carry all their eggs in one basket. It is a principle of taxing systems to distribute the burden so that no one class, nor any one kind of property or industry, shall be ruined in case of disaster. There is no safety-valve to the single-tax boiler.

Passing by a group of other assumptions of interest to economists, such as that land is the only form of wealth which increases in value as population swells, that value and utility are interchangeable terms, and that value is a result of production and not an outcome of exchange, we reach the fundamental postulate of the single-tax optimists, which is that all land belongs to everybody. This statement is only the exaggeration and caricature of a doctrine that is true, but only true within reasonable limitations, and as understood by reasonable persons, who know the inadequacy of language to express all that is in the minds of men. We assert the equality of all men, and we understand that word in a certain reasonable way. We say, for example, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and the statement is true, but only true in a reasonable sense. The words do not import that any individual or clique or party may withdraw consent, refuse to pay taxes or to serve on juries, nor that resident aliens, minors, paupers, and idiots may vote. The state in a certain true sense owns all its territory, but that truth does not conflict with the right of citizens also to own lands. The doctrine that the land of the world belongs to God's children is a harmless truism of no practical efficacy; "void," as lawyers phrase it, "for uncertainty." Property is an institution, an inheritance, not a theory. Rights, practical, reasonable, legal rights, do not descend from the clouds; they have grown up out of human experience and the nature of things. Finally (under this head), these amiable proselytes neglect to take any account of the probable political consequences of their scheme, provided it were possible to clear the way for it.

It is a common experience of nations that changes in their economic institutions are followed by totally unexpected consequences: so short is the sight of the wisest men. But there is one consequence of the scheme under discussion which experience may warn us from pursuing. Put all your taxes on any one class of persons and you at once consolidate the members of it into a compact body, ready either to embarrass and to oppose the government or to take possession of the powers of the state and to dictate the laws. If the class selected be the land-holding people,—and that class embraces a large majority of the voters,—all experience teaches that they will surely and rapidly establish themselves as the ruling class in the state. In this day of large production, when the fashion of large farms worked by machinery is coming so widely into vogue, we should not have long to wait before a landed aristocracy showed its powerful grip upon our legislative departments, placed its best man in the executive chair, and filled the bench of our supreme tribunal with judges whom it could depend upon. Mr. George himself suggests the best reason of all for expecting this result. On page 384 of "Progress and Poverty" he says: "The tax on land values is the only tax of any importance that does not distribute itself. It falls upon the owners of the land, and there is no way in which they can shift the burden upon any one else." He was thinking at the moment as an economist, not as a politician. Lay the taxes on landlords and you may trust the real-estate lawyers to find them a political way of escape from the burdens.

It is with difficulty that the people now submit to direct taxation in amounts sufficient to support the institutions which modern states must needs maintain. The public schools are ill equipped, the teachers poorly paid. Would things be bettered if the fortunes of the state were placed in the hands of the land-holding class? That class would name the assessors, dictate the rates and valuations and the purposes to which revenue should be applied, or human nature will have undergone a new creation.

THIRD.—Finally, the single-tax plan is not a plan of taxation at all in the proper and accepted sense of the word, and it was not originally proposed as a plan of taxation proper. There are two ideas inherent in the word tax, or rather two phases of one idea. The word, at bottom, means to apportion by cutting, and we have the principle on the one hand that taxes must be *pro*portioned to the public needs, and on the other, *ap*portioned equitably among the people who are to pay. These principles are reasonable, of universal acceptance, and of immemorial usage. No free people will for a moment consent that their agency, the government, may assess and collect taxes *ad libitum* and without regard to the purposes and duties of government. Nor will a wise people, by imposing the burdens of the state on any one class, lay the foundation for a claim by that class to rule the state. Exactions of money, goods, or services not proportioned to public uses, and not apportioned to private ability and interest, are not, in any just sense of the word, taxes. The proposed single tax is but a piece of remedial social policy. Its advocates hold that under existing conditions human progress is and must continue to be accompanied by poverty—deepening, widening, irremediable poverty. They refuse to admit that such means as better government, better education, better habits, coöperation, and so on, can have the least effect in counteracting this tendency, whose cause they find in the private ownership of land. Private property in land they declare to be a "bold, bare, enormous wrong, like chattel slavery"; for this alleged wrong they see but one remedy—the utter abolition of private property in land.

Mr. George is of opinion that it would be socially just and economically advantageous to abolish all private titles by a single stroke of legislation, but thinks it better to "accomplish the same thing in a simpler,

easier, and quieter way" In "Progress and Poverty," on page 364, he says, "It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent." Here we have the core and essence of the single-tax philosophy — confiscation, frankly and for the moment boldly, confiscation: confiscation of rent, because that will lead to virtual confiscation of land. Thus without jar or shock land would "be really common property." How genial the suggestion of doing things in a simple, easy, and quiet way, instead of resorting to the honest but rough-and-ready plan of universal eviction!

Mr. George is indeed so mild-mannered a mutineer that he will not scare his fellow citizens with a naughty word. He hastens to replace that malodorous term with another which may hold up its head in any respectable circle. These comfortable words may be read on the page just quoted: "What I therefore propose as the simple yet sovereign remedy which will

> raise wages,
> increase the earnings of capital,
> extirpate pauperism,
> abolish poverty,
> give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it,
> afford free scope to human powers,
> lessen crime,
> elevate morals, and taste, and intelligence,
> purify government, and
> carry civilization to yet nobler heights, is

to appropriate rent by taxation."

Is this honest? Is it candid to say "appropriate rent by taxation" when confiscation of land is meant? Confiscation and taxation are not synonymous and interchangeable terms. They are diverse and irreconcilable terms. Taxation implies apportionment to public needs and private ability. Confiscation means seizure to the public treasury in an arbitrary way. In this case it is specifically insisted that the collection of rental value is not to be gauged by the regular and usual demands of the state. The whole or "nearly" the whole rental is to be extorted; for if not, the object in view, which is not revenue, but virtual confiscation of land, will not be effected. If more than a scintilla of rent remains in the hands of the landlords, they will have the advantage of society. It is admitted that the rental value of land "in well-developed countries" is now more than enough to support the government, and will increase with the progress of society. Confiscation, however, is to go on, and the swelling surplus is to be disposed of by the establishment of "public baths, libraries, gardens, lecture-rooms, music and dancing-halls, theaters, universities, technical schools, shooting-galleries, playgrounds, gymnasiums, etc." The end of the socialist is to be reached without alarm or violence. In a matter involving a revolution in government, the reconstruction of society, and the abandonment of immemorial institutions, the idea of effecting the object by indirections and the use of smooth words is amusing, not to say nauseous. No one will be deceived. The four millions of farmers in the United States, before they cast their ballots for "appropriating rent by taxation," will understand just as well as the most ardent apostle of the single tax that "this simple device of placing all taxes on the value of land" will "be in effect putting up the land at auction to whoever" will "pay the highest rent to the state." The object of this paper being simply to expose the true nature and original purpose of the so-called single tax, it is not necessary to enter upon any defense of the institution of property in land, nor to apologize either for defects in our existing land laws or for acknowledged evils in our present system of taxation for revenue.

William W. Folwell.

A British Consul's Confidence in the Union Cause.

THE following despatch (for a copy of which, made from the original in the British Foreign Office, THE CENTURY is indebted to Lady Archibald) was written by Sir Edward Archibald, Consul-General at New York, to Lord John Russell, "Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State," eleven days after the fall of Fort Sumter and three months before the first battle of Bull Run. It is remarkable for its estimate of the temper and resources of the North, for its prediction of the ultimate failure of secession, and for its advice to the British Government that from motives both of humanity and policy it should ally its influence and sympathies with the Union cause.

BRITISH CONSULATE, NEW YORK, April 24, 1861.

MY LORD: I have the honour to report to Your Lordship that there has been no communication by mail or telegraph to or from Washington since Friday afternoon. During the last two days we have had rumours that the authorities of the State of Maryland had undertaken to restore the railroad communication through Baltimore, and reëstablish telegraphic communication with the national Capital; but thus far nothing appears to have been done in this respect, and as, in the sadly disturbed state of the country, the special messenger with Lord Lyons's despatches for this packet may possibly fail to arrive before her departure, it may perhaps be needful that I should give Your Lordship a brief review of the startling events of the past few days, and a report of the existing condition of public affairs in this country.

Your Lordship will have learnt from Lord Lyons of the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the forces of the Confederate States, and of its evacuation on Sunday the 14th instant. A full knowledge of the whole of this affair leaves no shadow of doubt that Major Anderson, and the very slim garrison under his command, displayed great courage and gallantry, and succumbed only when deprived of the capability of further resistance. Why the naval expedition sent from this port for the reinforcement of the Fort did not coöperate with its defenders or send them assistance has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

On Monday the 15th President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling out a militia force of 75,000 men to aid in executing the laws, and ordering the combinations of lawless men in the seceded States to disperse within twenty days, and at the same time summoning Congress to meet on the 4th July next in special session.

The ambiguity of the President's inaugural address, the subsequent vacillating and apparently objectless policy of his Government, and the useless efforts of the Peace Conference at Washington and of the Virginian Convention to establish a satisfactory basis of reconstruction of the Union, had combined to produce a state of apathy and indifference in the public mind, which seemed almost introductory to a recognition of the Southern Confederacy as the readiest solution of the complicated condition of public affairs.

But the attack upon and capture of Fort Sumter, followed by the President's proclamation, caused a sudden and complete transformation of public sentiment. The ulterior revolutionary designs of the Confederate leaders, and the sedulous preparation they had made to accomplish them, were now fully comprehended; and the stinging insult which had been inflicted on the national flag by the merciless bombardment of Fort Sumter and its starving garrison roused such a feeling of intense indignation throughout the entire North and West that the President's proclamation was responded to with an enthusiasm for which he himself could not have been prepared, and which it is hardly possible adequately to describe.

The whole population of the free States, as it were one man, sprang to its feet on the instant, determined to sustain the Government, vindicate the honour of the national flag, and effectually quell the rebellion. Political differences of every kind were at once hushed, and there was but one heart, and one voice, in the unmistakable declaration that not only should the Government be upheld, but the Union be preserved, at whatever cost of blood or treasure.

During the whole of the last week, and up to the time I now write, the most vigorous and energetic efforts have been made to push forward troops for the defense of the national Capital and other assailable points. The enrolment of volunteers has gone on without ceasing. The question is not who shall join the army, but rather who shall remain at home?

The most liberal contributions of money and means of all kinds have been made by public bodies and by private individuals.

This city has been, for the time, converted into a military camp. Business of every kind has given place to the needful military preparations. The clergy, the bench, the bar,— all classes,— men, women, and children, are fired with a patriotic ardour which the newspapers, filled as they are with details, still imperfectly describe. On Saturday a public meeting in support of the Government was held in this city at which not fewer than 100,000 persons were present, presided over by the leading and influential members of the community, and at which complete unanimity prevailed. A report of the proceedings and resolutions will be found in the newspapers which I transmit herewith. Day after day has only added to the excitement and to the earnestness of the movement.

To revert to the order of events, the President's proclamation was followed by one from General Davis inviting applications for letters of marque and reprisal against Northern commerce. This in its turn was followed by a proclamation of President Lincoln, dated the 19th instant, establishing a blockade of all the ports of the seceded States; and instructions have now been issued to the collectors of customs forbidding the clearance of any vessels for ports in the seceded States.

On or about Wednesday the 17th instant, the Convention of Virginia in secret session resolved to secede without submitting any ordinance for ratification by the people, as required by the Convention itself; and the leaders of the revolution in that State at once proceeded vigorously to coöperate with their more southern allies by organizing a large force, and seizing on Federal property. A body of some 2500 men despatched to seize the important United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was defeated in its purpose only by the burning and blowing up of the arsenal by the detachment in charge of it, which then with difficulty effected its retreat.

Meantime Fort Pickens at Pensacola has been closely invested by the Confederate forces, augmented by some of those released from Charleston.

This fort was without doubt reinforced more than a week since by troops sent in the United States ship *Brooklyn*, and is said to be capable of effectively resisting the efforts of its besiegers. No intelligence whatever has been received from that quarter for several days, but it is believed the bombardment of the fort is now being prosecuted, and, whether successfully or not, it will be attended with great loss of life. Rumours prevail this morning that the fort has actually been captured. On the other hand, most serious apprehensions have been, and still are, entertained for the safety of Washington. The rapid advance of such a force as was known to be at the command of General Davis, with the active coöperation of the Virginians, it was fully feared might overpower the small body of troops defending that city under the command of General Scott. That this was the chief stroke of policy in the plans of the Confederate leaders is now well understood. The possession of the national Capital, and the belief of the existence of an extensive sympathy throughout the North with the Secessionists, or, at all events, of an indisposition to act coercively against them, were relied on to secure for the Confederate leaders such an ascendancy as would enable them to dictate the terms of the reconstruction of the Union.

I send inclosed a slip or two from the papers of to-day giving the latest reports from Baltimore and Washington. From these it appears that the Capital is yet in a critical condition. I have also addressed to the Foreign Office the New York morning papers for the last four days.

In the absence of any positive intelligence of the movements of the disunionists, owing to the interruption of the telegraphs and mails, it remains at this moment uncertain whether they may not make, and possibly succeed in, an attack on the Capital. It is believed, however, that their delay before Forts Sumter and Pickens, the indecision of the Virginian Convention, and, above all, their entire miscalculation of the sentiments of the people of the North, have somewhat marred their plans; and it is hoped that by the forces already at the command of the President they may be kept in check until the overpowering numbers fast hurrying to the Capital can be mustered there.

The unexpected outbreak of the war had found the North and West, though abounding in men, money, and a spirit of hearty loyalty to the Constitution, still greatly unprepared in armament and equipment. Among the plans of the Secessionist leaders long since preconcerted and executed, and now openly boasted of in the South, was the removal from the free States of arms and munitions of war. Already there is discovered an alarming deficiency of even small arms for the militia and volunteers.

The first movement of troops on the call of the President was from Massachusetts, followed by large levies from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and this State. On Friday last, while passing through Baltimore, a portion of a Boston regiment was attacked by a very numerous mob of sympathizers with secession, when the troops were enabled to force their way through the city only after a riot and a combat in which two soldiers and eleven citizens were killed, and many wounded on both sides. The city from thenceforth hitherto has been entirely under the control of the Secessionists, and mob law rules. The railway bridges in the neighbourhood of the city have been burnt or cut down, the telegraph seized and interrupted, and all regular communication through Baltimore with Washington suspended.

It appears to have been a preconcerted but not suspected plan of the Confederate leaders to prevent, at the proper moment, the sending of any reinforcements to Washington through Maryland, in which State the Union party is for the present overpowered and silenced. In proof of this plan a body of some three or four thousand Virginians passing round by Harper's Ferry are reported to have advanced into Maryland, to overawe and operate in that State, but which, at last accounts, had not yet approached Baltimore. This unruly city is now kept in terror of bombardment from Fort McHenry, which is in possession of an adequate force of Federal troops. A few days, however, will see the Baltimoreans brought to their senses, for (from what is manifest of the deep indignation of the North at this obstruction of their highway to the national Capital) a further persistence in such a course of proceedings would, I verily believe, lead to the bombardment and probable destruction of the city.

Fort Monroe, commanding the mouth of the James River, one of the strongest forts of the country, and an important strategical position, has been fully garrisoned by Federal troops. The navy yard and stores at Norfolk, however, being incapable of defense, were the day before yesterday destroyed, and all the ships of war there were burnt to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. At this port (New York) all vessels are prevented from proceeding to sea between sunset and sunrise, and guard-boats are stationed at the outlets to see that no provisions or munitions of war are allowed to be sent to the enemy's ports.

The ships at the navy yard at Brooklyn are being equipped for sea with all possible speed. These consist of the *Wabash* and *Roanoke*, screw steam frigates, and the *Savannah*. The *Perry* brig went to sea yesterday. Orders have been given to fit out a large number of gunboats of light draft; and the merchants of the Northern ports will supply numerous effective vessels to aid the blockade of Southern ports, and act in union with the Federal naval forces.

But now that this war has been provoked by the leaders of the secession movement, it is, I think, quite certain that the North will not allow it to be terminated until they have completely crushed the rebellious uprising against the authority of the Government, and either coerce the seceded States back into the Union, or dictate the terms and conditions of their separation from it.

Although the North has been taken at a disadvantage, has been by the wily plans and prearrangements of the Secessionists stripped of arms, of which they are now in great want for their volunteers, there cannot be a question that they will, nevertheless, effectually suppress the rebellion. They have, after long and patient forbearance, entered upon the struggle forced upon them with a determination never to bring it to a close until they shall have effectually prevented the possibility, for a long time to come, of the recurrence of any similar attempt to subvert the Constitution of the Republic.

For my own part, in this view of the case, I believe that the most merciful course and, in the end, the most salutary results will depend on the Federal Government placing itself as speedily as possible in such a commanding attitude of power as to render further resistance to its authority utterly hopeless. I believe that the escape of the white population of the South from the horrors of servile insurrections (of the commencement of which there are already rumours) renders it necessary that the Federal Government should put out its whole strength, as it is preparing to do, at the earliest moment, and thus anticipate the useless wasting by the Southern States of the strength and means which they will now, more than ever, require to keep their slave population in subjection.

The national honour vindicated, the Constitution upheld, and the Government established in its supremacy, I have no fears that the Southern States will be unfairly dealt with. Motives of interest, no less than magnanimity, under such circumstances, will secure to the Southern States, whether they continue in the Union or a separation be agreed on, everything to which they have a just right or claim.

A prolongation of the contest, I need hardly say, will be attended with most disastrous consequences to other nations, and especially to our own commercial interests. In view of this certainty, and under the consciousness of the vast importance of the crisis, pardon my presumption, My Lord, if I venture to suggest the consideration of the expediency of a prompt interposition by Her Majesty's Government by way, if not of a mediator (which perhaps would hardly now be accepted), then by affording to the lawful Government of the United States such a consistent and effective demonstration of sympathy and aid as will have the merciful effect of shortening this most unnatural and horrid strife. It is unnecessary to waste a word on the many considerations which I believe would influence Her Majesty's Government to adopt such a line of policy in so far as it consistently may; but of this I feel assured, knowing what I do of the American people of the North and West, that, whether countenanced by England or not, they will never lay down arms until they have entirely subdued and extinguished this rebellion. The issue raised, in fact, is one which leaves them no alternative; while, on the other hand, I need not say how adverse and revolting to the spirit and feelings of the age and of our own nation would be the triumph of the principles on which the founders of the new Confederacy have based their government.

Praying Your Lordship's pardon for these observations, which have run to greater length than I intended,

I have, etc., E. M. ARCHIBALD.

A Brotherhood of Christian Unity.

ON the evening of April 20 a meeting was held in Orange, New Jersey, to consider the subject of Christian Unity. I had become so impressed, or, I may say, oppressed, by the lack of united feeling and united effort among the churches that I asked some friends to join me in issuing a call for such a meeting. It was not largely attended, but an earnest spirit was evident in those who were present. In the essay which I had prepared for the occasion I suggested as a possible solution of the difficulty, or as an effort at least to attempt to translate sentiment into some form of action, the formation of a Brotherhood of Christian Unity. Dr. Lyman Abbott, hearing of my plan, asked me to present it in the columns of "The Christian Union." In the editorial department of the issue of June 11, containing the article, Dr. Abbott wrote as follows:

Mr. Seward's article on another page affords another and a somewhat striking indication of that growing tendency towards the unity of faith which is characteristic of the present age. It is peculiar in that it distinctly recognizes and proposes to leave wholly undisturbed the difference in creed, ritual, and government which separates the denominations, and simply furnish a testimony to the unity of faith which is deeper than any creed. It is also peculiar in that it is based upon the principle that loyalty to Christ, not adhesion to a series of intellectual propositions, is the true and adequate basis of Christian Union. To what Mr. Seward's plan may grow it is not possible to foretell. It may be born before its time, and be only a percursor of a movement on similar principles, but possibly different in form, to follow hereafter. In any case the suggestion cannot be in vain, for it is never in vain for a prophet to familiarize the public mind with new ideas which it is not yet ready to receive. We commend Mr. Seward's simple pledge to the consideration of our readers as one step towards a realization of a fellowship which now has no symbol. Let them read his plan and then answer to themselves the question, Why not?

The response of the public to the suggestion is truly remarkable. Letters of inquiry pour in from all directions and from people of every Christian sect and of no sect. It indicates that the feeling of dissatisfaction with the present bondage to creeds is widespread and deep. Those who write usually express the opinion that the plan of a Brotherhood of Christian Unity is a practical movement in the right direction without undertaking too much. As its title implies, it is a fraternization rather than an organization. It is not proposed, at least for the present, to have any constitution, officers, or funds. Its purpose is merely to enable individuals to place themselves more definitely under the law of love. It goes back of the ecclesiasticism of the past eighteen centuries and accepts the creed of Christ and of the first century — love to God and love to man. It gives an opportunity for members of the Christian Church in all its various branches to acknowledge one another as brethren of one family, and not as belonging to distinct factions. It also gives an opportunity for those who are out of the churches and out of sympathy with the church creeds to step upon a Christian platform. The only qualification of membership of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity is signing the following pledge:

> I hereby agree to accept the creed promulgated by the Founder of Christianity — love to God and love to man — as the rule of my life. I also agree to recognize as fellow Christians and members of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity all who accept this creed and Jesus Christ as their leader.
>
> I join the Brotherhood with the hope that such a voluntary association and fellowship with Christians of every faith will deepen my spiritual life and bring me into more helpful relations with my fellow men.
>
> Promising to accept Jesus Christ as my leader means that I intend to study his character with a desire to be imbued with his spirit, to imitate his example, and to be guided by his precepts.

I have prepared a pamphlet treating the subject more fully, which will be sent with two copies of the pledge for ten cents (to cover expenses). One pledge is in certificate form, illuminated and printed on bond paper. The other is note-size, to be signed and returned as a means of recording the membership.

EAST ORANGE, N. J. *Theodore F. Seward.*

W. L. Dodge.

WILLIAM LEFTWICH DODGE, the painter of "David and Goliath," reproduced on page 665, is in his twen-

ty-fifth year, having been born in Virginia in the spring of 1867. His mother, herself an artist of talent, early discovered the boy's inclination towards art, and removed with him to Munich, and thence to Paris, where at the age of sixteen he entered the École des Beaux-Arts. During his school career he took several prizes, passed Number One in the competition for entrance to Gérôme's class, and six months after his admission won the third medal in the Concours d'Atelier. The next year he obtained an honorable mention and another medal, and in the third year (1888) the first prize, Prix d'Atelier.

Mr. Dodge first became known to Americans by his picture "The Death of Minnehaha," painted during the third year of his student course, and when he was but nineteen years of age. This picture was exhibited at the Prize Fund Exhibition of The American Art Galleries in 1886, and was awarded a gold medal. "David and Goliath" was painted in the year in which the artist achieved his majority. It was exhibited in the Salon in the spring, and at Munich in the fall of 1888, and received a medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. The next year Mr. Dodge exhibited the largest picture and most important composition he had undertaken (36 x 18 feet) — "The Burial of the Minnisink" — in illustration of Longfellow's poem, together with a very clever study of the nude in sunlight, called "Water-lilies."

He returned to this country in the autumn of 1889, and in 1890 gave at the American Art Galleries an exhibition which awoke much criticism. It is but fair to say, however, that most of it was of a friendly nature, the critics probably bearing in mind that it was hardly to be expected that a boy twenty-two years of age would handle compositions covering hundreds of square feet of canvas, and in some cases containing more than fifty figures, without laying himself open to some adverse criticism. While it is true that art knows neither age nor nation, the fact of this lad having successfully handled pictures of such a size is certainly remarkable. I think that Mr. Dodge is far from having reached the fullness of his development, and that, could he be given large wall spaces to work on, we should probably have in him an artist who would make his impression on the nation. He is versatile, and, although his facility of execution occasionally carries him away, is an excellent draftsman, ingenious in his arrangement of groups, and with a good eye for the discernment of character.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Greeley's Estimate of Lincoln.

UPON looking over the table of contents of the July CENTURY, just received, my eye fell upon "Greeley's Estimate of Lincoln — an *unpublished* address." I at once turned to it to see if it was the lecture I heard Mr. Greeley deliver in Washington a few years after the war. I looked first at the opening paragraph, for I had a distinct recollection of the pun on the words "attempts at the life of Abraham Lincoln." Sure enough, there it was, but with the foot-note doubting whether it was ever delivered. There is no doubt of it, and I presume you will receive other testimony to the same effect. JAS. M. HUDNUT.

348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, July 1, 1891.

MR. G. H. CRAWFORD writes to say that Mr. Greeley delivered the Lincoln lecture in New York, he thinks, about 1870.

MR. ROBERT E. DEYO points out an error on pages 373 and 379 of the Greeley lecture in the July CENTURY, where the name of Congressman Daniel Gott is printed Galt.

MR. SAMUEL SINCLAIR calls attention to a typographical error on page 375, in which the inauguration of Pierce is referred to the year 1856. Mr. Greeley properly wrote 1852.

Erratum.

THE picture on page 176 of the June CENTURY in Mrs. Harrison's article on "Colonel William Byrd of Westover, Virginia," was incorrectly entitled "The Hall at Westover," it being in reality a picture of the hall of the house of Dr. E. G. Booth, at the Grove, in James City County, Virginia. The mistake arose from its general resemblance to the hall at Westover.

EDITOR.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

To Jessie's Dancing Feet.

HOW, as a spider's web is spun
With subtle grace and art,
Do thy light footsteps, every one,
Cross and recross my heart!
Now here, now there, and to and fro,
Their winding mazes turn;
Thy fairy feet so lightly go
They seem the earth to spurn.
Yet every step leaves there behind
A something, when you dance,
That serves to tangle up my mind
And all my soul entrance.

How, as the web the spiders spin
And wanton breezes blow,
Thy soft and filmy laces in
A swirl around thee flow!
The cobweb 'neath thy chin that 's crossed
Remains demurely put,
While those are ever whirled and tossed
That show thy saucy foot;
That show the silver grayness of
Thy stockings' silken sheen,
And mesh of snowy skirts above
The silver that is seen.

How, as the spider, from his web,
Dangles in light suspense,
Do thy sweet measures' flow and ebb
Sway my enraptured sense!
Thy flutt'ring lace, thy dainty airs,
Thy every charming pose —
There are not more alluring snares
To bind me with than those.
Swing on! Sway on! With easy grace
Thy witching steps repeat!
The love I dare not — to thy face —
I offer, at thy feet.

W. D. Ellwanger.

The Ill-Omened Crow.

(SINISTER CORNIX.)

De jay he bow ter de bluebird,
An' de buzzard he say ter de crow,
"I gwine down in de holler,
You gwine pick down de row."

De jay am de feddered Eshaw—
Selled his birf-right fur sumpen ter eat;
But de plumb born t'ief er de cornfiel'
Am de 'Nias wid de ole crow feet.

So he fill up he craw twel hit hu't him,
An' he still lookin' roun' fur some mo',
Den he plume hisse'f in de tree-top,
'Ca'se he got mighty fur way ter go;

Fur de craw hit swell, keep er-swellin',
Twel hit' 'pear lack hit fitten ter bus'—
Haint no rock in de road do dat grin'in',
An' dat crow he jes light out an' dus'.

De debbil he stan' in er cabin,
Wid his hat pull ober one eye,
An' he call, "Misser Crow, how you make hit?"
An' de crow he cry, "Gwine die!"

An' de craw keep er-swellin' an' er-swellin',
Fur de corn he steal won't hide;
An' de debbil he grin twel hit busted,
An' de crow he laid down an' died.

Den de debbil he gadder up de inside,
An' plant dat corn in er row,
An' he chuckle an' he laugh in he in'ards,
Fur he layin' fur ernudder fool crow.

Den er crow come an' set on er fence-rail,
An' turn up he eye ter de sun,
Den couter erroun' 'mongst de green blades,
Jes lack de odder one done.

Den he fill up he craw lack de odder one,
An' de debbil pull he hat in he eye,
An' holler, "Misser Crow, how you make hit?"
An' de crow he cry, "Gwine die!"

Den de debbil he laugh an' he holler,
As de crow he shake lack er leaf,
"*I* has got de onliest pebbles
Dat 'll grine up de corn uv er t'ief!"

So dey bargains wid de def er-callin',
An' dey bargains wid de def 'longside,
An' der crow he go ter de debbil's,
Whar de pebbles am hot an' dried;

An' he sarve de debbil by night-time,
An' he sarve de debbil by day,
Twel de blood er de yeth dry in him,
Twel de fedders done drappin' erway.

Den de crow gwine pinin' an' honin',
Den de crow he gwine fur ter tire,
An' he flewed an' he flewed in de night-time,
An' he flewed frough de debbil's own fire.

Fur de debbil make er fire outen light-'ood,
Wid de pot er de hot pitch nigh,
An' de blaze hit clomb ter de house-top,
An' de heat hit clomb ter de sky.

But he flewed an' he flewed, dough hit scotch him,
An' de fedders dey sizzle an' fry;
Den de debbil let loose er de waters,
An' de flood er de weepin' rin high.[1]

Hit 'pear lack de waters gwine drown him,
An' de debbil he gain on him fas',
An' he retch, but de crow keep er-duckin'
An' er-sheddin' twel he kim out at las'.

An' he flewed an' he flewed, dough he 's drippin',
An' he flewed an' he flewed, dough he 's wet;
Den hit 'pear lack de ole wings er-floppin',
Den hit 'pear lack de debbil git him yet;

Fur de debbil cotch holt er de fedders,
But de skeered crow he skim fur de lan';
De debbil he make fur de crow's ole nake,
But de crow lef' his tail in his han'.

An' he flewed an' he flewed, jes er-shiv'rin',
An' er-shakin' wid de debbil on his track;
But he winned in de race, an' dat make him cute,
But de fire make his fedders black.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Bouillabaisse.

(THE MARSEILLES RECIPE.)

GARLIC? A bit, perhaps, merely to justify
The old tradition;
But just the tiniest shred—so small you might deny
Its breath's suspicion.

Saffron? Yes, put some in; though of the saffron, too,
Be not unstinted—
And yet enough, so that your hands, when you get through,
Are golden-tinted.

Fish? Most assuredly. But it must be first-class,
Fresh, fine, *comme ça*—
Lobster, and whiting small, the kind we call *rascasse*,
Et cetera.

Oil? That is needed too; but let it not exceed
A fair-sized drop.
You must know how to pour one globule, bird's-eye bead,
And then to stop.

Rosemary? fennel? thyme? fine herbs in general?
Naturally;
Tied in a little bag, clean, dainty, and withal
Tempting to see.

Then let the whole thing boil. Meanwhile, of bread—fresh, mind!—
Thick slices place.
[*Deprecatingly:*]
And so, if you 've good luck, you may produce a kind
Of bouillabaisse.

But for the simon-pure, the grand, the marvelous dish,
Beyond compare,
Is needed, more than herbs, and even more than fish—
The Marseilles air!

Henry Tyrrell.

[1] According to the superstition, there is no water in the abode of the Evil One except a stream from the tears of the lost, which is salty and bitter. The victims are alternately scorched and drenched in the waters of tears, for they never dry up.

My Sweetheart.

WHENEVER I play on the old guitar
The songs that my sweetheart taught me,
My thoughts go back to the summer-time
When first in her toils she caught me;
And once again I can hear the sound
Of her gleeful voice blown over
The meadow, sweet with the scent of thyme,
And pink with the bloom of clover.

The faded ribbon is hanging still
Where her dimpled fingers tied it—
I used to envy it stealing round
Her neck, for she did not chide it;
And the inlaid pearl that her ringlets touched
As she leaned above it lightly
Glows even now with a hint of gold
That it once reflected brightly.

Whether her eyes were blue as the skies
On a noon-day in September,
Or brown like those of a startled fawn,
I can't for the world remember;
But when she lifted them up to mine
I know that my young heart tingled
In time to the tender tune she sang
And the airy chords she jingled.

Yet now, though I sweep the dusty strings
By her girlish spirit haunted,
Till out of the old guitar there trips
A melody, blithe, enchanted,
My pulses keep on their even way
And my heart has ceased its dancing,
For somebody else sits under the spell
Of the songs and sidelong glancing.

M. E. Wardwell.

That Note in Bank.

I SOUGHT to be the Bellamy of song,
And in the year two thousand Anno Dom.
My disembodied spirit made the tour
Of these much swelled, still one, United States,
And to the man of that now distant age
I put forth certain inquiries. "Where 's Poe,
And Whittier, and Dr. Holmes?" And so,
Descending to the decades *quorum pars Fui*, I softly breathed the names of those
Whose songs of woods, and glens, and lady-loves,
Had oftenest adorned the boiler-plate
In those now dim exchanges. Then they gaped,
The men of this cold, self-admiring age,
"Why, who were *they?* The esoteric cult,
The age of transcendental tone in art,
Has swept these dreamers into nothingness.
Our poets do not sing of woods or glens,
Of ravens, or of sea-shells, or of old
New England elms and maples. Some write ads
In verse, and hence are valued much
Down in the business office; others sing
Of this and that new enterprise that has
The Mountains of the Moon for opening up.
Some few o'er railroad tracks of distant age,
Ivied and broken like an olden fort,
Pour forth their plaint—such fellows are too slow
For this progressive age. No railroads now!
We have the swift aërial express
For Santiago, and for Melbourne too.
The flag of these indissoluble States
Floats from each citadel of old Cathay:
Europe went under seventy years ago.
Why, what is this Van Winkle stare about?
Don't you read history? The planets all
Within a radius of a million miles
Are getting sore; to say 'One wants the earth'—
Faugh! that is too antique for anything!
The men of this fast day don't comprehend—
We want the stars. Don't talk in ancient tongue
If you would have this generation list.
Alas! poor Rip, you don't know what you 've missed."

"Well," gasped I, after pause, cold beads upon
My mummied brow, "one thing I 'd like to ask:
Do people marry as they used to do?
And does the butcher's and the baker's bill
Come round with such persistent frequency?
Do notes mature in bank?—"
Here with a sound
Somewhat resembling those old words of wrath
Which issued from my dim composing-room
Whene'er a form was pied, he bolted forth
To take the next aërial express
From Boston to St. Petersburg. All I could catch
Was something of "a note in bank to-day
On the great House of Romanoff which he
Must hurry off to meet—'t was then near three!"

William B. Chisholm.

Exit.

"WE are growing old," she cried;
"We must stop this prancing.
See, the world does not provide
Music for *our* dancing.
When we are young, and do not care,
Of it there 's a plenty.
Ah, how much you have to spare,
Sweet-and-twenty!

"Now we ought to step aside
For the coming dancers,
Or march slow — to save our pride —
Through a set of lancers.
Jigs and springs, and heel and toe,
Do not even name them!
They are not for *us*, you know;
Never claim them!

"There are corners, safe and still,
Left that we may fill them.
Let those play the fool who will;
Scorn will never kill them
If they stay upon the floor
Knowing they must chance it.
Yet," she whispered, "if once more
That old tune we knew before
Heads were wise and hearts were sore
Played, and we *might* have the floor,
How we 'd dance it!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

'T is Ever Thus.

AD Astra, De Profundis,
Keats, Bacchus, Sophocles;
Ars Longa, Euthanasia,
Spring, The Eumenides.

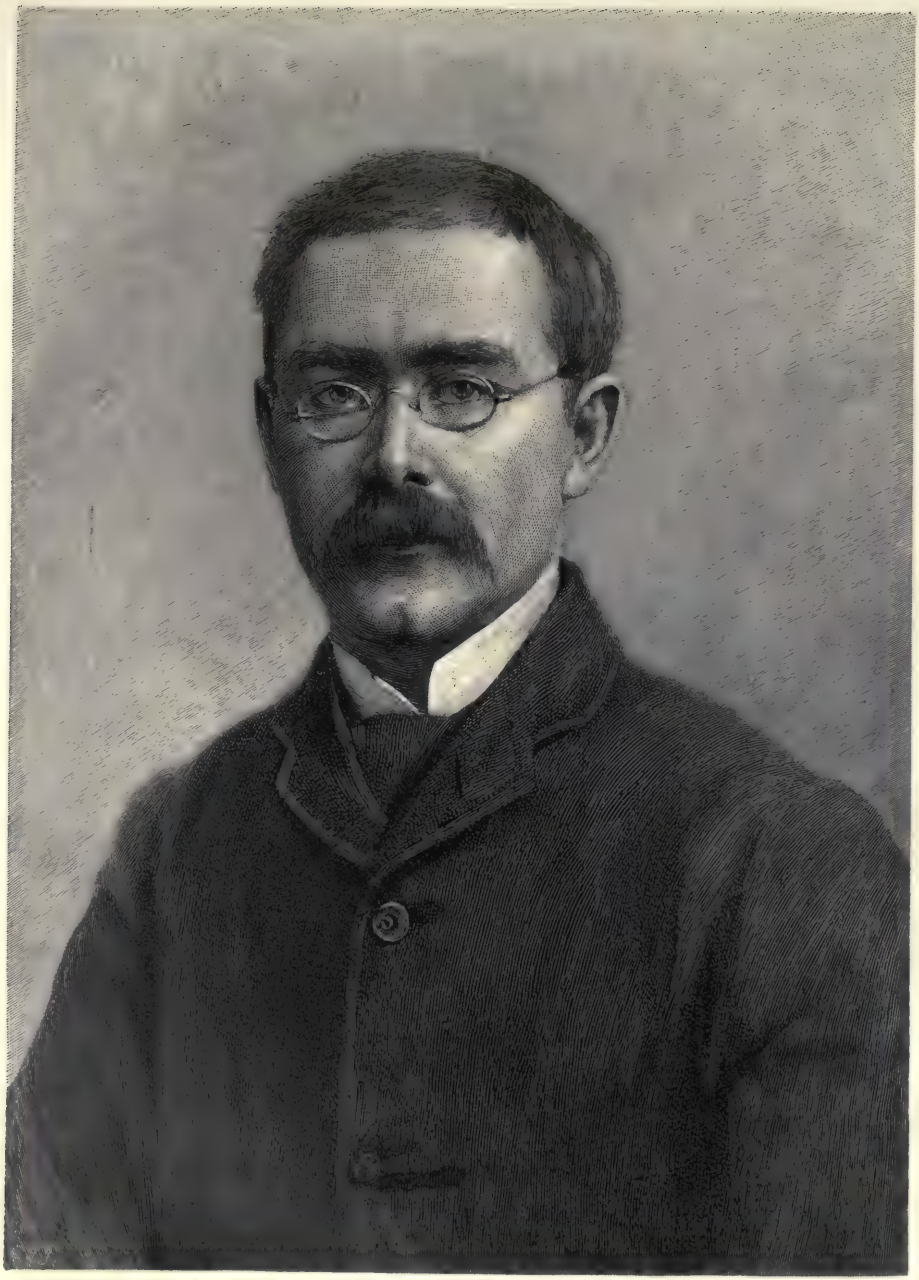
Dead Leaves, Metempsychosis,
Waiting, Theocritus;
Vanitas Vanitatum,
My Ship, De Gustibus.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus,
Sleep, Palingenesis;
Salvini, Sursum Corda,
At Mt. Desert, To Miss ——.

These are part of the contents
Of "Violets of Song,"
The first poetic volume
Of Susan Mary Strong.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Sincerely
Rudyard Kipling

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII. OCTOBER, 1891. No. 6.

MY LAST DAYS IN SIBERIA.

MINUSINSK (Min-oo-sínsk), where we made our last stop in Eastern Siberia, is a thriving little town of 5000 or 6000 inhabitants, situated in the fertile valley of the upper Yenisei (Yén-iss-say), 3200 miles from the capital of the Empire and 150 miles from the boundary line of Mongolia. It corresponds very nearly with Liverpool in latitude and with Calcutta in longitude, and is distant from St. Petersburg, in traveling time, about twenty days. Owing to the fact that it lies far south of the main line of transcontinental communication, it has not often been visited by foreign travelers, and at the time of our visit it was little known even to the people of European Russia; but it had particular interest for us, partly because it contained the largest and most important museum of archæology and natural history in Siberia, and partly because it was the place of exile of a number of prominent Russian liberals and revolutionists.

We reached the little town about half-past five o'clock in the morning. The columns of smoke that were rising here and there from the chimneys of the log houses showed that some, at least, of the inhabitants were already astir; but as the close-fitting board shutters had not been taken down from the windows there were no lights visible, the wide streets were empty, and the whole town had the lonely, deserted appearance that most Siberian towns have when seen early in the morning by the faint light of a waning moon.

"Where do you order me to go?" inquired our driver, reining in his horses and turning half around in his seat.

"To a hotel," I said. "There 's a hotel here, is n't there?"

"There used to be," he replied, doubtfully. "Whether there 's one now or not God knows; but if your high nobility has no friends to go to, we 'll see."

We were provided with letters of introduction to several well-known citizens of Minusinsk, and I had no doubt that at the house of any one of them we should be cordially and hospitably received; but it is rather awkward and embarrassing to have to present a letter of introduction, before daylight in the morning, to a gentleman whom you have just dragged out of bed; and I resolved that, if we should fail to find a hotel, I would have the driver take us to the government post-station. We had no legal right to claim shelter there, because we were traveling with "free" horses and without a padarozhnaya (pah-dah-rózh-nah-yah); but experience had taught me that a Siberian post-station master, for a suitable consideration, will shut his eyes to the strictly legal aspect of any case and admit the justice and propriety of any claim.

After turning three or four corners our driver stopped in front of a large two-story log building near the center of the town which he said "used to be" a hotel. He pounded and banged at an inner courtyard door until he had roused all the dogs in the neighborhood, and was then informed by a sleepy and exasperated servant that this was not a hotel but a private house, and that if we continued to batter down people's doors in that way in the middle of the night we should n't need a hotel, because we would be conducted by the police to suitable apartments in a commodious jail. This was not very encouraging, but our driver, after exchanging a few back-handed compliments with the ill-tempered servant, took us to another house in a different part of the town, where he banged and pounded at another door with undiminished vigor and resolution. The man

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

who responded on this occasion said that he did keep "rooms for arrivers," but that, unfortunately, the full complement of "arrivers" had already arrived, and his rooms were all full. He suggested that we try the house of one Soldatof (Soll-dát-off). As there seemed to be nothing better to do, away we went to Soldatof's, where, at last, in the second story of an old, weather-beaten log building, we found a large, well-lighted, and apparently clean room which was offered to us, with board for two, at seventy cents a day. We accepted the terms with joy, and ordered our driver to empty the pavoska (pah-vóss-kah) and bring up the baggage. Our newly found room was uncarpeted, had no window-curtains, and contained neither washstand nor bed; but it made up for its deficiencies in these respects by offering for our contemplation an aged oleander in a green tub, two pots of geraniums, and a somewhat anæmic vine of English ivy climbing feebly up a cotton string to look at itself in a small wavy mirror. As soon as our baggage had been brought in we lay down on the floor, just as we were, in fur caps, sheepskin overcoats, and felt boots, and slept soundly until after ten o'clock.

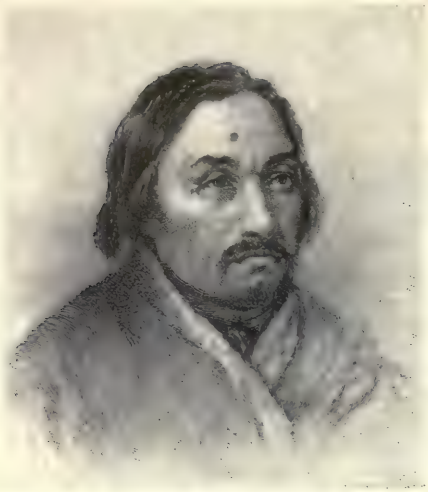
A little before noon, having changed our dress and made ourselves as presentable as possible, we went out to make a call or two and to take a look at the place. We did not think it prudent to present our letters of introduction to the political exiles until we could ascertain the nature of the relations that existed between them and the other citizens of the town, and could learn something definite with regard to the character and disposition of the isprávnik, or district chief of police. We therefore went to call first upon the well-known Siberian naturalist Mr. N. M. Martianof (Mart-yán-off), the founder of the Minusinsk Museum, to whom we had a note of introduction from the editor of the St. Petersburg "Eastern Review." We found Mr. Martianof busily engaged in compounding medicines in the little drug-store of which he was the proprietor not far from the Soldatof hotel. He gave us a hearty welcome.

The Minusinsk Museum, of which all educated Siberians are now deservedly proud, is a striking illustration of the results that may be attained by unswerving devotion to a single purpose and steady, persistent work for its accomplishment. It is, in every sense of the word, the creation of Mr. Martianof, and it represents, almost exclusively, his own individual skill and labor. When he emigrated to Siberia, in 1874, there was not a public institution of the kind, so far as I know, in all the country, except the half-dead, half-alive mining museum in Barnaul (Bar-nah-oól), and the idea of promoting popular education and cultivating a taste for science by making and exhibiting classified collections of plants, minerals, and archæological relics had hardly suggested itself even to teachers by profession. Mr. Martianof, who was a graduate of the Kazan (Kah-zán) university, and whose scientific specialty was botany, began, almost as soon as he reached Minusinsk, to make collections with a view to the ultimate establishment of a museum. He was not a man of means or leisure. On the contrary, he was wholly dependent upon his little drug-

A STREET IN MINUSINSK. (FROM OUR WINDOW AT SOLDATOF'S.)

A KACHINSKI TATAR WOMAN AND CHILD.

store for support, and was closely confined to it during the greater part of every day. By denying himself sleep, however, and rising very early in the morning, he managed to get a few hours every day for scientific work, and in those few hours he made a dozen or more identical collections of such plants and minerals as could be found within an hour's walk of the town. After classifying and labeling the specimens carefully, he sent one of these collections to every country school-teacher in the Minusinsk district, with a request that the scholars be asked to make similar collections in the regions accessible to them, and that the specimens thus obtained be sent to him for use in the projected museum. The teachers and scholars responded promptly and sympathetically to the appeal thus made, and in a few months collections of flowers and rocks began to pour into Mr. Martianof's little drug-store



A KACHINSKI TATAR.

from all parts of the district. Much of this material, of course, had been collected without adequate knowledge or discrimination, and was practically worthless; but some of it was of great value, and even the unavailable specimens were proofs of sympathetic interest and readiness to coöperate on the part not only of the scholars but of their relatives and friends. In the meantime Mr. Martianof had been sending similar but larger and more complete collections to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, to various Russian museums, to his own alma mater, and to the professors of natural history in several of the great Russian universities, with a proposition in every case to exchange them for such duplicates of specimens from other parts of the Empire as they might have to spare. In this way, by dint of unwearied personal industry, Mr. Martianof gathered, in the course of two years, a collection of about 1500 objects, chiefly in the field of natural history, and a small but valuable library of 100 or more scientific books, many of which were not to be found elsewhere in Siberia. In 1876 he made a formal presentation of all this material to the Minusinsk town council for the benefit of the public. A charter was then obtained, two rooms in one of the school buildings were set apart as a place for the exhibition of the specimens, and the museum was thrown open. From that time forth its growth was steady and rapid. The cultivated people of Minusinsk rallied to Mr. Martianof's support, and contributions in the shape of books, anthropological material, educational appliances, and money soon began to come from all parts of the town and district, as well as from many places in the neighboring provinces.

After making a comprehensive but rather hasty survey of the whole museum, Mr. Frost and I decided that the departments of archæology and ethnology were its most striking and interesting features, but that it was a most creditable exhibition throughout, and an honor to its founder and to the town. Its collections, at the time of our visit, filled seven rooms in the building of the town council, and were numbered up to 23,859 in the catalogue, while the number of volumes in its library was nearly 10,000. All this was the direct result of the efforts of a single individual, who had, at first, very little public sympathy or encouragement, who was almost destitute of pecuniary means, and who was confined ten or twelve hours every day in a drug-store. Since my return from Siberia the directors of the museum, with the aid of I. M. Sibiriakof (See-béer-ya-koff), Inokenti Kuznetsof (In-nokén-tee Kooz-net-sóff), and a few other wealthy and cultivated Siberians, have published an excellent descriptive catalogue of the archæological collection, with an atlas of lithographic illustrations, and have erected a spacious building for the accommodation of the museum and library at a cost of 12,000 or 15,000 rubles. The catalogue and atlas, which have elicited flattering comments from archæological societies in the various capitals of Europe, possess an added interest for the reason that they are wholly the work of political exiles. The descriptive text, which fills nearly 200 octavo pages, is from the pen of the accomplished geologist and archæologist Dmitri Clements (Dmeé-tree Clém-ents), who was banished to Eastern Siberia for "political untrustworthiness" in 1881, while the illustrations for the atlas were drawn by the exiled artist A. V. Stankevich (Stan-káy-vitch). It has been said again and again by defenders of the Russian Government that the so-called "nihilists"

A SOYOTE.

whom that Government banishes to Siberia are nothing but "malchíshki" (contemptible striplings), "expelled seminarists," "half-educated school-boys," "despicable Jews," and "students that have failed in their examinations." Nevertheless, when the directors of the Minusinsk museum want the services of men learned enough to discuss the most difficult problems of archæology, and artists skilful enough to draw with minute fidelity the objects found in the burial-mounds, they have to go to these very same "nihilists," these "contemptible striplings" and "half-educated school-boys" who are so scornfully referred to in the official newspapers of the capital and in the speeches of the Tsar's *prócureurs*. Such misrepresentation may for a time influence public opinion abroad, but it no longer deceives anybody in Siberia. Siberians are well aware that if they want integrity, capacity, and intelligence, they must look for these qualities not among the official representatives of the crown but among the unfortunate lawyers, doctors, naturalists, authors, newspaper men, statisticians, and political economists who have been exiled to Siberia for political untrustworthiness.

A FAMILY OF KACHINSKI TATARS.

After leaving the museum we called with Mr. Martianof upon several prominent citizens of the town, among them Mr. Litkin (Léetkin), the mayor, or head of the town council; Dr. Malinin (Mah-léen-in), an intelligent physician, who lived in rather a luxurious house filled with beautiful conservatory flowers; and a wealthy young merchant named Safianof (Saf-

yán-off), who carried on a trade across the Mongolian frontier with the Soyótes, and who was to accompany us on our visit to the Káchinski Tatárs. I also called, alone, upon Mr. Znamenski (Znáh-men-skee), the ispravnik, or district chief of police, but, failing to find him at home, left cards. About the middle of the afternoon we returned to Soldatof's, where we had dinner, and then spent most of the remainder of the day in making up sleep lost on the road.

A TATAR INTERIOR — DISTILLING ARRACK.

Our excursion to the ulús of the Kachinski Tatars was made as projected, but did not prove to be as interesting as we had anticipated. Mr. Safianof came for us in a large comfortable sleigh about nine o'clock in the morning, and we drove up the river, partly on the ice and partly across low extensive islands, to the mouth of the Abakán, and thence over a nearly level steppe, very thinly covered with snow, to the ulus. The country generally was low and bare, and would have been perfectly uninteresting but for the immense number of burial-mounds, tumuli, and monolithic slabs that dotted the landscape as far as the eye could reach, and that were unmistakable evidences of the richness of the archæological field in which the bronze age collections of the Minusinsk museum had been gathered. Some of the standing monoliths were twelve or fifteen feet in height and three or four feet wide, and must have been brought, with great labor, from a distance. All of these standing stones and tumuli, as well as the bronze implements and utensils found in the graves and plowed up in the fields around Minusinsk, are attributed by the Russian peasants to a prehistoric people whom they call the Chudi (Chóo-dee), and if you go into almost any farmer's house in the valley of the upper Yenisei and inquire for "Chudish things," the children or the housewife will bring you three or four arrowheads, a bronze implement that looks like one half of a pair of scissors, or a queer copper knife made in the shape of a short boomerang, with the cutting edge on the inner curve like a yataghan.

We reached the Kachinski ulus about eleven o'clock. I was disappointed to find that it did not differ essentially from a Russian village or a small settlement of semi-civilized Buriats (Boo-ráts). Most of the houses were gable-roofed log buildings of the Russian type, with chimneys, brick ovens, and double glass windows, and the inhabitants looked very much like American Indians that had abandoned their hereditary pursuits and dress, accepted the yoke of civilization, and settled down as petty farmers in the neighborhood of a frontier village or agency. Here and there one might see a yourt, whose octagon form and conical bark roof suggested a Kírghis kibitka (kee-béet-kah), and indicated that the builder's ancestors had been dwellers in tents; but with this exception there was nothing in or about the settlement to distinguish it from hundreds of Russian villages of the same class and type. Under the guidance of Mr. Safianof, who was well acquainted with all of these Tatars, we entered and examined two or three of the low octagonal yourts and one of the gable-roofed houses, but found in them little that was of interest. Russian furniture, Russian dishes, Russian trunks, and Russian samovars had taken the places of the corresponding native articles, and I could find nothing that seemed to be an expression of Tatar taste, or a survival from the Tatar past, except a child's cradle shaped like a small Eskimo dog-sledge with transverse instead of longitudinal runners, and a primitive domestic still. The latter, which was used to distill an intoxicating liquor known as arrack, consisted of a large copper kettle mounted on a tripod, and furnished with a tight-fitting cover out of the top of which projected a curving wooden tube intended to serve as a condenser, or worm. The whole apparatus was of the rudest possible construction, and the thin, acrid, unpleasant-looking, and vile-tasting liquor made in it was probably as intoxicating and deadly as the poison-toadstool cordial of the wandering Koráks. The interior of every Tatar habitation that we inspected was so cheerless, gloomy, and dirty that we decided to take our lunch out of doors on the snow; and while we ate it Mr. Safianof persuaded some of the Tatar women to put on their holiday dresses and let Mr. Frost photograph them. It will be seen from the illustration on page 805 that the Kachinski feminine type is distinctively Indian, and there are suggestions of the Indian even in the dress. All of the Kachinski Tatars that we saw in the Minusinsk district, if they were dressed in American fashion, would be taken in any western State for Indians without hesitation or question. They number in all about ten thousand, and are settled, for the most part, on what is known as the Kachinski Steppe, a great rolling plain on the left or western bank of the Yenisei above Minusinsk, where the climate is temperate and the snowfall light, and where they find excellent pasturage, both in summer and in winter, for their flocks and herds.

Late in the afternoon, when Mr. Frost had made an end of photographing the women of the settlement, all of whom were eager to put on their good clothes and "have their pictures taken," we set out on our return to Minusinsk, and before dark we were refreshing ourselves with caravan tea and discussing Kachinski Tatars under the shadow of our own vine and oleander in Soldatof's second-story-front bower.

It must not be supposed that we had become so absorbed in museums, archæological relics, and Kachinski Tatars that we had forgotten all about the political exiles. Such was by no means the case. To make the acquaintance of these exiles was the chief object of our visit to Minusinsk, and we did not for a moment lose sight of it; but the situation there just at that time was a peculiarly strained and delicate one, owing to the then recent escape of a political named Maslof, and the strictness with which, as a natural consequence, all the other exiles were watched. The provincial procureur Skrinikof (Skrée-nee-koff) and a colonel of gendarmes from Krasnoyársk were there making an investigation of the circumstances of Maslof's flight; the local police, of course, were stimulated to unwonted vigilance by the result of their previous negligence and by the presence of these high officers of the Crown from the provincial capital; and it was extremely difficult for us to open communication with the politicals without the authorities' knowledge. In these circumstances it seemed to me necessary to proceed with great caution, and to make the acquaintance of the exiles in a manner that should appear to be wholly accidental. I soon learned, from Mr. Martianof, that several of them had taken an active interest in the museum, had been of great assistance in the collection and classification of specimens, and were in the habit of frequenting both the museum and the library. I should have been very dull and slow-witted if, in the light of this information, I had failed to see that archæology and anthropology were my trump cards, and that the best possible thing for me to do was to cultivate science and take a profound interest in that museum. Fortunately I was a member of the American Geographical Society of New York and of the Anthropological Society of Washington, and had a sufficiently general smattering of natural science to discuss any branch of it with laymen and the police, even if I could not rise to the level of a professional like Martianof. I

therefore not only visited the museum at my earliest convenience, and took a deep anthropological interest in the Kachinski Tatars, but asked Mr. Martianof to allow us to take a Soyote plow, a lot of copper knives and axes, and half a dozen bronze mirrors to our room, where we could study them and make drawings of them at our leisure, and where, of course, they would be seen by any suspicious official who happened to call upon us, and would be taken by him as indications of the perfectly innocent and praiseworthy nature of our aims and pursuits. The result of our conspicuous devotion to science was that Mr. Martianof kept our room filled with archæological relics and ethnological specimens of all sorts, and, moreover, brought to call upon us one evening the accomplished geologist, archæologist, and political exile, Dmitri Clements. I recognized the latter at once as the man to whom I had a round robin letter of introduction from a whole colony of political exiles in another part of Eastern Siberia, and also as the original of one of the biographical sketches in Stépniak's "Underground Russia." He was a tall, strongly built man about forty years of age, with a head and face that would attract attention in any popular assembly, but that would be characterized by most observers as Asiatic rather than European in type. The high, bald, well-developed forehead was that of the European scholar and thinker, but the dark brown eyes, swarthy complexion, prominent cheek-bones, and rather flattish nose with open, dilated nostrils, suggested the features of a Buriat or Mongol. The lips and chin and the outlines of the lower jaw were concealed by a dark brown beard and mustache; but all the face that could be seen below the forehead might have belonged to a native of any South Siberian tribe.

As soon as I could get my round robin certificate of trustworthiness out of the leather money-belt under my shirt, where I carried all dangerous documents likely to be needed on the road, I handed it to Mr. Clements with the remark that although Mr. Martianof had given me the conventional introduction of polite society, he could not be expected, of course, as a recent acquaintance, to vouch for my moral character, and I begged leave, therefore, to submit my references. Mr. Clements read the letter with grave attention, went with it to one corner of the room, struck a match, lighted the paper, held it by one corner between his thumb and forefinger until it was entirely consumed, and then, dropping the ash and grinding it into powder on the floor under his foot, he turned to me and said, "That 's the safest thing to do with all such letters." I was of the same opinion, but I had to carry with me all the time, nevertheless, not only such letters but letters and documents infinitely more compromising and dangerous. After half an hour's conversation Mr. Martianof suggested that we all come to his house and drink tea. The suggestion met with general approval, and we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Martianof the remainder of the evening.

On the following morning we had our first skirmish with the Minusinsk police. Before we were up an officer in a blue uniform forced his way into our room without card or announcement, and in rather an offensive manner demanded our passports. I told him that the passports had been sent to the police-station on the day of our arrival, and had been there ever since.

"If they are there the nadzirátel [inspector] does n't know it," said the officer, impudently.

"It 's his business to know it," I replied, "and not to send a man around here to disturb us before we are up in the morning. We have been in the Empire long enough to know what to do with passports, and we sent ours to the police-station as soon as we arrived."

My aggressive and irritated manner apparently convinced the officer that there must be some official mistake or oversight in this matter of passports, and he retired in confusion; but in less than ten minutes, while I was still lying on the floor, virtually in bed, around came the inspector of police himself — an evil-looking miscreant with a pock-marked face and green, shifty, feline eyes, who, without his uniform, would have been taken anywhere for a particularly bad type of common convict. He declared that our passports were not at the police-station, and had not been there, and that he wanted them immediately. He had been directed, furthermore, he said, by the ispravnik, to find out "what kind of people" we were, where we had come from, and what our business was in Minusinsk. "You have been making calls," he said, "upon people in the town, and yet the ispravnik has n't seen anything of you."

"Whose fault is it that he has n't seen anything of me?" I demanded hotly. "I called on him the day before yesterday, did n't find him at home, and left my card. If he wants to know 'what kind of people' we are, why does n't he return my call in a civilized manner, at a proper time of day, instead of sending a police officer around here to make impertinent inquiries before we are up in the morning? As for the 'kind of people' we are — perhaps you will be able to find out from these," and I handed him my open letters from the Russian Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He glanced through them, and then, in a slightly changed tone and manner, inquired,

"Will you permit me to take these to show to the ispravnik?"

"Certainly," I replied; "that 's what they are for."

He bowed and withdrew, while I went down to see the proprietor of the house and to find out what he had done with the passports. It appeared that they had been taken to the police-station at once, but that the police secretary could neither read them nor make anything out of them, and had stupidly or angrily declined to receive them; whereupon the proprietor had brought them back and put them away safely in a cupboard drawer. In the course of half an hour the inspector of police returned with the open letters, which he handed me without remark. I gave him the passports with a brief statement of the fact that his secretary had declined to receive them, and we parted with a look of mutual dislike and suspicion. We were destined shortly to meet again under circumstances that would deepen his suspicion and my dislike.

With the coöperation of Mr. Martianof and Mr. Clements we made the acquaintance in the course of the next three or four days of nearly all the political exiles in the place, and found among them some of the most interesting and attractive people that we had met in Siberia. Among those with whom we became best acquainted were Mr. Ivanchin-Pisaref (Ee-ván-chin Pée-sar-eff), a landed proprietor from the province of Yaroslav (Yáhr-o-slav); Dr. Martinof (Mar-téen-off), a surgeon from Stavropol (Stáv-rah-pole); Ivan Petrovich Belokonski (Ee-ván Pe-tró-vitch Bel-o-kón-skee), a young author and newspaper man from Kiev (Keev); Leonidas Zhebunof (Zheb-oon-óff), formerly a student in the Kiev university; Miss Zenaïd Zatsepina (Zen-ah-éed Zah-tsáy-pee-nah), and Dmitri Clements. The wives of Dr. Martinof and Mr. Ivanchin-Pisaref were in exile with them; both spoke English, and in their hospitable houses we were so cordially welcomed and were made to feel so perfectly at home that we visited them as often as we dared. Dr. Martinof was a man of wealth and culture, and at the time of his arrest was the owner of a large estate near Stavropol in the Caucasus. When he was banished his property was put into the hands of an administrator appointed by the Minister of the Interior, and he was allowed for his maintenance a mere pittance of fifty dollars a month. He had never had a judicial trial, and had never been deprived legally of any of his civil rights; and yet by order of the Tsar his estate had been taken away from him and he had been banished by administrative process, with his wife and child, to this remote part of Eastern Siberia. He was not allowed at first even to practise his profession; but this the Minister of the Interior finally gave him permission to do. Some time in December, 1885, a few weeks before we reached Minusinsk, a man knocked at Dr. Martinof's door late one night and said that a peasant who lived in a village not far from the town had been attacked in the forest by a bear, and so terribly mangled and lacerated that it was doubtful whether he could recover. There was no other surgeon in the town, and the messenger begged Dr. Martinof to come to the wounded peasant's assistance. At that late hour of the night it was not practicable to get permission from the police to go outside the limits of the town, and Dr. Martinof, thinking that he would return before morning, and that the urgency of the case would excuse a mere technical violation of the rule concerning absence without leave, went with the messenger to the suburban village, set the peasant's broken bones, sewed up his wounds, and saved his life. Early in the morning he returned to Minusinsk, thinking that no one in the town except his wife would be aware of his temporary absence. The ispravnik, Znamenski, however, heard in some way of the incident, and like the stupid and brutal formalist that he was, made a report to General Pedashenko (Ped-ah-shén-ko), the governor of the province, stating that the political exile Martinof had left the town without permission, and asking for instructions. The governor directed that the offender be arrested and imprisoned. Dr. Martinof thereupon wrote to the governor a letter, of which the following is a copy.

MINUSINSK, December 3, 1885.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF YENISEISK: On this 3d day of December, 1885, I have been notified of the receipt of an order from Your Excellency directing that I be arrested and imprisoned for temporarily leaving the town of Minusinsk without permission. It seems to me to be my duty to explain to Your Excellency that I went outside the limits of Minusinsk for the purpose of rendering urgently needed medical assistance to a patient who had been attacked by a bear, and whose life was in extreme danger as the result of deep wounds and broken bones. There is no surgeon in the town except myself to whom application for help in such a case could be made. My services were required immediately, and in view of the oath taken by me as a surgeon I regarded it as my sacred duty to go, the same night I was called, to the place where the injured man lay. I had neither time nor opportunity, therefore, to give the police notice of my contemplated absence. Besides that, in the permission to practise given me by the Minister of the Interior there is nothing to prohibit my going outside the limits of the town to render medical assistance. If, notwithstanding this explanation, Your Excellency finds it necessary to hold me to accountability, I beg Your Excellency to issue such orders as may be

requisite to have me dealt with, not by administrative process, which would be inconsistent with section thirty-two of the imperially confirmed "Rules Relating to Police Surveillance," but by the method indicated in the "Remark" which follows that section, and which provides that a person guilty of unauthorized absence from his assigned place of residence shall be duly tried. In order that such misunderstandings may not occur in future, I beg Your Excellency to grant me, upon the basis of section eight of the "Rules Relating to Police Surveillance," permission to go temporarily outside the limits of the town to render medical assistance.

SERGE V. MARTINOF, M. D.

Governor Pedashenko did not condescend to make any direct reply to this letter, but merely sent the letter itself to the ispravnik Znamenski with the laconic indorsement, "Let him be tried." Of course an offender in Russia cannot expect to be tried in less than a year after the accusation is made, and up to the time of our departure from Minusinsk the accused in this case was still waiting for arraignment. Since my return to the United States I have been informed by letters from Siberia that five years more have been added to Dr. Martinof's term of exile. Whether this supplementary punishment was inflicted upon him because he dared to save a poor peasant's life without the permission of the ispravnik, or merely because his behavior generally was that of a self-respecting Russian nobleman, and not that of a cringing slave, I do not know. When the end of an exile's term of banishment draws near, the local authorities are called upon for a report with regard to his behavior. If the report be unfavorable, an addition of from one to five years is made to his period of exile. Perhaps the ispravnik Znamenski reported that Dr. Martinof was "insubordinate," and very likely he was insubordinate. He certainly had grievances enough to make him so. One peculiarly exasperating thing happened to him almost in my presence. There is an administrative regulation in force in most Siberian penal settlements requiring political exiles to appear at the police-station daily, semi-weekly, or weekly, and sign their names in a register. The intention, apparently, is to render escapes more difficult by forcing the exile to come, at short intervals, to the local authorities, and say, "I am still here; I have n't escaped." And as a proof that he has n't escaped they make him sign his name in a book. It is a stupid regulation; it affords no security whatever against escapes; it is intensely humiliating to the personal pride of the exile, especially if the authorities happen to be brutal, drunken, or depraved men; and it causes more heart-burning and exasperation than any other regulation in the whole exile code.

One morning about a week after our arrival in Minusinsk I was sitting in the house of Ivanchin-Pisaref, when the door opened and Dr. Martinof came in. For a moment I hardly recognized him. His eyes had a strained expression, his face was colorless, his lips trembled, and he was evidently struggling with deep and strong emotion.

"What has happened?" cried Mrs. Ivanchin-Pisaref, rising as if to go to him.

"The ispravnik has ordered Marya [his wife] to come to the police-station," he replied.

For an instant I did not catch the significance of this fact, nor understand why it should so excite him. A few words of explanation, however, made the matter clear. Mrs. Martinof was in hourly expectation of her confinement. I remembered, when I thought of it, that only the night before I had had an engagement to spend the evening at Dr. Martinof's house, and that he had sent me word not to come because his wife was ill. As it happened to be the day that all of the political exiles were required to sign their names in the police register, Dr. Martinof had gone to the ispravnik, explained his wife's condition, said that she was unable to go out, and asked that she be excused. The ispravnik made a coarse remark about her, which must have been hard for a husband to bear, but which Dr. Martinof dared not resent, and said that if the woman was not able to walk of course she could not come to the police-station. This was Friday afternoon, and it was on the evening of that day that Dr. Martinof sent word to me not to come to his house on account of his wife's illness. It turned out, however, that her suffering was not decisive, and early the next morning, by her husband's advice, she took a walk of a few moments back and forth in front of the house. The ispravnik happened to drive past, and saw her. He went at once to the police-station, and from there sent an officer to her with a curt note in which he said that if she was able to walk out she was able to come to the police-station, and that if she did not make her appearance within a certain short specified time, he should be compelled to treat her "with all the rigor of the law." The poor woman, therefore, had to choose between the risk, on the one hand, of having her child born at the police-station in the presence of the ispravnik and his green-eyed assistant, and the certainty, on the other, of having it born in one of the cells of the Minusinsk prison. If her husband should attempt to defend her, or to resist the officers sent to take her into custody, he would simply be knocked down and thrown into a solitary confinement cell, and then, perhaps, be separated from her altogether by a sentence of banishment

THE "PLAGUE-GUARD."

to the arctic region of Yakutsk on the general and elastic charge of "resisting the authorities." The stupid brutality of the ispravnik's action in this case was made the more conspicuous by the circumstance that Mrs. Martinof's term of exile would expire by limitation in about two weeks, and she would then be a free woman. Not only, therefore, was her condition such as to render escape at that time utterly impossible, but there was no imaginable motive for escape. Long before she would recover from her confinement sufficiently to travel she would be free to go where she liked. This made no difference, however, to the ispravnik. A certain administrative regulation gave him power to drag to the police-station a delicate, refined, and cultivated woman at the moment when she was about to undergo the great trial of maternity; and drag her to the police-station he did. I think that his action was the result rather of stupidity and senseless formalism than of deliberate malignity. The rules and regulations which control the actions of a petty Russian bureaucrat — as contradistinguished from a human being — require the periodical appearance of every political exile at the police-station. No exception is made by the law in favor of women in child-birth, or women whose term of banishment is about to expire, and the ispravnik Znamenski acted in the case of the wife just as he had previously acted in the case of the husband; that is, obeyed the rules with a stupid and brutish disregard of all the circumstances.

The two weeks that we spent in Minusinsk were full of interest and adventurous excitement. The ispravnik was evidently suspicious of us, notwithstanding our open letters, and did not return our call. The green-eyed inspector of police surprised me one day in the house of the political exile Mr. Ivanchin-Pisaref, and doubtless made a report thereupon to his superior officer, and it seemed sometimes as if even science would not save us. I succeeded, however, in establishing pleasant personal relations with the colonel of gendarmes and the Government procureur from Krasnoyarsk, told them frankly all about our acquaintance with Clements, Ivanchin-Pisaref, and the other political exiles, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for us to meet them on account of our common interest in archæology, anthropology, and the museum, and behaved, generally, as if it afforded me the greatest pleasure to tell them — the colonel of gendarmes and the procureur — all that I was doing in Minusinsk, and to share with them all my experiences. What reports were made to St. Petersburg with regard to us I do not know; but they had no evil results. We were not searched and we were not arrested.

Upon the advice of some of my friends in Minusinsk, I decided to get rid of all my notebooks, documents, letters from political convicts, and other dangerous and incriminating papers, by sending them through the mails to a friend in St. Petersburg. To intrust such material to the Russian postal department seemed a very hazardous thing to do, but my friends assured me that the postal authorities in Minusinsk were honorable men, who would not betray to the police the fact that I had sent such a package, and that there was little probability of its being opened or examined in St. Petersburg. They thought that the danger of losing my notes and papers in the mails was not nearly so great as the danger of having them taken from me as the result of a police search. The material in question amounted in weight to about forty pounds, but as packages of all sizes are commonly sent by mail in Russia, mere bulk in itself was not a suspicious circumstance. I had a box made by an exiled Polish carpenter, took it to my room at night, put into it the results of my whole Siberian experience, — most of the dangerous papers being already concealed in the covers of books and the hollow sides of small boxes, — sewed it up carefully in strong canvas, sealed it with more than twenty seals, and addressed it to a friend in St. Peters-

INTERIOR OF A PEASANT'S HOUSE NEAR TOMSK.

MERCHANTS' FREIGHT-SLEDGES RETURNING FROM THE IRBIT FAIR.

burg whose political trustworthiness was beyond suspicion and whose mail, I believed, would not be tampered with. Thursday morning, about half an hour before the semi-weekly post was to leave Minusinsk for St. Petersburg, I carried the box down into the courtyard under the cover of an overcoat, put it into a sleigh, threw a robe over it, and went with it myself to the post-office. The officials asked no question, but weighed the package, gave me a written receipt for it, and tossed it carelessly upon a pile of other mail matter that a clerk was putting into large leather pouches. I gave one last look at it, and left the post-office with a heavy heart. From that time forward I was never free from anxiety about it. That package contained all the results of my Siberian work, and its loss would be simply irreparable. As week after week passed, and I heard nothing about it, I was strongly tempted to telegraph my friend and find out whether it had reached him; but I knew that such a telegram might increase the risk, and I refrained.

On many accounts we were more reluctant to leave Minusinsk than any other town at which we had stopped on our homeward way, but as a distance of 3000 miles still lay between us and St. Petersburg, and as we were anxious to reach European Russia, if possible, before the breaking up of the winter roads, it was time for us to resume our journey. Thursday, February 4, we made farewell calls upon the political exiles as well as upon Mr. Martianof, Mr. Safianof, and Dr. Malinin, who had been particularly kind to us, and set out with a troika (tróy-kah) of "free" horses for the city of Tomsk, distant 475 miles. Instead of following the Yenisei River back to Krasnoyarsk, which would have been going far out of our way, we decided to leave it a short distance below Minusinsk and proceed directly to Tomsk by a short cut across the steppes, keeping the great Siberian road on our right all the way. Nothing of interest happened to us until late in the evening, when, just as we were turning up from the river into a small peasant village, the name of which I have now forgotten, both we and our horses were startled by the sudden appearance of a wild-looking man in a long, tattered sheepskin coat, who, from the shelter of a projecting cliff, sprang into the road ahead of us, shouting a hoarse but unintelligible warning, and brandishing in the air an armful of blazing birch-bark and straw.

"What 's the matter?" I said to our driver, as our horses recoiled in affright.

"It 's the plague-guard," he replied. "He says we must be smoked."

The cattle-plague was then prevailing extensively in the valley of the upper Yenisei, and it appeared that round this village the peasants had established a sanitary cordon with the hope of protecting their own live stock from contagion. They had heard of the virtues of fumigation, and were subjecting to that process every vehicle that crossed the village limits. The "plague-guard" burned straw, birch-bark, and other inflammable and smoke-producing substances around and under our pavoska until we were half strangled and our horses were frantic with fear, and then he told us gravely that we were "purified" and might proceed.

KIRGHIS CAMELS DRAWING SLEDGES.

On Friday, the day after our departure from Minusinsk, the weather became cold and blustering. The road after we left the Yenisei was very bad, and late in the afternoon we were overtaken by a howling Arctic gale on a great desolate plain thirty or forty versts west of the Yenisei and about 150 versts from Minusinsk. The road was soon hidden by drifts of snow, there were no fences or telegraph-poles to mark its location, we could not proceed faster than a walk, and every three hundred or four hundred yards we had to get out and push, pull, or lift our heavy pavoska from a deep soft drift. An hour or two after dark we lost the road altogether and became involved in a labyrinth of snowdrifts and shallow ravines where we could make little or no progress, and where our tired and dispirited horses finally balked and refused to move. In vain our driver changed them about, harnessed them tandem, coaxed, cursed, and savagely whipped them. They were perfectly well aware that they were

THE CITY OF TOBOLSK.

off the road, and that nothing was to be gained by floundering about aimlessly the rest of the night on that desert of drifted snow. The driver ejaculated, "Akh Bozhemoi! Bozhemoi!" ["O my God! my God!"], besought his patron saint to inform him what he had done to deserve such punishment, and finally whimpered and cried like a school-boy in his wrath and discouragement. I suggested at last that he had better leave us there, mount one of the horses, find the road, if possible, go to the nearest settlement, and then come back after us with lanterns, fresh horses, and men. He acted upon the suggestion, and Frost and I were left alone on the steppe in our half-capsized pavoska, hungry, exhausted, and chilled to the bone, with nothing to do but listen to the howling of the wind and wonder whether our driver in the darkness and in such weather would be able to find a settlement. The long, dismal night wore away at last, the storm abated a little towards morning, and soon after daybreak our driver made his appearance with ropes, crowbars, three fresh horses, and a stalwart peasant from a neighboring village. They soon extricated us from our difficulties, and early in the forenoon we drove into the little settlement of Ribalskaya (Ree-bahl-skah-yah), and alighted from our pavoska after fourteen hours' exposure to a winter gale on a desolate steppe without sleep, food, or drink. When we had warmed and refreshed ourselves with hot tea in a peasant's cabin, we ate what breakfast we could get, slept two or three hours on a plank bench, and then with fresh horses and a new driver went on our way.

The overland journey in winter from the boundary line of Eastern Siberia to St. Petersburg has often been made and described by English and American travelers, and it does not seem to me necessary to dwell upon its hardships, privations, and petty adventures. We reached Tomsk in a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero on the fifth day after our departure from Minusinsk, renewed our acquaintance with the Tomsk colony of exiles, gave them the latest news from their friends in the Trans-Baikal and at the mines of Kara (Kah-ráh), and then continued our journey homeward. On the 22d of February — Washington's birthday — we reached Omsk, stopped there twenty-four hours to rest and celebrate, and then went on by what is known as the "merchants' short cut" to Tobolsk. We were again surprised in the vicinity of Omsk by the appearance of camels. We had of course reconciled our preconceived ideas with the existence of camels in Siberia during the summer, but we had never stopped to think what became of them in the winter, and were very much astonished one frosty moonlight night to see three or four of them drawing Kirghis sledges.

Beyond Omsk we began to meet enormous freight-sledges of a new type drawn by six or eight horses and loaded with goods from the Irbit (Eér-beet) fair. Some of them were as big as a cottage gable-roof with a little trough-shaped box perched on the summit for the

THE TOBOLSK CONVICT PRISON.

driver, the merchant, and his clerk. The great annual fair at Irbit in Western Siberia is second in importance only to the world-renowned fair of Nizhni Novgorod (Neézh-nee Nov-górod), and is visited by merchants and traders from the remotest parts of northern Asia. The freight-sledges that go to it and come from it in immense numbers in the latter part of the winter cut up the roads in the vicinity of Tiumen and Tobolsk so that they become almost impassable on account of deep ruts, hollows, and long, dangerous side-hill slides. We capsized twice in this part of the route notwithstanding the wide spread of our outriggers, and once we were dragged in our overturned pavoska down a long, steep hill and badly shaken and bruised before we could extricate ourselves from our sheepskin bag and crawl out. Rest and sleep on such a road were of course almost out of the question, and I soon had reason to feel very anxious about Mr. Frost's health. He was quiet and patient, bore suffering and privation with extraordinary fortitude, and never made the least complaint of anything; but it was evident, nevertheless, that he was slowly breaking down under the combined nervous and physical strain of sleeplessness, jolting, and constant fear of arrest. When we reached Tobolsk on the last day of February, and took off our heavy furs in the little log hotel under the bluff to which we had been recommended, I was shocked at his appearance. How serious his condition was may be inferred from the fact that about midnight that night he crept noiselessly over to the place where I was lying asleep on the floor, pressed his lips closely to my ear, and in a hoarse whisper said, "They are going to murder us!" I was so taken by surprise, and so startled, that I snatched my revolver from under my pillow and had it cocked before I waked sufficiently to grasp the situation and to realize that Mr. Frost was in a high nervous fever, due chiefly to prolonged sleeplessness, and that the contemplated murder was nothing but an hallucination.

In the course of the next day I made, under the guidance of the chief of police, a very superficial examination of two convict prisons, but did not find much in them that was of interest. I also visited the belfry where now hangs the first exile to Siberia—the famous bell of Uglich (Oo-glitch), which was banished to Tobolsk in 1593 by order of the Tsar Boris Gudenof for having rung the signal for the insurrection in Uglich at the time of the assassination of the Crown Prince Dmitri. The exiled bell has been purged of its iniquity, has received ecclesiastical consecration, and now calls the orthodox people of Tobolsk to prayers. The inhabitants of Uglich have recently been trying to recover their bell upon the plea that it has been sufficiently punished by three

centuries of exile for its political untrustworthiness in 1593, and that it ought now to be allowed to return to its home.

Late in the afternoon I walked over to the little plateau east of the city where stands the monument erected in honor of Yermak, the conqueror of Siberia, and then, returning to the hotel, paid our bill, ordered post-horses, and proceeded to Tiumen, reaching the latter place on the following day.

THE EXILED BELL OF UGLICH.

A week's rest at Tiumen, with plenty of sleep and good food, and the inspiriting companionship of English-speaking people, restored Mr. Frost's strength so that we were able to start for St. Petersburg by rail Tuesday, March 9. How delightful it was to move swiftly out of Tiumen in a luxurious railroad car only those can appreciate who have traveled eight thousand miles in springless vehicles over Siberian roads.

We reached the Russian capital on the 19th of March, and as soon as I had left Mr. Frost at a hotel with our baggage, I called a droshky, drove to the house of the friend to whom I had sent my precious box of note-books and papers, and, with a fast-beating heart, rang the bell and gave the servant my card. Before my friend made his appearance I was in a perfect fever of excitement and anxiety. Suppose the box had been opened by the post-office or police officials, and its contents seized. What should I have to show for almost a year of work and suffering? How much could I remember of all that I had seen and heard?

What should I do without the written record of names, dates, and all the multitudinous and minute details that give verisimilitude to a story?

My friend entered the room with as calm and unruffled a countenance as if he had never heard of a box of papers, and my heart sank. I had half expected to be able to see that box in his face. I cannot remember whether I expressed any pleasure at meeting him, or made any inquiries with regard to his health. For one breathless moment he was to me merely the possible custodian of a box. I think he asked me when I arrived, and remarked that he had some letters for me; but all I am certain of is that, after struggling with myself for a moment, until I thought I could speak without any manifestation of excitement, I inquired simply, "Did you receive a box from me?"

"A box?" he repeated interrogatively. Again my heart sank; evidently he had not received it. "Oh, yes," he continued, as if with a sudden flash of comprehension; "the big square box sewed up in canvas. Yes; that 's here."

YERMAK'S MONUMENT, TOBOLSK.

I was told afterward that there was no perceptible change in the gloomy March weather of St. Petersburg at that moment, but I am confident, nevertheless, that at least four suns, of the largest size known to astronomy, began immediately to shine into my friend's front windows, and that I could hear robins and meadowlarks singing all up and down the Nevski Prospect.

I sent the precious notes and papers out of the Empire by a special messenger, in order to avoid the danger of a possible search of my own baggage at the frontier, and four days later Mr. Frost and I were in London.

George Kennan.

WAS IT AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE?

HE Capelles were Louisianians, of French descent, and before the war lived in New Orleans, occasionally visiting their plantations on the Red River. But Anthony Capelle was killed in the battle of Vicksburg, and after the surrender Mrs. Anthony Capelle sold the Red River plantations for about half their value, placed her New Orleans property in the hands of a lawyer, gathered up some of her household stuffs, books, and other things she prized, and with her little daughter Madeline, and one old negro who had spent his life in the service of the Capelles, removed to Marietta, Georgia. Those were days of change and great confusion, and she disappeared from New Orleans and the knowledge of old friends without calling forth comment or question, and she was received into the social life of Marietta in the same way. It was not the time to sit in judgment on one's neighbors, to probe for secret motives or purposes. A common woe made all akin. From a merchant and planter who wished to sell out and go west to recuperate his broken fortunes Agnese Capelle bought a house and lot on the northeast side of the town, and with her small family settled quietly down. It was a picturesque old house, built after the colonial fashion, and set back from the street in the seclusion of an oak grove. In the early spring the graveled walks were bordered with jonquils and mountain pink, and from April to December the roses bloomed along the garden fence and around the piazza.

The tumult following the war died away. People ceased to go about with a helpless, bewildered look as they learned to adjust themselves to the new conditions of life, and realized that the negro could no longer be regarded as a slave, but as a free citizen, with all the rights and privileges of citizenship. The laws of the country made white and black equal, but there was some bitter triumph in the consciousness that the unwritten social laws would hold them forever apart, two distinct races, one degraded by color and past servitude. On the surface of life the agitations and thrills of the strong undercurrents ceased to make much impression; they had sunk too deep. The country at large settled to outward peace, and from politics and social questions attention turned to commerce and manufacture, to the development of rich mineral resources, and to literature. But the years passed quietly enough over the Capelles. They were so strongly fixed in their pride and prejudices against social equality that they pursued their own gentle, even way untouched by the convulsions and throes of fierce indignation around them. Their servants were treated with kindness and consideration, and when the old man who had clung to them with unbroken faith through slavery and freedom died, they wept over him, and felt that a noble friend had been lost, though also a negro and a servant. And Madeline developed into womanhood, beginning her education at her mother's knee, and finishing it at a college in Virginia.

She was gifted above the average girl in wit and beauty, and possessed not only fascinating, lovely manners, but the tenderest heart and the finest sympathies. She was a girl of ardent temperament, but refined and delicate in all her tastes, and pure in thought and aspiration. She had strong convictions and opinions of her own, read and reflected more than the ordinary Southern girl, and loved music passionately. The simplest strain could make her eyes kindle, her color come and go, in a sort of silent rapture, and the pathos of a negro song moved her heart deeply. In person she was slightly above medium height, and held her head with an imperial grace not at all unsuitable to her youth and her French ancestry. Her hair was burnished brown, with a crisp wave in it, her eyes blue-gray and brilliant. But she lacked the clear, thin, transparent skin usually accompanying such hair and eyes, the blood pulsing through it pink as a rose. Hers was soft as velvet, with an opaque creamy tint, and only the faintest suggestion of color ordinarily. She had scores of friends, and in her own small family circle was looked upon as the most beautiful and lovable girl in the world. In Agnese Capelle's love for this fair daughter there was a passionate protective tenderness, a subtle quality one would have called pity, had not such a thing seemed absurd in connection with Madeline. While not betraying any undue anxiety over her marriage and settlement in life, she studied each suitor that appeared on the scene, and, if eligible, gave him a gracious welcome. But Madeline's heart remained in her own possession until she met Roger Everett.

Marietta was just attracting the attention of the Northern invalid and also the Northern capitalist. A few delicate, weak-lunged people had found their way to it, and a company

of enterprising men had projected a railroad to pass through the north Georgia mountains, across the Blue Ridge, and into North Carolina and Tennessee. Along the line of this road marble quarries were being opened and gold and talc mines discovered; but Marietta still preserved its provincial ways and appearances, its best houses the old colonial mansions, its churches overgrown with ivy, Cherokee-rose hedges bounding the pastures and gardens on the outskirts of the town and inclosing the neglected-looking graveyard. Its picturesque hills were overshadowed by Kennesaw Mountain, with the solitary peak of Lost Mountain rising far to the south, and the dim, broken outline of the Blue Ridge range bounding the northern horizon. The hills and the mountains are still there, but the town has caught the spirit of progress sweeping with electrical effect over the South. Handsome modern residences are springing up, hotels and boarding-houses are being opened, and on the northeast side of the town a beautiful national cemetery has been laid out, where the Union soldiers who fell in the battles around Atlanta lie buried. The public square is still the scene of lively traffic in the fall, when the streets are crowded with wagons heavily loaded with cotton, the farmers, white and black, standing around, clothed in jeans and homespun, while the buyers go about thrusting sampling-hooks into the great bales to test the quality of the cotton and to determine its market value. But these brown, tobacco-chewing countrymen jostle the New Yorker, the Bostonian, and, indeed, people from all parts of the Union, seeking health and fortune.

Roger Everett was one of the first New England men to find his way to Marietta and to invest in the Pickens County Marble Works. He belonged to *the* Everetts of Massachusetts, a family of strong abolitionists, and possessed his share of the traditional New England reserve and the deeply rooted New England pride. For a year or two he devoted himself almost exclusively to business, making only occasional visits to Marietta; but his circle of acquaintances widened, and, being young and handsome and cultivated, he was at last drawn into the social life of the town, and few parties or picnics were complete without him. He and Madeline met at one of the picnics, danced together once at one of the parties, but their acquaintance really began the day a large party went up the new railroad to the marble works. It fell to Everett to play the part of cicerone, and though Madeline shrieked less and asked fewer questions than the other girls, there was an intelligent comprehension in her eyes when he explained the process of getting out the marble from the quarries, and the machinery used for cutting it into blocks, that made him feel that he was talking directly to her. They lunched on the bank of Long Swamp Creek, with the purple shadows of the mountains falling over them, and mountain laurel in bloom all about them. Then Madeline and the young Northerner strolled away down the stream to look for maidenhair ferns. They talked at first on general topics, and then the girl asked some questions about the North, drawing in her breath with little quivering sighs as he told her of frozen rivers, of snows so deep one could scarcely walk through them, of sleighing and skating.

"And — and is it true what they say about the negroes?" she questioned hesitatingly, curious to hear with her own ears the opinion of one of these rabid abolitionists — at least she had read in the papers that they were rabid.

He smiled, broke off a bit of laurel, pink and fragrant, and offered it to her.

"What do they say, Miss Capelle?"

"That they are equal — that we should recognize them. Oh, I hardly know how to explain it," breaking off with a little laugh, not caring to tread too boldly on delicate ground for fear he should feel wounded.

"We respect them where they deserve it, just as we do all men," he said calmly.

"Regardless of color?"

"Yes. What has the color of a man's skin to do with the question of his worth?"

"Everything, if he is a negro. Could you — I beg your pardon for asking the question — sit at the table with a *negro*, actually break bread with him as your equal?"

"If he were a gentleman, yes," firmly, his blue eyes meeting hers fearlessly.

"Oh, oh! how could you? I cannot understand it. I am fond of some negroes. I loved Uncle Sam, I like Aunt Dilsey, and I 'm sorry for them as a race, but meet them on common ground I could not." And then they drifted away from the dangerous topic.

He walked with her and her mother to the train that evening, and Mrs. Capelle invited him warmly and graciously to call upon them when he came to Marietta again.

"He is interesting," she said to Madeline, with a backward glance through the car window at his tall, slight figure as the train swept them away from the station.

"Do you think so, *chérie* mama?" indifferently, *her* eyes looking down upon her lap.

"He is handsome and well-bred."

"Oh, he is a Yankee," maliciously.

"He is a gentleman."

And then they looked at each other and laughed gently, and Madeline held up a little paper-weight of pale pink marble, veined with

threads of white, that he had selected and ordered polished for her as a souvenir of the day.

From that day it was a clear case of strong mutual attraction. What though they had been differently trained, and their opinions clashed on some points? They came out of wordy controversies firmer friends than ever. There was never-ending interest in their combats, and the lightest jest or banter held a fascination keen as the brightest wit. He called Madeline a narrow-minded, illiberal provincial, for holding such fierce prejudices against the colored people, and she retorted that the negro had become a sentiment to the North, and that if they, the Yankees, would give some of their attention and pity to the poor white people crowding their large cities, the South would solve its own great problem. Sometimes they parted in anger; but it was short-lived, for love drew them with irresistible force, and if they disagreed on a few questions, how many hopes, thoughts, and desires they had in common, what taste and sympathy!

Mrs. Capelle looked on, sighed, and smiled, but waited in silence for Madeline's confidence. And one evening she came in, knelt at her mother's feet, put her arms around her, and pressed her flushed, tremulous, radiant face against her bosom. Mrs. Capelle flushed and trembled herself, and gathered that proud young head closer to her heart.

"You have promised to marry him," she said in a whisper.

"He asked me again this evening. I could not put him off," Madeline confessed, also in a whisper.

"Coquette! Did you want to put him off?"

"N–no."

"Oh, oh! he is a Yankee."

"I love him."

"He may take you away to his hard, his cold New England."

"We are to live here with you."

"Without consulting me? Fie, what aggressive children!"

"You are glad, mama. Why are you so glad I 'm to be married?"

"I am longing to see you safe, my darling," dropping her teasing tone, and speaking with sudden agitation.

"Am I not safe with you?" lifting her head, and looking tenderly into the delicate face above her.

"But I am not strong, sweet, and I may be called suddenly from you some day, and it is not good for girls to be alone. It will be comforting to leave you in such hands. He is noble, he is good, and will love you faithfully. Ah, Madeline, he is strong and firm; he will rule my wilful girl."

"I should not love him if I could rule him," said Madeline, proudly.

Mrs. Capelle laughed, and kissed her. "Tell me all about it," she said softly. They talked until the hand of the clock pointed to twelve, and only the barking of a dog or two pierced the silence resting upon the town.

"We have no secrets — no secrets from each other, have we, mama?" said Madeline with a happy laugh.

"No secrets, sweet? No, no; there should be no secrets between mother and child," said the elder woman; but her eyes fell, a paleness swept over her face. It was a swift, subtle change, unnoticed by the girl in the delicious absorption of her thoughts.

That was a winter to live in the memory of those lovers as long as they lived. Every one of the swiftly flying days seemed to have its own special joy, its own sweet experiences. When apart, there were long letters written out of the fullness of their hearts; when together, long talks, or delicious silences in which it seemed enough that they could be together.

And there were letters from his New England home to her, one from his mother as sweet and gentle as her own mother could have written.

"She must be lovely, Roger," she said to her lover.

"She is," he replied with proud loyalty. "I am longing for you to see her."

"I shrink from it, for if she should not be pleased with me —"

"She must, she cannot help it, dearest. Ah! you know that you 'll charm her," putting his hand under her chin, and turning her face upward to his eyes, its palpitant color, proud, shy eyes, and lovely tremulousness, a tacit confession of his power.

Before she could elude him — for with all her caressing ways and southern temperament, lending itself so naturally to demonstrativeness, she was very chary of her favors — he drew her into his arms against his heart, and kissed her.

Mrs. Capelle spent those winter days sewing on fine linen, cambric, sheer muslin, and lace, stitching many loving thoughts into the dainty garments intended for Madeline's wardrobe. Imperceptibly, as it were, she had grown very fragile, and the least excitement caused her to palpitate and tremble, with flushed face and hand pressed upon her heart.

She had been a devout Catholic in her youth, and though removed from her church, she still occasionally attended mass in Atlanta, and went to confessional. But as the winter passed her thoughts turned longingly to Father Vincent, her old father confessor, and one day in the early spring she received a letter from him. He would in a short time pass through Marietta on his way to the North. Could he stop

for a day with them? It seemed such a direct answer to her secret desire for his counsel that she joyfully hastened to reply, telling him how she needed his advice and his blessing.

She had rejoiced over Madeline's engagement, but as the time set for her marriage drew near some secret trouble seemed to wear upon her, much to the girl's distress.

"What is it, mama?" she asked, sitting at her feet, and taking her hand and laying it against her cheek.

"What can it be but the loss of you, sweet?" she replied quickly. "You must allow me to be jealous and foolish."

"But you are not going to lose me, dearest mama, and are you sure — I have fancied there must be something else troubling you."

"Indeed you must not think so; I am selfish to —"

"Selfish! You, the best and sweetest woman in the world, selfish! I 'll not believe that." Still she did not feel satisfied, and felt greatly relieved when Father Vincent came, and she saw her mother brighten and look like her old self. It was about two weeks before the wedding that he came, and was persuaded to stop with them two days instead of one. He was an old man, small, slender, and ascetic-looking, with clear, calm eyes, and a sweet voice.

It was the afternoon of his arrival that Madeline went out to make some calls, but after one visit changed her mind, and returned home. She did not at once go to her mother, knowing that she and Father Vincent would probably have much to say to each other, but turned into the parlor, cool, dusky, and deserted, and went to the little alcove, where she had left her embroidery and the last letter from her lover. It was simply a corner of the big room, furnished with a lounge and a small table, and shut in by soft silk curtains. How long she had been there, re-reading that letter, dreaming over her work, she could not tell, when roused by footsteps and voices in the room — her mother and the priest.

"You hinted at some special cause for trouble in your letter," he said, as they sat down in close proximity to those curtains and Madeline's retreat.

"Yes; it concerns Madeline."

"What of her? I thought her future had been settled. Is she not to be married in a short time?"

"Yes; but, Father, she is not my child, and I am growing doubtful of the honor of my course in regard to this marriage."

"Not your child!" exclaimed Father Vincent in surprise, for he thought that he knew all the Capelle secrets.

"No. I would to God that she were," she said with deep emotion, "for I love her so well that I 'd gladly give my life to know that pure, unmixed blood flowed in her veins."

His chair creaked as he drew it a little nearer hers; his voice sank to a low key.

"You do not mean —"

"Yes; her mother was a quadroon," in a trembling whisper.

Did he hear that strange gasping sigh, as of a dumb creature struck by a mortal blow, that he so quickly and abruptly exclaimed:

"Where is she now?"

"Out calling. I did not dare speak of this while she was in the house, for fear the very walls would betray the secret. She must never know it, never. It would ruin her life, kill her, my poor, proud child."

Her voice broke in tears.

"Tell me the whole story," said the priest gently, but with authority.

"Yes, yes; that is what I am longing to do. The secret has become a burden to me; I want to be assured that I have acted rightly about her marriage. You remember my husband's brother, Lawrence Capelle?"

"Well, very well; a handsome young fellow, but rather wild."

"And lovable with it all. He died while my husband and I were in France, — we were there three years, — and before his death he wrote to Anthony, begging him to look after the welfare of a child, a baby, and giving the history of his attachment to a beautiful quadroon in New Orleans. Her mother had been a slave, but this girl had been born free, received a very good education, and grew up superior to her class. She had loved him with rare faith and tenderness, and died at the birth of their child."

"They were not married, of course."

"Married? Oh, no; but he had really been quite fond of her, and he dwelt at length upon the beauty and intelligence of the child. We came home very quietly, and before going to our own house, or betraying our presence to even intimate friends, we sought her out, and the moment I took her in my arms, looked into her eyes, — Lawrence's own beautiful gray eyes, smiling with innocent fearlessness straight into my own, — my heart went out to her in such a gush of love, pity, tenderness, I did not feel that I could ever be parted from her. Father, she was the loveliest, most lovable child I ever saw. We adopted her, we made her our very own, and no one knew that she had not really been born to us abroad. Not even to you, Father, did we confess the truth. The war came then, and Anthony died at Vicksburg; but I could not feel utterly alone, utterly bereft, while I had Madeline. I made plans for her; I said that she should never know that she was not truly my own child. Her training, her educa-

tion, became the absorbing interest of my life. After the close of the war I thought it best for her sake to leave New Orleans, to seek a new and more obscure home, away from old friends, old ties. If we remained there she might in some way learn the truth. We came here, you and my lawyer alone knowing where to find us. I have brought her up most carefully. She is refined, beautiful, accomplished, and innocent as a young girl should be, but you can see for yourself what she is. I instilled the strongest race prejudices into her mind. I impressed it upon her that the negro is an inferior creature, a servant of servants, to be treated with kindness, but never to be considered an equal; for a morbid fear that her mother's blood would betray itself in some coarse or degraded taste haunted me. But I am no longer afraid for her. Have I acted with wisdom? Have I done well to lift her up?"

"Assuredly; only"—he reflected a moment—"only your extreme course in regard to color prejudice would make the truth a hundredfold harder to bear should she discover it."

"But she shall not discover it. In two weeks she will be married to this young Northerner, her life merged into his, her very name lost. Is it right, is it cheating him?"

"If you cannot tell her, then you must not tell him, for it would only be to raise a barrier of secrecy between them."

"Tell me there is no dishonesty, no sin in it, and my heart will be at rest."

"According to my understanding, Agnese Capelle, there is none, but the highest human understanding is at best but poor authority. You have rescued this child from the common fate of her class, elevated her, thrown around her love, protection, the honor of a good name. You save her from the consequences of her father's sin. Be contented with your work. For marriage will be the crowning of it, and if she is noble, neither origin nor birth can make her less precious to her husband. I only wish there were more women like you in this country."

She drew a long breath of relief, but humbly said:

"Do not credit me with being a humanitarian. It was simply for love of her I did it all, and lately I have craved your blessing on it, Father Vincent, for I have developed the heart-disease hereditary in my family, and look any hour to be called hence."

A little longer they talked, and then went away, Mrs. Capelle to seek some repose after the excitement of the interview, and the priest to stroll about the grounds in prayer or meditation.

When the last sound of their footsteps and voices died away, the curtains were drawn aside, and Madeline came out of her retreat. She looked wan and ghastly, and groped her way across the room and up to her own apartment as though stricken with sudden blindness.

She closed and locked the door, then flung herself prone upon the floor. She felt like writhing and screaming aloud instead of lying there like a senseless log, only her tongue seemed paralyzed, her body numbed. And yet she could think, think with burning, agonizing intensity. Could it be true or only a hideous nightmare out of which she would presently wake? Her mother a quadroon, her grandmother a slave! She wondered that the very thought of it did not kill her. Her name, her pride, everything that she had cherished, had been torn from her, and she—she had been hurled down into a black abyss where she must grovel and suffer until death set her free. Strange visions seemed to come before her out of the remote past, visions of African jungles, of black, half-naked savages borne across the seas to be bought and sold, to pine and fret in bondage, longing for the freedom which never came to them.

They were her ancestors; their blood, degraded by generations of slavery, flowed in her veins. Her education, her refinement, her prejudices would only be instruments of torture now, with that secret consciousness of shame and degradation underlying them. It was as cruel, as complete, as if it had been planned with Machiavellian art to this ending, and through the confused misery of her thoughts ran a sensation of pity for her mother, that she had so unconsciously spoiled her work. Presently the stunned feeling passed, and she rose to her feet again, and walked about the room. On the bed and chairs were strewed the pretty things belonging to her wedding outfit. Half unconsciously she folded and put them away. She would not need them now. Once she went to the mirror, and, leaning close to it, looked at herself, seeking for traces of that race she had been taught to regard as the lowest on earth. Did that soft fullness of lip, that crisp wave in her hair, that velvety, opaque skin come from her mother? A momentary savage rage thrilled her. She struck the glass so fierce a blow with her closed hand that it cracked from bottom to top. Then her eyes fell on her lover's picture, placed in an open velvet frame, and she paled and shuddered. She did not touch it, though a hundred times it had been pressed to heart and lip, but gazed at it with that intense parting look we give the dead before they are hidden forever from us; then she leaned over the bureau, her head bowed upon her folded arms.

The afternoon passed; twilight crept into the room. Faint sounds of life came up from the lower part of the house, the tea-bell rang at last, some one came slowly, heavily up the stairs,

shuffled across the hall, and knocked on her door.

"Miss Mad'line, Miss Mad'line." She opened the door, and found Aunt Dilsey standing there, a big, coffee-colored mulatto woman, panting from the exertion of mounting the stairs, the wrinkles in her fat neck filled with little streams of perspiration. "Miss Agnese an' de priest man air waitin' fo' yo' to come down to supper, honey, an' Miss Agnese say hurry, de cakes gwine git cold," she said in a full rich voice; but Madeline only caught her by the shoulder, and stared at her thick brown skin, her coarse crinkled hair, her protruding lips, and broad figure. So her grandmother might have looked. "Fo' mercy's sake, honey, what 's de matter? Air yo' sick?" cried Aunt Dilsey in a frightened, anxious tone; but the girl only turned from her, and fell upon the bed with a moan of despair.

She heard the old negress hurrying downstairs, and then her mother's light, swift steps, and tried to compose herself.

"My darling, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Capelle, bending tenderly, anxiously over her.

"It is only a—a—headache," said Madeline, glad that the twilight hid her face from those loving, searching eyes.

"Are you sure? Dilsey frightened me so."

"Dilsey is a foolish old creature."

Mrs. Capelle felt of her hands, her face.

"You are feverish. You were in the hot sun too much this afternoon."

"Yes; that was it, the sun. Don't be anxious, mama. It is nothing. Go back to Father Vincent, and I 'll sleep, and be well to-morrow."

"But I do not like to leave you."

"You must, *chérie*. Remember your guest."

"Yes, yes; so I must. I will come up again presently."

She stooped to arrange a pillow, and to kiss her, and Madeline raised herself up, threw her arms around her.

"My own good, sweet mama, my dear, lovely one!" she murmured. "You do everything for my comfort and happiness. You would not hurt me for the world, would you?"

"Hurt you, sweet?"

"I know you would not. I—I like to tease you a little. Kiss me good-night and go. *Poor mama!*" she murmured under her breath, as they held each other, in a love no bond of flesh and blood could have made stronger.

"How can I tell her that I know! How can I!" Madeline moaned when left again alone.

But she did not have that cruel task, for sometime during that night, while she turned wakefully on her bed, or paced softly about the room, Agnese Capelle received the summons she had been so long expecting. Next morning only her fragile body lay between the white sheets of her bed, the life, the spirit, gone.

Madeline was strangely calm through all the excitement and confusion following, and went herself to select a sunny open spot in the neglected little cemetery for her mother's grave.

"She loved sunshine," she said to Everett and Father Vincent, "and she wished to be buried here."

She preserved the same stony quiet through the funeral and burial, and friends commented and wondered, and Roger watched her anxiously. He felt an indefinable change in her, but attributed it to the shock of her mother's sudden death. Father Vincent studied him with keen eyes, but could find no fault. He was a manly man, and a tender, considerate lover.

It was the third evening after her mother's burial that Madeline called Father Vincent into the little study adjoining the parlor. The New Orleans lawyer had come up, held a private interview with her, and had gone away again, and she had sent off her wedding trousseau to a young girl in a distant town, and certain things belonging to her mother she had carefully collected and put together. So much Aunt Dilsey, the priest, and a kind old lady who proposed to stay with her a few days knew; but she offered no explanation, and gave no clue to her plans for the future.

"She acts for all the world like she did n't expect to get married, herself," the old lady confided to a friend or two. "I can't understand what she intends to do."

Father Vincent felt some curiosity too, and went into the little room rather eagerly. She sat before her mother's desk with a lot of papers open before her. It came upon him with the force of surprise that she had changed greatly in a few days. Her features were sharpened, her eyes had purplish hollows under them, and the dull black gown she wore only brought out the intense pallor of her face.

"My child, where did you get those papers? You must let me examine them. There are some your mother wished destroyed," said the priest, hastily.

"I know, Father; I know," she said in a dull tone.

"Have you—"

"Read them? No; but I heard all that she told you that day."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, understanding why she looked so changed, and his eyes rested pityingly upon her. A fiery blush burned her throat and face for a moment, leaving her paler than ever when it receded.

"Yes; I know," she said, and clasped her hands together on her lap. "Father, will you tell Mr. Everett?"

"But—"

"I cannot do it; help me, will you?"

It was a piteous appeal, and his heart melted at the sight of her anguished eyes.

"You think he ought to know it?"

"He must, of course," she said, and he felt satisfied that she had not, for a moment even, been tempted to keep the truth from him. "He is in the parlor," she continued after a slight pause; "tell him all, spare nothing," her tensely drawn lips quivering, her hands tightly clenched.

"My child, you take it too hard," laying his hand on her head. "I am grieved for you, but do not let it spoil your peace."

"How can I help it, Father, with the training I have had? I cannot change my beliefs in a day. Oh, you know how my friends would shrink from me if they knew the truth, and I —I cannot blame them. I should do the same. There is no help, no comfort, for me."

"There is the comfort of the Church, the help of Heaven."

"Ah, yes; I forget—I forget."

"But hear your lover before you decide your future. He has a right to it, remember."

"Tell him, Father, tell him."

He went away, and, turning the light a little lower, she waited. He made the story short, for in a few minutes the door opened again and her lover entered. She rose to meet him, determined to be brave and self-possessed, but that new, bitter sense of shame again overpowered her. She seemed to shrink and shrivel under his tender eyes, and sank down with bowed head. But he knelt by her chair with his arms around her, and drew that proud, averted face against him.

"Dearest, dearest," he whispered, the very tone of his voice carrying to her his sympathy, his unshaken love.

"I thank God that I learned the truth in time," she said faintly.

"In time for what, Madeline?"

"To save you."

He raised her face, forced her to look at him.

"Do you believe my love has changed?"

"It has an element of pity now."

"But pity for your suffering, and not because I hold you less noble. I can take care of myself and you also, my darling. Father Vincent and I agree that it will be best for you to go North, get away from old associations, old ideas; so we 'll be married quietly, and leave here at once." He rose, and she stood up also, facing him, looking straight into his eyes.

"Did Father Vincent tell you *all?* Do you realize just what I am?"

"Yes; you are the woman I love, my promised wife. Can I hold you blamable, dearest, or unlove you simply because—come, Madeline, put all the past behind you, and we will never speak of this again."

"Impossible, Roger. You are generous, and I 'm not afraid that you would ever reproach me, but it is not worth while for us to argue the matter. We cannot marry. In my own sight I have been humbled into the dust, and as your wife I should always have a cringing, cowardly feeling of unworthiness. I could not be happy myself, and my misery would only overshadow you. Don't think me unreasonable or lacking in love. Love! It fills all my heart, pervades every atom of my being. I loved you at once, the first moment, I think, that my eyes rested upon you. The prejudices which seem so foolish, so false, are interwoven, blended with life itself. We, here, call them instincts, holding us apart from the lower order of man, and my education only fostered, developed them to the utmost in me."

"If your mother had only—"

"Don't think hardly of her, my dearest. She is not to blame. She brought me up as she believed best, and implanted the principles and beliefs she thought would be my surest safeguards. As she grew weak and ill the secret burdened her, and for fear that she might be wronging you she sought Father Vincent's advice. How I thanked God that she died without knowing that her work was all undone." She flung herself again into the chair, and he saw that she was too excited, too overwrought, to be reasoned with.

She looked up at him.

"Had you known my birth, my parentage, from the first, could you have loved me?"

"I do not know," he said candidly; "I only know that I do love you, and that I will not give you up." His face flushed, his eyes kindled. "You must, you shall, be my wife. But we will not talk of it any more to-night; you need rest, and time to recover from the double shock which has come upon you. To-morrow, every day, I shall come, until you learn to look at this as I do. Good-night, Madeline. Think wisely, reasonably, dear."

"I will try; and you will know my decision to-morrow, Roger."

He bent over her, kissed the bright waves of her hair; but she started up, and clasped her arms about him, drawing his lips down to hers in an abandonment of love she had never shown before. Tears rained from her eyes, the stony curves of her mouth melted, and he felt that it was a tacit surrender.

"To-morrow you will listen to me, Madeline," he said with the certainty of conviction.

"Yes; to-morrow," she replied, and turned, weeping, from him.

But when he came next morning Father Vincent met him at the door, while the old

lady and Aunt Dilsey hovered in the hall with frightened, excited faces. Fear, vague, indefinite, but chilling, fell upon him. He had spent half the night in thinking and planning, he had felt assured that it needed only time and change of scene to restore Madeline to her former brightness; but even if a cloud should always hang over her, he wished to share its gloom. He could not fully appreciate her position, because he could not look at it from her standpoint. He could understand that it had been a cruel blow to her, but he could not understand how tragical. He felt very hopeful as he walked over to her home, but the face of the priest, those women in the background, startled him.

"What is the matter?" he cried sharply.

"She is gone," said Father Vincent.

"Gone!" he echoed, paling suddenly, and half reeling.

"Yes."

"Where? In God's name, where?"

"That is what we do not know. She must have gone away on the early train this morning."

The blood came back to the young man's face, a hideous fear lifted from his mind.

"You do not think then—"

"No; a Capelle would never seek self-destruction."

Everett stood still and looked about the hall and through the open doors into the silent rooms yesterday filled with the sweet influence of her presence, to-day empty, desolate, and a terrible sense of loss swept over him. Her words, "You will know my decision to-morrow," came back to his memory with crushing significance.

"Fool, fool that I have been," he groaned aloud, and the priest took him by the arm and led him into the parlor.

"The women think her mind has been upset by her mother's sudden death. It is well; let all her friends think so. But we must find her, Mr. Everett."

"Yes; I will go at once," said Roger, rousing himself. "It is to hide from me that she has gone away; but I shall find her, I shall certainly find her."

He spoke firmly and quietly, but the task before him proved very hard, for she had left no written message, no clue to her plans or destination.

It was a spring day in the year 1886 that Roger Everett turned aside from the beaten track of the tourist in New Orleans to visit a school in the old quarter of the city — a school maintained by a few New England philanthropists for colored children exclusively. He lost his bearings in the narrow streets among the quaint old-fashioned houses, and stopped to make inquiries at a small building opening on the street. He rapped on the half-closed wooden shutter with his stick, his eyes meanwhile wandering up and down the silent, sunny street, absently noting the scant, picturesque attire of some brown-faced children at play on the sidewalk and the pathetic figure of an old negro sitting on a doorstep. His failure to find Madeline Capelle had left its traces upon his face. Five years had elapsed since her disappearance, and though he had not ceased to look into every woman's face he met, he had given up hope of finding her. A serene-eyed woman in a black gown and cap came to the door, and he instantly recognized the dress as the uniform of some religious order or sisterhood.

"Come in," she said in a gentle, subdued tone.

"I beg your pardon. I merely wished to—"

"It will not be an intrusion. Many have already come to-day to see her, for you know many love her. This way, please," she said, and without waiting for him to speak again, she turned and walked through two rather bare, dusky rooms into a small one opening on a green, magnolia-shaded court. He followed her, puzzled, but with a touch of curiosity, wondering how he should explain himself; but the moment he crossed the threshold he understood the mistake that she had made, for in the center of the room stood a white-draped bier, and through the unfolded linen he could trace the outline of a rigid human form.

"See the flowers," his conductress whispered, pointing to the masses of cape jasmines, roses, and smaller flowers. "Sister Christiana loved them, but she loved all things beautiful and good. They were brought this morning by negroes she has been kind to. To teach, to elevate, and to nurse them has been her mission. No service seemed too humble, no duty too hard for her. She did indeed 'belong to Christ.'"

Her mild eyes kindled, her hand instinctively sought the cross at her side.

"She died calmly and with joy, and knew us until the last moment."

He followed her across the room, treading softly as we always do in the presence of death. With reverent hand she laid aside the shielding linen, and he leaned forward — the past once more a vivid reality and not a memory, not a dream vanishing from him, for the face he looked down upon was the face of Madeline Capelle.

Matt Crim.

AËRIAL NAVIGATION.[1]

THE POWER REQUIRED.

IN February, 1879, there appeared an article in this magazine entitled "Aërial Navigation (*a priori*)," by Edmund Clarence Stedman, in which certain suggestions were made in regard to the possibility of navigating the air by means of fish-shaped or cigar-shaped balloons operated by screw-propellers driven by some species of motor. The writer did not claim to be an engineer; he only held out to engineers certain suggestions which he believed were possible of attainment. Since that time, however, the identical apparatus which he suggested has been very extensively experimented with by the French Government. The culmination of all these experiments has resulted in the construction of the fish-shaped balloon called La France, which is propelled by a screw driven by an electric motor, the source of electricity being a storage-battery. This balloon has actually ascended several times, and has returned and landed at its starting point. But this was in a dead calm; only on rare occasions has it been possible to return to the starting point.

The experiments on La France have really been conducted by the French War Department with the view to obtaining a balloon which could be controlled sufficiently to reconnoiter an enemy's position and return within the lines. These experiments have been conducted by the ablest of French engineers, supplied with unlimited means and with all the resources of science at their disposal; every advantage has been taken of all the experience of those who have conducted similar experiments before them. They have probably worked out the problem to as high a state of efficiency as it will ever be possible to arrive at with a balloon; still the result is most unsatisfactory. A balloon must of necessity be of less density, considered as a whole, than the air in which it floats, and consequently must be of an extremely bulky and fragile nature. It is quite as impossible to propel a balloon with any considerable degree of velocity through the air as it is for a jelly-fish to travel through the water at a high rate of speed.

All recent attempts in this country to navigate the air, of which so much has appeared in the newspapers, have simply been imitations of the French balloon La France, and very sorry imitations at that. In all nature we do not find any bird or insect which navigates the air after the manner of a balloon.

Every living creature, bird, or insect which has been able to raise itself from the earth and to propel itself through the air has a body many hundred times heavier than the same volume of air,[2] and is endowed with the power of exerting great mechanical force in proportion to its weight. It is the expending of this physical force upon the surrounding air that enables it to fly. But the actual force required by birds in their flight has until recently been largely a matter of conjecture. Many unsatisfactory attempts have been made with dynamometers attached to the bird itself to measure the force of its muscles, but very little of value has been accomplished in this direction. Mathematicians without number have invented formulæ and discussed the question of flight, but the most remarkable feature has been the difference in the results arrived at. Many years ago a mathematician in France wrote a treatise in which he proved that the common goose in flying exerted a force equal to 200 horse-power; another proved that it was only 50 horse-power, and he was followed by still another who proved very much to his own satisfaction that it was only 10 horse-power. Later on others have written to prove that a goose expends only about 1 horse-power in flying. At the present time, however, many mathematicians can be found who are ready to prove that only one-tenth part of a horse-power is exerted by a goose. I do not know on what basis the earlier writers came to their conclusions. Those who proved the flight of a goose about 1 horse-power in energy have figured it on the following basis: Suppose a goose to weigh 12 pounds, the wing surface being only slightly over 3 square feet — the wings alone being the only supporting power

[1] Perhaps "navigation" is not the correct term to use in connection with a machine for traveling in the air. The French, I believe, have agreed on the term "aviation" in case they ever succeed in flying.

[2] The body of a bird without its feathers is from 600 to 700 times heavier than air, the feathers which cover the body, and increase the apparent bulk, not being a factor, because they give no buoyancy and are not a source of energy.

while flying. Such a goose would fall through the air, provided it made no motion with its wings, at the rate of about 26 miles per hour, or say 2300 feet per minute. They claim that the goose in flying must therefore perform work which is equal to raising its body 2300 feet per minute, or as fast as it would fall if it made no motions with its wings. It is quite true if a plane having a surface of 3 square feet should be loaded with 12 pounds that it would fall through the air at the rate of 2300 feet per minute, and if air was propelled by mechanical energy against the bottom side of this plane with sufficient force to hold it in equilibrium and prevent it from falling, the energy required to propel this column of air would be equal to lifting 12 pounds 2300 feet per minute. The conventional unit of energy in England and America is 1 pound raised 1 foot high; we should therefore have 12 pounds × 2300 as the energy in foot-pounds, which would be 27,600 foot-pounds in 1 minute of time. Now as it requires 33,000 foot-pounds for 1 horse-power, they claim that it follows that a 12-pound goose flying exerts $\frac{12 \times 2300}{33,000} = .83$ horse-power. This, however, is wide of the truth. In my experiments I have found that the advantages arising from moving forward on to new air, the inertia of which has not been disturbed, would reduce the energy required to less than one-tenth part of this, because the air under the wings would not yield one-tenth part as much if the goose were moving forward at a high velocity, as it would if the goose remained in the same position and flapped its wings with sufficient energy to sustain itself in the air without moving ahead at all. The goose would, therefore, exert no more than .083 of a horse-power, which is rather more than half a man-power, and is at the rate of 144.5 pounds to the horse-power.

With other birds, such as the albatross and the turkey-buzzard, where the wing-surface is very much larger in proportion to its weight than that of a goose, and where the angle of the wing is much flatter, the amount of power actually required, per pound of weight, is much less. Professor Richard A. Proctor wrote an article, which appeared in the "British Mechanic" some years ago, in which he assumed a certain hypothesis in the flight of birds, and which was widely copied and created a great deal of interest in Europe. He claimed that birds in flying did not exert anything like the power which some scientists had supposed, and that the advantages of moving rapidly forward on to new, undisturbed air were such that a bird did not exert power greater than that used by some land animals in running. He did not attempt to give the exact amount of energy expended, but his reasoning was very near the truth. Later on Professor Proctor visited America, and while in Florida had ample opportunities of observing and studying the flight of the turkey-buzzard. He then wrote another article, which appeared in the "Boston Globe," in which he proved that the flight of the turkey-buzzard could not be accounted for except upon the hypothesis that its wings did not rest upon the same air a sufficiently long time to have that air perceptibly set in motion. He claimed that he had observed these birds rest for many minutes at a time upon the air without any perceptible motion of their wings. They were, however, continually moving forward through the air at a high rate of speed. The same phenomena in regard to the flight of birds have been carefully observed and noted in all parts of the world by many engineers and scientists, and they have all arrived at the same conclusions. While all recent scientific observers have practically agreed with Proctor, none have experimentally proved the exact amount of power required to perform flight.

The wings of a bird in flying perform a two-fold function. They form primarily an aëroplane which supports the body after the manner of a kite, and, secondarily, a propeller for driving the aëroplane forward. I think all scientists are agreed that if we are ever able to navigate the air it must be on the aëroplane system; that is, the weight of the machine and passenger or passengers must be carried by a large plane driven at a high velocity through the air. There is, however, some difference in opinion in regard to the proper manner of propelling these planes. Some of the less scientific, who wish to imitate nature as far as possible, think it would be necessary to imitate the wings of a bird, while others propose the use of a screw similar to those used in propelling steamships, but of course made much lighter in proportion to their size. I am in favor of a screw-propeller, because with it I find a high degree of efficiency, and the possibility of applying a large amount of force in a continuous manner without any vibration or unsteadiness in action. The unscientific man claims that all birds and insects fly by flapping their wings; consequently, the successful flying-machine will have to be provided with wings that flap. Others claim that in all nature we do not find birds which weigh over fifty pounds; consequently, no successful flying-machine will ever be made that weighs over fifty pounds.

In answer to this it might be said that the horse as well as the bird is a very beautiful and highly organized animal, and in its motions we observe the highest degree of efficiency for the power expended; still, if we had attempted to build our locomotives on the plan

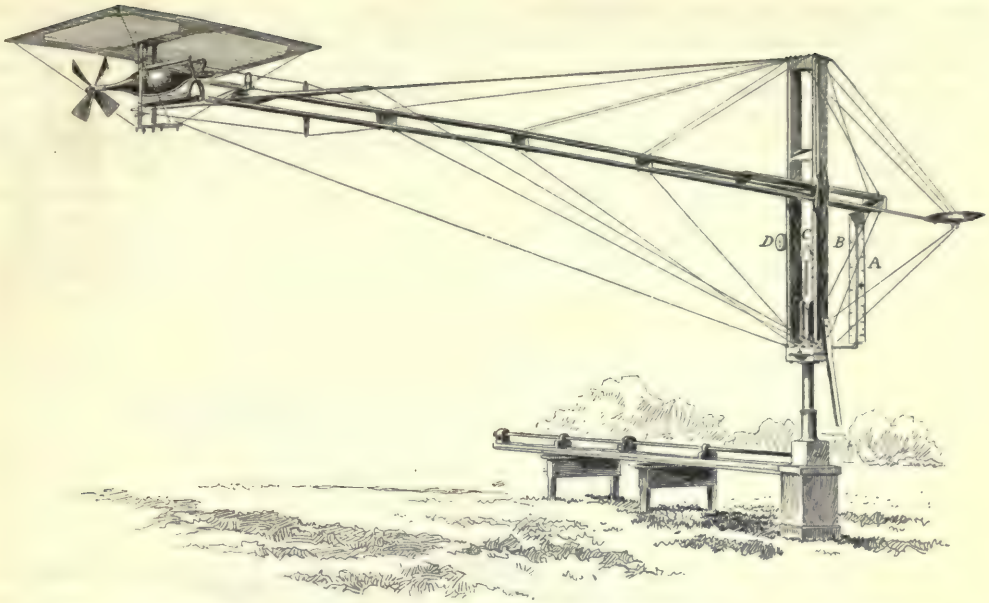


FIG. 1. A MACHINE FOR TESTING THE EFFICIENCY OF THE SCREW-PROPELLER AND THE LIFTING POWER OF THE AËROPLANES.

In this machine power is transmitted from the horizontal main shaft and upward through the vertical steel spindle and through the two members of the long arm. A is a scale showing miles per hour and B a scale divided into feet per minute; C, Dynamometer for recording the push of screw; D, Dynamometer showing the lift of the aëroplane.

of a horse, and had limited ourselves to the weight of the largest quadruped, we should probably have succeeded in making locomotives which would weigh five tons—the weight of an elephant—and walk five miles an hour. By the use of the rotating wheel on the locomotive, together with its great weight and size, we have been able to apply an enormous amount of power in a continuous manner, and the result is that we not only equal the horse but we very much surpass him both in power and speed. The nautilus, which weighs only a few ounces, is the only animal known which sails upon the face of the water after the manner of a ship. Nevertheless, sailing ships which are successful in a very high degree weigh thousands of tons. The largest animal which swims in the sea weighs seventy-five tons, and is probably able to travel at the rate of twenty miles an hour for twenty-four hours at a time, while we have many steamships which weigh 10,000 tons, and which are able to travel at an equally high rate of speed for fifteen days at a time.

It is quite true that artificial machines do not develop so much power per pound of carbon or food consumed as do animals or natural machines; still the highly concentrated character of the fuel—such as coal or petroleum—employed in artificial machines more than compensates for this difference. It is safe to say that there is twenty times as much energy in one pound of petroleum as in twenty pounds of vegetation, fish, or ânimal matter.

In order to ascertain the amount of energy required for flying, and also to ascertain what influence, if any, the factor of size has upon flight, I have constructed a very elaborate apparatus by which I am able to test the efficiency of various kinds and forms of screws, and the lifting power of aëroplanes of various sizes and shapes set at various angles. My apparatus consists of an arm 31 feet 9.9 inches long, mounted upon a strong vertical steel tube, provided with ball bearings so as to eliminate as far as possible the element of friction. The arm, as will be seen in the engravings, is made double, the edges being sharp, so as to offer as little resistance as possible to the air. To the end of this long arm is attached what might be termed a small flying-machine, which is provided with a shaft, the center of which is exactly 31 feet 9.9 inches from the center of the steel tube on which the long arm revolves. It would, therefore, describe a circle exactly 200 feet in circumference. The power to operate the screw-shaft of the flying-machine is transmitted by suitable gearing through the central tube and the two members of the long arm, the screw-shaft being free to move in a longitudinal direction, its movement, however, being opposed by a spiral spring. Upon attaching a screw to the shaft, and rotating it at a high rate of speed, the flying-machine was free to move around a 200-foot circle. Whatever the push of the screw was, the spiral spring was correspondingly compressed, and suitable apparatus recorded the

push in pounds on a large scale attached to the framework which carried the arm, and which could readily be observed while the apparatus was in motion. Attached to the flying-machine was a series of levers arranged after the manner of platform scales, and to which the aëroplane could be attached at any desired angle. A small steam-engine, which could be readily run at any desired speed, furnished the power. A tachometer recorded the number of revolutions made, and a dynamometer the amount of energy expended. In order instantly to observe the speed, or to be able instantly to arrive at any desired speed, the machine was provided with a large glass tube connected in such a manner that as the speed increased red liquid rose in the tube. On one side of the tube was a scale divided into miles per hour, and on the other a scale divided into feet per minute.

When the screw was attached and the engine started, the arm at once began to travel around the circle, and by manipulating the throttle-valve of the engine any desired speed could be obtained up to ninety miles an hour. By allowing the arm to travel, the push of the screw while advancing into fresh air could also be accurately obtained. In order to ascertain the lifting power of an aëroplane, it was attached at the desired angle, the corners being stayed with wires to prevent twisting or breaking. It was not attached in the middle to the machine, but the inside end was longer than the outside end, just sufficiently so to make both ends lift equally. The levers to which the plane was attached were connected to a dynamometer arranged in such a manner that the lift could be observed while the apparatus was running. In order to arrive at the amount of power required to drive the plane, correct observations were made before the plane was attached. In this way I was able to ascertain the exact amount of energy required to drive the arm and all its attachments through the air, and then, by attaching the plane and running the machine until exactly the same speed was attained, the difference in the readings showed the exact amount of energy required to drive the plane. The screws used were of wood and varied in diameter from 17.5 inches to 25.4 inches. About fifty different forms of screws were experimented with, some with four blades, some with two, some plain, and others with increasing pitch. The whole apparatus to which the flying-machine was attached, including the long arm, its counterweight, stays, dynamometer, levers, etc.,

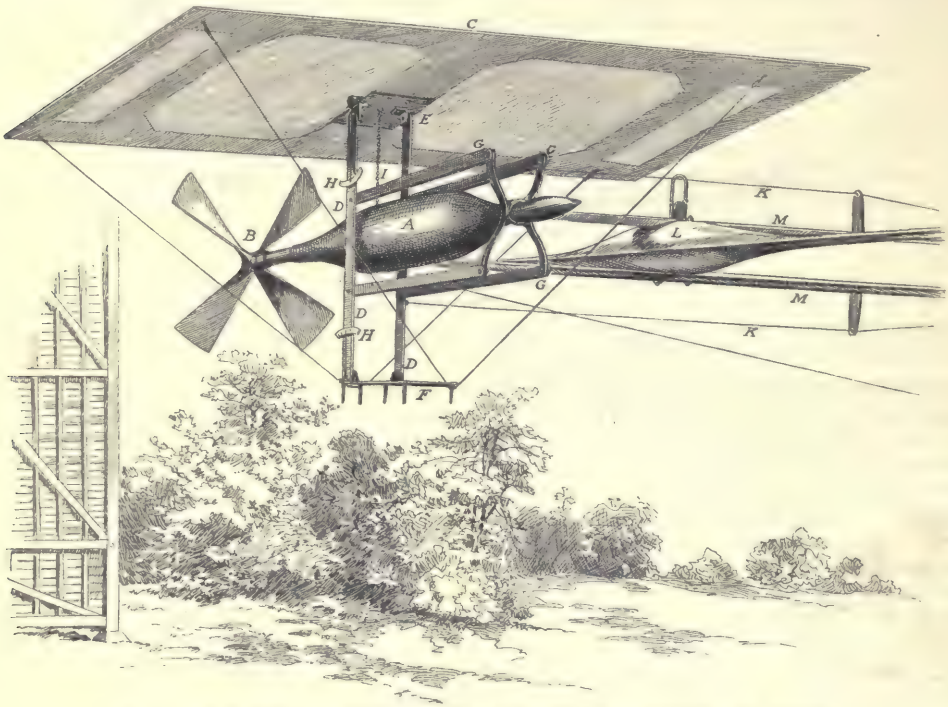


FIG. 2. THE MANNER OF CONNECTING THE AËROPLANES AND ATTACHING THE SCREWS.

A is a casing partly wood and partly brass and which carries a horizontal steel shaft; B, The screw-propeller; C, The aëroplane; D, D, Two bars of steel operating freely in a vertical direction, being supported by four horizontal bars pivoted at G, G; H, H, Indices showing the angle of planes; E and F, Steel plates to which aëroplanes are attached; L, Long horizontal bar of steel and wood to the ends of which steel wires are attached to prevent the twisting of the machine while in motion (see figure 1); I, Chain connecting the aëroplane with the dynamometer; K, K, Wires for relieving the parts from strains set up by centrifugal action.

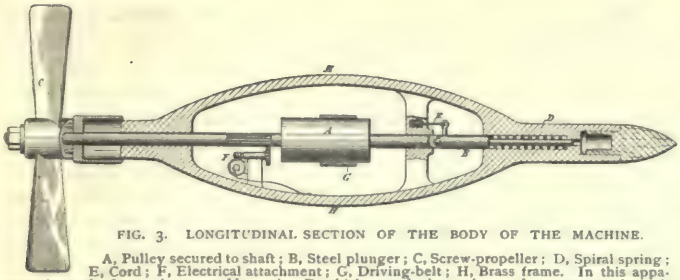


FIG. 3. LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE BODY OF THE MACHINE.

A, Pulley secured to shaft; B, Steel plunger; C, Screw-propeller; D, Spiral spring; E, Cord; F, Electrical attachment; G, Driving-belt; H, Brass frame. In this apparatus the push of screw is opposed by spring D, which records the push on a dynamometer through the cord E. The electrical attachment is connected so as to ring a bell every time the shaft makes 200 turns. In this way one is able to ascertain if the belt G slips on the pulley.

weighed about 800 pounds and offered considerable resistance to the air.

An aëroplane made of thin wood 12 feet 10 inches long and 26 inches wide, driven sidewise, having the under side curved a quarter of an inch and placed at an angle of 1 in 13, and driven at a rate of 3500 feet per minute, lifted a load of 53 pounds,[1] the push of the screw being 8 pounds. Upon removing the plane and running the machine at exactly the same speed, the push was reduced to 4¼ pounds; the difference between 8 and 4¼ pounds was, therefore, the amount of energy consumed in driving the plane, which would be 3¾ pounds. The energy in the difference of push was 13,125 foot-pounds, which is at the rate of 133.2 pounds to the horse-power. The same aëroplane placed at an angle of 1 in 12, and driven at the rate of 4400 feet per minute, carried a weight of 100 pounds, and upon attempting to increase the speed the wire stays which held the ends down were broken. The plane was very much distorted while traveling at this speed, so that the actual angle could not be definitely determined. It carried 60.9 pounds to the horse-power.

With an aëroplane 6 feet long and 12 inches wide, placed at a very flat angle and driven at a very high speed, as much as 250 pounds were carried to the horse-power. But the angle was so flat that it was difficult to maintain it, as the plane trembled, and at times was badly distorted by the air-pressure. All the experiments went to prove that the most favorable results were produced when the angle was flat and the speed high.

In regard to the efficiency of screws, it was found that a two-bladed wooden screw, 25.4 inches diameter, of slightly increasing pitch,— the mean pitch being 36 inches,— when driven at a speed of 2333 turns per minute, pushed 11 pounds through a distance of 5700 feet per minute. A similar screw, 17½ inches diameter, with a mean pitch of 24 inches, driven at a speed of 2800 turns a minute, gave a push while standing still of 8 pounds, and when allowed to advance at the rate of 3700 feet per minute gave a push of 5 pounds. All well-made screws were found to be efficient. The screw which gave the worst results was made exactly like those employed in the experiments of the French Government.

In conducting my experiments I found that if I multiplied the pitch of the screw in feet by the number of turns made in a minute and by the push of the screw in pounds, and divided this product by 33,000, it corresponded exactly with the readings of my dynamometer on the main shaft. This led me to believe that there was very little or no skin friction. I accordingly made what might be called a screw without any pitch at all, that is, blades of the exact shape, size, and thickness of one of the screws experimented with, but instead of being twisted and set at an angle, they were flat blades, each blade forming a sector of a disk, both edges being made very sharp, exactly like the blades of a screw. Upon testing this, I found, notwithstanding that my apparatus was so delicate that the touch of the end of the finger to the screw-shaft perceptibly moved the pointer on the dynamometer, that the force required was so small that the dynamometer failed to record it. It would therefore appear that the skin friction between the air and the polished surface is so small that it need not be taken into consideration, which is quite the reverse of what takes place with screws running in water. This may be accounted for as follows: water wets the screw and sticks to the surface no matter how highly polished,

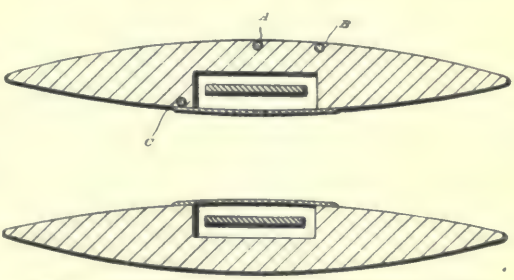


FIG. 4. CROSS-SECTION OF THE TWO MEMBERS OF THE LONG ARM.

A, Wire connecting the aëroplane and the lift of the dynamometer; B, Wire running to the push dynamometer; C, Electrical wires.

[1] It will be observed that the lift was 14 times the push, while the mean angle of the plane was 1 in 13; but the plane was curved so that the front part of it, which lifted the most, was nearer 1 in 15 than 1 in 13. Moreover, the aëroplane, being held down by the corners, bagged slightly, and this accounts for its lifting more than it should have done theoretically.

while air, by not sticking to the surface, offers practically no resistance. In trying my experiments, notwithstanding that the circle around which the planes traveled was 200 feet in circumference, it was found, after the aëroplanes had been running a few minutes, that the air under them was perceptibly traveling downward around the whole circle, especially so when large planes were run at a high speed. I am therefore of the opinion that if my apparatus had been running in a straight line, so that the air was wholly undisturbed, the angle could have been much less, and the power consumed correspondingly reduced. Experiments which were tried while the wind was blowing went

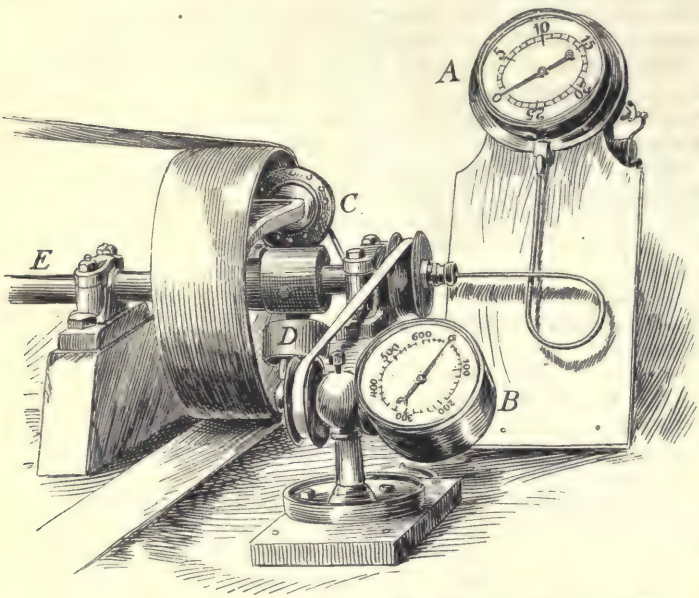


FIG. 5. DYNAMOMETER AND TACHOMETER ATTACHED TO THE MAIN SHAFT.

A, Dynamometer recording amount of power consumed in tenths of a horse-power at a speed of 600 turns per minute; B, Tachometer for showing the number of turns per minute; C, Hydraulic apparatus connecting with the dynamometer; D, Counter weight. With this apparatus it was possible to determine readily the exact number of turns and the amount of power consumed.

to prove the correctness of this theory. Often when the wind was blowing, the lift of the planes was sufficient to break the stays which secured them to the machine, and this notwithstanding that the angle was very flat at the time. This was especially observed while the aëroplane was passing over the windward side of the circle where the air had not been disturbed, a plane 8 feet long and 3 feet wide often lifting momentarily as much as 200 pounds.

Professor Langley, in discussing the question of flying, is reported to have said that *with a flying-machine the greater the speed the less would be the power required.* Some engineers less scientific than the professor have attacked him upon this point. Engineers familiar with the science of navigating water by steam-power would be apt to suppose that the same laws came into play in navigating the air as in navigating the water. This, however, is not true. It is a well-known fact that if it requires 10 horse-power to drive a steamboat 10 miles an hour, it will require 80 horse-power to drive it 20 miles an hour. This may be accounted for in the following manner. If the speed of a boat be 20 miles an hour, it will strike twice as many pounds of water per minute, and each pound twice as hard, as when driven 10 miles an hour. It will consequently require four times the amount of energy to drive the boat a given distance, and as the engine only has half as much time to develop four times as much energy, it follows that it must be eight times as strong. In navigating the air, however, we may reason as follows: if we make no allowance for skin friction and the resistance of the wires and framework passing through the air,—these factors being very small indeed at moderate speeds as compared to the resistance offered by the aëroplane,—we may assume that with a plane set at an angle of 1 in 10, and with the whole apparatus weighing 4000 pounds, the push of the screw would have to be 400 pounds. Suppose now that the speed should be 30 miles an hour; the energy required from the engine in useful effect on the machine would be 32 horse-power. (30 miles=2640 feet per minute. $\frac{2640\times400}{33000}$ =32.) Adding 20 per cent. for slip of screw, it would be 38.4 horse-power. Suppose now that we should increase the speed of the machine to 60 miles an hour, we could reduce the angle of the plane to 1 in 40 instead of 1 in 10, because the lifting power of a plane has been found to increase in proportion to the square of its velocity. A plane traveling through the air at the rate of 60 miles an hour, placed at an angle of 1 in 40, will lift the same as when placed at 1 in 10 and traveling at half this speed. The push of the screw would therefore have to be only 100 pounds, and it would require 16 horse-power in useful effect to drive the plane. Adding 10 per cent. for the slip of the screw, instead of 20, as for the lower speed, would increase the engine-power required to 17.6 horse-power. These figures of course make no allowance for any loss by atmospheric

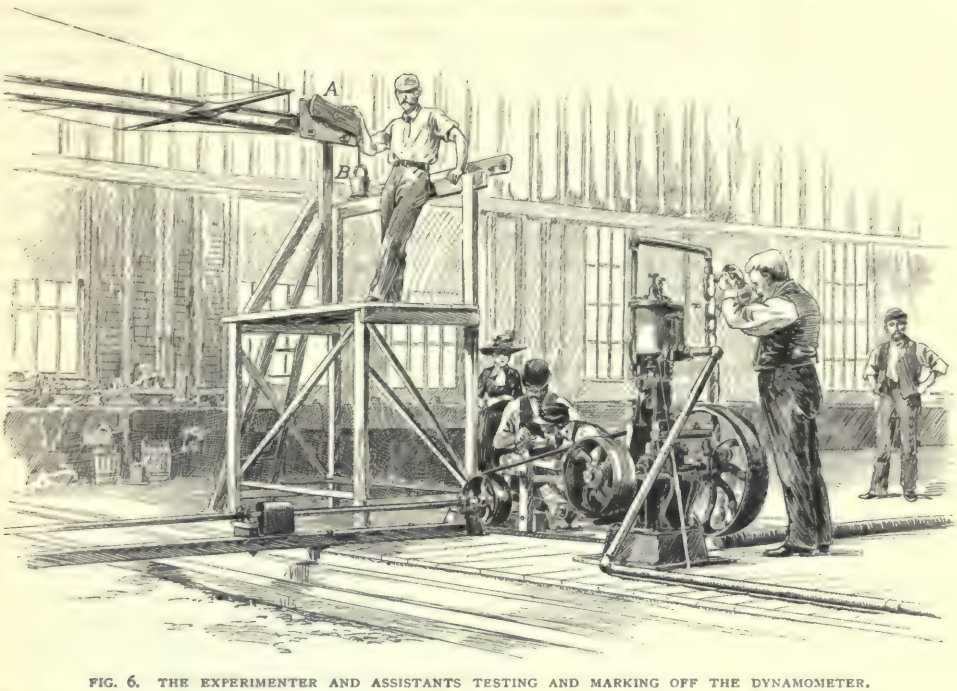


FIG. 6. THE EXPERIMENTER AND ASSISTANTS TESTING AND MARKING OFF THE DYNAMOMETER.

The main shaft was run at exactly 600 turns a minute and the friction-brake applied to the screw-shaft in the manner shown, A being the friction-brake and B the weight lifting, the friction-brake being attached to the shaft in the same manner that the screws are attached and the engine running at exactly the same speed. The dynamometer being marked at this speed, it was possible to eliminate completely the element of friction and to determine the exact amount of power applied to the screw. The dynamometer, therefore, recorded not the total amount of energy consumed but the amount of energy consumed in driving the screw.

friction. Suppose 10 per cent. to be consumed in atmospheric resistance when the complete machine was moving 30 miles an hour, it would then require 42.2 horse-power to drive it. Therefore at 30 miles an hour only 3.84 horse-power would be consumed by atmospheric friction, while with a speed of 60 miles an hour the engine-power required to overcome this resistance would increase eight-fold, or 30.7 horse-power, which, added to 17.6, would make 48.1 horse-power for 60 miles an hour.

It would therefore stand as follows:

FOR 30 MILES PER HOUR.

Power required to overcome angle of plane ...	32.
" " " compensate for loss in slip of screw.....	6.4
" " " overcome atmospheric friction.....	3.84
Total horse-power	42.24

FOR 60 MILES PER HOUR.

Power required to overcome angle of plane	16.
" " " compensate for loss in slip of screw[1].....	4.
" " " overcome atmospheric friction	30.7
Total horse-power	50.7

If, however, the element of friction[2] could be completely removed, the higher the speed the less would be the power required. My experiments go to show that certainly as much as 133 pounds can be carried with the expenditure of 1 horse-power, and under certain conditions as much as 250 pounds. Some writers who have based their calculations altogether on mathematical formulæ are of the opinion that as much as 500 pounds can be carried with 1 horse-power.

From the foregoing it would appear that if a machine with its motor complete can be made to generate 1 horse-power for every 100 pounds, a machine might be made which would successfully navigate the air. After studying the question of motors for a good many years, and after having tried many experiments, I have come to the conclusion that the greatest amount of force with the minimum amount of weight can be obtained from a high-pressure compound steam-engine using steam at a pressure of from 200 to 350 pounds to the square inch, and lately I have constructed two such engines each weighing 300 pounds. These engines, when working under a pressure of 200

[1] The additional resistance offered by atmospheric friction would increase the slip of screw to about 4 horse-power.

[2] The friction referred to here is not only the skin friction which occurs in a very slight degree on both sides of the aëroplane, but also the resistance offered by the framework, the machinery, and the numerous wire stays which have to be driven through the air.

pounds to the square inch, and with a piston speed of only 400 feet per minute, develop in useful effect in push of screws over 100 horse-power, the push of the screws collectively being over 1000 pounds. By increasing the number of turns, and also the steam-pressure, I believe it will be possible to obtain from 200 to 300 horse-power from the same engines and with a piston speed no greater than 850 feet per minute.[1] These engines are made throughout of tempered steel, and are of great strength and lightness; the new feature about my motors, however, is the manner of generating steam. The steam-generator itself, without the casing about it, weighs only 350 pounds; the engine, generator, casing, pumps, cranks, screw-shaft, and screws weigh 1800 pounds, and the rest of the machine as much more. With a supply of fuel, water, and three men, the weight will not be far from 5000 pounds. As the foregoing experiments have shown that the load may be fourteen times the push of the screw, it would appear that this machine ought to carry a burden, including its own weight, of 14,000 pounds, thus leaving a margin of 9000 pounds, provided that the steam-pressure is maintained at 200 pounds to the square inch. The steam-generator is self-regulating, has 48,000 brazed joints, and is heated by 45,000 gas-jets, gas being made by a simple process from petroleum. When the machine is finished, the exhaust steam will be condensed by an atmospheric condenser made of a great number of very thin metallic tubes arranged in such a manner that they form a considerable portion of the lifting surface of the aëroplane. The greater part of the machine is constructed from thin steel tubes. I found that these were much more suitable for the purpose than the much-talked-of aluminium; still I believe that if I should succeed in constructing a successful machine it would lead to such improvements in the manufacture of aluminium products that it will be possible to reduce greatly the weight of the machine.

The questions of keeping the machine on an "even keel," of steering, and of landing, have been duly considered and provided for, but a description of these would be premature before the machine has actually been tried.

Of course I hope to succeed, and from the data obtained from the foregoing experiments, and from the information I have obtained from other sources, it seems almost certain that I shall do so; still I may not. It may, however, be remarked that for many years engineers and scientists have admitted that the navigation of the air is certain to come so soon as a motor could be discovered which had sufficient energy in proportion to its weight. This motor has been found, its power has been tested, and its weight is known. It would therefore appear that we are within measurable distance of a successful machine for navigating the air, and I believe it is certain to come within the next ten years whether I succeed or not. Many ask what use it will be put to in case it does succeed. To this I would reply, Certainly not for carrying freight, and not, for a considerable time at least, for carrying passengers. When the first flying-machine succeeds, its first great use will be for military purposes. It will at once become an engine of war, not only to reconnoiter the enemy's positions as has been attempted with the so-called dirigible balloons, but also for carrying and dropping into the enemy's lines and country large bombs charged with high explosives. It does not require a prophet to foresee that successful machines of this character would at once make it possible for a nation possessing them to paralyze completely an enemy by destroying in a few hours the important bridges, armories, arsenals, gas and water-works, railway stations, public buildings, etc., and that all the modern means of defense both by land and sea which have cost untold millions would at once be rendered worthless.

Of course this mode of warfare would not do away completely with all forms of small firearms, which would still have to be used in order to enable these future engines of war to combat one another; but it is safe to assert that none but small and light guns would be used.

Flying-machines of the future will of necessity be of a complicated and delicate nature, and will require the very highest order of scientific and mechanical skill to construct and operate them. France is to-day the only country in the world which has the plant and in which it would be possible to manufacture all the material and to construct a machine such as I am now experimenting with. Flying-machines will therefore be employed only by the rich and highly civilized nations. Small nations and half-civilized tribes will still have to content themselves with their present mode of warfare.

Hiram S. Maxim.

[1] The piston speed of an express locomotive is about 1000 feet per minute.

BESIEGED BY THE UTES.

THE MASSACRE OF 1879.

ON THE DEFENSIVE — THE CARTRIDGE BAG.

IN the summer of 1879 trouble occurred between the White River Utes and their agent, N. C. Meeker. The cause is not important, but the trouble finally became serious enough to warrant the call upon the Secretary of War for the support of troops to repress turbulence and disorder amongst the Indians of that nation. In September an expedition was organized in the Department of the Platte, and the following troops were ordered out: one company of the 4th Infantry under Lieutenant Butler D. Price; Troop E, 3d Cavalry, Captain Lawson commanding; and two troops, D (Lt. J. V. S. Paddock) and F (Captain J. S. Payne), of the 5th Cavalry. Major T. T. Thornburgh, 4th Infantry, commanded the whole, and Acting Assistant-Surgeon Grimes was the medical officer.

This command was concentrated at Fort Steele, Wyoming, on the Union Pacific Railroad, and marched south from that point towards White River Agency about the 21st of September. Nothing of an unusual character occurred during the first few days of the march, nor was it supposed that anything of a serious nature would happen. The agent had asked for one hundred soldiers and more than double that number were in this column. The troops were *en route* to a certain point to preserve order, not expecting to make war. The Utes understood that, and the very evening preceding their attack upon the troops, the chiefs entered the soldiers' camp, partook of their hospitality, and assured them of their friendship. The report of General Crook says, "The last message Meeker ever sent to Thornburgh was to the effect that the Indians were friendly and were flying the United States flag. Yet, in the face of all this, the very next morning these Indians, without provocation, treacherously lay in ambuscade and attacked the troops with the result already known." This, General Crook says, is not war, it is murder; and the General, as usual, is correct. But is it not strange that, with all the horrible examples furnished us in past years, we have never been in the habit of preparing for murder as well as war? It seems at least unfortunate that all our Indian wars must of necessity be inaugurated with the massacre or defeat of the first detachment. It may be interesting, if not instructive, to give a few examples.

The Modoc War of 1872, in which so many valuable lives were lost, was begun by the advance of half a troop of the 1st Cavalry. This force rode up to the Indian camp, dismounted, and were standing to horse, with probably no thought of being murdered or of any serious trouble. It is reported that while the officer in command was talking to the chief a rifle was discharged by an Indian, either accidentally or as a signal, and that instantly thereafter firing on the troops took place and a number were killed and wounded. The Indians, about sixty in number, taking advantage of the confusion among the troops, retired to their stronghold in the lava beds, murdering every white man *en route*. In this stronghold they defied the Government, massacred a commission composed of prominent men sent to them in peace, and withstood the attacks of 1300 soldiers for months, and until both food and water gave out.

ON OUTPOST DUTY.

The Nez Percés War in 1877 commenced in about the same way. Two small troops of cavalry, marching down a deep and long cañon, presented themselves before the camp of Chief Joseph, as if a display of this nature was all that was necessary to capture a force of two hundred and fifty warriors. The Indian, always quick to see an advantage and to profit by it, was not slow in this instance, and the first few shots from the enemy on the left and rear of the line caused a hasty retreat of the soldiers, who no doubt up to that time thought there was to be *nothing serious*.

The Little Big Horn fight in 1876, where General Custer and most of his command were massacred, was surely the result of overestimating one's strength and underrating that of the enemy.

Other examples could be furnished, but are not these, with their attendant losses and failures, sufficient to prove that with the Indian as a foe we must always be prepared, and especially careful when he seems most friendly and still holds on to his rifle? On the other hand, many instances are known where troops have met and overcome at the start more serious obstacles than those mentioned above, and without a shot being fired. A column on the march, prepared to fight if necessary, is not likely to be disturbed, and it is almost certain that no Indians will be seen or heard from unless they have all the advantages, and unless certainty of success follows their first efforts.

This Ute campaign was a repetition of all the other sad occurrences in Indian warfare. Major Thornburgh, the commander, as noble and brave a man as ever marched with troops, fell as others had, having ignored an enemy in the morning who had the power to defeat him before noon. The march through these mountains and into the valley of Milk River, as described, was made as any march would be conducted on a turnpike through a civilized country and among friends. No danger had threatened; on the contrary, the Indians appeared friendly, and assuring messages had been received from the agent.

Thornburgh, not having had experience with Indians and trusting to appearances, anticipated no trouble, and consequently was wholly unprepared when the attack was made. We can in a measure account for such action on the part of a commander when it is remembered that with some men the desire to appear before their troops free from undue anxiety is greater than their sense of caution. Considering the number of troops in this command, and the fact that not half that number of Indians were opposed to them, it is fair to presume that with

proper precaution the command might have gone through to the agency without losing a life, or even hearing a shot; but the officers and men following Thornburgh doubtless like him had no thought of danger to such a column; and had the colonel made sufficient preparation to secure his command, and reached his destination safely on that account, he would have been pronounced an "old granny" for having unduly harassed his troops when no enemy appeared.

The employment of the chiefs, ostensibly as guides, but really detaining them as hostages, would have insured the peace as well as the safety of the command beyond a doubt.

But to go more into details: Thornburgh, after leaving his infantry company at a supply camp, pushed on with his three troops of cavalry, and while on the march on the 29th of September, at 10 A. M., at the crossing of Milk River, the Indians opened fire on the column from all directions, and from what followed it would appear that the command was completely surprised, or sufficiently so to make some confusion among the troops. F Troop, 5th Cavalry, and E Troop, 3d Cavalry, were quickly brought into line, and for some time fought well and bravely, but the superior tactics of the Indian, in his usual rôle of turning the flanks, and the loss of many brave men including the commander, soon caused a retreat, and these two troops fell back perhaps half a mile to a point where Lieutenant Paddock, in command of D Troop, 5th Cavalry, and the wagon train, had corraled his train, formed his troop, and was prepared to receive and shelter his comrades.

It is not known what orders Lieutenant Paddock had from his commanding officer as to his duties with the rear guard and wagon train, but it is supposed that as no precautions were being taken in front, none were ordered in rear, so that the prompt action of this young officer in arranging his wagon train and troops for a stand, and holding every man to his duty there, was praiseworthy, and was the means of saving many lives. This afforded shelter and a rallying place for the scattered troopers, then being outflanked and driven back by the enemy; indeed, Paddock's command was even receiving attention from the Indians in the way of rifle-balls, for the Indians knew if they could get the train, they could capture or kill the rest of the command before it could escape from the valley. Here there was a halting place, and the whole command was concentrated behind and about the wagons. The Indians then surrounded the soldiers, fired upon them from all directions, and, setting fire to the grass, advanced to within a short distance of the wagons, being screened by the thick smoke from the fire of the troops.

BEHIND THE BREASTWORK.

In this situation the battle was carried on for the rest of that day, the troops being strictly on the defensive, and keeping behind the wagons, while the Indians, lying close to the

THE RIDE OF PRIVATE MURPHY.

ground and concealed as much as possible, were able to kill most of the animals and occasionally to pick off a soldier or teamster.

The loss of the animals and the number of wounded men to be cared for and protected made any movement from this spot out of the question. There was nothing to do then but fight it out and hold on until reinforcements could reach them. However, the longest day must have an end, and the sun aided these harassed soldiers by disappearing behind the hills and affording them, under cover of darkness, an opportunity to prepare for the morrow. This first night was employed by the troops in building a breastwork near the water, and in caring for the wounded.

There being no timber within reach, shelter had to be constructed from such material as was at hand. The wagons were unloaded and spare parts used, bundles of bedding, sacks of grain, cracker-boxes and bacon sides were piled up, but this not being sufficient, the bodies of dead horses and mules were dragged to the line and made use of for defense. A pit was sunk in the center of the square, and in this hole in the ground the surgeon placed his wounded, himself being one of the unfortunates. This, then, was the situation of a command of able-bodied, well-equipped soldiers, strong men every one, which, a few hours previously, had struck its camp and marched in all confidence into this valley of death. Where were now the flaunting guidons and the rude jokes about cowardly redskins? Instead thereof, many were mourning the sudden taking away of beloved comrades, whose bodies were left on the plain to the savage enemy, and all bemoaned the fate of their noble commander, also left on the field. He had proudly led them forward, and when the unlooked-for attack fell upon them still kept at the front; perhaps, having recognized too late the error of over-confidence, he determined to repair the fault even at the sacrifice of his life.

Thornburgh was a noble man, and beloved by all. The troops following him were as good as any in the army, and would have proved more than a match for the enemy if they could have gone into the fight on anything like equal terms.

After dark on this first night a volunteer was called for to take one of the horses yet left alive and if possible steal his way through the enemy's line to the nearest telegraph station. From several volunteers Private Murphy of D Troop, 5th Cavalry, was selected to take this desperate ride, and he accomplished the distance of 170 miles to the railroad in less than 24 hours.

The place selected or rather forced upon Captain Payne, 5th Cavalry, now the senior officer, for the defense of his command, was near the battle-field, and fortunately within reach of the stream called Milk River. It was in a small round valley or opening in the mountains, and within easy rifle range of the tops of the nearest hills surrounding it. On these hills the Indians took position, and while being concealed and well protected themselves, the Indians were able to pick off any soldier showing himself above the breastwork, or while moving about inside of it. The soldiers returned the fire occasionally, but it is not known that an Indian was injured during the siege. The enemy, however, was kept down close behind the ridge, and no advance or open attack on the intrenchment was at any time attempted. The position taken was on a rise or table, and was about two hundred yards from the stream. No water could be obtained during the day, but after dark a party started out to fill their buckets and canteens. They were almost immediately fired upon by the enemy, who, anticipating their necessities, had found concealment on the further side of the river in the thick underbrush. As some of the party were wounded, they returned to the breastwork unsuccessful. Water being an absolute neces-

sity, even if it cost life, another party was sent out, this time under escort of armed men. As soon as the party was fired upon, the escort discharged their guns, and although firing in the dark and at random, it is supposed that one or more of the enemy were wounded; at any rate the Indians fled, and the troops were not prevented after that from getting water at night sufficient for the next day.

With the dawn of the second day commenced the firing upon the troops from the hill-tops. Not an Indian could be seen on whom to return the fire; only a puff of white smoke indicated from time to time

UTES WATCHING FOR THE RELIEF COLUMN.

where the bullet came from; and as there was little chance of finding the Indian at the spot from which he had fired, there seemed to be no use wasting ammunition on space, and firing by the troops was kept up only to prevent open attack. On this day nearly all the animals remaining alive were easily disposed of by the enemy, and some men were killed and wounded. Among the latter were Lieutenant Paddock and Surgeon Grimes. The long weary hours of this day must have been trying indeed to the besieged. The suffering and groans of the wounded seemed more terrible than the sight of the bodies of the dead, which could not be removed except at the expense of other lives. It is said that after night these bodies became part of the breastwork, and were used to protect the living.

Exciting accounts have been published of the situation of a party of our countrymen held fast by the ice of the frozen north. It may be said that they had rations, were comparatively comfortable, and had only to wait for a return of the sun to thaw their prison doors and set them free. But these soldiers, although nearer home, were brought to a stand where a life was called for at every crack of the rifle, and where to them the light of day was the season of distress. From the number of lives already lost in this short time, and the number of wounded requiring care and increasing the anxiety, and considering the time that must elapse before help could possibly reach them, an hour here contained more real suffering than could be felt in many days of waiting only for the sun to shine.

Aside from being constantly harassed by the enemy from the outside, an incident occurred on the inside of the works this day that came near finishing the lives of some of the wounded. One of the horses was shot in such a manner as to make him frantic and unmanageable. He charged about the inclosure in a furious way until exhausted, and then fell into the pit among the wounded. Fortunately no one was injured, but some of the men said that in their nervous

CAPTAIN DODGE'S COLORED TROOPERS TO THE RESCUE.

condition they thought the whole Ute nation had jumped from the tops of the hills to the bottom of the pit.

At an early hour on the morning of October 2d, the sentinel heard the approach of a column of horsemen, and the besieged soon welcomed Captain Dodge, 9th Cavalry, at the head of his troop. The captain, having heard of the situation, came at once to the assistance of his comrades, and managed to get through to the intrenchment without losing any of his men. This reinforcement of two officers and fifty enlisted men added materially to the fighting strength of the command, and they brought with them also the cheering news that the courier had passed through safely. The horses upon which this party rode were soon disposed of by the enemy, and Dodge and his troop became as much of a fixture as any of the besieged. The gallant dash made by these colored troopers brought them into high favor with the rest of the command, and nothing was considered too good for the "Buffalo" soldiers after that. Captain Dodge almost immediately received well-merited promotion, and was the hero of the campaign.

TIDINGS OF THE RELIEF COLUMN — LISTENING TO OFFICERS' CALL.

Leaving the besieged to worry through the days and nights that are to pass before relief can reach them, we will go with the swiftly riding courier, and see what follows his arrival at the railroad.

On the morning of October 1st, our quiet garrison at Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne, Wyoming, was aroused by the information received from Department Headquarters, that Thornburgh and most of his command had been massacred by the Ute Indians, and that the few officers and men remaining were intrenched, protecting the wounded and fighting for their lives. The commanding officer, General Wesley Merritt, fortunately possessing all the characteristics of a true cavalryman, always had his command well in hand. At this time he had four troops of the 5th Cavalry and one company of the 4th Infantry, and when this sudden call reached him all that was necessary was to sound "boots and saddles" and go.

The order to take the field reached us about 8 A. M., and at 11 A. M. we had saddled up, had marched two miles, and were loaded on the cars,—horses, equipments, pack-mules, rations and all,—and were under way. We reached Rawlins Station, our stopping place, about 1 A. M. next morning, and met there four companies of the 4th Infantry, also ordered for field service under General Merritt. The rest of that night was spent in preparing for the march. The infantry, in wagons, were on the road by 10 A. M.; the cavalry marched a little later, but overtook the infantry about twenty-five miles out at 5 P. M. Then all pushed on together until 11 P. M., when it became necessary to halt and rest the animals. At 7 A. M. we were on the road again, and continued marching until 11 P. M., at that time reaching the camp of the infantry company left behind by Major Thornburgh. Here a short rest was taken, and at dawn of day we resumed the march, reaching the entrance to Big Bear Cañon about 4 P. M. This was a rough, ugly looking place to enter with a command at night, especially with the knowledge of disaster in front and not far off. But the situation called for the greatest exertion, as well as the taking of all the chances, and although we had already made an unheard-of march that day, and on previous days, every man was anxious to go on, and even the animals seemed to be under the influence of the hour. While they were being rubbed down and fed, the men had their coffee and hardtack, and just at dusk we started

off for the last march, hoping soon to reach those we knew to be in distress, and who could only be saved by our coming. Getting through that cañon at night was a desperate undertaking, leaving the Indians entirely out of the question, and on looking at the breakneck places afterwards by daylight, over which we had passed, it seemed a miracle that we succeeded in getting through without losing all the wagons carrying the infantry, and some of the horsemen as well. The cavalry was in the lead, but the "charioteers," as the infantry were called, followed close behind, and on the down grade occasionally ran into the rear of the cavalry column. On the ascent the infantrymen

General Merritt at this time was some distance ahead with the cavalry, and crossing the last hill he entered the valley just at dawn of day. It was yet too dark to see the intrenchment, but the column, while pressing on, was soon brought to a halt by a challenge from the besieged. A trumpeter was then summoned and officers' call sounded. This brought all hands to the top of the breastwork, and a lively cheer answered the last note on the trumpet. A wild scene followed this coming together of old comrades, and while it was going on, the enemy, although at their posts within easy range, did not fire a shot. Nor did they seem to be alarmed by the arrival of this overpower-

THE RELIEF COLUMN.—I.

jumped from their wagons and pushed horses, wagons and all up the grades. On reaching the summit each party boarded its wagon, and, with a cheer, away they went down the grade on the run. All were under so much of a strain that fatigue or sleep was not thought of. Thus it was, up one hill and down another all night, and no light-artillerymen were ever more expert at mounting their limbers, than these infantrymen in getting out of and into those wagons on the run. Between 4 and 5 A. M. we reached a point about four miles from the intrenchment, and at that hour saw a sight that made the blood run cold. A citizen wagon train, hauling supplies to the agency, had been captured by the Indians, and every man belonging to it had been murdered, stripped, and partly burned. As we had had no news from the front since leaving the railroad, this was something of a surprise, and as may be imagined, at that hour in the morning, not a pleasant opening for the day. The wagon train, for the last few miles, had been stretching out a little, but on reaching this spot it was observed that all intervals were rapidly closed up and kept closed. But notwithstanding this depressing sight, some rude jokes were made, as usual, by the old soldiers in passing, and recruits were made to fear that before another sun should rise they would be broiled in like manner.

ing force, but were for the time being quiet spectators of this grand reunion, their portion of the fun probably being in the supposition of "more horses, more shoot him."

The General, having the responsibility, was probably the only one of the party in accord with the Indian idea, and consequently, not wasting much time on congratulations, he immediately set to work to prevent the loss of more men or horses.

The rear was safe in the hands of the infantry, and the cavalry was ordered to take the nearest hills on the flanks. This accomplished, the General moved out a short distance to the front, having a troop of cavalry as escort, but did not advance half a mile before being fired upon. We, however, recovered the body of Major Thornburgh, which up to that time had lain upon the battle-field of the first day. Under existing circumstances, a civilized enemy, or such an one as we are taught to fight in textbooks and in field manœuvers, would have made a hasty retreat over the mountains, and any strategist in command could have made certain calculations, but these Ute Indians, instinctively brave and not at all instructed, had the utmost confidence in their power to resist any number of soldiers attacking them in their mountain homes.

The Sioux Indian, on the open plains, likes

to show himself as much as possible, thinks to intimidate his foe by such display, and by showing himself at different points in a short space of time, to make several Sioux out of one. On the contrary, the whereabouts of the Ute Indian amongst the rocks of the mountain side, nearly his own color, can not easily be discovered; he is not known until the crack of his rifle is heard and his enemy falls, and even then the smoke covers a change of position. It is therefore impossible ever to get a Sioux into the mountains to fight, or to get a Ute out on the plains for the same purpose.

General Merritt, on seeing that the Indians were still determined and prepared to dispute any advance on the part of the soldiers, ordered three troops of cavalry and all the infantry deployed to the front at once. Notwithstanding the fatigue of the long march and no breakfast, the men sprang to their feet and moved forward as if for the first time that day. Quite an exciting skirmish resulted from this advance, and the enemy went dancing round on the hill-tops like monkeys, under the short-range fire of the cavalry carbines; but when the infantry battalion, which had deployed behind the crest, came up to the top and opened fire, a change of scene was at once perceptible. The first volley from the infantry rifles made a rolling sound through the mountains like artillery; the Utes ceased the ballet performance and disappeared behind the hill, but still kept up their fire on both infantry and cavalry. The troops, however, adopting the Ute tactics, kept quite as well sheltered, and as it was not the intention to advance further that day, everybody being worn out, the tired soldiers actually went to sleep on the line of battle, a few men being on the lookout and firing occasionally.

About noon there seemed to be some excitement going on among the Indians, and a large white flag was displayed to view. Field-glasses were at once brought to bear, and it was discovered that a white man was waving the flag. Firing on both sides ceased, and the bearer of the flag was allowed to cross the valley and enter our lines. He proved to be an employé of the Indian Department, and had been sent up from the Uncumpahgre Agency to stop the war, the White River Utes, with whom we were fighting, being in a way under the control of Colorow, the chief of the Uncumpahgres. It is supposed the Indians were ready to stop anyhow, seeing the amount of force now on the ground and prepared to punish them.

This virtually raised the siege and ended the war. Leaving a light picket line to watch the enemy, the rest of the troops were withdrawn and marched back to the intrenchment,

THE RELIEF COLUMN.— II.

where a jollification was now in order. The wounded were taken out of the loathsome place where they had suffered so many days, and made comfortable. Those who had not been able to wash since the first day's fight now made themselves more presentable and showed their true faces.

The fearful stench from the intrenchment, owing to the material used in its construction, was such as to necessitate a change of camp, and the whole command, accompanied now by the rescued party, moved back on the road about one mile, to clean ground and plenty of pure water.

An unconquerable desire to sleep and rest then overtook these worn-out soldiers. All forms and ceremonies for the rest of that day were dispensed with, and the valley, lately ringing with the sound of men in combat, was now as quiet and still as was its wont.

In this short campaign there were 13 men killed and 48 wounded, out of a command 150 strong.[1] The papers throughout the country mentioned it for a day or two as "the Ute affair," and there it rests, being one of several instances where the percentage of loss is greater than that experienced in battles of which monuments are being erected and elaborate me-

[1] Killed 8 ⅔ per cent., and 32 per cent. wounded.

INFANTRY COVERING THE WITHDRAWAL OF CAVALRY.

morials published to commemorate deeds of bravery.

After the command brought down by General Merritt had been well rested and was ready for another advance, it proceeded through the mountains to White River and the agency. It was a beautiful bright morning in October when we bade good-by to the rescued command under Captain Payne, whose faces were turned towards home, while we marched south to rescue the employés at the agency. The infantry and wagon train marched on the road, while the cavalry were well out on the flanks and in advance. The white horses of B Troop, 5th Cavalry, could be seen now and then winding along the crests of the hills on one side, while the blacks of A Troop kept pace with them on the other. No attack could have been made on that column without due warning, and the result was we crossed the high hills and wound through cañon after cañon, reaching the valley of White River and the agency without hearing a shot or, to my knowledge, seeing an Indian.

At the agency a horrible sight presented itself. Every building had been burned, the bodies of all the male employés were stretched upon the ground where they had been murdered a few days before, and the women had been carried off into a captivity worse than death. After the dead had been buried, the command went into camp on White River. The Indians had taken to the mountains, and in order to follow them it was necessary to abandon wagon transportation and fit up pack trains. While these preparations were going on, we had still another sad experience, and a reminder that the Utes were still near us and relentless enough to take any advantage presenting itself.

A party under Lieutenant Hall, regimental quartermaster, was sent out to reconnoiter and look for a trail across the mountains from White River to Grand River. With this party was Lieutenant William Bayard Weir, of the Ordnance Department, and his sergeant, Humme. Weir went out as a volunteer to accompany Hall, and to hunt. As the party were riding along on the trail, a small herd of deer was discovered off to the left in a ravine. Weir and Humme went after them, while Hall kept on to the front. He had not gone far, however, before he saw fresh Indian signs, and soon afterwards heard sharp firing to his left and rear. On turning back to ascertain the cause and to help Weir if he should be in trouble, he was fired upon himself, and discovered that he was surrounded by Indians. He covered his party as quickly as possible in the dry bed of a stream near at hand, and kept the Indians off until after dark. Then riding into camp he first discovered that Weir had not come in, and reported that he was probably killed. The battalion of the 5th Cavalry was turned out at once, and, as it was 10 P. M., we had an all-

night march ahead of us. Just at dawn we reached the place where Weir had left Hall, and we took his trail and followed it up until we found his dead body lying cold and stiff on the mountain side. This seemed indeed an unnecessary sacrifice. Weir was a noble fellow, beloved by all, and the gathering of that sorrowing crowd of soldiers about his body was a sad experience even to the oldest of them. His face still bore the familiar and kindly expression we knew so well. An overcoat was wrapped around the body, and it was then strapped on a cavalry horse. We returned to camp as sad a funeral procession as one could well imagine.

The country through which we were then operating was a howling wilderness; it is now traversed by railroads and covered with villages and farms. Children at play unwittingly trample the grass over the graves of soldiers who gave their lives that they might live and thrive, and communities throughout the West generally send representatives to Congress, some of whom, in the peace and plenty of their comfortable homes, fail to recognize, in Washington, the hardships, privations, and sacrifice of life suffered by the army, before their prosperity could be possible or the lives of their constituents assured.

In this the simple duty of soldiers was performed, and no credit is claimed, but should not the record of past deeds such as these, accompanied by the prosperity that has followed, at least guarantee a more generous feeling for the army by all citizens, more especially by those who are called upon to support it?

E. V. Sumner,
Lt.-Colonel 5th Cavalry, U. S. A.

ON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE MARBLE FAUN."

I CANNOT tell why these sad oaken groves
Should bring to mind the gay and mystic glades
Where Donatello danced;
I dare not guess, while my eye, restless, roves
This stormy lake, and daylight fades,
Why I have chanced
To dream of some bright pool where shimmering lie
The tender shadows of the Tuscan sky.

I sing no songs that are not grave and old!
Why should the merry Tuscan haunt my dreams?
How light of foot was he! —
The sky is dun, the wind is wet and cold,
Dead, drear, and dull each swelling sand-dune seems;
What then to me
Is all this wild, midsummer fantasy,
This mellow, mad, and witching mockery?

'T was something in your eyes — I swear it, friend,
For you seemed part of stream, and wood, and field.
I 've watched your soul grow young!
On days of sun, into the joy you blend,
On days of shade, into the grief you yield;
The balance hung
On perfect scale, which lightest touch might sway,
The perfect glass reflect the palest morning ray.

Oh, learn no wisdom, for that may bring grief;
And love no woman, for 't will sure bring pain;
Be Donatello still!
Believe me, friend, this learning is a thief,
And where it thrives the simple joys are slain.
Ah, drink your fill
Of sky and hill, of sun and wind and sea;
Be thou my faun, but I no Miriam to thee.

Elia W. Peattie.

STARTING FROM MARTIGUES.

A WATER TOURNAMENT.

PLAY IN PROVENCE.

IT was easy to see that it was a feast-day in Saint-Chamas the morning we arrived from Martigues. In the main street, in cool shadow under the awnings of every shape and color that stretched over it from house to house, Japanese lanterns were strung up in long lines and many festoons about every café door; the trash that only holiday-makers buy was displayed lavishly in gaudy little booths under the arches of the high aqueduct that crosses the town; a merry-go-round close by threatened at any moment to fill the place with the stirring sounds of its steam music; while by the water-side — for Saint-Chamas straggles down from its cliff dwellings to the shores of the Étang de Berre — one drummer was drumming vigorously, and half the town had gathered in the fierce ten o'clock sunlight to watch first two boys and then four men race each other in big black fishing boats well ballasted with stones.

And there was a holiday strength in the smell of absinthe that hung over the town towards noon, a holiday excellence in the good breakfast we ate at the Croix Blanche,— and, for that matter, in the price we paid for it,— and a holiday leisure in the time given to coffee afterward. Gentlemen in high hats and decorations, boys testing syrups, yellow, red, and green, workingmen in their Sunday best, all sat in pleasant good-fellowship in the deep black shadows under the awnings.

While we lounged with the rest in front of the principal café, the doors of the hôtel de ville opposite opened, and two men brought out a pile of large square wooden shields painted white with a red or a blue bull's-eye in the center, and several heavy wooden lances decorated in the same colors and about eight or ten feet long, with three spikes at the end. All these were promptly carted off in the direction of the lake.

There was no need to ask what they were

UNDER THE AWNINGS.

for. We knew at once. They were the arms of the combatants in the coming jousts, on the Étang de Berre. For it was really to see the jousts, the great event of the second day of the autumn feast, that we had driven over to Saint-Chamas. We had heard that tournaments were still held on Provençal waters, though exactly what they were we had never been able to discover. No book we had read about Provence had described them; indeed, no writer whom we had then consulted even

LEAVING THE HARBOR.

referred to them, except Mistral, who, in "Mirèio," makes the little *Andreloun*, boasting of the immensity of Rhone River, say that

> Betwixt Camargue and Crau might holden be
> Right noble jousts!

Several times that summer we had seen them announced on the irresistible program of some great festival of the Midi. But hitherto we had always managed just to miss them. We had come to Cette too soon, to Martigues too late. And it is not in every town by lake or waterside that they are given nowadays, however it may have been of old. Often the Provençal himself who lives in one of the larger towns, in Avignon, Nîmes, or Arles, has not seen them, for of all the great Provençal cities, Marseilles, we were told, alone still holds its tournaments, though at rarer intervals as the years go on. But throughout Provence the fame of the jousts is great, and but few of the Provençal sports are in such high favor on the Étang de Berre, the great salt-water lake far wider than the stream that flows betwixt Camargue and Crau. The strong, finely built fishermen of Martigues excel in the tilting, and Saint-Chamas is so near that there are always a few to joust on its waters as on their own canals.

Three was the hour announced for the tournament, and about half-past two the people began trooping down to the shore near the little harbor. While the men had been drinking their coffee, the women had been making their toilets, for they had not troubled to change their working dress for the morning regatta. The jousts, though, were as worthy of all their bravest finery as a bull-fight. In Saint-Chamas they wear, with a coquetry all their own, the lovely Arlesian dress—the little Quaker-like shawl and fichu, the plain skirt, and the black ribbon wound about the little square of white lace for a cap. And very charming they looked, the older women in black or brown or gray, the young girls in pink or blue or mauve, a ribbon tied in a coquettish bow just under their chins, their hair waved and curled over their pretty foreheads, and on their hands long Suède gloves of the most modern shape, just to show that they knew well enough what the fashions in Paris were, and that it was choice alone that made them keep to one of the most becoming costumes ever invented for women. The jousting ground, or rather water, was about a mile from the town, and we watched the groups of pretty girls, their dresses carefully lifted above stiff white petticoats, embarking in the big black boats waiting in the harbor. And other groups wandered down the hot dusty road, past the cliffs which make a background for the town, and in which houses have been burrowed out, doors and windows cut in the soft rock, even as they may have been by Gauls of old before a Greek had come to Marseilles or a Roman been seen in Saint-Chamas. But never did Gaul or Greek or Roman take part in a gayer scene than this starting for the jousts, the lake glittering in sunlight and dotted with black boats, the banks brilliant with color, and every one in fine holiday humor, all the merrier because of the good breakfast, the absinthe, and the coffee, and each woman's consciousness of looking her best.

When we had seen the last boat-load of pretty girls rowed briskly away, we hurried

"EACH COMPETITOR WAVING HIS LITTLE BANNER."

"THE TWO BOATS DREW NEARER AND NEARER."

down the white road to where the crowd had collected. Far on the other side of the lake was a circle of gray hills; the black fishing craft had anchored in a long line about half way across; and between it and the shore were the two boats — the two water steeds — of the knights of the tournament. From each boat two long beams rose in an inclined plane away out beyond the stern and above the water, and placed on them, at their extreme end, was a narrow board, on which presently stepped a man in shirt and breeches, with a big wooden shield strapped to him, and covering him in front from the neck to the knees, and a wooden lance in his hand. There were twelve rowers and twelve oars in each boat; in the stern stood the steersman, his hand on the tiller; and in the prow were trumpeter and drummer.

"A CRASH OF BOARDS."

At the first blast of the trumpet, the first roll of the drum, the two boats took up their position about two hundred yards apart. At the second, each competitor waving his little banner as if victory were already his, the rowers dipped their oars together, pulled with all their might, the steersman encouraging them, and the drummer beating louder than ever, and the two boats drew nearer and nearer with ever increasing force, while an expectant silence fell upon all the waiting crowd. As the two bows crossed, the oarsmen stopped rowing in order to steady the boats, which, however, by this time had got up such speed that they passed each other at a tremendous rate. At the moment of meeting, each of the combatants, who had long since dropped their banners and lifted their lances, aimed at the target on the other's shield. There was a crash of boards that could be heard a mile away, and, head over heels, shield and all, one man went into the water, and a great shout rose from the black line of fishing craft and from the crowded banks. Then in the blue lake a shield was seen floating in one direction, a man swimming vigorously in the other, and on the winning boat the victor stood high above the oarsmen, his arms extended, strong and athletic as a young Hercules.

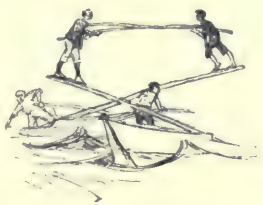
And now the smaller boats rowed up and down and in and out, and on land syrups were drunk at the cafés set up for the occasion, and the prettiest girls, arm-in-arm, strolled under the trees until the next combatant had buckled on his armor, and the trumpet and the drum once more heralded a coming combat. At once all the spectators hastened to their places, and the two boats rowed to the required distance. Again, at the second summons, oarsmen pulled till bows crossed; again lance clashed against shield in the duel of a second; and again a head and a board were seen on the surface of the water

"ONE MAN WENT INTO THE WATER."

THE VICTOR.

as the conqueror stood on high waving his arms in triumph.

All the afternoon, one after another, the fishermen tested their prowess, while the sun sank towards the opposite hills. There was no want of variety in the tournament, though each meeting lasted only a moment and only one stroke with the lance could be given by each combatant. The constant movement of the boats, the water dancing beneath them, filled the lake with life and action. Sometimes before the two boats met, while rowers were pulling their hardest, one of the champions would suddenly lose his balance and sit down on his lofty perch or drop into the water, and then it would all begin again; or else both duellists, at the clash of their weapons, tumbled into the water together, amid loud splashing and laughter. Indeed, it seemed as if there were always three or four men swimming about in the lake or stepping, wet and dripping, on the bank. And it was funny to see how indifferent everybody was to the vanquished in the tourney. As a rule, absurd though they looked when they walked ashore, the water pouring off them, in delicious contrast to the people in their Sunday best, they passed unnoticed. Only once I heard a pretty girl call out after a stalwart young fisherman, "Has it been raining where you came from?" A bed of the tall Provençal reeds just below served as dressing-room, and from behind it they would emerge again, spruce, and neat, and jaunty, with only their soaked hair and the bundle of wet clothes in one hand to bear witness to their late defeat and ducking.



"LANCE CLASHED AGAINST SHIELD."

Often one of the assailants tried to cheat. They have a sad reputation for cheating, the Martigaux, and must be watched closely. They do not always aim fair; if they can, they hit below the board. We saw one such flagrant case that the whole audience protested and there was a consultation among the umpires. The losing man, as he tumbled, turned, and, catching hold of his victorious opponent, pulled him over into the water after him. But nothing could be done until his victim had been reinstated on his high board and re-armed with shield and lance amid ringing cheers.

It is a favorite fallacy that the French are without athletics, that they have no outdoor sport worthy of the name. But nowhere have I seen a finer game than this, or one that requires greater art, and skill, and strength. For it takes no little art for a man to balance himself on that narrow ledge, no little skill to hit the enemy's target, no little strength to withstand the blow that crashes upon his shield. I am sure that the old tournament in the ring was not a better test of a man's valor and daring. The horses in heavy armor, carrying heavily armed knights, could never have approached each other with the momentum of boats pulled by twelve men; steel lance seldom struck steel breastplate with a mightier blow than that of wooden lance upon wooden shield. And the luckless knight scarcely ran more serious risk than the conquered fisherman who tumbles, with his clumsy shield still buckled to him, into the deep waters of the Étang de Berre. More than once the jousts, like the tournaments of yore, have ended with the death of the conquered. A slip of the lance, and its pointed prongs may strike into the throat of an opponent instead of into his shield, or may fall with a force that will bring his tilting in this world to a close forever more. At Martigues they had told us of several such fatal accidents in their canals. But perhaps this very element of danger only doubles the people's pleasure in the jousts, for, with so many other things that have remained as an inheritance from their Roman ancestors, there is a certain cruelty, modified, it is true, in their sports.

I do not believe that medieval tournament ever made a lovelier or more brilliant pageant than these modern contests on the waters of Saint-Chamas. I know that on the Étang de Berre there is no flashing of steel or sheen of helmet and hauberk, no waving plumes or rustling silks; to many the scant bathing costume of the combatants might seem but a burlesque substitute for knightly armor. But then, on the other hand, shirt and breeches and wide sash are not, as was the knight's steel raiment, a clumsy disguise for men who are Greek-like in virile beauty of form. Nothing could be finer

BOTH FELL TOGETHER.

A QUESTION FOR THE UMPIRE.

than the amphitheater of low, gray hills, one far down to the right crowned with the walls and houses of Miramas; nothing brighter or more glowing with color than the shores and the black boats in line in the center of the lake, crowded with fair women in Arlesian dress.

It was at the hour of sunset, when all were going homeward, that the picture they made was loveliest to look upon. Often the jousts last until the afterglow has faded, and they are not yet finished when darkness comes to separate the combatants. The rules of the jousting, as far as we could learn, are simple enough. Each man tilts for himself alone; so long as he can hold his own on his high post he meets opponent after opponent very much as the batsman in cricket meets ball after ball in his innings. But once he is overthrown all chance for him is gone, and another takes his place. The last to stand firm with shield and lance is the victor. The length of time the jousts last, therefore, depends upon the number and skill of competitors. That afternoon at Saint-Chamas again and again both men fell together, so that the lists were exhausted more speedily than usual. The sun was setting behind the far hills when the last two were rowed towards each other at the loud trumpet call and the last head was seen bobbing up and down in the lake. And then, in the golden light, every one set out for home: on the banks a long procession of men and women chattering and laughing with all the pleasant noise and exuberant gaiety of the Midi; on the water a long procession of boats, their lateen sails raised — for a light breeze was now blowing — and leading the way one of the big black barges with the twelve rowers, the drummer drumming in the bow, and high above stern the hero of the jousting, erect and triumphant, waving a flag, his statuesque form silhouetted against the evening sky.

When we got back to the town the cafés were already crowded, and lamps were being lighted for the evening ball as we drove away in the starlight.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

RETURNING HOME.

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

YOU ask if I can love you as you are,
As I with all my faults am loved by you.
Since you see heaven shine in a drop of dew,
Could I then, dearest, miss it in a star?

Lilla Cabot Perry.

THE PRESS AND PUBLIC MEN.

THE relations between the press and that ever-changing and evanescent political population known as public men are peculiar. With the press there is unusual permanence of tenure. For the great body of public men there is swift rotation, with a hurried march towards political oblivion.

As every district in the nation is directly represented in Washington both in congressional and executive place, and as every journal of consequence has its correspondent at the national capital, the position affords excellent opportunities for observing the relations which exist between the press of the country and public men. On a smaller scale similar conditions will be found to obtain at the capitals of the States, and so, speaking in the broad sense, the situation at Washington is a representative one.

During the past thirty years there have been four periods within which the relations under consideration have been very different and distinctly marked. These are: first, the war period; secondly, the post-bellum period up to the times of the Crédit Mobilier and kindred scandals; next, the long period reaching on through continued friction between Congress and the press representatives, embracing the days of the premature publication of the Treaty of Washington down to recent years; and lastly, the present, which may be designated the era of restoration of friendly relations.

The period before the war may properly be denominated the days of ancient history in American journalism. The telegraph had not introduced its quickening influences, and the mails were slow. Letter-writing from the capital was polished, and editorials in the administration journals at Washington — for there were such journals in those days — were works of political art. Instead of the dash of this later day, and the flavor of the very hour of going to press, they partook more of the deliberation and genius of the sculptor, and when unveiled — a fitting term to use in designating their publication — never failed to partake of the chilling influence of marble. Those were the days when our early orators had time to rewrite and adorn their extempore efforts, quicken the flow of rhetoric when its first movement was sluggish, strengthen faulty logic, and finally send out by the waiting mails the deliberate work of a master. These are now held up as models of a standard not reached in modern days. But who shall say how many of those old masters would have stood the modern test of the stenographer and the telegraph, whereby the remarks of a speaker are often half in type in the leading cities of the land before he has yielded the floor? This is a test which should not be ignored in comparing the great men of the present day with those of an earlier and more deliberate time. When words, as actually uttered, fly at once to the extremes of the land beyond recall or revision, oratory is dampened to a degree which all must appreciate.

THE press of the country first sent its representatives to Washington in numbers upon the outbreak of the war. Since then there has been a journalistic congress constantly in session considering the doings of the Government. As the main duties of the one have been to originate and carry forward public business of every nature from the exercise of the war power to the smallest details of the public service, and those of the other to inform the people of everything on the surface, and beneath the surface, of public affairs, and freely to criticize the whole, the general situation between these two congresses has of necessity been one of antagonisms. During the first period to which reference has been made, however, these differences were largely held in abeyance by the fact that the press and public men joined hands loyally in the cause of the Union, and the dominant and overshadowing influence of the press in awakening and solidifying patriotism at home, and encouraging the armies in the field, was recognized and cordially appreciated by every public man.

Throughout the war the press of the country held its position at the national capital in high esteem. It sent its ablest men there. Up to the close of the war its correspondents numbered about fifty, but these, by the system of combinations which then prevailed among leading journals, represented all the principal dailies of the North. A few names will show the character of the men. There were Henry Villard, Horace White, Samuel Wilkeson, Joseph Medill, George W. Adams, Whitelaw Reid, James E. Harvey, D. W. Bartlett, Joseph B. McCullagh, Benjamin Perley Poore, and a dozen others of high standing.

The influence of this press congress was pronounced and general, both in the national

capital and in the country at large. Even with less able men this could not have been otherwise, since Washington was in every sense the headquarters of the army and the navy, whence orders proceeded to the various armies and fleets, and to which came all news of battle, and of the attitude of foreign nations — in short, reports of everything which affected the progress of the war. So loyally did all branches of the Government work together for the general good, that it may be said that each of them was upon the staff of the President acting in his constitutional capacity of Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy.

A body of men already trained in journalism, enthusiastic in their work, and intensely loyal in their performance of it, standing thus between the public and all sources of news, for which the country constantly waited with breathless attention, could not but possess an influence which was everywhere felt, and the value of which was everywhere recognized. With their advent came the general use of the telegraph to give still greater impetus to the work of journalism, and thus this body of men was placed in hourly communication with the entire population of the land. It was a time when the condition approached as nearly to universal concord as can ever be possible between the press and public men. So long as active war was waged along the Union front, those who were upholding the hands of the nation, both in the Government and in the press which encouraged the people to its support, stood bound together in common and unceasing effort for the salvation of the country.

The Washington press contingent was also a flying force for field service, and upon the occasions of great battles in the region about Washington some of its members were always upon the field in the service of their journals. The work of many of them as war correspondents stands out as the best and most brilliant of their careers. Among the latter there was one who enjoyed the confidence of Secretary Stanton, that unbending man of iron purpose, to a degree greater than that attained by most of those in the highest civil and military positions. This was the war correspondent of the Philadelphia "Inquirer," Mr. U. H. Painter. He had under his direction in all the Eastern armies probably a larger force of correspondents than was employed by any other journal. He early secured the confidence of Mr. Stanton. He was constantly along the front in all times of active movement, and by use of the skilful methods of obtaining news and reaching correct conclusions known to those well versed in the work of reliable correspondence, he often became informed of the intentions and movements of the enemy before these were unfolded at headquarters in the field and transmitted to Washington. By several remarkable successes of this kind he established himself in the confidence of Mr. Stanton, and thereafter the use of military telegraph lines and of the Secretary's cipher were open to him. There was probably no other man in the field, and no other man in Washington in any department of public life, in whose statements the Secretary placed more implicit reliance and by whose information he was more frequently guided. On one occasion, after Mr. Painter had partly secured this standing at the War Department, his relations were put to a test which for the moment seemed to end them. He sent a despatch from the Virginia front, immediately after the battle of Chantilly, that Lee's army would shortly invade Maryland. Secretary Seward insisted that Mr. Stanton should arrest the author of the despatch, as it was evidently intended for effect abroad, and was therefore treasonable. Mr. Stanton sent for Mr. Painter, explained the situation, and said he must stay in Washington. The Secretary of War could not believe the report, since none of the officers of the army had even surmised that such a movement of Lee's army as Mr. Painter had announced, and still insisted upon, was in progress. The latter thereupon started an assistant to Edward's Ferry on the upper Potomac with instructions to watch for the head of the rebel column at that ford, and, when it crossed, to telegraph him in care of the Secretary of War. The next day a despatch came that the rebels were crossing the Potomac, and thus the War Department received the first positive news of the invasion of Maryland previous to the battle of Antietam.

Thereafter there was much official correspondence which took rank after Painter's with the Secretary of War. Several others of the journalists named, though in less degree, were constantly relied upon by the authorities for early news from the armies, and these facts well illustrate the importance of their work and its consequent influence.

Mr. Lincoln himself, and the leading men of his Administration, and those powerful leaders in Congress whose exertions and whose accomplished labors should take rank in their general results with the best services of the great commanders in the field, each maintained close and friendly relations with these representatives of the press, and looked upon the facilities of the latter for reaching the whole loyal public of the land as scarcely second to any other appliance under the control of the Government for securing support in the war.

Throughout the first years of Mr. Lincoln's term the leading press influences at Washington, without regard to party, gave strong and

active support to all war measures of the Administration. The attempt to nominate Mr. Chase in place of Mr. Lincoln, the military and political controversy over General McClellan, and his final appearance in the political field as a presidential candidate, somewhat disturbed this journalistic unanimity. The defection of President Johnson from the Republican party caused still further divisions, and while the millions from the field were quietly reëntering the walks of private life, and presenting such a spectacle in this regard as the world had never seen before, the situation at Washington, both among journalists and public men, became one of many divisions and most excited controversies. The general relations of friendship between the two classes continued, however, without marked interruption to the days of the explosions over Crédit Mobilier and kindred scandals. Up to that time Newspaper Row was daily and nightly visited by the ablest and most prominent men in public affairs. Vice-presidents, the heads of departments, heads of bureaus, the presiding officers of the two houses of Congress, and the strongest and most noted men of the Senate and of the House in this grandest period of the Republic's life, were frequent and welcome visitors in the Washington offices of the leading journals of the land. Suddenly, with the Crédit Mobilier outbreak, and others of its kind which followed it, these pleasant relations began to dissolve under the sharp and deserved criticisms of the correspondents.

To this situation succeeded long years of estrangement. Newspaper Row was gradually deserted by the class named. Intercourse between the press and the legislative branches of the Government became more formal, and each assumed relations bordering upon a war-like attitude towards the other. The executive branches of the Government shared this feeling, though in less degree, except where the scandals exposed by the press reached into some of these departments of the public service.

This condition of affairs at Washington caused corresponding changes to be gradually effected in the home offices of the leading journals, until these, upon their editorial pages, became almost as critical as their representatives in Washington felt obliged to be, and could not but be, with any regard to their duty to furnish the public with truthful news.

The climax was reached in the contest which the whole press, through its representatives at the capital, waged upon the Senate at the time of the premature publication of the Treaty of Washington. Upon this occasion the press and the Senate first joined issue in a battle over the inviolability of the executive session. It must be confessed that the Senate had as good a case as could possibly arise in such a controversy, and the press was at a corresponding disadvantage, except that the Department of State desired to have the text of the treaty made public in order that the opinion of the country upon it might be obtained. As the representative of the President in the negotiation of the treaty, this claim of the Department to a control over its text had great weight. It was, in fact, this position which made possible the procurement of the treaty for advance publication. But, as will be remembered, the press joined hands without regard to party, both in Washington and throughout the country, and drove the Senate, by mere force of bitter fighting, to abandon its case through a formal vote by yeas and nays in the presence of the nation. The victory was as if the presiding officer of the Senate had passed the venerated emblems of Senatorial prerogative into the press gallery over his head.

The bitterness engendered so many years ago was long in passing. In fact its effects remain to the present day, chiefly, however, as scars, and not any longer as irritating wounds.

There have been two rebellions on the part of the Senate against this victory for the freedom of the press in dealing with executive business, one led by Mr. Salisbury of Delaware, which ended in defeat, and a more recent one, which brought its originator and his handful of supporters something much worse than disaster; namely, failure and unmeasured ridicule. But, of recent years, the old order of things is being rapidly restored. The press congress has tripled the number of its representatives. The newspaper press of the country, without regard to party, has become, in the main, thoroughly independent in its criticisms of all public affairs and public men. In case of unjust attacks, and inaccurate news concerning matters of any moment, there are so many channels of correction open to every one that increased care is observed in the collection and dissemination of news by all journals claiming respectability.

This restoration of relations between Congress and the press began a few years since with the undertaking of regular entertainments given frequently by a club of the leading correspondents, at which, in turn, the most influential men in public life were the guests. These entertainments have now become a prominent feature of the season in the national capital. The invitations of this club to the highest in power and influence are seldom declined. This has brought about social relations which are of mutual benefit to each of these influential parties in public affairs. To be plain about the situation, public men, or rather those who control among them, are coming to their senses again.

It has been for many years a singular fact that comparatively so few of the able men of the land, in spite of their moving in daily contact with the work of the press, acquire an adequate knowledge of its machinery, and, above all, of the proper methods by which it can be used to promote their interests, by giving them the prominence before the public which they really deserve, both in their general work and in those countless minor matters which concern their immediate constituency. It seems almost incredible that this can be so, in view of the fact that there is never a day in the year when a public man cannot through Washington despatches secure the attention of the entire reading public of the land for anything which he may do which is worthy of national notice. Yet, with a machine at their command which gathers the intelligence of the Republic into one vast daily audience, not one in fifty of that unending column of public men which marches continuously through Washington—and, for the most part, on and on to political forgetfulness—ever apprehends the advantages freely extended by the press. In this respect public men are probably more ignorant than upon any other subject which so intimately concerns their political welfare. An excellent illustration of this want of ordinary knowledge will be found in the following incident. During General Grant's administration there was a senator of several years' service who had been the governor of his State, a successful general in the field, and a member of the House of Representatives. He was acquainted with many correspondents, but had never taken the trouble to familiarize himself with press methods, or the relation of specials to the Associated Press reports. The question of his reëlection was coming on, and it seemed to him that a general public notice would do him good. So he went to his old commander, the President, and obtained a very valuable interview upon a live subject of international affairs. He spent the next day in making the circuit of Newspaper Row, giving each correspondent notice, in the strictest confidence, of course, of the choice news he would bring the next day. He ended his tramp by promising the same matter to the Associated Press and its rival association. True to his promise, he made his second rounds, and dictated his interview in the same language to each. That evening the Associated Press and the specials sent the interesting matter to all parts of the country. As a result, every correspondent duplicated the matter of the Associated Press. As telegraph tolls were then three cents a word, and each newspaper had an extra bill for about twenty-five dollars for this special, the private despatches of the next morning from the home offices to the correspondents in Washington were very emphatic, but not of a complimentary character. While this is an extreme case, it well illustrates a kind of ignorance which, though not epidemic, is still prevalent.

There is a widespread idea among those in the public service that cultivating the press, as they are pleased to term it, is something very far beneath their notice. On the other hand they seem to think it the special business of the press to cultivate them, and when they find themselves left to the pale vegetation which belongs to the shadows into which they withdraw, they deem themselves ill used, and declare favoritism to be one of the most glaring faults of the press. These gentlemen of narrow vision never appreciate the fact that the field of journalistic work is far too wide to admit of many visits to individuals, and when the mountain does not come to them they never avail themselves of the plainest alternative.

In going to the mountain lies what has been referred to as the proper use of the press. If a man in the public service does anything which interests his constituents, it is to his advantage and to theirs that they should know it. The press stands ready to make it known, and finds itself repaid in having the news. If the act performed is of national interest, the Associated Press will carry it to every corner of the land. If it is local or needs comment, the specials will use it. If it is partizan, the specials of the party press will take it. In all this there is mutual advantage. One side desires the publication, the other wishes the news. But if the public prophet, in his suicidal pride, waits till his news is found by gleaners, and habitually refuses to go to the mountain, he becomes the only sufferer, since the world will manage in some way to wag on without any information about him, and meantime he will remain in comparative obscurity.

Of that small body of public men who make up the most successful class, it may, however, be said that, with few exceptions, they have made the closest study of the machinery of the press and the facilities which it offers. It is also true that this appreciation of the press, and this knowledge of its methods and advantages for communication with the entire nation, are rapidly growing among the public men of the day. This is perhaps best illustrated in the universal use of the interview by those in most prominent positions. As a general rule this is no longer the haphazard affair which it has often been. The interviews of the present, if upon subjects of any moment, are almost invariably prepared with care by those from whom they purport to come. In the rush of Congressional business, and of public affairs in general, the difficulties of obtaining hearings in the regu-

lar order are continually increasing. This has turned attention to the ease with which the country can be reached upon any subject of importance. Thus every man whose abilities give him power to command public attention finds the means of securing it at his disposal, and so the value and importance of the press are beginning to be better understood by men in the public service, and its power and influence are correspondingly increasing.

The wisest politicians are beginning to see that the old method of standing together shoulder to shoulder for the protection of those who chanced to be exposed by the press was short-sighted in a party sense and of serious injury to their own personal interests. When the party press first began its exposures of party men the serious blunder was very widely committed by the latter of rallying their forces to every possible effort in shielding and defending those whom the public had promptly adjudged guilty. From this sprang that almost universal sneering at the press on the part of public men, and especially those whose shortcomings formed the subject of criticism. To sneer at newspapers as sensational, and at truthful reports as newspaper lies, was the common form of defense for the guilty. This rapidly became the sole defense which politicians felt called upon to make even to the most specific charges. From this, in turn, arose the idea which became far too common in the land, that public men, as a class, were corrupt. While they bitterly complained of this, they failed to see that it was the legitimate result of their own prompt defense of the few whom the press justly exposed. The public reached the natural and logical conclusion that, since the majority of public men saw little to criticize in these flagrant shortcomings, and were even ready to defend them, the mass could be no better than those who had been detected and exposed. But for this mistaken policy the country never would have been misled as to the general wholesomeness of public life. An observation in Washington of more than a quarter of a century warrants the declaration that a very large majority of public men of all parties, and in all branches and grades of the public service, are strictly honest, and that the public business in all of its divisions, and under each party management, has been as honestly, as promptly, and as efficiently conducted as the most respectable private business in the land. The excuses pleaded and the defenses made for the few exceptions to this rule, on the part of political associates, have caused the opposite opinion to prevail. Public men, therefore, and not the press, have been mainly and justly responsible for any erroneous opinions which the country may have formed upon the subject.

The usual criticism of the average public man upon the newspaper press is that it is both inaccurate and sensational. As to the sensational in journalism — what the representatives of the press know in regard to the inside of national affairs and the doings of public men, and do not print, would constitute the real sensations. If any half dozen of the older correspondents in Washington should agree to sit down and send to the country upon any given night their knowledge of such affairs as are here alluded to, their narratives, which should not vary from the truth in any particular, or be in any sense exaggerated, would come as near pulling down the very pillars of the temple as anything that could be put in print. It is because of the confidence placed in men of this class of long standing and influence here that these things have never been allowed to go to the American public to shake its beliefs in men of high position, and to bring mortification and shame where it has not been necessary to inflict these in the proper discharge of duty to the public. At times party loyalty has had much to do with these suppressions; but in respect to many things known to those whose daily duties give them an insight into affairs closely hidden from the public at large, a regard for the public welfare, proper respect for exalted public office, if not for the incumbent, and pride in republican government, have each and all at times held back the hands of those who with the scratch of a pen could have unmade administrations, cabinet officers, party leaders, diplomatists in high stations, and soldiers of renown.

It is within the experience of every correspondent that many of the solemn denials made to meet charges which in their essentials were true, and which have contributed largely to the prevailing idea of inaccuracy in the press, were false denials, verging in their falsity upon moral perjury. Denials are a matter of course. Their truthfulness in a majority of cases is a matter of doubt. A large proportion of the denials to which the public is treated are themselves inaccurate, many more are quibbles, and many are false. Witness every one of the Crédit Mobilier denials. And yet, from time to time, those journalists acquainted with the facts where true statements in regard to important matters have been denied, and who were in position to establish them before the public, have for various reasons — embraced in those presented above — allowed such denials to pass without putting them to the proof.

The press makes many mistakes. The wonder is that in the rush of its presenting an epitome of the world's daily doings at each breakfast-table it does not make a thousand errors for one. It makes very few deliberately.

And many of those statements concerning which loud-mouthed and quibbling denials are often accepted are true in their essentials.

Three examples will serve to throw light on this branch of the subject. Said a man of national fame who had commanded one of the Union armies, and had been the governor of his State, and had served with distinction in Congress, in furnishing some sensational but true statements for publication: "This is exact; but if you ever give me as authority I will publicly deny your despatch."

Said a former dean of the Diplomatic Corps, in presenting a story of deep interest: "If you allow this to be traced to me, I will promptly deny any connection with it over my official signature, and leave you in the lurch."

Said a senator of many years' service both in and out of Congress, after talking at length for publication: "Yes; write it up, and print it. But be careful. If I don't like it, I will deny the whole of it."

False denials contribute quite as much to the impression which many share of the inaccuracy of journalistic work as its actual errors. The press is not immaculate, but it has as few unworthy men in its prominent positions as any other profession or occupation in the land. The work of no other is so open to publicity. There is no veil, as there is for all others, under which the press can hide its shortcomings. The sunlight by day and the search-light by night illumine the paths of all its known workers.

Instead of public men, as a body, having to complain of the inaccuracies of the press, they are, as a whole, constantly under obligation to those representatives of the press whose positions are the most prominent and best established here for the painstaking efforts to secure accuracy which characterize the greater part of journalistic work performed at the national capital.

The flippancy with which a large class of public men dismiss what they call the attacks of the press, and the superciliousness with which so many are accustomed to announce in their places, or declare in their interviews, that it is not their habit to take notice of what the newspapers may say, is but another form of the only defense which very many of them are able to make against just criticism. There is nothing truer in regard to public life in Washington, as is known to all who have facilities for closely observing it, than this, that, as a general rule, those who protest to the public the oftenest and the loudest that they pay no attention to the press are the very ones who watch its utterances most closely, and generally with more nervousness and with more cause for apprehension than any others. As a general rule, the best men, the ablest men, and all men of all parties who are straightforward in their purposes and in their lives, who perform their duties with due regard to their responsibilities and their oaths of office, are those who trust the representatives of the press the most implicitly. These, as a class, never suffer from the criticisms of the press, and it would be very difficult to point to a single man among them who has ever been persistently and unjustly misrepresented, or to whose defense the great majority of Washington writers have not constantly rallied whenever his public acts have been untruthfully assailed. As a rule, and a rule with few exceptions, those whose course will not bear the light, and who cannot stand upon their real records, are the sole ones in public life who either dread the press or suffer from it.

In the face of a very wide belief that the press observes no confidences, and that it is necessary to keep everything from its representatives with most scrupulous care, lest the public should become informed in cases where such information would be most embarrassing, it is scarcely too much to say that the only class of men in Washington who year after year are trusted implicitly, and who year after year become acquainted with matters of the greatest moment upon the condition that this knowledge shall only be used as a guide and shall not go beyond them, are the journalists.

The best illustration of the known observance of confidences of public men in high position is well illustrated by the farce of executive session. Here the Senate of the United States as a body is bound by the solemn individual oaths of its members, and by its rules, which provide expulsion as a punishment for any violation of them, not to disclose the secrets of executive session. And yet, as every correspondent of experience knows, any fact of importance can be readily and easily obtained, and no such fact has ever been divulged from the executive session except through the intentional or indiscreet talk of the Senators themselves. All efforts, and they have been many and persistent, to make it appear that the press obtains its news of executive sessions by surreptitious methods, by eavesdropping, or through the officers of the Senate, are absolutely misleading. Whatever becomes known—and, as the public is well aware, everything of consequence becomes known—escapes through the Senators in spite of the fact that they are bound by their oaths, and by the severe rules of the body, to abstain from communicating executive business to outsiders.

There is scarcely an exception to the rule that party secrets of the higher order are known to the leading representatives of the party papers, and it is a rare thing that any of

these are ever communicated beyond the circles which are the proper custodians of them. A striking example can be given to illustrate this fact.

Since the contest over the election of President Hayes was decided in his favor there have been four journalists in the United States, whose names are prominently known, who have been fully possessed of all the facts connected with the real negotiations which settled that controversy in his favor.

They have had in their possession not only what might be called the verbal knowledge of this case but documents which contain the exact propositions which led to the result then reached. No intimation of these things has ever reached the public, though there has never been a day since the decision of the matter when any one of the four could not have given all the facts to the public, and could have done this without the least violation of good faith towards the others who acted with him. It will be seen that this is a matter of no ordinary moment, and it is not too much to say in regard to it that the result finally reached in the counting of the electoral votes would surely have been attained if there had been no electoral commission, and if the much-talked-of Wormley Hotel conference had not been held. These are grave statements, but they are made with great deliberation, and with a fair knowledge of the ordinary meanings of words, and, furthermore, they are not exaggerated.

While many other striking illustrations of this branch of the subject could be given by any press representative of long service in Washington, no better one than this perhaps could be cited to prove the truth of the assertion that what the press knows and does not print infolds and veils the real sensations in American public life.

Another instance to illustrate this branch of the subject presented itself in Secretary Bristow's able and crushing campaign against the gigantic Western Whisky Ring. Fortunately, just before he undertook it, he discovered that the cipher of the department had been betrayed to members of this ring. It was impossible to fix the responsibility, and this uncertainty caused both uneasiness and perplexity. The remedy devised was to limit the knowledge of what was intended, and of all preliminary movements, to the Secretary himself and his solicitor, Major Bluford Wilson. It was further agreed that the despatches of the Department to and from St. Louis should pass in an arbitrary cipher prepared and held by two journalists, one in Washington and the other in St. Louis, and that no copy of that cipher should be furnished to any one, not even to the Secretary or the solicitor. And so it came to pass that all orders and directions which were given by the Treasury Department in regard to preparations for surprising the Whisky Ring at its work, and all information received by it from St. Louis up to the moment that the Government was ready to make seizures, were first sent to the journalists for translation and transmission in their cipher. As a result, a ring of immense proportions and influence was broken, millions were recovered by the Government, and other millions saved. Later in the case guilty men escaped because a President and Cabinet officials did not observe confidence in regard to vital points of the Government evidence.

To those unacquainted with the Washington situation it may seem strange that all matters of public concern drift with rapidity and great certainty into the hands of the press. The explanation is simple. No question can arise, even of ordinary importance, which does not affect two parties, one of them bent upon success in the matter in hand, and the other equally interested in opposition. It is almost always the case that one party or the other regards it as important to conceal the character of the transaction from the public until results are assured. On the other hand, there is generally a stage at which publicity will either insure delay or defeat, and at this point in the negotiations or proceedings the representatives of the press are almost certain to receive such portions of the case at least as will best serve the purpose of those imparting it. If the case happens to be one of moment these early and incomplete communications in regard to the matter are promptly given to the public. They cannot, of necessity, in the first instance be full, and they are not likely to be either accurate or unexaggerated. It often happens that even these partial presentations of the case secure the ends of those who are attempting to defeat proceedings, and the whole matter falls. In such case it is easily seen how such results give those who have been defeated the opportunity to make great outcry against the inaccuracies of the press, and this illustration will serve to indicate how easy it is to create impressions against its reliability.

Many public men talk glibly of the attacks of the press, as if merely to mention the matter were ample defense. The least reflection will show this use of the term to be a misnomer. Public men, through a variety of shortcomings, attack themselves. Whenever these departures from duty are accurately made known, the press is simply the mouthpiece of what the public has a right to know, and what the press is in duty bound to communicate. The so-called attacks are by public men themselves, and are

directed against themselves. The press simply records the varied attempts which these men make upon their own political lives and fortunes.

One of the most curious institutions with which the press has to deal, and with which it is continually annoyed beyond endurance, is that nondescript conglomeration in Washington which calls itself "Society." This is something entirely apart, and, generally speaking, far beneath that large number of intelligent people of common sense and permanent standing, both within and without official circles, with which the capital is more than ordinarily blessed. The small men and women who attain temporary position in the various orders of this kaleidoscopic conglomeration are perhaps those who are most deeply sensitive of the shortcomings, the exaggerations, and the inaccuracies, of the press. With these, belaboring the press is one of its callisthenics. The whole body is an auxiliary force for the common defense against the press by the use of that weapon heretofore referred to; namely, universal and persistent sneering. And so Mr. and Mrs. Fresh, glorifying themselves throughout the few months of their public existence, rapidly marching the while towards the shadows of that oblivion from which voters unexpectedly raised them, and into which voters so speedily replunge the majority of them, are often heard to remark sneeringly upon the absence of the representatives of the press from noted social occasions. The favorite form of shielding themselves is to be continually asking, whenever the paragraphs which they have written in regard to their dresses, and eyes, and hair, and general beauty, appear in the local prints, why there cannot be some decency on the part of those who conduct the press, and why people cannot be let alone, and not be given this unpleasant notoriety. It will probably never come to the knowledge of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Fresh that the representatives of the press whose duty it is to see everything have long since been through this dismal round, and long since abandoned its pathways as the most senseless use of time to which it can be put even in the national capital. These worthies will never believe that the scrap-baskets of the representatives of the press contain each month throughout the season more invitations to what is most prominent in desirable society than those who are loudest in their sneers at the press see throughout the entire term of their butterfly existence. That which gives the most curious aspect to all these outbreaks from these lower orders of society's habitués is the fact that the very large proportion of the personal notices, of which they are sure to complain in public to their friends with the air of those whose privacy has been invaded, are prepared in the handwriting of those to whom they relate. There is not a newspaper office in Washington that has not voluminous collections of this sort, wherein the only changes made before their appearance in print have been the necessary corrections in orthography and grammar. There is scarcely ever an exception to the statement that the descriptions of prominent social occasions are prepared in advance down to the minutest details of dresses, trousseaus, and presents. These paragraphs, thus furnished, are generally a wondrous alchemy which transforms everything into forms of beauty. Ordinary costumes become superb, corpse-like complexions take on the auroral glow, non-classical noses are reduced to at least bewitching retroussé forms, and generally to Grecian outlines, red hair becomes the golden auburn of ideal painters, and so down the list the various commonplace features of professional society habitués become smooth, and beautiful, and altogether lovely.

There is one class of public men who deserve especial notice. They are always numerous, though generally the least influential. They came into public position through the sufferance of their fellow men, either as elective or appointive officers, and their duties are to perform the business of the public. They immediately withdraw themselves from their creators, and in their discharge of the business assigned them proceed upon the false theory, a theory natural enough to small minds, that they are conducting their own affairs; that any inquiries in regard to the matters with which they are charged are as much an impertinence as if one should walk into a private business man's office and ask about his transactions. These look upon any knowledge communicated to the public in regard to their official duties as a sort of sacrilege, and they can never be persuaded that the public, and those who seek news for it, are not impudent to the last degree when they ask to be informed in regard to public affairs. While this is a very considerable class both in legislative and executive circles, it is fair to say that it seldom includes those in chief charge of the public business, or those who originate and shape it. It is rather confined to those who seldom have any other opportunity to make known to such as approach them that they are revolving on the wheel of the government machine. Speaking generally, the higher the rank of public men in any field of public duty, and the abler those who hold place in its various branches, the closer, more cordial, and more confidential are their relations with the public through the representatives of the press. As a rule, presidents, cabinet officers, chief clerks, the heads of important bureaus, and the

fifty or sixty men in Congress who originate and carry forward the great business of the nation, are men who at all times are approachable in the interests of the public, and who communicate, with little or no reserve, all that is proper for the public to know, and give most of the rest in confidence to all trusted representatives of the press for their personal guidance. Of late years this intimacy between those most prominent in public life and the representatives of the press has been steadily strengthening.

Through the last quarter of a century the relations of the press to the various administrations have greatly varied. While Mr. Lincoln's term was one requiring the greatest watchfulness in regard to its daily operations, and while the war, of necessity, imposed restraint of no ordinary character upon news, it is probably true that there has never been an administration which more thoroughly appreciated the advantages of the press, which confided more fully in its patriotism and its discretion, than did this Administration of the war days of the Republic. Its policy on the vital national questions then pending was generally made known in advance to those whose trustworthiness had been proved, in order that the public might be prepared for what lay in the immediate future. Often undecided questions of policy were placed before the public, in order that the Administration, before reaching its final decision, might be made aware of the sentiment of the people, and so be able to judge of the degree of support which could be depended upon if the policy in contemplation should finally be adopted. It is probably true that this wise and constant use of the press as a valuable adjunct in the conduct of public affairs was more common during Mr. Lincoln's Administration than during any one which has followed it.

As to Mr. Johnson's term, there was little cause for a definite policy on his part in regard to the treatment of the press, as there was no attempt to conceal anything. It was a rough-and-tumble, hurly-burly time, in which each day's events and each day's contests with Congress presented a mass of interesting facts which gave the press an endless variety of material from which it was free to choose the particular dishes which it would daily set before its readers. The fierce conflict between this Administration and the Republican Congress, in which the latter mainly occupied its time in attempts to chain the former securely, was as public in all its features as the struggle of the gladiators in the Roman arenas. It is, however, fair and just to the Johnson Administration to say that the press was always treated with consideration, and there was a frankness and fullness in response to all proper inquiries that left little to be desired on the part of seekers after information.

Of General Grant's long term, while it is true that a large representation of the press in Washington began its experiences with his Administration with those sentiments of high regard and patriotic pride which could not but attach to the man who had led the Union armies to final victory, it is further true that the respect of the press steadily and constantly diminished under the treatment which its representatives received, until during the closing year of his Administration there was only one Washington representative of the press, out of the hundred or more who resided permanently in the capital, who maintained cordial personal relations at the White House, or even visited it except when it became necessary.

The Administration of President Hayes in all its dealings with the press of the country was courteous and free to the last degree. There has never been a President who was more willing to furnish information upon questions of his public policy, and upon matters which he designed to communicate to Congress, than he. And while it does not follow that other administrations which were more reticent were so because of the fear that the public might learn too much of their inside transactions, it is true of Mr. Hayes that this freedom arose from the knowledge on his part that there was nothing connected with his administration of public affairs which he had any desire to conceal from the country.

General Garfield was not spared long enough to give any indications of what his policy in dealing with the public would have been.

Of President Arthur it can be said that he was always accessible, and that his relations were cordial, and in many instances extremely friendly, with the representatives of the press, and that he was credited among all of them, without regard to party, with being a faithful and excellent executive.

It is but just to President Cleveland to say that he always received its representatives with dignity and courtesy, and that there were no questions connected with his policy, or the management of public affairs in the various departments of the Government, concerning which he was not always ready to give free and full information up to the last limit of proper regard for the efficient conduct of the particular affair which might be pending.

Of President Harrison it is emphatically true that he has seriously suffered from his reluctance to have the prominent and influential part which he has exercised over public affairs from the first days of his Administration made known through the press. While no question

of public policy has engaged the attention of Congress since he took the oath of office in which he has not taken personal and active interest, and in which he has not been signally influential in shaping results, this fact, throughout the first two years of his Administration, was known to but few, and these never felt themselves at liberty to comment freely upon the subject. Hence it resulted that, until a very recent date, the impression has been widespread in the country—an impression which dissatisfied public men have not been slow to encourage—that President Harrison simply sat quietly in his office exercising the routine duties of an executive, without much further effort in the direction of originating and shaping the public policy on those grave questions of national concern which have been so numerous throughout his Administration. This false impression, shared so widely by the press of the country, has not resulted from any reticence on his part in talking with its representatives, for they always find ready access to him, and such as he has learned to trust invariably find him a free talker upon all questions of public policy, but it has arisen from the undue reluctance which he has exhibited from the first to have his own part in public affairs made the subject of free discussion. Of late there has been a wholesome change in this respect, which has resulted at once in its becoming generally known that in every prominent question of party policy President Harrison has been from the beginning of his Administration a most active, intelligent, and influential promoter of the results that have been attained.

Is the press immaculate? By no means. Do all connected with it appreciate the grave responsibilities which their limitless facilities for reaching the public should impose upon them? Again the answer must be an emphatic no. Have public men no reasonable grounds of complaint? Undoubtedly they have. But the sweeping judgment which too many of them pass upon the representatives of the press as a body has in it the same elements of unfairness and injustice as exist in the wide opinion that public men as a class are corrupt. With the latter the exact opposite is true. As a class they are honest. So with journalists; as a class they are careful and conscientious.

The erroneous judgments of public men and of members of the press spring from the same cause; namely, visiting the shortcomings of the few upon the many. In the one case the fact that party men, as a rule, unite to shield those detected in wrong creates a general opinion that the class is corrupt. In the other the fact that there is too much toleration by the press of its libelers and sensation-mongers gives excuse to public men for their sweeping charges. In a word, the most effective foes of the press are those of its own household. It is fully able to deal successfully with all others; it should be abundantly able to crush these.

It is not fair to judge the great mass of faithful, honest, and patriotic public servants by the shortcomings of the few. It is equally unjust that the body of able, painstaking, and conscientious journalists should have imposed upon it the stamp of its despicable orders. This would be as unfair as to judge the legal fraternity by its shysters, the pulpit by those who dishonor it, the earnest and honest leaders of parties by their criminals, or the magnificent courage of great armies by their cowards.

The journalistic situation in Washington is doubtless fairly representative in character. Aside from the great news associations, about a hundred leading newspapers of the country have special representatives at the national capital. As a body they have attained and deserve enviable rank for ability, for wide knowledge in the intricacies of public affairs, for high purpose, and for honest and courageous work. Unfortunately, in their ranks are a few shysters, lobbyists, and sensationalists. The latter are mainly cheap scribblers for a class of cheap newspapers whose managers regard cheapness and sensation as the chief essentials of journalism. While the general standards of correspondence are constantly improving, this latter element, which is of recent growth, is demoralizing to the last degree. Because this handful of men is tolerated by second-class newspapers, journalism as a whole is lowered in the estimation of public men. The press has the remedy in its own hands, and it should remorselessly apply the caustic which will cleanse this ulcer.

The press is constantly improving its facilities for dealing with national topics. Very little Washington correspondence in regard to live matters any longer goes by mail. The number of journals which lease special wires is increasing. The leading cities are now thus connected with the capital. This brings the editor's rooms at home and the Washington offices into as convenient relations as if they were adjoining. Editorials on national subjects now go by wire to many journals as fully as news. Thus the field of journalism and the springs of its influence are rapidly enlarging. Its daily audience embraces the readers of the Republic. To these, year after year, it carries a daily message. It does the thinking for many millions of them. With all its imperfections, who shall calculate its vast influence for good?

H. V. Boynton.

AN ESCAPADE IN CORDOVA.

THE first day he contented himself with merely glancing my way as I emerged from the door of my lodging, following me with his eyes until I disappeared around the corner of the narrow street that leads to the Moorish mosque.

Then he took to raising his hat with quite the air of a hidalgo, standing uncovered on the narrow sidewalk until I passed, expressing by this simple courtesy a sort of silent apology for occupying my premises.

I always returned his salute, wishing him good day with great gusto, adding occasionally the desire that the good God would go with him during its sultry hours. Such graceful compliments tend to make life more enjoyable in old Spanish cities.

But he never addressed a word to me in reply, only bowed the lower, his eyes fixed upon mine, his whole manner suggestive of a wistful desire for closer acquaintanceship. To this was added a certain fearless independence which banished at once all thought of offering him alms.

I began to wonder who this very courteous, very silent, and very friendly young man might be. I began also to count over the various possible and impossible motives which might influence him to become a fixture on the right of my doorstep every morning when I started out with my empty sketch-trap.

It was plainly evident that he belonged to the better class of Spaniards and not to "the people." You could see that in his finely chiseled features, and in the way his clothes, though slightly the worse for wear, fitted his graceful, slender figure. You saw it also in his winning mouth, full of white teeth, shaded by a dark mustache with just curl enough to suggest the Don Juan—ready for fan, slipper, or blade. And yet with all this there was a certain air of sadness about him that enlisted your sympathy at sight.

The swarthy landlady who peered through the lattice-blinds had never seen him before, and expressed, rather pointedly, I thought, the hope that she never would again. The picador who during the bull-fights occupied a room on the floor above mine charged down upon him very much as he would on a wounded bull, and returned to me, waiting behind the half-open door, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, a lifting of his eyebrows, and the single word, "Nada!" ("Good-for-nothing").

Still the silent young man continued to occupy my sidewalk, to bow with his hat to the ground, and to follow me with his eyes around the corner of the narrow street that led to the Moorish mosque.

Then a break occurred in the daily program. I had forgotten my brush-case, and ran back into the house, leaving my white umbrella and trap on the doorstep. When I emerged again into the blinding sunlight they had disappeared. I instinctively sought out my silent young man. He was standing in his customary place, hat off, my trap in one hand, the umbrella under his arm.

"My friend, you have my trap."

"Yes, señor."

"Why?"

"It is too heavy for the painter. Let me carry it."

His voice was so gentle, his face so honest, his manner so courteous, his desire to serve me so apparent, that I surrendered the brush-case at once; had it been filled with doubloons I would have done the same.

"What is your name?"

"Manuel."

"Why are you always here?"

"To wait upon you."

"For what?"

"To keep from starving."

"Have you had no breakfast?"

"No; nor supper."

Below the mosque there runs a crooked street lined with balconies hooded with awnings shading tropical plants, and now and then a pretty señorita. At the end of this street is an arcade flanking the old bull-ring. Through one of its arches you enter the best café in Cordova.

To see a hungry man eat has always been to me one of the most delightful of all the expositions of the laws of want and supply, to assist in equalizing these laws the most exquisite of pleasures. I exhausted my resources on Manuel.

He had a cup of coffee as big as a soup-bowl. He had an omelet crammed full of garlic. He had a pile of waffles smothered in sugar. He had chicken livers broiled in peppers and little round radishes, and a yard of bread, and, last of all, a flagon of San Vicente. All these he ate and drank with the air and

manners of a gentleman, smoking a cigarette throughout the entire repast, as is the custom, and talking to me of his life — his people at home, his year at the military school at Toledo, of the unfortunate scrape which ended in his dismissal, of the anger of his father, of the beauty and devotion of the girl who caused it all, and of his coming to Cordova to be near her. Who does not recollect his own shortcomings in the hot, foolish days of his youth? I could see it all; hardly twenty, straight as an arrow, lithe as a whip, eyes like coals of fire, cheeks like a rose, and his veins packed full of blood at fever-heat.

He had watched me painting in the plaza the week before and had followed me to my lodgings, hoping I would employ him to carry my trap, but had been too proud or too timid to ask for it until chance threw it in his way. He would be glad to carry it now all day to pay for his breakfast.

Manuel was a prize. He would supply the only thing I lacked in this most charming of Spanish cities — a boon companion with nothing to do. I made a bargain with him on the spot — so many pesetas per week, with three meals a day, he to occupy the other side of the table.

It was delightful to see him when the terms were concluded. His face lighted up, and his big brown eyes danced. Now he could hold his head up. His father perhaps was right, but what could he do? Florita was so lovely! Some day I should see her; but not now; I would not understand. His father by and by would relent and send for him. Then he would take my hand and place it in his father's and say, "Here is the good painter who saved my life and Florita's."

We ransacked Cordova from end to end: into the mosque at twilight, sitting in the shadows of the forest of marble columns stretching away on every side; up into the tower, where the pigeons roost; across the old Roman bridge; along the dusty highways on the outskirts of the old city crowded with market people; through the streets at night, listening to the tinkling of guitars and watching the muffled figures under the balconies, and the half-opened lattices with the little hands waving handkerchiefs or dropping roses; everywhere and anywhere; in every nook and crack and cranny of this once famous home of the hidalgo, the cavalier, and the inamorata with the eyes of a gazelle and the heart of fire.

Manuel loved it all. He loved, too, strange to say, all things quaint and odd and old, and in his enthusiasm had rummaged every sacristy and priest's house for me in search of such treasures. Indeed there was hardly a purchasable vestment or bit of embroidery in the city that he had not bargained for, and my rooms gave daily evidence of his success. One morning he came dancing in, bubbling over with delight, and swinging around his head a piece of brocade that would have made the mouth of an antiquary water. This he gravely informed me had once belonged to the figure of the good saint, the Santa Teresa, who had worn it for some hundreds of years and who had parted with it the night before for ten pesetas. The sacristan who acted as her agent had replaced the exquisite relic with some new, cheap lace, explaining that it was the good saint's feast-day, and he therefore was especially desirous of presenting her properly to her devout admirers.

One subject, however, by common silent consent was tabooed — the whereabouts of the sweetheart who had made him an exile. I knew that she was young, graceful as a doe, seductive as a houri, and beautiful beyond compare. I knew that she loved Manuel wildly, that he idolized her, and would starve rather than desert her. I knew also that she lived within a stone's-throw of the café; for Manuel would leave me at breakfast to kiss her good morning, and at midday to kiss her again, and at sundown to kiss her once more good night, and would return each time within ten minutes. I knew also, of course, that her name was Florita. All this the young fellow told me over and over again, with his face flushed and his eyes aflame; but I knew nothing more.

One night of each week was always Manuel's. Any part of any other night, or all of it, for that matter, was mine, and he was at my service for sight-seeing or prowling; but Saturday was Florita's.

Except on festival nights, Saturday, of all nights in the week, is the gayest in all the Spanish cities, for then the cafés are in full blast, filled not only with the city people, but with the country folk who come to market on that day. These cafés have raised platforms, are edged by a row of footlights, and hold half a dozen chairs for as many male and female dancers. Here you see on gala nights the most bewitching of all the sights of Spain — the Spanish dances.

What music is to the Italian dancing is to the Spaniard. Float along through any of the canals of Venice and listen: everybody is singing. The woman in the window of the wine-shop over the way is humming Verdi's "Miserere." The idler on the quay below joins in the anthem, and in five minutes more the whole water-way is ringing with the sublime harmony of that masterpiece. Turn out into the Grand Canal and so on into the Lido. The boats from Chioggia, fish-laden, are drifting up to the marble front of the Public Garden, and the air is filled with the melody of some refrain a hundred

years old. It is the language of the people; they think, talk, vibrate in music.

In Spain the outlet is through the toes, and not only through the toes, but the feet, the ankles, legs, up and through the spinal column, out along the arms to the very finger-tips, every nerve, tissue, muscle, and drop of blood in their swinging, pulsating bodies tingling to the rhythm of the dance. Under the influence of this magic spell a man with one eye and a crooked leg, head bound with a red handkerchief, jacket and waistcoat off, will transform himself into an embodiment of grace and expression. He will give you whole columns of description with his legs, avenge the forlorn heroine with the small of his back, and deal death and destruction to the villain with a twist of his head. It is the condensation of the opera, the drama, the pantomime, and the story-teller. Pictures, harmonies, books, the platform, and the footlights have their own well-worn roads to your brain; this language of the toes plows a furrow of its own.

On this particular Saturday night Manuel had taken himself off as usual, and I was left to follow my own free will alone. So I strolled into the garden of the mosque, sat me down on one of the stone seats under the orange trees, and watched the women fill their water-jars at the old Moorish well, listening meanwhile to the chatter of their gossip. When it grew quite dark I passed out through the Puerta del Perdon, turned to the right, and wandered on aimlessly down a narrow street leading to the river. Soon I heard the click of castanets and the thrum of guitars; there was a dance somewhere. Pushing aside a swinging door, I entered a small café. The room was low-ceiled, apparently without windows, and the air stifling with cigarettes. The customary stage occupied one corner of the interior, which was crowded to the very walls with water-carriers, cargadors, gipsies, hucksters, and the young bloods of the town. They were cheering wildly a black-eyed señorita who had just finished her dance, and who was again at the footlights bowing her acknowledgments. She made a pretty picture in her short yellow skirts trimmed with black, her high comb, and her lace mantilla, her bare arms waving gracefully. I found a seat near the door, called for a bottle of San Vicente, and lighted a cigarette. At the adjoining table sat a group of young fellows drinking Aguardiente. It is a villainous liquor, and more than a thimbleful sets a man's brain on fire. They were measuring theirs in tumblers. When at a second recall the girl again refused to dance, the manager explaining that she was very tired, the young caballeros began pounding the table with their glasses, shouting out in angry tones, "La señorita! la señorita!" When for the third time the tired girl advanced to the platform's edge and bowed her regrets, one of the group sprang forward, leaped upon a table, and with an oath dashed the contents of his glass over her bare shoulders. A frightened shriek cut the air, and the next instant a heavy carafe filled with wine grazed my head, struck the ruffian full in the face, and tumbled him headlong to the floor.

Instantly the place was in an uproar. Half a dozen men sprang past me, one waving an ugly knife, made a rush for the table in my rear, and threw themselves on a young fellow who had thrown the carafe, and who stood with his back to me swinging its mate over his head like a flail. Then came a crash, another Spaniard sprawled on the floor, and a flying figure dashed past and bounded over the footlights. As he plunged through the curtain in the rear I caught sight of his face. It was Manuel!

Grasping the situation, I sprang through the door and reached the sidewalk just as the police forced their way past me into the scattering throng. A few sharp orders, a crash of breaking glass, a rattling of carbines on the floor, and the tumult was over.

Humiliated at Manuel's deception, and yet anxious for his safety, I hid myself in the shadow near a street-lamp with my eye on the swinging door, and waited. The first man thrust out was the ruffian who had emptied his glass over the dancer. His arms were pinioned behind his back, his head still bloody from the effects of Manuel's carafe. Then came a villainous-looking cutthroat with a gash across his cheek, followed by three others, one of whom was the manager.

The mob surrounded the group, the prisoners in front. I crouched close until they disappeared in a body up the street, then crossed over, and swung back the door. The place was empty. A man in his shirt-sleeves was putting out the lights.

"There has been a row?" I said.

"Unquestionably."

"And some arrests?"

"Yes, señor."

"Did they get them all?"

"All but one."

"Where is he?"

The man stopped, grinned the width of his face, and, thrusting up his thumb, waved it meaningly over his left shoulder.

Manuel had escaped.

For half the night I brooded over the unfaithfulness of human nature. Here was my hero telling lies to me about his Florita, spending his Saturday nights in a low café engaged in vulgar brawls, and all over a dancer. I began to consider and doubt. Was there any such fair creature at all as Florita? Was there

any implacable father? Had Manuel ever been a student? Was it not all a prearranged scheme to bleed me day by day and, awaiting a chance, rob me, or worse? A man who could escape unhurt, surrounded as he had been, was no ordinary man. Perhaps he was simply a decoy for one of the numerous bands of brigands still infesting the mountains; and I remembered with a shudder the forefinger of the Englishman forwarded to his friends in a paper box as a sort of sight-draft on his entire bank-account. I began to bless myself that mere accident had warned me in time. I would pick up no more impecunious tramps, my heart and pocket-book wide open.

When the day broke, and the cheery sun that Manuel always loved streamed in my windows, the situation seemed to improve. I thought of his open, honest face, of his extreme kindness and gratitude, of the many delightful hours we had spent together. Perhaps, after all, it was not Manuel. I saw his face only for a moment, and these Spaniards are so much alike, all so dark and swarthy. He would surely come in an hour, and we would have our coffee together. I dragged a chair out on the balcony and sat down, watching anxiously the turn of the street where I had so often caught sight of him waving his hand.

At eight o'clock I gave him up. It was true; the face was Manuel's, and he dared not show himself now for fear of arrest. Then a new thought cheered me. Perhaps, after all, he was waiting at the café or, it being Sunday, was late, and I would meet him on the way. I ran downstairs into the sunlight and stopped at the corner near the church, scanning the street up and down. There was no one I knew except the old bare-headed beggar with the withered arm. Manuel often gave him alms. He bowed as I passed, stood up, and put on his hat.

Near the café at the bottom of the hill stands a half-ruined archway. It can be reached by two streets running parallel and within a stone's-throw of each other. As I passed under it the beggar, to my astonishment, started up as if from the ground. He had followed me.

"You are the painter, señor?"

"Yes."

"And Manuel's friend?"

"Certainly; where is he?"

He glanced cautiously about, and took a scrap of paper from inside the band of his hat. It bore this inscription,

"I am in trouble; follow the beggar."

The old man looked at me fixedly, turned sharply, and retraced his steps through the arch. My decision was instantaneous; I would find Manuel at all hazards.

The way led across the plaza of the bull-ring, through the market, up the hill past the little mosque,—now the church of Santa Maria, the one with the red marble altar,—and so out into the suburbs of the city, the beggar keeping straight ahead and never looking behind. At the end of a narrow lane dividing two rows of old Moorish houses the mendicant tarried long enough for me to come nearer, glanced at me meaningly, and then disappeared in a crack in the wall. I followed, and found myself in a square patio, overgrown with weeds, half choked by the ruins of a fountain, and surrounded by a balcony supported by marble columns. This balcony was reached by a stone staircase. The beggar crossed the overgrown tangle, mounted the steps, swung back a heavy green door with Moorish hinges, and waited for me to pass in. I drew back. The folly, if not the danger, of the whole proceeding began to dawn upon me.

"I will go no further. Where is the man who sent you?"

The beggar placed his fingers to his lips and pointed behind him.

At the same instant a blind opened cautiously on the floor above, and Manuel's face, pale as a ghost, peered through the slats. The beggar entered, closed the heavy door carefully, felt his way along a dark corridor, and knocked twice. A shriveled-up old woman with a bent back thrust out her head, mumbled something to the beggar, and led me to an opening in the opposite wall. Manuel sprang out and seized my hand.

"I knew you would come. Oh, such a scrape! The police searched for us half the night. But for old Bonta, the beggar here, and his wife we would have been caught. It would kill my father if anything should happen now. See, here is his letter saying we can come home! Oh, I am so grateful to you! You see it was this way. It was Florita's night, and I—"

My heart turned sick within me. Florita's night! If the poor girl only knew.

"Don't say another word, Manuel; you are in a scrape, and I will help you out, but don't lie about it to me of all men. If you love the dancer, all right; breaking a carafe over a fellow's head in a café, and all for a pair of ankles, may be—"

"Lie to you, señor!" said Manuel, flushing angrily, and with a certain dignity I had not seen in him before; "I could never lie to you. You do not know."

"I do know."

"Then Bonta has told you?" and he looked towards the beggar.

"Bonta has not opened his lips. I saw it all with my own eyes, and you may thank your lucky stars that you were not sliced full of holes. What would Florita say?"

"Florita? Ah, I see!" said Manuel, springing forward, pushing open the door, and calling out:

"Florita! Are you there? Come quick!"

A hurried step in the adjoining room, and a young girl came running in.

It was the dancer!

"What could I do, señor? What would you do if your own wife had been so insulted? See how lovely she is!" And he kissed her on both cheeks.

What would I have done? What would you have done, my friend, with that startled shriek in your ears, and that frightened face appealing to you, her great eyes wet with tears, her white arms held out to you?

My hair is not quite so brown as it was, and the blood no longer surges through my veins. I am cooler and calmer, and even phlegmatic at times; and yet had Florita been mine, I would have broken a carafe over every head in Cordova.

While he was calming her fears, kissing her cheeks, and patting her hands, the whole story came out. Day after day he had hoped that his father would relent. One word from him, and then I need never have known how the dainty feet of his pretty young wife had helped them both to live. This is why he had kept it from me.

That night a painter, with a pretty Spanish cousin, and a servant carrying his coat and traps, occupied a first-class carriage for Toledo. The painter left the train at the first station out of Cordova, shouldered his trap and coat himself, and took the night express back to his lonely lodgings. The servant and the señorita went on alone. When the train reached Toledo an old Spaniard with white head and mustache pushed his way through the crowd, took the servant in his arms, and kissed the pretty cousin on both cheeks.

Then a high-springed old coach swallowed them up.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

MASKS.

A CERTAIN friend of mine whose daily praise
Was in the mouths of men once startled me
By what he said when I, like all the rest,
Cried up his virtues and his blameless life.
In this wise speaking: "Stop! you madden me.
You and the crowd but look to what I do,
And when you find me righteous and the law
Ne'er broken, why, you make a loud acclaim,
Holding me guiltless and a perfect man.
But tell me, friend, whether of two is best:
To let a spite eat slowly to the heart,
Making no outward sign, rebelling not,
Or, by an honest spurt of wrathy blood,
To mass the hate of many brooding years
Into one right-arm blow, and so be quits?
To speak in terms immaculate and nice,
Yet curse in speechless thoughts, to clean forswear
All lewdness, yet go lusting secretly?
To render weight for weight, yet grudge the coin
Flung to a beggar-lad — in brief, to find
My soul the nesting-place for divers sins,
And still walk on in smug and seemly guise?
I tell thee, there are times I hear a voice
Say very clear, though softly, in myself:
'T were better if you sinned right openly
Than let the vileness stew within your mind
And pass your properness upon the world,
Knowing the while the arch hypocrisy
That takes the name of angel where, instead,
Devil hits nearer to the truth.' Ah me!"
Here, staying words, he sighed a heavy sigh;
And, musing on, I strolled, debating how
Mere masking tricks us all, and somewhat sad
To learn the inner history of one
Whose common title with the world was "saint."

Richard E. Burton.

PRO PATRIA.

IN MEMORY OF A FAITHFUL CHAPLAIN.[1]

I.

EREWHILE I sang the praise of them whose lustrous names
Flashed in war's dreadful flames;
Who rose in glory, and in splendor, and in might
To fame's sequestered height.

II.

Honor to all, for each his honors meekly carried,
Nor e'er the conquered harried;
All honor, for they sought alone to serve the state—
Not merely to be great.

III.

Yes, while the glorious past our grateful memory craves,
And while yon bright flag waves,
Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, the peerless four,
Shall live forever more;

IV.

Shall shine the eternal stars of stern and loyal love,
All other stars above;
The imperial nation they made one, at last, and free,
Their monument shall be.

V.

Ah yes! but ne'er may we forget the praise to sound
Of the brave souls that found
Death in the myriad ranks, 'mid blood, and groans, and stenches—
Tombs in the abhorred trenches.

VI.

Comrades, to-day a tear-wet garland I would bring,
But one song let me sing,
For one sole hero of my heart and desolate home;
Come with me, Comrades, come!

VII.

Bring your glad flowers, your flags, for this one humble grave;
For, Soldiers, he was brave!
Though fell not he before the cannon's thunderous breath,
Yet noble was his death.

[1] The chaplain referred to lost his life through taking upon himself the visitation of the army smallpox hospital near the camp of his regiment, the 40th N. Y. Volunteers, at Brandy Station, Virginia, April, 1864.

VIII.

True soldier of his country and the sacred cross,
He counted gain, not loss,
Perils and nameless horrors of the embattled field,
While he had help to yield.

IX.

But not where 'mid wild cheers the awful battle broke,—
A hell of fire and smoke,—
He to heroic death went forth with soul elate —
Harder his lonely fate.

X.

Searching where most was needed, worst of all endured,
Sufferers he found immured,—
Tented apart because of fatal, foul disease,—
Balm brought he unto these:

XI.

Celestial balm, the spirit's holy ministry,
He brought, and only he;
Where men who blanched not at the battle's shell and shot
Trembled, and entered not.

XII.

Yet life to him was oh, most dear,—home, children, wife,—
But dearer still than life,
Duty — that passion of the soul which from the sod
Alone lifts man to God.

XIII.

The pest-house entering fearless — stricken he fearless fell,
Knowing that all was well:
The high, mysterious Power whereof mankind has dreamed
To him not distant seemed.

XIV.

So nobly died this unknown hero of the war;
And heroes, near and far,
Sleep now in graves like his unfamed in song or story —
But theirs is more than glory!

R. W. Gilder.

THE AUTHOR.

THE author turned on his couch uneasily as he was dictating the final paragraphs of his story. His wife sat writing at a table by the window. In the little square far down below them there were signs of spring; the first touch of warmer weather had been felt, and the trees were beginning to bud out timidly. The afternoon sun fell aslant the floor in long lines of feeble light. The invalid looked out towards the west and caught a glimpse of the floating clouds reddening as the day waned. He gazed at them as though anxious to borrow their golden hues to color his words.

His wife finished setting on paper the last sentence he had dictated. She waited silently for the next, but in a moment she looked up.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, when she saw the look on his face.

"We shall have another glorious sunset today," he answered. "How lucky it is that we live so high up in the air that we can see them."

"Shall I raise you up?" she inquired hastily.

"Not yet," he responded; "I must finish the story first. Where was I?"

She took up the sheets of manuscript which lay before her and replied, "I had just written this: 'In morals, as in geometry, the straight line is the shortest distance between two points; and John Strang never swerved from the swift path. He was alone, but a true hero needs no other witness than his own conscience —'"

"I know, I know," the author interrupted; "a couple of hundred words more and the work is done. I 'm going to wind it up short and sharp, and give the reader a real surprise. 'He strode forward fearlessly. Out of the darkness there came to meet him —'"

Having begun again to dictate, the sick man with an obvious effort braced himself as he lay, and continued until he reached the end of the tale, pausing but for an instant now and again to find the fit word, at once simple and strong, to carry his meaning. The last few sentences fell from his lips swiftly, tumbling one over another in the haste of their maker to be at the goal of his desires; and his amanuensis had to let her pen speed over the paper to keep pace with her husband's rapid speech. At last the story-teller concluded, "So it came to pass that John Strang conquered himself, and thus he was spared the knowledge that the saddest of all joys is a satisfied vengeance." The tension of his task relaxed all at once, the author fell back on his pillow, and the westering sun cast a rosy light on his pale, thin face, with its eager eyes and its determined mouth. He watched his wife while she wrote this final sentence, and then he said, "That is all."

She numbered the page she had just completed, and laid it on top of the others.

His eyes followed her movements wistfully, and then he looked anxiously into her face, as though waiting for her judgment on his labor.

When he found that she was intent on sorting the pages in order and did not speak, he broke the silence himself.

"I 'm afraid it is not very good?" he said tentatively.

She looked up and smiled at him proudly.

"It is one of the best things you have ever done," she declared.

The color on his cheeks deepened a little,—but perhaps the sun was responsible for this,—and the light came back to his eye.

"I 'm afraid that it is not very new," he returned doubtfully.

"It is the old, old story," she rejoined firmly, "and that is always new and always true; and it always will be as long as there is an honest man and woman in the world."

"The whole thing is so fresh to me now," he said, with a hint of rising confidence in his weary voice, "that I don't know anything at all about it. By to-morrow I shall be ready to call it poor stuff, I suppose. If it is good for anything, I shall not find it out until I get the proof from the magazine."

"Where are you going to send it?" asked his wife.

"To 'The Metropolis,' I think," he responded. "They read there more promptly than anywhere else, and they pay better, too."

"They did n't give you much for that last story of yours they took," she rejoined.

"Well, they did n't like that story very much, and perhaps they were right," he said. "After it had been out a month or so I went in and looked over the scrap-book of newspaper notices, and hardly one of them said a word about my story."

"What does a newspaper man know about literature?" asked the author's wife, indignantly.

"You know that they spoke to me about writing a serial for them; that shows that they like my work," said the author, "and perhaps this story will please them better. I think the fight ought to be popular; I tried to make it a good fight—"

"And you did," she interrupted; "I got so excited over it I could hardly write."

"I wished to have it a good fight in itself," he continued, "and at the same time typical of the eternal strife of good and evil. Yet I don't know whether I really want anybody to suspect the allegory or not. I think I like stories best when the moral is quite concealed."

"You have n't flaunted your moral in the reader's face, if that 's what you mean," she returned. "But it 's there all the same; and I don't doubt it 'll do good too. I like the man; he 's a gentleman and a man at the same time. And I could fall in love with the heroine; she 's lovely, and noble, and womanly, and feminine, too!"

He looked her full in the face, and there was a touching sweetness in his voice as he said, "How can I ever draw any other kind of woman — when I have so fine a model before me?"

She rose from the little table by the window and crossed over to his couch. He held out his hand,— a long, delicately modeled hand,— and she clasped it. Then she bent over and kissed him.

The author smiled up at her again, though a sudden twist of pain stiffened the lines of his face, and beads of chill perspiration began to form on his brow. She knew the signs of coming suffering, and her heart sank; but she still smiled at him with her mouth and her eyes as she moved away to prepare the medicine it was now time for him to take.

THE EDITOR.

THE ample offices of "The Metropolis," an illustrated monthly magazine, filled a floor of a broad building in Broadway. The publisher, with his assistants and with half a score of bookkeepers and clerks, occupied the front of the loft, and the editorial rooms and the art department were crowded together in the rear of the building. The private office of the editor-in-chief was to be reached only by passing through the rooms in which sat his associates, and he was thus in a measure protected from the intrusion of the bores and the cranks.

One Monday morning towards the latter part of May, two or three weeks after the author had made an end of dictating the story to his wife as he lay on his customary couch of pain, the editor sat in this inner office in consultation with his principal assistant.

"Have you got the schedule for the midsummer number there?" asked the editor.

His assistant, whose duty it was to "make up" the magazine, handed the editor a sheet of paper strangely ruled and half covered with penciled notes.

"I want to see if we can't make room for this story," said the editor, taking a folded manuscript from the little hand-bag he always carried to and from his own house, where he absented himself often that he might read the more important contributions at leisure.

"How long is it?" asked the assistant.

"Between eight and nine thousand words," the editor answered. "It is a breezy, outdoor thing, well suited to a summer number, and there 's a fight in it that will be a relief to the quietness of the serial. In fact, this story will help to balance the midsummer fiction in a way I like."

"Well," responded the subordinate, "we can get it in, if you insist, although it will be a tight

squeeze to pack in nine thousand words. Must it be illustrated? That 'll make it all the harder."

"One picture will be enough, at any rate," the editor rejoined.

"Then I think I see how to work it," said the assistant, after consulting the schedule. "We 'll put the picture at the end of the second cut form and run in a plain form next. That ought to do it nicely; and of course we can tuck in a poem to fill up the last page if we have to."

"All right," assented the editor.

The assistant added a few suggestions, words and figures, to the schedule; and then he looked up and remarked: "The artist will have to hump himself if we are going to get the plate in time for the midsummer. That comes out the last week in July, and here we are near the end of May. All the other cuts are done; at least they told me yesterday they expected the last one in to-day."

"There 's that new man just back from Paris," said the editor, "that pupil of Gérôme's they have been talking about in the art department. They might let him do it."

"I don't believe that the public really likes those impressionist scratches," the assistant responded; "but they say this man is a quick worker, and he is anxious for a job. I suppose we can risk it."

"Then you had better talk to them about it this morning," the editor declared, "and see that he gets the manuscript at once."

The assistant took the flat package of folded paper and began to discuss another subject: "Don't you think we ought to have a taking title for that yarn about yachting in the Pacific? How would 'From China to Peru' do?"

THE ARTIST.

THERE is a little restaurant in a little house on a little street not far from a cluster of studio-buildings, and one of the many young artists who intermittently frequent it once called it "The Fried Cat," and by that picturesque but doubtful name the little restaurant has ever since been known.

The specialty of "The Fried Cat" was a fifty-cent dinner, wine and coffee included. This was served in three little rooms, opening one into the other and containing perhaps a score of small square tables.

On a rainy evening in the last week of May a dozen or so of these tables were occupied. At one of them, near the open French windows that looked into the little yard behind the restaurant, sat three young men smoking their cigarettes with their coffee. The tallest of them was the artist who had recently returned from Paris, where he had studied at the Beaux Arts under M. Gérôme.

"I hear you are working for 'The Metropolis,'" said one of his friends, a young poet who supported himself by editing a society weekly.

"They 've been after me to do something for them ever since I got back," responded the artist, rolling a fresh cigarette and lighting it with the stump of the old one. "I don't care much to do black-and-white. Color is my stronghold, you know, though I 'm not afraid of line. But I wanted to collar the dollars, and besides it 's good practice."

"What is the story like?" asked the poet.

"The story?" echoed the artist. "Oh, the story is n't much. At least I don't care for that kind of stuff—heroism, you know,— Romeo and Juliet, and all that sort of thing. But there 's a fight in it, a fight on a lot of sand-dunes, and I 've done them a regular Cazin. It is n't easy to get real *plein-airiste* effects into a black-and-white, but I think I 've got 'em this time."

"Is it done already?" inquired the third man at the table, a sad-looking young fellow who wrote comic sketches for the weekly papers.

"Oh, yes," answered the artist. "I glanced over the story last night, and this morning I got me a model, and I knocked off the sketch in two or three hours."

"Oils or pen-and-ink?" the poet queried.

"Oh, oils, of course," the artist responded; "and they are going to process it like those 'Tartarin' things, you know."

"How will it come out?" the humorist asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said the artist, "and I don't much care. I 'm to have my sketch back, and if the cut is n't good I can make a water-color of the subject for one of the fall exhibitions. I believe I could make a lovely water-cooler of it—*tout pourri de chic*, you know."

THE PRINTER.

EARLY in June there came a spell of intensely hot weather such as often lends unexpectedness to the New York spring. Nowhere were the effects of the heat more unpleasant than in the long, low rooms where worked the compositors employed by the company that printed "The Metropolis." Pending the completion of a spacious building in the course of construction next door, the whole force of the large printing establishment was crowded into

three adjoining private houses hastily and incommodiously altered to serve as a makeshift while the new edifice was going up. Even at midday in June, when the longest day in the year was close at hand, the light was insufficient; and the men who stood in their shirt-sleeves at the tall cases near the middle of the narrow room had to rely for illumination on flaring gas-jets that added to the heat of the loft and to the foulness of the air.

When the shrill whistle announced the end of the noon hour of rest, a huge, blond German printer took his place beneath one of these gas-jets and grumbled as he gazed down at the sheets of manuscript he had taken from the copy-hook. These were pages of the story the author had dictated to his wife.

"Was fur schreiben sind diese?" he growled as he examined the fine and delicate calligraphy of the lady. "Himmel! vy don'd dese Amerigan women write like Ghristians? Vas dere effer such scrieben als diese? Ugh! Und I come in late, dinkin' I might ged a fat take on dat cyglobedia! Vell, I must vollow gopy, I suppose; it is bud four or five schdigs I have."

Still grumbling, he hung the sheets of manuscript on a hook at the head of his case and took up his composing-stick. As he was adjusting his broad spectacles over his solid nose to see what he was to set up, the gas-jet over his head flared up and then went out suddenly.

"Ach, himmel!" cried the printer in disgust, as he tried to set the gas-fixture in order. "Das arbeitet nicht. Muss mann es fixiren!"

THE PUBLISHER.

On the last day of June a full set of sheets of the midsummer number of "The Metropolis" were laid on the desk of the publisher of that magazine; and he spent an hour or more in examining them carefully and in deciding upon the best means of calling to them the attention of the public.

Three or four times the publisher came back to the story which the author had dictated and which the artist had illustrated. At last he touched a bell and told the boy who came in response to this summons to go to the assistant editor and to request that the assistant editor would please be so kind as to come in to see the publisher on his way out to lunch.

Towards one o'clock, when the assistant editor came in, the publisher asked, "When do you send out your literary notes about the midsummer number?"

"Between the 15th and 20th, I suppose," answered the assistant editor. "There are lots of good things in the midsummer to hang a note on."

"If it 's just the same to you," the publisher continued, "I wish you would n't send out a note about the story this picture illustrates," and he pointed to a full-page drawing wherein two men were engaged in deadly combat on a strip of sand running out into the sea.

"We don't often make any preliminary announcement of mere short stories, you know," the assistant editor explained.

"Then that 's all right," said the publisher. "You see I don't want to seem to bear down too hard on any one thing. Now I like this picture. It will make a first-rate poster."

"That 's so," assented the assistant editor, seeing at once the effectiveness of the scene for the purpose of arresting the vagrant attention of the casual magazine-buyer at a news-stand or in a book-store.

"And if I use the picture on all our posters," the publisher explained, "it seems to me better to say nothing about the story in the advance notes."

THE CRITIC.

The night before the midsummer number of the magazine was published, copies were sent out to the daily newspapers for review. In the office of the "Gotham Gazette" the magazines of the month were regarded not as literature but as news. They were not criticized by one of the literary critics of the journal, but by one of the minor editorial writers of the paper, who was wont to run rapidly over the pages of every review and monthly magazine as it arrived, submitting to the managing editor any article which seemed likely to furnish a text for a column of brevier, and penning a hasty paragraph or two in which he recorded the impressions of his cursory perusal.

Thus it was that on the morning of August 1st the "Gotham Gazette" printed upon its editorial page in solid minion these words:

The midsummer number of "The Metropolis" is neither better nor worse than the conductors

of this admirably illustrated magazine have accustomed us to. The frontispiece is a portrait of William Dunlap, who helped to found the National Academy of Design and who wrote a history of the theater in America; the face of the picture is interesting but rather weak, and the accompanying article is weak and not interesting. "From China to Peru" is the illustrated record of a daring voyage in a ten-ton sloop, almost as good as one of Mr. Robert White's delightful marines. An anonymous writer discusses "The Natural History of Games," and shows how modern scientific theories account for the survival of the sports best fitted for a given people at a given time; thus the game of poker, for example, seemingly invented by brave fellows of Queen Elizabeth's day (when it was known as Primero), was revived in the very nick of time to serve the needs of the Argonauts of Forty-Nine. The "Hills of the Sky" is a pleasantly written and amply illustrated account of the colony of authors and artists at Onteora in the Catskills. Under the modest and somewhat misleading title of "The Strange Misadventures of a Blue Pencil" a member of the staff of the "Gotham Gazette" contributes a fresh and picturesque description of the making of a great daily newspaper. In "Pasticcio" — the new department for humorous odds and ends — there is a rather pretentious screed, "On the Wise Choice of a Mother-in-Law," which some readers will doubtless consider funny.

Mr. Rupert de Ruyter continues his serial, "The Poor Islanders," which is now seen to be a rather bitter attack on British "society"; Mr. de Ruyter is best known as a poet, but this novel shows that he is a master of prose as well. The rest of the fiction in this number of "The Metropolis" does not call for comment; perhaps the best of the three short stories is a rather high-flown, semi-realistic tale of young love triumphant, an old enough story, but yet told with a certain freshness.

TWO YOUNG READERS.

On the first Saturday evening in August there was a gathering of young people in a house built on a rock and projecting its deep piazzas over the waters of Narragansett Bay within sight of Point Judith. The owner of the place had sons and daughters, and these sons and daughters had each a friend; and so it was that there was a houseful of company, and that the easy laughter of young men and maidens filled the broad hall and the wide parlors. There had been lawn-tennis all the afternoon on the smooth sward which sloped gently away on one side of the house, with its grass almost as greenly beautiful as the close-cropped turf of England; then there had been a late dinner enlivened by the humor of a young lawyer, a comrade of the eldest son, and able to leave the city only from Friday to Monday; and now there was a little music in one of the parlors, where a group was gathered about a piano singing the old war-songs and the older college-songs, and changing from "Marching through Georgia" to "Lauriger Horatius."

The young lawyer from New York had strolled out on the piazza with the eldest daughter of the house, his junior by two or three years. The young people walked to and fro before the open window of the parlor where the others were making merry. He was a handsome young fellow, with hopeful eyes and a resolute mouth. She was a good-looking girl, thoughtful and yet lively.

As they walked they talked of trifles — of the weather, of the tennis that afternoon, of the city election the next fall, of the moonlight which silvered the waves that washed the rocks below them.

"There is the night boat," he said, pointing to a dark shape in the distance sparkling with electric lights and speeding swiftly over the water towards Point Judith.

"Is n't this like a scene in the theater?" she returned. "It is so beautiful that it seems unreal."

"Suppose we go out to the summer-house and take it all in?" he suggested.

One of the piazzas extended beyond the house to the very verge of the rocks, and here there was a summer-house, with a hammock swung from a pair of its posts.

"Had n't you better get into the hammock?" he asked when they had reached the summer-house. "You have been playing tennis all the afternoon."

"But I 'm not a bit tired," she responded as she settled herself in the network and began to swing lazily in the moonlight. "And yet this is restful, I confess."

Just then the group about the piano in the parlor a few yards behind them changed from "Rally Round the Flag" to "Come where my love lies dreaming."

The moonbeams fell on the clear, pale skin of the girl in the hammock, and the young man thought he had never seen her look so lovely; and the desire to tell her how much he loved her, and to tell her that very evening, at once, and without dangerous delay, arose within him irresistibly.

"This is really delightful," she said, when the silence had lasted a minute or two, "to swing here in the moonlight on a Saturday night,

when the work of the week is done. Don't you like it?"

"I?" he responded. "Don't I!"

"Then take a chair and sit down to enjoy it."

"To hear is to obey," he answered, and he drew forward a camp-stool. As it came out of the shadow something fell from the seat. He stooped and picked it up.

"It 's only a magazine," he explained.

"Oh, yes," she returned, as a faint flush came into her cheeks. "It 's 'The Metropolis,' is n't it?"

"Yes," he answered, glancing down at the magazine in his hand; "it 's the August number."

"I had it out here this morning," she continued hastily, "to read that story you were speaking about last night."

"The one I had read in the train coming here?" he returned. "I remember now. And how did you like it?"

"It was splendid," she responded with interest. "There was too much fighting, but it was thrilling, and the hero was a real hero."

"Well, I thought he was more of a real man than most of the heroes we see in books," the young lawyer replied.

"Of course the girl was a goose," the young lady went on.

"Oh!" cried the young man, a little taken aback. "Do you know, I rather liked that girl?"

"Oh, no!" persisted the occupant of the hammock, sitting up suddenly. "I 'm sure you did n't! I don't see how any man could ever *love* a creature like that. Could you?"

"It is easy to answer that question," said the young man, as his heart gave a bound. "I could love only one woman in the world; I do love only one woman; I can never love any other."

Then he paused for a moment. The color went out of her face, but she said nothing.

"You know who she is," he went on passionately; "you are not blind. You know that I love *you*."

Here he dropped on his knees beside the hammock and seized her hand.

"I love you!" he repeated fervently. "Can you love me a little?"

She made no answer in words, but there was a clasping of the hand he held. Then he threw his arms about her as she lay in the hammock and kissed her.

The music still went on in the parlor; the moonlight still danced across the waves; the night boat was still visible in the distance; the external world was still what it had been but a minute ago; yet to the young people in the summer-house life had never seemed so fair before.

ONE OLD READER.

THE next Saturday was a day of intense heat; it was the last and worst of five days of inexorably rising temperature; it was a day when every man who could fled from town as from a fiery furnace. In the afternoon, as the great stores closed, tired shop-girls and salesmen came forth limply rejoicing that their half day's work was done. In the side streets, where the tall tenement houses towered aloft, weary mothers strove in vain to soothe their fretful children. The horses of the street-cars staggered along hopelessly, as though they knew that for them there was no surcease of labor. Even when the fleeting twilight began to settle down upon the city there was no relief from the heat.

About seven o'clock that evening a little old maid was riding in a car of a line which twisted about through noisome neighborhoods, ill-kept and foul even in winter, and now well-nigh suffocating. She was a trim little old woman, neatly dressed, well shod, properly gloved. She was obviously well-to-do, and if she lingered in town in the thick of the heated term it was at the call of duty. Ever since a rebel bullet had made her a widow before she was a wife the little old maid had given herself to works of charity; and it was in midsummer, when most of the charitable people are away, that she had the heaviest demands upon her. She took but a scant vacation every year, and it was taken always in Lent.

On that hot and intolerable Saturday evening in August the little old maid was returning from a day of unselfish and unpleasant toil in a tenement house where she had been serving as a volunteer nurse. She was worn with the work and glad of the restful motion of the car. She held in her hand a magazine — the midsummer number of "The Metropolis"; but the jaded horses had drawn her for nearly half a mile before she opened its pages. Even when she finally took it up she turned the leaves with tired inattention until a chance sentence in a short story caught her eye:

"The future is not rosier to youth than is the past to age."

Then the little old maid turned back to the beginning of the story which the author had dictated to his wife, and she read it through with unflagging interest. When she had come to the end at last she laid the magazine on the

seat beside her and looked out of the window in front of her. But she did not see what was before her eyes—the high tenements, the enticing bar-rooms, the scrap of green square. She was not conscious of those who rode with her. She never noticed when her neighbors left the car, and when the vacant place on her right was taken by a small boy.

Her thoughts were over the hills and far away—over the hills of the years and far away in the past. A tale of youth and love, of bravery and manhood, had carried her back to her own brief love-story—to her own hero who had gone to the war a score of years before—who had gone and never come back. She lived over again that final parting with her young soldier-lover, whose unfound body was lying in a nameless grave in a hollow of Malvern Hill.

A sudden jolting of the car as a truck crossed the track, and the little old maid awoke from her day-dream. A glance at the street told her that she had come too far, and that she had passed the point where she wished to alight full fifteen minutes before. She signaled to the conductor to stop the car again.

As she rose she recalled the story which had thus entranced her, and she turned back to the seat where she had left it. But it was no longer there. The small boy had seen his opportunity; he had seized it; and he and the little old maid's copy of the midsummer number of "The Metropolis" had gone off together.

She sighed, and then she smiled; and on her way home on foot she stopped at a newsstand and bought another copy for the sake of the story she had read already.

ANOTHER READER.

In those days—for it was some fifteen years after the war that the story which the author had dictated to his wife was printed in the midsummer number of "The Metropolis"—there was a certain Indian reservation stretching for a hundred miles and more on each side of a great stream. Through the reservation and down this river one day towards the end of August there came floating a birch-bark canoe paddled by two stalwart Indians, and containing also two white men. They were young fellows, both of these, and they had come to spy out the land. They were engineers—the pioneers of civilization in the new West.

There had been heavy rains, and the river was high in its banks. A last shower had passed over them only an hour or so before. From the woods on each hand came the delicious fragrance of the forest after a rain, and a fresh breeze blew down with the current.

"How much further is this blacksmith's ranch?" asked one of the young men, who had spent two years on the Pacific coast, where everything is a "ranch," from an orange grove to a hennery.

He was the elder of the two, a tall, handsome young fellow; his companion was thickset and red-haired.

The Indian paddling at the bow turned to his comrade in the stern and spoke a few words in his guttural vernacular, and when he had received a monosyllabic answer, more of a grunt than an articulate sound, he replied:

"Soon be there now. 'Bout a mile more, think."

"The sooner the better," the young engineer returned. "I sha'n't be sorry to get my head under a roof for one night, even if it does n't rain again as it did last evening when we camped. There were times then when I thought the bottom had dropped out of the sky."

"Are you sure the blacksmith can take us in?" asked the other white man.

"Sure," replied the Indian, never pausing in his rhythmic paddling.

In the heart of the reservation there lived one white man, a blacksmith, paid by the United States Government to do such odd jobs as the Indians might desire. His cabin was high up on a bluff almost hidden by clustering trees from the eyes of the young engineers in the birch-bark even when their Indians ceased paddling and tied the canoe to the bank.

"Does he care for company?" one of them asked, as the four men stepped out of the light craft.

"How?" inquired the Indian who answered most of the many questions the young men were forever putting.

"Will he want to see us?" said the white man, shaping his inquiry anew to suit the mind of the red man.

"Sure," the Indian answered. "Want to see me sure. I am brother of one of his wives."

"*One* of his wives?" cried the Californian engineer. "How many wives has he, then?"

"Two now. Three once. One dead," was the sententious response.

"Oh!" said the engineer, thinking it best to push his inquiry no further.

Although concealed from sight, the log cabin of the bigamist blacksmith was scarce a hundred feet from the bank of the river. Half way up the Indian brother-in-law gave a peculiar cry.

In less than a minute a young and rather pretty Indian woman came flying down the

path in eager delight. A second and older squaw also advanced to meet them, and offered to carry the guns the young men had on their shoulders. The two engineers of course refused, but the two Indians allowed the women to relieve them of their burdens.

Brother and sister exchanged a few brief sentences, and then the Indian turned and said: "He home. He glad to see you."

And the blacksmith was glad to see them — glad as only a white man can be who does not gaze on a face of his own color a dozen times a year.

"Come right in, boys," he cried as soon as he caught sight of them. "Come right in an' make yerselves at home. I am, an' I want ye should be. Put down yer traps, and the women shall get ye somethin' to eat. Ye won't be goin' on again this evening?" he added anxiously.

"Not if you 'll keep us all night," answered one of the young men.

"That 's hearty," he responded cordially. "I 'll keep ye a week ef only ye 'll stay. It 's glad I am to see ye. These women o' mine are sosherble enough,— they 're ez sosherble ez they know how,— but after all they ain't white."

He was a large man, tall and generously built; his voice was deep and full; his ample beard was streaked with gray, and so was his shock of hair. He was perhaps fifty years old.

"An' what might you two boys be a-doin' here?" he asked after he had made them comfortable.

"We are engineers," one of them answered, "and we are —"

"Engineers, eh?" he interrupted. "Well, I worked in a machine-shop myself once. But what are ye doin' out here — there 's no engines out here?"

The young man who had been in California explained that although they were employed by a railroad they did not run a locomotive.

He listened intently, but obviously failed to understand.

"Well," he said at last, "whatever ye 're here for, ye 're welcome. An' now we'll have supper, and a snifter of old rye and a pipe after it."

When they had finished supper the blacksmith pushed aside the largest log on the hearth, and, taking up a burning stick, he lighted his pipe and settled back for an evening of enjoyment.

Unfortunately the two young men had been kept up for several preceding nights and they were overburdened with sleep. The warmth of the fire, the ample meal, and the glass of liquor had weighted their eyelids despite their desire to keep awake for the sake of their host.

After he had been answered at random once or twice, as one or the other of the engineers roused himself with an effort, the blacksmith saw what the matter was.

"You two boys are sleepy," he cried, "an' here I am, like a hog, a-keepin' ye up."

"We are a little drowsy, I confess," admitted one of them; "but we can sit up with you as long as you like."

"I allow I 'd better get ye off to bed ez soon ez I can, or else I 'll have to carry ye," he returned, mastering his disappointment with easy good nature. "Here 's the bunk the women have got fixed for ye; turn in now, an' turn out early in the mornin', an' we 'll have a talk then."

The young men thanked him and made ready for sleep. The old man stood over them as though there was something more that he wished to say. At last he remarked, in a deprecating way: "Ye have n't, either of ye, a paper ye could lend me overnight — a paper or a book? I ain't had anythin' to read for a mighty long while now. Ef ye 've got anythin' let me have it now, an' I 'll give it back to ye in the mornin'. I ain't sleepy to-night, an' I 'll take it all in — ef ye 've got anythin'."

The engineers felt in their pockets, and the young man who had been in California drew from his overcoat a copy of the midsummer number of "The Metropolis."

"We have n't this morning's paper, I 'm sorry to say," he answered, smiling as he proffered the magazine, "but here 's the last 'Metropolis,' if you 'd like to see it."

"'The Metropolis?'" queried the old man.

"It 's a magazine," explained the engineer; "there are stories in it, and pictures, and all sorts of things."

"Thank ye," the blacksmith rejoined as he took the thick pamphlet. "Pictures, eh? Well, I like pictures too. Sometimes these newspapers and books are chock full of long-tailed words that get away from me."

With that the young men bade him good night, and as they turned into their bunk they saw him sitting by the fire with "The Metropolis" open in his hand.

And when they arose in the morning there sat the blacksmith by the fire still grasping "The Metropolis," still intent upon its pages.

When he saw them he got up and came forward.

"There 's a power of good readin' in this magaziny o' yours, an' there 's one story there done me good to read."

The young man who had been in California pondered for a moment and then said, "The story with a fight in it? — the one about the seashore and the hillside?"

"That 's it," the blacksmith declared. "I

ain't read any other, an' I don't want to — now. That 's a story, that is, a real story, like the stories I used to hear as a boy — out of the Bible, mostly. I 'd like to have met the man that fought that way."

"The hero of the story?" asked the inquirer.

"Well, he was a hero, for a fact," the old man responded; "he had sand in his craw, that fellow. He was a man ye could tie to. Of course the girl was true to him; she could n't help it. A girl that would n't wait for a man like him would n't be any good."

This assertion was emphasized by a resounding slap on the thigh of the speaker.

"The editor of 'The Metropolis' is my cousin," said the younger of the engineers. "I 'll ask him to tell the author that his story has found appreciation out here in the backwoods."

"The author?" repeated the blacksmith. "That 's the fellow who wrote it, eh? Well, he 's a man, too! And he ain't any city fellow either, I 'll bet ye. He knows the woods too well for that. He 's lived out-doors, he has."

Then the pretty little squaw appeared and stood shyly before them.

"That means breakfast 's ready, I reckon," said their host.

After they had broken their fast the young men lingered a while, smoking with the blacksmith and enjoying his talk.

When they were about to push off the engineer who had been in California handed "The Metropolis" back to their host, saying, "I wish we had something better to leave with you to remember us by. But won't you keep this?"

"I 'll take it and thank ye," answered the blacksmith, heartily. "Now I can read that there story again."

A READER OF ANOTHER SORT.

EARLY on the morning of the last day in August, in the huge yard outside of the railroad station at Buffalo, two women were engaged in cleaning out a parlor car which had arrived from New York late the night before, and which was to start on its return journey at ten o'clock that forenoon.

In a dark corner of the car, where the sleepy porter might easily overlook it, one of the women found a magazine. It was a worn and ragged copy of the midsummer number of "The Metropolis." The woman took it to the window and turned its leaves with unintelligent looks.

"What 's that ye have?" asked the other woman from the far end of the car, pausing a moment in her task of polishing the windows.

"It 's a paper or a book, I don't know," responded the finder of the magazine. "It 's pictures into it. I 'll be takin' it home to the boy. He do be wild now and then readin' a piece in the paper."

This was said not without a certain maternal pride.

"An' can the boy read?" asked the other cleaner, going back to her work.

"He can that!" responded the boy's mother, folding the magazine and thrusting it into the huge pocket of her dress. "He reads as fast and as easy as the teacher herself, and him only going to school this six months."

"An' how old is the boy now?" inquired the other, crossing over to polish the windows on the opposite side of the car.

"It 's fourteen he 'll be this next week," the mother replied. "He 's the only one of six that 's left to me now, and it 's a good lad he is too, barring a bit of wildness now and then that he gets from his poor father."

And with that she went out on the platform to polish the nickel-plated ironwork. She was a woman of fifty or thereabouts, good-natured and plain-featured, hard-working and worn by hard work.

When her long day's labor was over she went home to her boy. They lived together in two little rooms in a shanty over a grog-shop not far from the yard of the railroad. As she mounted the rickety stairs, she was surprised at the unwonted silence in the room that served them for kitchen. Generally the boy was home before her, and he had the fire started in the stove and the water in the kettle to boil; and often he came to the yard to meet her. When she entered the kitchen that last hot evening in August, when even the sunset breeze from the lake was sultry and feeble, there was no boy waiting for her, no fire laid, no water a-boiling.

But she had scarce taken off her bonnet when there was an eager footstep on the trembling stairs, and the boy broke into the room joyously.

"I could n't help being late, mother," he cried; "I got a job from a gentleman down on Main street, and he kept me till now. And, just think! He gave me half a dollar — a silver half-dollar, all in one piece."

And with that he took the coin from his pocket and tossed it in his mother's lap.

"It is a half-dollar, sure enough," said his mother, after biting the edge of the coin with Old World caution.

"And this is Saturday night, mother," her

son went on hastily, "and you won't have to go to work till Monday, so I want you to spend part of this money for yourself and get something good for to-morrow's dinner — a steak, for instance — a steak and onions! You will, won't you, mother? — just to please me?"

The mother smiled back at him. "Well," she said, "I 'll see what I can get when I do be going out the while."

"And I 've got good news too, mother," the boy continued. "I 've got a place! — at least I think that I 'm going to get one. The gentleman I did the errand for — he 's a lawyer — asked me if I wanted a steady job, and I said yes, and I 'm to go to his office on Monday at nine o'clock, and he 'll see if I suit."

"That 's good news, for a truth," she returned. "An' I 've got something you 'll be liking to see, too."

"What is it?" he cried, slipping his arm around her and kissing her.

She put her hand into her pocket and took out the magazine and handed it to him. "It 's something to read," she said.

He opened it eagerly and turned the pages with delightful anticipations. "There 's a lot of reading here, and I 'll have such a good time a-reading it."

Seeing his ardent pleasure, the mother busied herself about the supper, lighting the fire in the stove and filling the kettle herself. When the meal was ready she called him; for a moment he did not hear, so absorbed was he with the magazine.

"There 's all sorts of good things in that book," he said as he took his place at the table — "pictures, and poetry, and how a man sailed across the Pacific — don't they have big waves out there! Ever so much bigger than I 've seen on the lake! There 's stories, too. I 'd just begun one of them. I picked it out because there was the picture of a fight in it and I wanted to know which licked."

As soon as he had eaten his supper the boy lighted the little kerosene lamp and sat down again at the story, losing himself in it at once and becoming wholly oblivious of all things else.

The mother cleared off and washed up, and then went out to buy their Sunday's dinner with the money he had given her.

When she returned he was still intent on the story, and in a few minutes more he came breathlessly to the end.

"O mother," he cried, "this is a splendid story! It 's the best story I ever read!"

"Is it, lad?" she answered wearily, but smiling.

"Sit down and let me read it to you," he went on.

"Not to-night," she answered. "I 'm that sleepy I could n't listen to anything."

"To-morrow, then," he urged.

"To-morrow, if you like," she rejoined.

And when to-morrow came the boy read her the story as best he could, puzzled now and again by a chance polysyllable, but struggling through bravely.

"He do read beautiful," was the mother's comment, more interested in the reader than in what he was reading.

When he had made an end and looked up all aglow with enthusiasm, she said, "It 's a fine story, no doubt."

"A fine story, mother?" he echoed. "It 's great. It 's true. That 's the kind of man I 'd like to be. That 's the kind of man I mean to be, too."

"I hope you won't be fighting a duel then with swords, and getting killed."

"He was n't killed," the boy retorted: "he killed the other man. And he did n't want to fight either, only he had to. He was a hero, that man. I can't fight, I suppose; but I can try to be as noble as he was, and as good."

"You are a good boy now," said his mother, kissing him.

On that Sunday afternoon the boy read the story again, for the third time, all to himself, and he made a solemn resolution to model himself on the hero. He felt as though the vision of that ideal would nerve him for the battle of life.

And so it came to pass. The boy went to the lawyer's office on Monday, and he stayed there till he grew to be a man. That story lingered fresh in his memory, and its hero was as the young man's guardian angel.

He developed true manliness, energy, character, and ability. He became a lawyer himself, and on the death of the senior partner of the firm to whose office he had come as a boy he was taken into partnership, although he was scarcely of age. Outside of his profession he broadened also and grew in stature. At a time of trouble he made himself the mouthpiece of the railroad men, whose claims he knew to be just, though the directors of the company refused to accede to them. To profit by the popularity thus obtained his party nominated him for the Assembly. By the advice of his partners he accepted the nomination, and by the help of the independent voters of his district, by whom he was known and respected, he was elected. His first thought was for his mother; he wished that she had lived to see him thus honored by his fellow men; he knew how happy and how proud it would have made her.

The boy had grown to be a man, yet he was the youngest member of the Assembly that year; indeed he was hardly old enough to vote. When he came to clear up his room before going to

Albany he found in the bottom of a drawer in his desk an old, worn, frayed magazine — the midsummer number of "The Metropolis" that his mother had brought home for him from the parlor car. He sat down and read the story again, for perhaps the twentieth time; and he recognized again that it had been the inspiration of his life. Then there came to him a desire to tell the author all that the story had been to him, how it had molded his whole life.

The boy went to New York as soon as he could spare time from his new duties at Albany and inquired for the author, only to find that he had died suddenly a fortnight after his story had been printed in the midsummer number of "The Metropolis."

Then the boy, a boy no longer, sat down and wrote a long letter to the author's widow; and she thrilled with pleasure when she heard how her husband's last work had been as a lamp to a man's feet.

Brander Matthews.

THE WOOD-MAID.

WHY will ye bring me your bold, brown faces,
Crowned with the leaves of my plundered wood?
Why will ye lurk in the low, leafy places,
Peering and jeering, and wooing me rude?

You frighten the bee from the linden blossom,
The doe in the dell, and the shy wooddove,
The hare in its haunt, and the heart in my bosom,
With all your talking of love, love, love.

Here I live merry until you beset me;
What the birds sow is the harvest I reap.
Here I live merry till you come to fret me;
The heart in my bosom I keep safe asleep.

With the wit of your words to your will you would bind me,
As you bind the wings of the meek wooddove;
In a snare, like a hare, you would wound me and wind me,
And bind me to the service of love, love, love.

Is love as sweet as the bloom the bee knoweth?
Is love as deep as the deep streams run?
Is love as pure as the wind when it bloweth?
Is love as true as the shining o' the sun?

I 'll loose my locks to the free wind's blowing,
I 'll give my cheek to the sun and the rain,
I 'll give my image to the clear stream's showing,
But I 'll give not my lips to the lips of a swain.

Go hunt the bee with the sweet spoil laden!
Go hunt the hare, and the doe, and the dove!
Come not a-hunting a poor, merry maiden,
With all your mocking of love, love, love.

Come, Wind, kiss me! kiss and forsake not!
Smile to my smiling, thou constant Sun!
Heart in my bosom, wake not, wake not,
Till streams in the forest forget to run!

Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

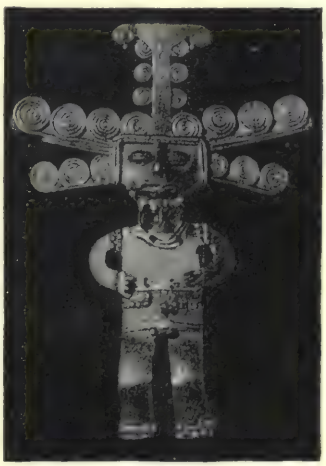
GOLDEN IMAGE.

WHO WAS EL DORADO?

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE RUIZ-RANDALL COLLECTION.

"Yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city
Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado."
Paradise Lost. Book XI.

THERE is nothing obscure in the etymology of this Spanish phrase, which means literally "The Gilded"; yet to such an extent has it been abused that few know that it originally related to a man and not to a country. In the latter sense it has been applied to almost every gold-bearing district encountered in America since the discovery; and there is scarcely a mining camp in our Far West but has named its richest lode or most popular resort, whether grog-shop, billiard-saloon, or theater, Eldorado. As early as the sixteenth century it served to designate an imaginary region abounding in gold and precious stones in the interior of South America; but prior to this acceptation it had become a synonym for the most remarkable legend of the New World, the supposed eastern proximity of which invested its unexplored territory with the glamour of Oriental romance. The term was, indeed, an appellation of royalty, and El Dorado, perhaps, a veritable king, whose daily attire is said to have been a simple coating of aromatic resins followed by a sprinkling of gold-dust blown through a bamboo cane. But before we examine further the origin of this splendid fable, let us make a brief research into the times of the gilded monarch, which will be found illustrated by engravings of various products of the skill and industry of his people. These unique objects were collected by Mr. Gonzalo Ramos Ruiz, an enthusiastic archæologist of Bogotá, who has devoted many years to the study, and a small fortune to the acquisition, of the antiquities of Colombia. His valuable collection, comprising 2,000 pieces of pottery, 300 images of gold or copper and 80 of wood or stone, was recently purchased by Mr. W. W. Randall, late United States Consul at Sabanilla.



GOLDEN IMAGE.

GOLDEN IMAGE.

The rich regions of the Aztecs were discovered in 1519, and the conqueror of Montezuma was already returning to Spain when Pizarro set sail for Peru. In 1532 the empire of the Incas was entirely overthrown; while in 1536 there still existed, unknown to the world, upon the high tablelands of the eastern cordillera of the Andes an agricultural people composed of more than a million souls, possessing populous cities, fortified places, and paved roads; an established priesthood with temples, altars, and sacrifices; an organized, hereditary government and a standing army; an approximate computation of time; and various industries, and no little intelligence in husbandry. Over this growing civilization of the Chibchas the conquest swept like a hurricane, devastating villages, archives, manufactures, and cultivated fields —dispersing the

GOLDEN IMAGE.

GOLDEN IMAGE.

bones and annihilating the traditions of the miserable Indians. In the course of a few years they were deprived of their independence, their chiefs, their liberty, and even of their language, at the hands of the most cruel, blind, and persistent persecution; their very name was stricken from the catalogue of existing nations, their descendants were condemned to complete oblivion of their origin, while the antiquarian was left in the doubt and confusion of fabulous ages with respect to events which immediately preceded this epoch. The hurriedly written narratives of the conquerors speak of the grandeur of the "Valley of Castles"—Bogota, so called because of the high edifices of its cities; of the extensive salt mines of Zipaquirá; of the potteries of Tinjacá, and especially of the great riches, the golden decorations, and the upright mummies covered with fine mantles, that were inclosed in the temple of Suamoz, the principal sanctuary of the Chibchas. Nor were these descriptions exaggerated. In our day there have been found in ancient sepulchers the most delicate cotton fabrics, well-preserved mummies, elaborately carved wooden articles of furniture, exquisite vases of baked earth, often imitating the human form and the figures of animals, and an infinite variety of golden ornaments and images. Beyond doubt the Chibchas had attained the third place in the civilization of aboriginal America; yet volumes have been written upon the Aztecs and Incas, while the name of this enlightened contemporary is almost unknown. They are said to have been denominated Chibchas because of the frequent recurrence of the syllables "chi" and "cha" in their tongue, but Humboldt calls them Muiscas or Moscas. According to the distinguished historian Acosta (whose excellent work has been freely consulted and often translated in the preparation of this paper), the term *muisca* merely signified "people" in their language, and *mosca* (Castilian for "fly") was probably a corruption of the former, or may have been applied to these Indians because of the great number that appeared before, and endeavored to stay the progress of, the handful of Spaniards led by Quesada. As successful as Cortes or Pizarro, unlike them, this famous captain was never rewarded with the coveted marquisate of Spain, and has lacked the master hand of Prescott to portray the thrilling incidents of his no less remarkable conquest.

Upon the arrival of Quesada, the principal ruler of the Chibchas was the *zipa*, whose capital was near the present city of Bogota; but each province or tribe had its *zaque*, which title was corrupted by the Spaniards into the *cacique* of the Antilles, perhaps from a fancied similarity of both to *sheik*, and their belief in the Eastern rather than the Western origin of these tribes indicated by the ancient Mexican and Peruvian traditions. The government of these chiefs was despotic and the sovereignty hereditary, but the succession was established in a sister's sons to the prejudice of their own, which, Irving observes of a similar practice in Hispaniola, was "a simple but sagacious mode of maintaining, in some degree, the verity of descent." The zipa, although rivalling King Solomon in the number of his *thiguyes*, had only one legitimate wife, to whom the law gave the dying privilege of exacting from her royal husband an oath of chastity for five years—a power of posthumous revenge which is said to have secured her affectionate regard during life. Upon his death his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth were filled with emeralds, his richest ornaments were hung about his neck, and the body was placed in the trunk of a palm tree lined with sheet gold; but after six days of mourning he was secretly buried by the oldest priests, with provisions, arms, clothing, and such of his women and slaves as, having first been asphyxiated, desired to accompany him. A like regard for the fancied material comfort of the departed obtains today among the North American tribes; and Ovid writes of his time, that "Wreaths, a few grains of salt and corn scattered in the earth, a bit of bread moistened in wine, and violets planted above the tomb, were sufficient to appease the shadows." And all are familiar with the immolation of the Indian

GOLDEN IMAGE.

GOLDEN IMAGE.

widow upon the funeral-pile of her husband. The modern Hindu is content to offer a bit of thread to the dead, saying, "May this mantle, woven of wool, prove an acceptable offering in thine eyes."

The successor to the zipa was closely confined in his youth and carefully educated, and before being permitted to exercise certain preliminary functions vested in him was more severely tempted than good St. Anthony. The Chibchas considered licentiousness the worst enemy of justice, and the ability to control his passions the greatest virtue in a prince. They likewise declared that those who offered sacrifices to the gods should be free from all sensuality, and their priests were required not only to vow eternal celibacy but to submit rigorously to the laws of chastity. They were subjected to a harsh diet and frequent fasting in the *cuca*, or seminary, where they were instructed in their national traditions, the computation of time, and the meaning and purpose of their religious ceremonies.

GOLDEN IMAGE.

According to the Chibchas the creator of the world was Chiminigagua, who, though obscure and indescribable himself, caused enormous black birds to fly throughout the universe and to distribute light, which they carried in their beaks. Then there came out of Lake Igagué, near Tunja, a beautiful woman called Bachue, carrying a male child in her arms, from which pair all mankind are descended — the Chibchan Eve, it was said, giving birth to many children at a time in order to populate the world quickly. Their principal deity was Bochica, whom they considered the universal god, while Chibchacum was the especial protector of their nation. When the latter, becoming offended with his chosen people because of their excesses, produced a disastrous flood, Bochica appeared, heralded by a rainbow, and, striking the environing mountains with his golden rod, made an outlet for the angry waters by forming the celebrated cataract of Tequendama. He then compelled Chibchacum to bear the enormous mass of rock thus dislodged, and the earthquakes that are so common in these regions were long said to be caused by the shifting from one shoulder to the other of poor Chibchacum's burden. This tradition, as related by Humboldt, attributed the flood to Chía, the beautiful but malignant wife of Bochica, who was punished by being converted into the moon; and as Xue, one of the names of the god, signified the sun, and Chía the moon, these two celestial spheres may be considered as embodying the good and evil principles of their theology.

Nencatacoa was the Chibchan Bacchus, and presided over their orgies. They made no offerings in his service other than *chicha*, an undistilled liquor of fermented corn and honey still a favorite beverage, which they drank; and as a birth or a death, a feast or a famine, a victory or a defeat, were indifferently signalized by a general debauch, it is inferred that, like his Roman and Greek prototype, he was the most popular of gods. In their principal fêtes, buffoons were employed to divert the multitude; but the music furnished upon these occasions was of so mournful a nature that the entire assemblage often wept. To-day the native airs of the Indians retain this characteristic, and their *bambucos*, either played upon a Pandean pipe of reeds and other national instruments or sung, are of the most melancholy and weird description.

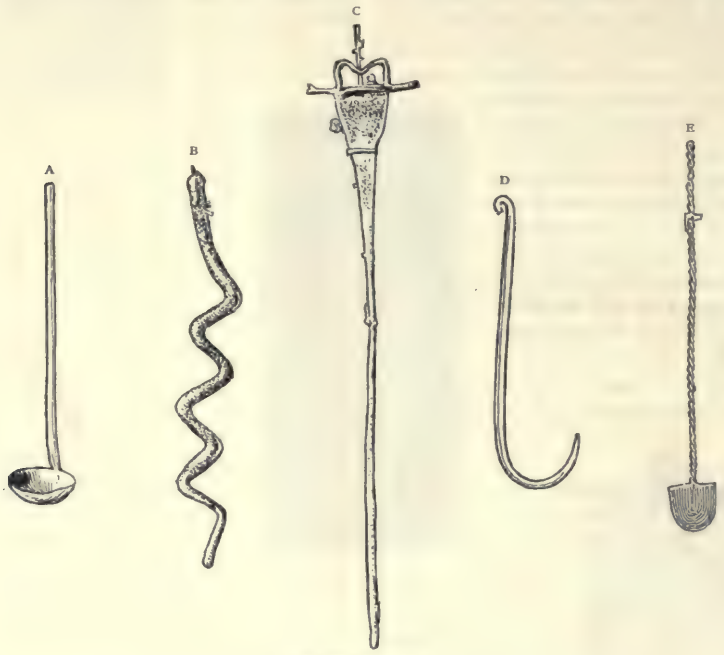
Their betrothal and marriage ceremonies were quite as rational as modern usage in this respect. The aboriginal Corydon sent Phyllis one or more mantles, and if the gift was received, he seated himself in the doorway of her house until she brought him a gourd of chicha, which she first tasted and afterward gave him to drink as a sign of acceptance. They were married by a priest, and during the ceremony were required to stand face to face, with their hands upon each other's shoulders. The bride was asked if she would prefer Bochica to her husband, the latter to her children, and if she would love these better than herself; also if she would abstain from eating if her lord were hungry, and go to him without being called. These questions having been answered affirmatively, and the groom having

GOLDEN IMAGE.

said that he would take the woman, they were pronounced man and wife. Both sexes wore mantles and painted, but the mantles were differently arranged. Upon special occasions the women are said to have confined their naked bodies in golden corsets, like their sisters of Cueba; while the bright plumage of tropical birds, which adorned their heads, vied in brilliancy with ear- and nose-rings of solid gold, bracelets and breastplates of the same metal, and necklaces of jaguar and puma teeth. The priests dressed always in black.

Their principal arms were slings, and swords or javelins made of an extremely hard wood, often tipped with stone. Cowardice in battle was punished by the forcible wearing of female attire, and robbery by stripes for the men and by cutting off the hair of the women. The latter, if suspected of adultery, were compelled to eat red pepper until they confessed or endured the torture for a stated period. The latter caused death, but this was accepted as a proof of innocence.

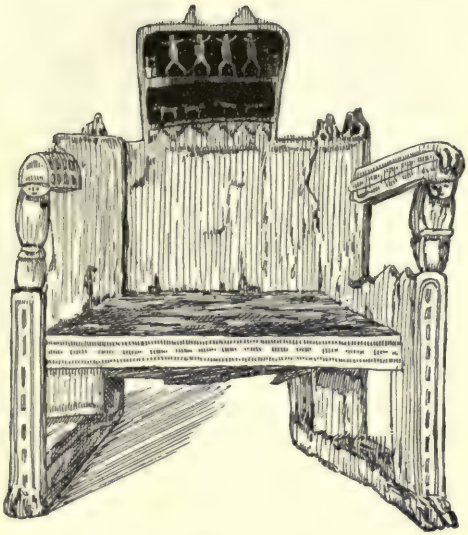
The Chibchas venerated peculiarly a mysterious civilizer known as Chinzapagua (Sent by God), who was said to have entered the country from the east and to have vanished in Suamoz, the present town of Sogamoso, from which point to the plains the inhabitants had constructed a broad paved road, the ruins of which were still visible at the close of the seventeenth century. At the time of his appearance he was an old man with a long white beard, and of a different race from the Chibchas, whom he taught agriculture and how to spin and weave and to build cities. It was said that he introduced the worship of the sun, yet the early Spanish-American ecclesiastics claimed that he was one of the twelve apostles, and declared that his footprints were to be seen in the solid rock in various parts of the country. Not the least singular feature of this remarkable tradition was its agreement with that of the Mexicans concerning Quetzalcoatl and of the Peruvians with respect to Manco-Capac, and that the appearance of all three civilizers was fixed at about the beginning of the Christian era. There even existed among the Chibchas a tradition of an immaculate conception. A certain zaque who had two beautiful daughters and desired to make one of them the object of this miracle caused her to ascend daily a hill to the eastward of the palace, where she might greet the first rays of the morning light. At the end of the usual period she gave birth to an emerald, which, being wrapped in cotton and carried in her bosom during five days, developed into a handsome lad who was universally acknowledged the child of the Sun. After beginning a magnificent temple to his reputed father,—of which, it is said, there are ruins near Tunja,—this prince, having predicted the coming of a strange and cruel race that would conquer the country, mysteriously disappeared.



GOLDEN MINIATURES.

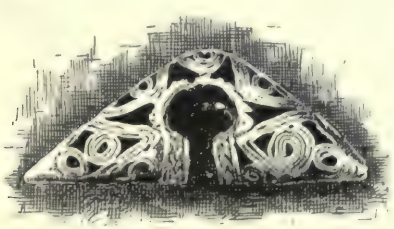
A, Ladle; B, Serpent; C, Scepter; D, Fishhook; E, Oar or shovel.

Paravey, who cites the finding of a junk



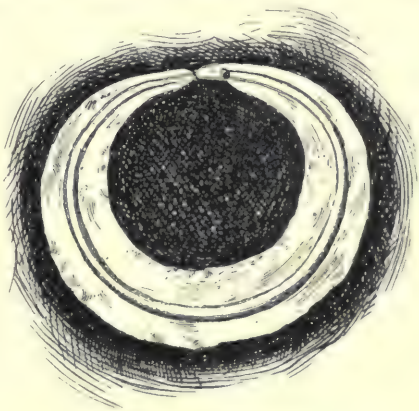
CARVED WOODEN CHAIR.

upon the west coast of South America, has compared the language of the Chibchas with the Sewa dialect of the Japanese tongue, and finds many philological analogies between them, with almost complete identity of their respective numeral characters. Like other American tribes, they counted with the fingers, and when these were numerically exhausted, had recourse to the toes; upon reaching twenty, they began anew, and continued thereafter to reckon by scores. A similar method obtains among the nations of eastern Asia. Three of our days made a Chibchan week, and ten of their weeks formed a month. The vulgar or civil year was composed of twenty months, and twenty years made a cycle, which was marked by the sacrifice of the *Guesa*. Perhaps nothing illustrates better the enlightenment of the Chibchas than their stone calendars, which, with certain ingenious intercalations necessary to make coincident the course of the heavenly bodies (sun and moon) that governed their seed-time and harvest, were greatly superior to the *quipus*, or knotted cords, of the Incas, if not to the paintings employed for a similar purpose by the Aztecs. The one represented on page 889 is a dark and extremely hard argillite of an irregular form aproximating that of a parallelepiped, with a base of two and a half by four inches and a varying altitude of half an inch. It was found near Sopó, in the former territory of the Guatavitas, one of the principal tribes of the Chibchas, and contains eleven distinct figures in bas-relief, which were regarded as hieroglyphical signs of the lunar calendar.



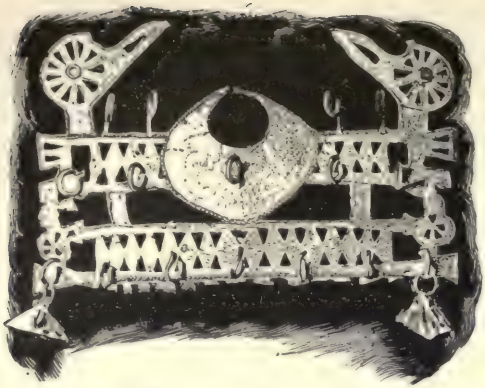
ORNAMENT FOR NOSE.

The antiquities pertaining to the Chibchas are derived from three principal sources, viz. *guacas*, or ancient sepulchers, *adoratorios*, or artificial places of worship, and natural sanctuaries. The former are often so rich in golden images that their search has become a recognized and lucrative employment, and those who follow it are called *guaqueros*. The wanton destruction begun by the conquerors is continued to-day by their descendants, and the finest productions of aboriginal art, often of inestimable archæological value, are ruthlessly sent to the smelting pot. The temples of the Chibchas, with the exception of that of Suamoz, which was accidentally burned by the Spaniards or, as some historians assert, purposely destroyed by its officiating priests, were neither large nor sumptuous. They preferred to worship in the open air and upon the summits of high mountains, because, they said, so great



ORNAMENT FOR PIERCED EAR OR NOSE.

and benignant a god as the sun could not be confined within walls. In assigning the origin of the human race to water, they but followed the example of the Greeks, Hindus, and other primitive nations. Manco-Capac was said to have come out of Titicaca, and, according to the ancient Mexican traditions, the germs of moral, if not of material, existence proceeded from this great element, to which the principal offerings of the Chibchas were made. Their most famous natural sanctuary was Lake Guatavita, situated about eight leagues from Bogota and upon the very summit of the Andes. It is almost perfectly circular in form, less than a mile in diameter, and nearly ten thousand



MASSIVE ORNAMENT FOR PIERCED NOSE. ACTUAL SIZE OF ORIGINAL IS 4IN. WIDE.

feet above the sea. The sequestered location and picturesque surroundings of this lovely sheet of water are suggestive of the supernatural or romantic; and it was reputed to have hidden both within its limpid depths, and is supposed to have been the scene of the remarkable ceremony which originated the legend of El Dorado. The zaque of the Guatavitas had a young and beautiful wife, of whom he was greatly enamored and correspondingly jealous. Fleeing from his reproaches of infidelity, with their only child in her arms, she plunged into the placid bosom of the lake and sank beneath its surface. The royal husband, who was soon apprised of this dreadful event, hastened to the banks of the ancient sanctuary and commanded his retainers to recover his beloved wife and son. After many incantations, a priest boldly entered the water and disappeared, but presently returned with the marvelous tale of having encountered at the bottom of the lake a magnificent palace in which the late unhappy cacica was living contentedly as the wife of an immense serpent, the god of the waters. This accident and its wonderful sequel greatly enhanced the estimation in which Lake Guatavita was held, and exalted, if it did not originate, the peculiar rites of which it was the object. Father Simón relates this impious fable, and in the quaint style which characterizes the Castilian of the seventeenth century, and which defies translation, sums up the differently narrated stories of El Dorado as follows:

All the foundation there was, then, for these altercations was after this fashion. The city of San Francisco del Quito having been recently founded by Captain Sebastián de Belalcázar, said captain, proceeding with care, inquiring, without loss of opportunity, upon every side, about all the countries and provinces of which he might obtain information, heard from the Indians of whom he was seeking news that there was a stranger in the city who, being asked about his country, replied that it was Thizquitá and his cacique Bogota, which is, as we have said, this new kingdom of Granada that the Spaniards called Bogota; and upon being asked if there was any metal in his country like that shown him, and

ORNAMENT FOR NOSE NOT PIERCED.

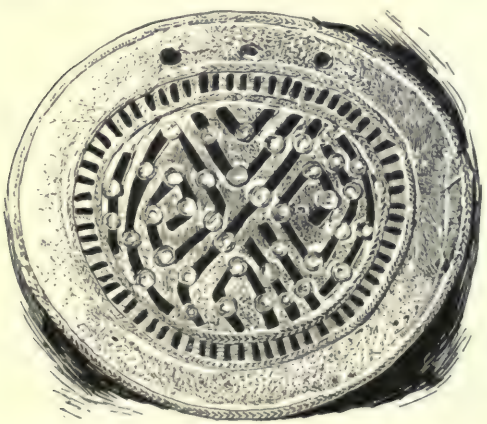
which was gold, he answered that there was a great deal, with many emeralds, which he called "green stones." And he added that there was a lake in the land of his cacique, which the latter entered several times a year, upon well-made

GOLDEN GORGET.

GOLDEN BREASTPLATE.

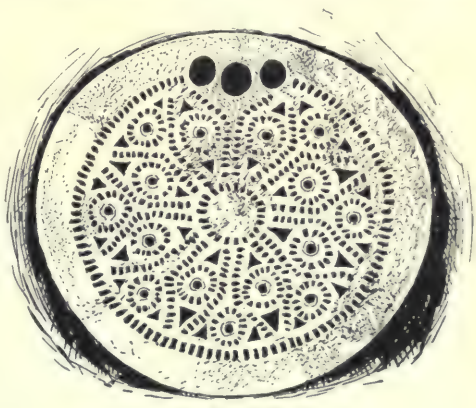
rafts, as far as its center, he being naked and his entire body covered from head to foot with an adhesive turpentine upon which had been sprinkled much gold in fine powder, which, sticking to the turpentine, became a coating, or second skin, of gold, that, upon a clear day, shone resplendently in the rising sun, this being the hour selected for the ceremony; and entering as far as the middle of the lake, he made sacrifices and offerings, throwing into the water some pieces of gold, and emeralds, with certain words — so they said. And presently causing his whole body to be washed with saponaceous herbs, all the gold he brought on his back fell into the water; with this the ceremony concluded, and he came out of the water and resumed his mantle.

This news was so welcome to Belalcázar and his soldiers, who were firmly bent upon greater discoveries than they had made in Peru, that presently they determined to attempt this one of which the Indian had given them tidings. And consulting among themselves as to the name they should give said province in order to understand one another and distinguish it from the remainder of their conquests, they resolved to call it "La Provincia del Dorado," that is to say, the province where the man, or cacique, gilds his body before offering sacrifices. And this is the root and branch of the story that has gone out into the world under so many different forms of the fame of El Dorado.



GOLDEN BREASTPLATE.

In the valley of Tayrona there was believed to be a golden mountain which received the name of El Dorado, and later the Spaniards sought for El Dorado de Daybaybe, an imaginary solid gold idol of huge proportions, in the present state of Antioquia. Expedition succeeded expedition, and an immense sum of money was expended and countless lives were lost in this vain search. Even the sober English imbibed something of the enthusiasm, and Sir Walter Raleigh made four unsuccessful attempts to penetrate the valley of the Orinoco, the supposed kingdom of his gilded majesty, whose dazzling toilet is described in his "Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana." It was in the center of this region that was said to exist the Manoa



GOLDEN BREASTPLATE.

del Dorado, a city constructed entirely of gold, the last asylum of the remnant of the persecuted Incas. From Bogota itself the brothers Quesada sallied forth in renewed search of El Dorado eighteen years after the conquest; and penetrating as far as the existing frontier of Brazil, they returned with the scarcely less celebrated fable of the Amazons — a tribe of beautiful and warlike women said to inhabit the valley of the great river named after them, who perpetuated their race through their enslaved captives, killing all their male children. This was also one of the delusions of Columbus inspired by Marco Polo.

But scientific research is the unrelenting enemy and ruthless destroyer of these fabulous stories, and Dr. Crevaux, the distinguished young French explorer who was recently assassinated by Indians as he was about to embark in the Pilcomayo, has well-nigh effected the disenchantment of El Dorado by advancing the hypothesis that the wonderful

city so-called was simply a group of inhabited bluffs and caves with walls of mica which sparkled in the sunlight, and that the gilded monarch himself was merely incrusted with the glittering scales of this insignificant mineral, so abundant here that it goes by the name, more expressive than cleanly, of *caca-sol* (sun excrement).

The ancient chronicles of Santa Fe de Bogotá record that during the reign of Philip II., king of Spain, a contract was made with the crown to drain Lake Guatavita, in which operation, although only partly successful, a valuable emerald and about twelve thousand dollars in golden images were secured; and various like attempts, with similar but inferior results, have been made in recent times. Among the objects recovered there is one of more than ordinary interest which is composed of ten images rudely imitating the human form, and firmly attached to a solid, circular disk, which, at first sight, appears to be an Archimedes spiral strengthened by wires, at right angles, projecting beyond the outer circumference. The shape and apparent construction of this base resemble those of the peculiar rush rafts fashioned by the Indians after the manner of a spider's web, upon which gossamer fabric, according to their belief, the dead were ferried across a dark and turbulent river, somewhat as Mussulmans were said to skate over Al Sirat, the bridge of spider's thread — whence this insect was superstitiously venerated by the Chibchas. The central and principal figure of this group is three inches high, bears a scepter, and is surmounted by the casque which was distinctive of a cacique; while its companions, wearing the rectangular miter of the priests, are symmetrically disposed as if to balance and propel the raft. This interesting relic is an alloy of gold and copper more than nineteen carats fine, weighing about a pound, and probably represents El Dorado in the act of his oblation. A careful examination of this and similar work by the Chibchas would seem to warrant the belief, not only that they practised wire-drawing but that they had acquired the most difficult part of the goldsmith's art — soldering. The trunks of their images representing the human form are usually of thin plate, with the features, limbs, and adornments of fine wire, sometimes plaited or twisted and often forming minute spirals not dissimilar to modern filigree; but occasionally the figure is homogeneous, either solid or hollow, with flat or rounded surfaces. Doctor Zerda, an eminent native antiquarian whose researches have contributed not a little to these pages, supposes that even the finest threads were cast, like the heavier parts, to which they were affixed, perhaps, in a state of semi-fusion. A model was probably made of wax, from which a mold was presently formed with a highly plastic clay, the wax being expelled by heat. Subsequent to casting, the metal may have been hammered between stones or copper tools, and many pieces clearly evince this process, in which they had evidently obtained great dexterity. The ornamentation, when not foreign to the object proper, was effected by cutting or embossing, and occasionally facsimiles apparently made by hammering the metal into stone molds are found. The manufacture without steel instruments of a spiral forming a perfect golden spring several yards in length is altogether problematical. Iron was entirely unknown to the Chibchas, whose incipient civilization, like

A GOLDEN FACSIMILE.

CHINZAPAGUA (GOLD).

A STONE CALENDAR.

1. *Ata*, a small frog in the act of leaping. This animal was the base of the system, and in this attitude denoted the abundance of water. 2. *Bosa*, a rectangular figure with various divisions imitating cultivated fields. It referred to the preparation of the ground for sowing. 3. *Mica*, a bicephalous figure with the eyes distended, as if to examine minutely. It signified the selection and planting of seed. 4. *Muihica*, similar to the preceding, but with the eyes almost closed. It represented the dark and tempestuous epoch in which, favored by the rain, the seed began to sprout. 5. *Hisca*, resembling numbers 3 and 4 of the stone, but larger, with no division between the heads. It was the symbol of the conjunction of the sun and moon, which the Chibchas considered the nuptials or actual union of these celestial spouses — one of the cardinal dogmas of their creed. 6. *Ta*, almost identical with No. 2. It represented the harvest month. 7. *Cuhupcua*, an earless human head upon one of the lateral faces of the stone. It was the symbol of the useless or so-called *deaf* month of the Chibchan year. 8. *Suhusa*, perhaps a tadpole, and probably referred to the generation of these animals. 9. *Aca*, a figure of a frog larger than No. 1, but in a similar posture. It announced the approach of the rainy season. 10. *Ulchihica*, two united rhomboids — a fruit or seed, and perhaps an ear. It referred to their invitations and feasts. 20. *Guesa*, a human figure in an humble attitude, the hands folded and a halo about the head. It is supposed to represent the unfortunate youth selected as the victim of the sacrifice made every twenty Chibchan years to the God of the Harvest.

that of the Aztecs and Incas, pertained to the neolithic epoch of the age of stone or to the beginning of the European age of bronze, with which alloy they were likewise unacquainted, because of the absence of tin. They understood, however, the process of alloying, for, according to Boussingault, the native gold of these regions contains no copper.

These images of the Chibchas differ from those found in Mexico and Peru, and are said to resemble Egyptian antiquities of a similar character. Many of them are of a nature that will not permit illustration, and generally the sex is indicated. The illustration which is supposed to represent Chinzapagua is an example of their often complicated and difficult workmanship. Both upper lip and chin appear to be bearded, and so tradition affirmed of their mysterious civilizer. The low barrier surrounding him would seem to bespeak his lofty and unapproachable character, and the triple scepter in his right hand the tripartite nature of his administration. It has also been suggested that this image represents Bochica, and that its treble emblem of authority refers to his three names or to another fact. The Chibchas associated with him two brothers or companions, which led Father Duquesne to compare him to the Hindu Trimurti, the mythological trinity of the Vedas. In the left hand of this figure there is a diminutive rectangular pan, a utensil that is supposed to have been used in the sacrifice of parrots, one of which birds, when viewed in profile, is plainly recognized in the heart-shaped object upon its left shoulder. Upon the back there is represented a primitive embarkation, which, with its trident, may also warrant our calling this image a Chibchan Neptune.

The notable artistic difference existing between these golden objects, even when apparently from the same source, is not sufficiently explained by a greater or less degree of skill in the individual makers nor by diversity in their dates of manufacture, although some pieces are almost wholly archaic. The Chibchas were certainly inferior in this respect to several of their neighbors, since, unlike these tribes, they possessed no alluvial deposits of gold and could obtain the precious metal only in exchange for their staple products, mantles and salt. The Guatavitas, however, were famous goldsmiths, and this fact was the means of depriving them of their ancient in-

dependence. So highly was their work esteemed in the adjacent villages that the zaque forbade them to quit his dominions unless doubly replaced from among the subjects of the cacique whom they desired to serve; availing himself of which order, the astute zipa succeeded in establishing within the city a large number of confidential retainers by whose assistance it was captured and its haughty ruler, El Dorado, reduced to a state of vassalage. Acosta asserts that the Chibchas were the only aborigines who had a regular circulating medium or metallic money; but Squier describes Chimu coins both of gold and silver.

EL DORADO.

The ceramic art is one of the first domestic industries which signalizes the transition of a primitive people from a nomadic to a sedentary life, and much time must elapse before it begins to employ the metals for similar purposes. Having seen that the Chibchas knew not only how to fuse and alloy gold and copper but to cast and forge them into various intricate if not beautiful forms, we might confidently expect to find them well advanced in the manufacture of earthenware. And such, indeed, was the case. Allusion has already been made to the terra-cotta objects exhumed from their ancient sepulchers, and which, for quality of materials, elegant and symmetrical shape, and complicated adornment, are veritable works of art, affording ground for the belief that the Chibchas used the potter's wheel. They are ornamented with curious and capricious designs — spirals, arabesques, and even the rectangular Grecian pattern; but time and exposure have destroyed the continuity of this delineation. The correct and chaste outlines of the water-bottles found near Fontibón are remarkable. Perhaps the masterpiece of this collection is the so-called "God of Silence," two and a half feet high, from the ancient territory of the Guatavitas. A plate suspended from the nose covers the mouth, and the image was most probably placed in the gate of the temple to impose silence, or may have served this purpose in the initiation into some mysterious rite or order of their religion — an interpretation which Codazzi has given to similar statues of stone found near San Augustín. Much of their pottery was ideographic, and a curious exposition has been made of a pair of

identical bowls, united by a tube, so that any liquid poured into or abstracted from the one will reciprocally affect the contents of the other. On each vessel there is a toad, the Chibchan emblem of happiness, and surmounting both, a monkey, their symbol of generation. The whole has been said to represent matrimony. Thus the Chibchas learned, from natural laws, that prosperity and misfortune should be shared alike in wedlock.

They were not happy in their portrayal of the human form. A notable artistic exception is observable, however, in the image found near Barragán, the ancient territory of the Pijáos. It represents a muscular woman with folded arms, wearing a nose-ring, necklace, and bracelets, and seated upon a rude pedestal with four legs and a bear's head. A certain air of complaisance would seem to proclaim her a cacica. The Indians who dwell

FIGURE FOUND NEAR BARRAGÁN.

THE GOD OF SILENCE.

to-day upon this bleak and inhospitable cordillera wear hoods like that indicated upon this figure.

The hollow idols of baked earth which the priests deposited by the roadside as receptacles for the golden offerings of pilgrims were called by the Spaniards *gazofilacios*, which were made in the form of pachyderms with almost human faces. The bodies are two feet long, with a circular opening in the back of each, covered by the second head, through which the offerings were introduced.

The Chibchas made musical instruments of baked earth, from which a hollow yet not unpleasing sound is emitted. Their gamut would seem to have been limited in extent, since, from a number of specimens, but three distinct tones have been produced.

Doctor Crevaux relates that in his navigation of the Orinoco he encountered a village of Guahibos upon their *general painting day*. He adds that this operation was effected by applying to the naked person wooden stamps dipped in rocou, thus executing the process of wood-engraving upon the human skin. A similar practice obtained among the Chibchas; but their stamps were made of baked earth, and were also employed to decorate other pottery with their corresponding bas-reliefs, by application, accompanied by pressure, to the unburnt clay.

Ours has not improperly been called the day of "high artistic craze," in which sober intellects become disordered over an Etruscan

vase, an Egyptian water-bottle, a bit of Spanish faïence, of Palissy or of Henri Deux crockery; and the most prominent characteristic of this pretended art epidemic is the renewal of old forms and styles of decoration to such a degree as almost to constitute, in this, the nineteenth century, a second though spurious Renaissance. Our republican simplicity has become sorely affected by the disease, and in order to find favor among us objects of art or luxury must hail from beyond the seas. If from Mycenæ or Idalium, though it be never so unsightly, it will acquire additional value; and the discoverer of Troy and the excavator of Cyprus are assigned a place among the heroes of Arctic research and the explorers of the "Dark Continent." Now the writer would not detract from their just fame, nor from the importance of their great work — the popular concern therein is only unreasonable in so much as it withdraws attention from our own shores. For if, as Squier writes of the antiquities of Peru, "even the physical features of the ancient inhabitants — their architecture, arts, customs, and religious notions find illustration and record in these fragile yet almost imperishable remains," they can no longer be considered mere curios of a remote past, but become the only means of supplying what history and tradition have failed to transmit, and as such are pregnant with meaning and interest.[1]

Henry Rowan Lemly.

[1] Of interest in connection with this paper is the following letter, written by William H. Prescott to the historian Acosta, which has been sent to us by Lieutenant Lemly. The original is pasted in the back of one of the volumes of Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" presented by Acosta to the National Library in Bogota.— EDITOR.

BOSTON, August 28, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR: I received by the last steamer your letter in which you give me an account of your historical labors in respect to the ancient race of the Muiskas, and to the occupation of the country by the Spaniards. At the same time you place at my disposal your rich collection of original materials for the illustration of this subject.

I am deeply sensible of the compliment conveyed by this offer, and of the generous spirit which prompted it, for I well know how hard it is for the scholar to part with materials which he has assembled with so much care, cost, and difficulty. But I have now a great historic work before me which must engage my exclusive attention (if I have the health to pursue it) for many years to come. This is the reign of Philip the Second of Spain, for which I have been several years collecting a large mass of original documents from the public archives and private libraries in the different capitals of Europe, and especially of the peninsula. But now that I consider this collection as complete my eyes are so much enfeebled by my literary labors that I have scarcely any use of them. Whether this will deter me from accomplishing my object I cannot now say, though my progress, at all events, must necessarily be very slow.

For these reasons it will not be in my power, as you perceive, to avail myself of your disinterested offer; and I can only wish you the success you deserve in the prosecution of your enlightened labors to exhibit the history of a race which seems to have been inferior to none other on the American continent in civilization and historical interest.

[Up to this point the letter was evidently written by a female amanuensis. Here follows the handwriting of Prescott, small and somewhat illegible, but perhaps characteristic, indicating rapidity and firmness.]

I pray you, my dear sir, to accept the assurances of the esteem and gratitude with which I remain

Your obt. sert.,
WM. H. PRESCOTT.

SEÑOR DN. S. ACOSTA, etc.

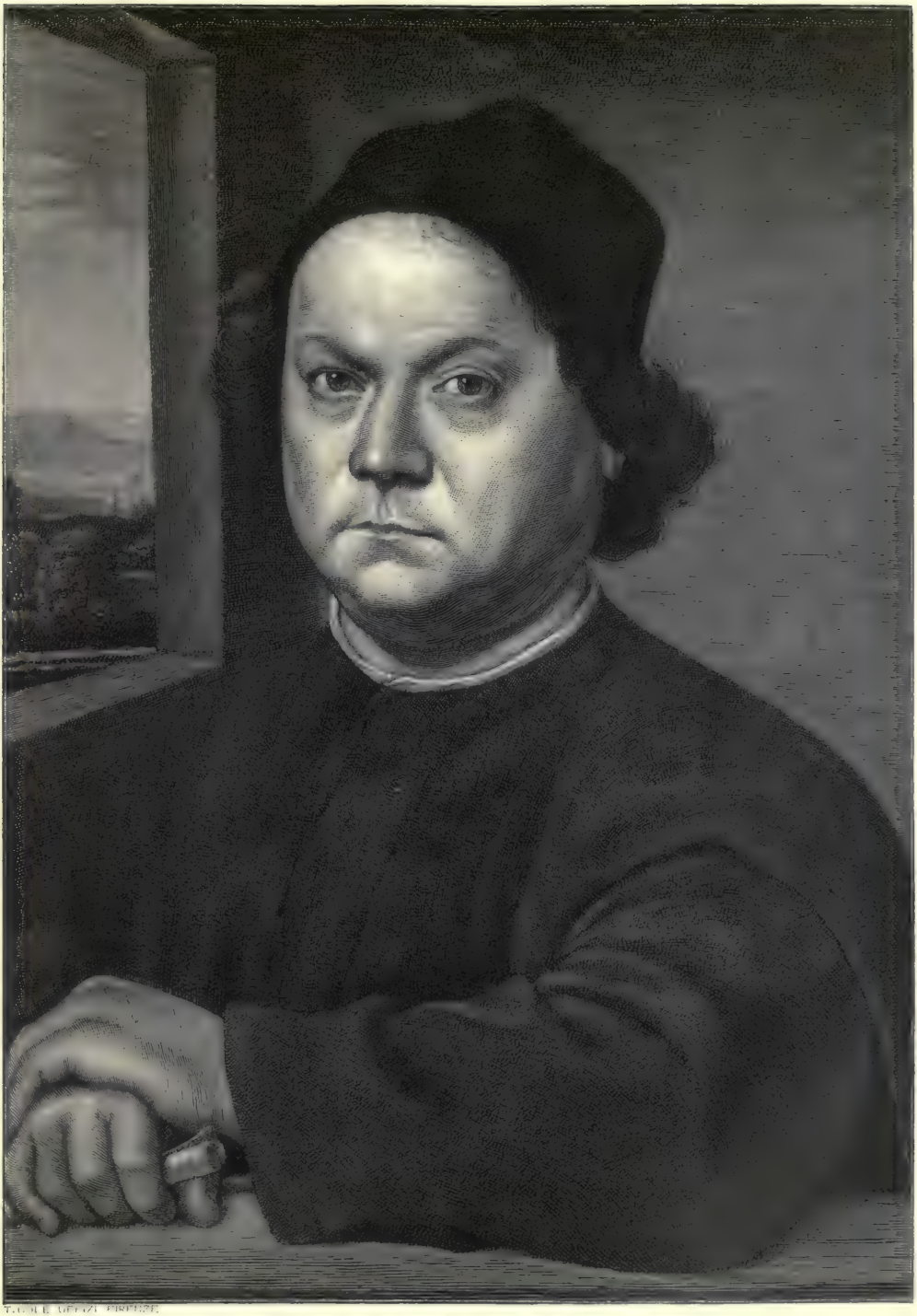
A STAMP OF BAKED EARTH.

THE ROBBER.

AY, he hath stolen her sweets and gone;
The robber bee, upon his quest
For honeyed booty, from the breast
Of yon fair lily now hath flown.
In vain the south wind wooes;
In vain the ringdove cooes;
Like unto some pale maid
The lily stands betrayed,
Her nectared bosom pillaged and undone.

Ah, sad so white a breast should lie,
With all its stores of virgin sweet,
Thus to be prey for plundering feet,
And spoil for any wanton eye!
Yet many a bosom chaste
Hath been by love laid waste —
Light love that came and went,
And left a life forspent
Beneath a far, serene, and mocking sky.

James B. Kenyon.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

PORTRAIT OF VERROCCHIO, BY LORENZO DI CREDI.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

LORENZO DI CREDI. 1459–1537.

THE life of Lorenzo di Credi is one of the least interesting as biography, and perhaps the most satisfactory as existence, of those older masters of whom we have the record. He was the son of a goldsmith. As we have seen, the art of the goldsmith was often the first school of the painter, and Lorenzo is said to have excelled in the paternal occupation, studying drawing, meanwhile, in the Brancacci chapel, where the frescos of Masaccio brought together all the rising Florentine painters of the time. On his father's death he passed into the workshop of Verrocchio, and in a tax-paper given in by his mother in 1480–81 he is described as "employed in painting" at a salary of twelve florins a year. He was, therefore, then of age, and his yearly salary would have been in our money, supposing it to be of gold florins, less than the wages for one month of a journeyman bronze-worker of to-day. He was simply a good workman, following the conventions of the school and the manner and methods of his masters, for he followed, at times, more than one. In the studio of Verrocchio he caught what of inspiration his mechanical nature allowed him to absorb from the greater men with whom he was in constant and friendly contact, Leonardo and Perugino, his fellow pupils, and Ghirlandaio, and the Pollaiuoli, and probably many others of the time. He seems to have remained with Verrocchio until the death of the latter in 1488, and so great was the confidence of his master in his technical abilities that he made him his executor, and, as was shown in the sketch of Verrocchio, designated him as the artist who should complete his Colleoni, the casting of which cost its author his life. He was also made the heir of all Verrocchio's art remains at Venice and Florence.

Lorenzo's work is always of a religious character, and if he had been drawn away by the fashion for the classical and licentious subjects which the loose morals and manners of the time made attractive, he burned the pictures in the *auto da fe* of Savonarola, as he had enrolled himself with the *piagnoni*. He painted mainly in oil and on wood, which latter detail makes it evident that his manner was only an advance on the usual one of the chief painters before him, but with more importance, relatively, given to the after-painting and still working on the gesso ground. He executed many altar-pieces, and Cavalcaselle puts only one fresco in the list of his known work, and this on a pilaster in Or San Michele. On the death of Verrocchio he succeeded to much of his authority in the craft, and was called in council for the deliberations on the completion of the Duomo of Florence, on the placing of the "David" of Michelangelo, on the pricing of the mosaics of Monte and Gherardo, and had Perugino as one of his colleagues in these deliberations; and he was called in as one of the arbiters in the dispute between the convent of San Marco and Bernardo del Bianco for the price of the picture painted to the order of the latter, the "Vision of San Bernardo," as was mentioned in the life of Fra Bartolommeo. In 1514 he was chosen to appraise the work of Ghirlandaio in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, and in 1517 a statue of Bandinelli. These instances of the confidence felt in him by such different characters, ranging from the brutal Bandinelli to the Prior of San Marco, show the moral solidity of the man. He does not appear to have ever been drawn away from Florence, as were most of the clever painters of the day, but this is probably mainly due to the limitations which he seems to have put on his talent, confining himself to easel work, which could always be done in his *bottega*, and sent where wanted. In the Archivio Storico dell' Arte there is a letter which accompanied the *envoi* of a picture of Lorenzo's to the Duchess of Mantua, then the most distinguished of collectors of works of art. He was in the city of Florence during the siege of 1527, and retired to Sta. Maria Nuova on a pension in 1531, and died there in 1537.

He is an excellent example of the results of good training on mere talent in the production of works of permanent value, and of such character as often to be mistaken for those of his greater masters. At one time his pictures were confounded with those of Leonardo, and at others he seemed to be inspired by Perugino. Vasari says that it was impossible to distinguish Lorenzo's copies of the drawings of Leonardo from the originals, and the influence of Leonardo was the strongest of all that bore on him. His method of execution was that of Da Vinci, and is carried to the extreme of elaboration, so as to be metallic in its finish at times. As he grew older the manner hardened into

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE ACCADEMIA DI BELLE ARTI, FLORENCE.

ST. MICHAEL, BY PERUGINO.

DETAIL FROM "THE ASCENSION OF THE VIRGIN."

a certain stiffness, as is always the case with the mechanical painters in whom method serves when inspiration or enthusiasm is gone. Cavalcaselle, whose judgment of the art of this epoch is always discriminating and appreciative, even if one must differ from him occasionally in his estimation of the relative position of painters, considers the finest of the altar-pieces of Lorenzo to be that of the chapel of the Holy Sacrament in the cathedral of Pistoia. There are pictures by him in the galleries of the Uffizi, Pitti, and Accademia at Florence, and in the National Gallery, the Louvre, the galleries of Berlin, Munich, etc.; so that he is more generally represented by good examples of his work than most of his contemporaries.

PERUGINO. 1446–1523.

(PIETRO VANNUCCI.)

VASARI opens his life of Perugino with one of the exaggerations of which he was so fond, exaggerations which are so effective in biography, making genius come from the depths of poverty and social insignificance, in order to exalt its achievements. He makes him a native of Perugia, "the son of a poor individual of Castello della Pieve, named Christofano, who [the future painter] at baptism was called Pietro, and, reared in misery and want, was given by the father to a painter of Perugia as a shop-boy," and again, "who, going from extreme misfortune in Perugia to Florence, desiring by means of his abilities to arrive at distinction, continued for many months to sleep in a box, not having any other bed, turned night into day, and with the greatest fervor devoted himself continually to his profession, and, having so formed the habit, knew no other pleasure than to weary himself in that art and paint incessantly." The facts are, however, that his father was a respectable citizen of Perugia, the little town of Castello della Pieve being an appendage of that city, and the Vannucci family having been inscribed on the roll of citizenship as early as 1427; and though his native town had a painter of its own whose name is preserved by a picture still in existence as Francesco, of whom nothing more is known, Pietro was sent to Perugia to learn painting, which goes to disprove the fable of his having been given away from poverty to a painter of Perugia for want of a nearer opportunity. The usual course seems to have been taken with the boy, and he was apprenticed to a painter whose name is not preserved, but of whom Vasari says that, though not very clever in the craft, he held in great veneration both the art and those who excelled in it. "Nor did he ever talk of other things with Pietro than how much profit and honor were brought by painting to those who did well in it, and, recounting the prizes won by ancients and moderns, stimulated Pietro in the study of it." The general opinion is that the first master of Perugino was Benedetto Buonfigli, who though not a great was an able painter.

That Perugino could have passed the period of his life in which the habit of work is definitely formed under the instruction of a man of no mastery of the art is impossible. The history of art teaches us that it is better for the pupil to have a master who has a firm and sound style and method of working without great personal qualities, which are less influential in forming the art of the pupil than a correct technic. The method of Perugino is too sound, and his training evidently too scholarly, to have been left to the teaching of a painter who had no distinct excellence as a master, and Buonfigli is the only man who answers to the requisition of the forerunner of Perugino. Piero della Francesca was later his associate, and may have been of great advantage to him in teaching him the best manner of using oil color, in which he was almost the earliest complete master in the Tuscan schools. That he was under the instruction of Verrocchio does not seem doubtful, and the fact that nothing of the style of that great master should appear in Perugino to proclaim the relationship is not in the least strange, for the temper of the master was of that severely scientific character which deals in principles rather than in details of manner. It had not that fascination of individual quality which so bewilders and misleads the pupil, and in the cases of Giotto, Mantegna, Botticelli, Da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, and Titian, made imitators rather than scholars of their pupils; and the fact that Da Vinci and Lorenzo di Credi, so different from the master and from one another, were both pupils of Verrocchio makes it certain that Perugino, too, might have been his pupil without being his mimic, and destroys the argument drawn from the want of similarity in style. Besides, the testimony of Vasari, in the lives both of Verrocchio and of Perugino, is too positive to be put aside among the vague assertions which we have too often the right to complain of in his biographies. He seems first to have worked awhile with Luca Signorelli under, or rather in company with, Piero della Francesca at Arezzo [M. Jordan; v. "Doehme's Lives"]; and Vasari mentions two frescos (now perished)

at that place, which he attributes to Perugino when he was working with Piero. In the studio of Verrocchio he had the influence of the two most remarkable minds of the epoch in so far as the intellect of that time is shown in its art, that of his master and of his fellow pupil Da Vinci. The scientific temper of the master, and his severity in drawing and painting, with his great insight into the facts of nature, a gift not so universal then as we generally suppose, would be seconded by the equally scientific temper of the fellow pupil and the still more direct way of seeing nature of which Da Vinci was the first example. The curiously precise and naturalistic drawing of Verrocchio and his firm and simple execution united, with the studies of Da Vinci into the methods of painting and the uses of mediums, to develop in Perugino the study of landscape and the facile and masterly use of oil color, both of which he carried to an excellence not hitherto known. Cavalcaselle says justly:

For chemical researches he could not find a better place than Verrocchio's shop. He would be the companion of Leonardo, to whom the science of art owes its chief progress, and to whom the perfection of the innovating system of mediums at Florence is due. Both might labor simultaneously to fathom the secrets of colors and mediums, the one with the precision of a trained mathematician, the other with the feeling of a colorist. Both would necessarily go deep into the *technica*, seeking and searching like the Van Eycks and applying the results according to the powers with which nature had endowed them. It would thus happen that Leonardo would add to the imperfect method of Piero della Francesca the atmosphere in which it was wanting, and ascend to the culminating point of his career in the production of the Mona Lisa, whilst Perugino would arrive at a height almost equally surprising in the Madonna of the Certosa.

This combination of educational influences made of Perugino such a master of the technical qualities of painting that the training which he in turn gave his pupils was probably the best that at any time the Renaissance imparted, and the distinction of being the master of Raphael is in the general estimation, even of to-day, greater than any which is accorded his own work. There are no exact parallels to be found in the history of art; but a near approach to one will be seen in the relations between Bellini and Titian in the Venetian school, and Perugino and Raphael in the Umbrian. Perugino, having begun his training with those admirable training processes of fresco and tempera, which are to painting what pen-drawing is to design, took up oil painting with a certainty of hand and a habit of precision which the later oil painters lost, and with those qualities the later painters lost also the solidity of color which is one of the merits of Perugino and the earlier pictures of Raphael. When we speak of the color of the Umbrian or of the Florentine school (if indeed to the general student of art the two and all their branches, including the Sienese, should not be regarded as one when taken in distinction to the Venetian), we consider this quality from a different point of view from that in which we look at Titian and Giorgione. The position which we accord to Perugino as colorist does not bring him into the region of the true colorists, but assigns to him a vividness of color and a naturalness which we do not find in the earlier men or in the majority of his school. His method of painting in oil as described by Cavalcaselle is the opposite of that which has been followed by the great Venetians[1] and recognized as the true one by subsequent students of the Italian methods. We do not judge the Venetian and the Tuscan schools by the same standard. The distinction between the

[1] Perugino prepared flesh with a warm, brown tone, which he worked into rotundity by successive strata, leaving the high lights for the close. [I am quoting the English version of Cavalcaselle, which owes its bungling and inexpressive manner of speech to the barbarous translation of his colleague Mr. Crowe, of which it would be hard to find the equal for inaccurate use of technical terms of painting.] These strata were such that each should be lighter in color, yet fuller in body than the last, and therefore the final and most substantial one was the high light which occupied the least space in the picture. Care was taken in laying the second not to lose all trace of the first but to let its value appear through the superposed color. This in a few words was the technique of the Van Eycks. It created flesh tints, merging from thin to full body in proportion as the parts fell out of shadow, receiving light from without, and transparency from within. The consequence was a somewhat unbroken surface with insufficient half tone; but this disadvantage was corrected, *ex. gr.* in the Madonna of the Vatican, by strengthening the darkest spots with a final scumble which remained higher on the panel than the rest; and the result was a clear and lucid enamel betraying less of the secrets of manipulation than the painting of the earlier innovators. To complete a picture by these means was a matter of calculation and certainty of hand, an undertaking in which a false step involved absolute failure. But the method was perfectly familiar to Perugino, and was invariably used during his transition from this period to the more advanced one in which he carried out the altar-piece of the National Gallery. In draperies, the processes varied. All cold mixtures were put in first with warm substrata, covered over like the flesh tints, and glazed. Vice versa, warm or glowing colors were rubbed on with cold undertones; and this method was followed with unwavering consistency even in changing hues. Reds and lake-reds alone were sometimes laid on above cool preparations in half body with high surface lights and shadows, and glazed; sometimes the lights were furnished by the undertone. In general all colors except lake-reds were opaque and of solid impasto, receiving light from without, with shadows superposed and occasional hatching in the projections. The brightest shades were invariably chosen for the foreground, changing hues for the middle distance.

various schools of design, Sienese, Umbrian, Florentine, Lombard, etc., are as nothing when put by the side of the wide distance of motive which separates the Venetian school, that of Bellini, from that of Perugino, in their later development especially.

Perugino seems to have led a wandering life, looking for work wherever it was to be found, painting in Siena, Florence, Cerqueto, Arezzo, and wherever he might be called. In 1484 he went to Rome, at the call of the Pope, to assist in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. He has been credited with the three frescos of the "Delivery of the Keys," "Moses and Zipporah," and the "Baptism of Christ," but it is not certain that the last two are either of them his, and the Moses has been equally credited to Signorelli and to Botticelli.[1] He also painted the altar end of the chapel with three subjects, a kneeling portrait of Sixtus, a "Nativity," and a "Finding of Moses"; but these were destroyed to make a space for the "Last Judgment" of Michelangelo. The "Delivery of the Keys" is a work which perhaps may be considered the gage of Perugino's force as a wall-painter, and is accepted as one of his best works. It preserves all the formality of composition which distinguishes the purely religious schools down to Raphael, and is one of the most striking examples of it. The apostles form a procession across the picture, Christ at the left of the center giving the keys to Peter, who kneels to receive them at the right; behind Christ are six apostles in a line, five ranging behind Peter on the other hand, with a few persons to fill out the space; all carefully studied and gracefully posed, but, to my mind, with much less art, using the word in its finer sense, than in the companion subjects by his rivals. Less majestic in the arrangement of his composition than Ghirlandaio and Signorelli, and less imaginative in the conception of the theme than Botticelli, there is still a grace in his artificiality which prophesies Raphael and recalls faintly Masaccio. He seems to have been fond of perspective, and the background of the "Delivery of the Keys" is formed by an octagonal temple of the type of the Baptistery at Florence, flanked on each side by a triumphal arch apparently suggested by that of Septimius Severus at Rome. The perspective is not by any means clear, but shows knowledge of the rules, if little inventiveness. The naturalness of which we give him credit must not be mistaken for dramatic quality, of which he had none, but is referable to the delineation of the individual figures, which are well posed, carefully studied, and always graceful even to the folds of their drapery. The "Delivery of the Keys" is the type of the spectacular composition, and there is in it no hint of a community of action. The "Pietá" of the Pitti Gallery is, again, the type of the Peruginesque composition for altar-pieces, of which it is considered his most successful work. Without avoiding the *pose plastique*, from which few of the painters of this epoch are free, he has grouped the characters with entire subordination to the central idea. The dead body of Christ is supported in a half-sitting position on a heap of stones arranged as a seat, with the legs extended, Joseph of Arimathea holding the torso in a nearly erect attitude, while the Magdalen holds the head up, and the Virgin, looking earnestly into Christ's face, supports the left arm, the right hanging free so as to express the supineness of death before the *rigor mortis* has set in, and to show the hole in the hand. A young man holds the corners of the white cloth on which the body rests. He is placed at the feet, looking into the face of the Saviour, while a second line is formed by the subordinate characters of Mary Cleopas and Mary Salomé, with another woman; behind Joseph is an apostle in an attitude of grief, and at the extreme right is a group of three men, two of whom are apostles, one holding the nails of the crucifixion for the third to see. The space is filled gracefully, and if the figures, with one or two exceptions, betray consciousness of the posed model, the composition, on the whole, is one of the most facile and pleasing of its kind in the work of the pre-Raphaelitic period. The landscape is elaborate and full of feeling for air and sunshine. This picture seems to me the acme of Perugino's attainment.

Perugino was of an avaricious temper, and the later phases of his art show more desire to get over his canvas than to develop his art. He was called to Orvieto in 1489 to finish the chapel which Fra Angelico had abandoned, and seems to have coquetted for several years with the Chapter, and, having made an offer to paint the whole chapel for 1500 ducats, the lime, gold, ultramarine, and scaffoldings being provided, he accepted one to paint the ceilings for 200, took the earnest money, 10 gold pieces, and went his way never to put his foot again on the pavements of Orvieto, though the Chapter continued for years to repeat their call. Vasari says of him that he was "a person of little religion and who could not be persuaded of the immortality of the soul, even with words appropriate to his brain of porphyry [sic]; he most obstinately repelled all good ways. He put all his hope in the goods of fortune and for money would have made any evil agreement." Mariotti, in his "Lettere Pittoriche Perugine," repels these accusations of impiety, and Délécluze in

[1] The fact that the critics attribute the "Moses and Zipporah" to Signorelli, to Perugino working with his pupil Pinturicchio, and to Botticelli, shows how little difference there can be to the common eye between the various schools of Central Italy, all developments from Giotto's principles.

his essay on Leonardo da Vinci appeals to the "religious elevation of his work" to refute them. But the argument from the works has too little pertinence, when we know something of the lives of the great painters, to weigh against the general tradition which Vasari reposes on. And though in many things Vasari is not a secure authority, he is not a depreciator of Perugino, but on the contrary one of his most constant admirers, and as such would not readily accept an accusation which disparages him, the more as he insists on showing his honesty in his business transactions. He appears, however, in connection with a proved murderer before the tribunal of eight in Florence to answer to a charge of conspiracy for assault and battery — which his associate wished to carry to murder — on some person who had offended him. That he was avaricious appears from many instances, and in the latter part of his career he was content to repeat his old designs and get over his work with as little effort as possible, and to have as much done by his assistants as might be.

The great work of his life, taken all in all, is doubtless the decoration of the Sala di Cambio in the city of Perugia. It is fertile in invention, and varied in its demands on his powers, and he seems to have been stimulated by the honor done him in the commission to do his best. Raphael was then his pupil, and it is not improbable that in the mixture of the profane and the sacred which the Sala di Cambio shows, he formed the tendency to pagan illustration that chilled the inspirations of his later life. There was a universal tendency to classical design dating back to Gozzoli, but it does not in the earlier classicists fail in the severe dignity which was supposed to be the chief virtue of the ancient character. The subjects of the Sala were to a large extent chosen for the painter, and the choice shows that the popular mind was deeply affected by the work of the classicists. The planets were symbolized by the heathen gods, and the heathen virtues were mixed with the Christian, prophets with sybils; Christ and Cato preside in turn. Perugino accepted the vein of his employers, the money-lenders of Perugia, and did his best to glorify the Exchange.

His influence over Raphael seems to have been so great that for a long time the ideals of the master apparently shaped the vision of the pupil. Perugino was unindividual in his types; his women have a sweet sameness which Raphael refined and perfected, but his men are weak and often effeminate; he clearly shows that the technical attainments were those which most employed his powers, and in these lay his efficiency as a teacher, as was evinced in the popularity of his school. He had more to do with the triumph of oil painting in the schools of Central Italy than any other painter, and the tendency to superficial charm and to types in which prettiness rather than refined beauty is the chief quality, was, perhaps, with the smoothness of his surfaces, the cause of his popularity and of that denunciation of his art as "absurd and antiquated" by Michelangelo, which induced Perugino to bring an action for slander against his critic, in which he was of course cast with costs. In his conceptions, as distinguished from his treatment, he is scarcely more naturalistic or imaginative than the later Giotteschi; he borrows the old symbolism and renders it with a realistic treatment which makes it less mystic and pathetic than that in the earlier art, and in his sacred subjects he is more careful of his properties than of the dramatic proprieties. He was a master of all the processes then in use, and turns from fresco to oil with an equal facility, but the qualities which have more than any other distinguished him in the later centuries are those which are found in his oil pictures. His precise and solid system, which I have quoted from Cavalcaselle in a note, prevents his work from blackening, as have some of the pictures of that better colorist, Fra Bartolommeo; and to the fact that this system was taught to Raphael is due our privilege of having his pictures in a purity and solidity of color of which few contemporary works can boast.

Perugino died of a pestilence which raged in Umbria in 1423,[1] and was buried hastily, like the other victims, we know not where. He outlived his great pupil, and finished his frescos at San Severo in Perugia, but he shows in this work that he had also outlived his own art. The admirable quality of his method of instruction is shown in the difficulty found in distinguishing his work from that of his pupils.

W. J. Stillman.

[1] From a petition of Giovanni Battista, the eldest of the sons of Perugino, offered 4th November, 1523, that he might be constituted guardian of his brother Michelangelo, still a minor, we gather that Pietro was dead about nine months before [Milanesi's notes].

RUDYARD KIPLING.

TWO years ago there was suddenly revealed to us, no one seems to remember how, a new star out of the East. Not fewer distinguished men of letters profess to have "discovered" Mr. Kipling than there were cities of old in which Homer was born. Yet, in fact, the discovery was not much more creditable to them than it would be, on a summer night, to contrive to notice a comet flaring across the sky. Not only was this new talent robust, brilliant, and self-asserting, but its reception was prepared for by a unique series of circumstances. The fiction of the Anglo-Saxon world, in its more intellectual provinces, had become curiously femininized. Those novel-writers who cared to produce subtle impressions upon their readers, in England and America, had become extremely refined in taste and discreet in judgment. People who were not content to pursue the soul of their next-door neighbor through all the burrows of self-consciousness had no choice but to take ship with Mr. Rider Haggard for the "Mountains of the Moon." Between excess of psychological analysis and excess of superhuman romance, there was a great void in the world of Anglo-Saxon fiction. It is this void which Mr. Kipling, with something less than one hundred short stories, one novel, and a few poems, has filled by his exotic realism and his vigorous rendering of unhackneyed experience. His temperament is eminently masculine, and yet his imagination is strictly bound by existing laws. The Evarras of the novel had said:

> Thus gods are made,
> And whoso makes them otherwise shall die,

when, behold, a young man comes up out of India, and makes them quite otherwise, and lives.

The vulgar trick, however, of depreciating other writers in order to exalt the favorite of a moment was never less worthy of practice than it is in the case of the author of "Soldiers Three." His relation to his contemporaries is curiously slight. One living writer there is, indeed, with whom it is not unnatural to compare him — Pierre Loti. Each of these men has attracted the attention, and then the almost exaggerated admiration, of a crowd of readers drawn from every class. Each has become popular without ceasing to be delightful to the fastidious. Each is independent of traditional literature, and affects a disdain for books. Each is a wanderer, a lover of prolonged exile, more at home among the ancient races of the East than among his own people. Each describes what he has seen, in short sentences, with highly colored phrases and local words, little troubled to obey the laws of style if he can but render an exact impression of what the movement of physical life has been to himself. Each produces on the reader a peculiar thrill, a voluptuous and agitating sentiment of intellectual uneasiness, with the spontaneous art of which he has the secret. Totally unlike in detail, Rudyard Kipling and Pierre Loti have these general qualities in common, and if we want a literary parallel to the former, the latter is certainly the only one that we can find. Nor is the attitude of the French novelist to his sailor friends at all unlike that of the Anglo-Indian civilian to his soldier chums. To distinguish we must note very carefully the difference between Mulvaney and *mon frère Yves;* it is not altogether to the advantage of the latter.

The old rhetorical manner of criticism was not meant for the discussion of such writers as these. The only way in which, as it seems to me, we can possibly approach them, is by a frank confession of their personal relation to the feelings of the critic. I will therefore admit that I cannot pretend to be indifferent to the charm of what Mr. Kipling writes. From the first moment of my acquaintance with it it has held me fast. It excites, disturbs, and attracts me; I cannot throw off its disquieting influence. I admit all that is to be said in its disfavor. I force myself to see that its occasional cynicism is irritating and strikes a false note. I acknowledge the broken and jagged style, the noisy newspaper bustle of the little peremptory sentences, the cheap irony of the satires on society. Often — but this is chiefly in the earlier stories — I am aware that there is a good deal too much of the rattle of the piano at some café concert. But when all this is said, what does it amount to? What but an acknowledgment of the crudity of a strong and rapidly developing young nature? You cannot expect a creamy smoothness while the act of vinous fermentation is proceeding.

> Wit will shine
> Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line;
> A noble error, and but seldom made,

When poets are by too much force betray'd;
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still show a quickness, and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rime.

In the following pages I shall try to explain why the sense of these shortcomings is altogether buried for me in delighted sympathy and breathless curiosity. Mr. Kipling does not provoke a critical suspension of judgment. He is vehement, and sweeps us away with him; he plays upon a strange and seductive pipe, and we follow him like children. As I write these sentences, I feel how futile is this attempt to analyze his gifts, and how greatly I should prefer to throw this paper to the winds, and listen to the magician himself. I want more and more, like Oliver Twist. I want all those "other stories"; I wish to wander down all those by-paths that we have seen disappear in the brushwood. If one lay very still and low by the watch-fire, in the hollow of Ortheris's greatcoat, one might learn more and more of the inextinguishable sorrows of Mulvaney. One might be told more of what happened, out of the moonlight, in the blackness of Amir Nath's Gully. I want to know how the palanquin came into Dearsley's possession, and what became of Kheni Singh, and whether the seal-cutter did really die in the House of Suddhoo. I want to know who it is who dances the *Hálli Hukk*, and how, and why, and where. I want to know what happened at Jagadhri, when the Death Bull was painted. I want to know all the things that Mr. Kipling does not like to tell — to see the devils of the East "rioting as the stallions riot in spring." It is the strength of this new story-teller that he re-awakens in us the primitive emotions of curiosity, mystery, and romance in action. He is the master of a new kind of terrible and enchanting peepshow, and we crowd around him begging for "just one more look." When a writer excites and tantalizes us in this way, it seems a little idle to discuss his style. Let pedants, then, if they will, say that Mr. Kipling has no style; yet if so, how shall we designate such passages as this, frequent enough among his more exotic stories?

Come back with me to the north and be among men once more. Come back when this matter is accomplished and I call for thee. The bloom of the peach orchards is upon all the valley, and *here* is only dust and a great stink. There is a pleasant wind among the mulberry trees, and the streams are bright with snow-water, and the caravans go up and the caravans go down, and a hundred fires sparkle in the gut of the pass, and tent-peg answers hammer-nose, and pony squeals to pony across the drift-smoke of the evening. It is good in the north now. Come back with me. Let us return to our own people. Come!

I.

THE private life of Mr. Rudyard Kipling is not a matter of public interest, and I should be very unwilling to exploit it, even if I had the means of doing so. The youngest of living writers should really be protected for a few years longer against those who chirp and gabble about the unessential. All that needs to be known, in order to give him his due chronological place, is that he was born in Bombay in Christmas week, 1865, and that he is therefore only in his twenty-sixth year yet. The careful student of what he has published will collect from it the impression that Mr. Kipling was in India at an age when few European children remain there; that he returned to England for a brief period; that he began a career on his own account in India at an unusually early age; that he has led a life of extraordinary vicissitude, as a journalist, as a war correspondent, as a civilian in the wake of the army; that an insatiable curiosity has led him to shrink from no experience that might help to solve the strange riddles of Oriental existence; and that he is distinguished from other active, adventurous, and inquisitive persons in that his capacious memory retains every impression that it captures. Beyond this, all that must here be said about the man is that his stories began to be published — I think about eight years ago — in local newspapers of India, that his first book of verse, "Departmental Ditties," appeared in 1886, while his prose stories were not collected from a Lahore journal, of which he was the sub-editor, until 1888, when a volume of "Plain Tales from the Hills" appeared in Calcutta. In the same year six successive pamphlets or thin books appeared in an "Indian Railway Library," published at Allahabad, under the titles of "Soldiers Three," "The Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," and "Wee Willie Winkie." These formed the literary baggage of Mr. Rudyard Kipling when, in 1889, he came home to find himself suddenly famous at the age of twenty-three.

Since his arrival in England Mr. Kipling has not been idle. In 1890 he brought out a Christmas annual called "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot," and a short novel, "The Light that Failed." Already in 1891 he has published a fresh collection of tales called (in America) "Mine Own People," and a second miscellany of verses. This is by no means a complete record of his activity, but it includes the names of all his important writings. At an age when few future novelists have yet produced anything at all, Mr. Kipling is already voluminous. It would be absurd not to acknowledge that a danger lies in this precocious fe-

cundity. It would probably be an excellent thing for every one concerned if this brilliant youth could be deprived of pens and ink for a few years and be buried again somewhere in the far East. There should be a "close time" for authors no less than for seals, and the extraordinary fullness and richness of Mr. Kipling's work does not completely reassure us.

The publications which I have named above have not, as a rule, any structural cohesion. With the exception of "Badalia Herodsfoot" and "The Light that Failed," which deal with phases of London life, their contents might be thrown together without much loss of relation. The general mass so formed could then be re-divided into several coherent sections. It may be remarked that Mr. Kipling's short stories, of which, as I have said, we hold nearly a hundred, mainly deal with three or four distinct classes of Indian life. We may roughly distinguish these as the British soldier in India, the Anglo-Indian, the Native, and the British child in India. In the following pages I shall endeavor to characterize his treatment of these four classes, and finally to say a word about him as a poet.

II.

THERE can be no question that the side upon which Mr. Kipling's talent has most delicately tickled British curiosity, and British patriotism too, is his revelation of the soldier in India. A great mass of our countrymen are constantly being drafted out to the East on Indian service. They serve their time, are recalled, and merge in the mass of our population; their strange temporary isolation between the civilian and the native and their practical inability to find public expression for their feelings make these men — to whom, though we so often forget it, we owe the maintenance of the English Empire in the East — an absolutely silent section of the community. Of their officers we may know something, although "A Conference of the Powers" may perhaps have awakened us to the fact that we know very little. Still, people like Tick Boileau and Captain Mafflin of the Duke of Derry's Pink Hussars are of ourselves; we meet them before they go out and when they come back; they marry our sisters and our daughters; and they lay down the law about India after dinner. Of the private soldier, on the other hand, of his loves and hates, sorrows and pleasures, of the way in which the vast, hot, wearisome country and its mysterious inhabitants strike him, of his attitude towards India, and of the way in which India treats him, we know, or knew until Mr. Kipling enlightened us, absolutely nothing. It is not surprising, then, if the novelty of this portion of his writings has struck ordinary English readers more than that of any other.

This section of Mr. Kipling's work occupies the seven tales called "Soldiers Three," and a variety of stories scattered through his other books. In order to make his point of view that of the men themselves, not spoiled by the presence of superior officers or by social restraint of any sort, the author takes upon himself the character of an almost silent young civilian who has gained the warm friendship of three soldiers, whose intimate companion and chum he becomes. Most of the military stories, though not all, are told by one of these three, or else recount their adventures or caprices. Before opening the book called "Soldiers Three," however, the reader will do well to make himself familiar with the opening pages of a comparatively late story, "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," in which the characteristics of the famous three are more clearly defined than elsewhere. Mulvaney, the Irish giant, who has been the "grizzled, tender, and very wise Ulysses" to successive generations of young and foolish recruits, is a great creation. He is the father of the craft of arms to his associates; he has served with various regiments from Bermuda to Halifax; he is "old in war, scarred, reckless, resourceful, and in his pious hours an unequaled soldier." Learoyd, the second of these friends, is "six and a half feet of slow-moving, heavy-footed Yorkshireman, born on the wolds, bred in the dales, and educated chiefly among the carriers' carts at the back of York railway-station." The third is Ortheris, a little man as sharp as a needle, "a fox-terrier of a cockney," an inveterate poacher and dog-stealer.

Of these three strongly contrasted types the first and the third live in Mr. Kipling's pages with absolute reality. I must confess that Learoyd is to me a little shadowy, and even in a late story, "On Greenhow Hill," which has apparently been written in order to emphasize the outline of the Yorkshireman, I find myself chiefly interested in the incidental part, the sharp-shooting of Ortheris. It seems as though Mr. Kipling required, for the artistic balance of his cycle of stories, a third figure, and had evolved Learoyd while he observed and created Mulvaney and Ortheris, nor am I sure that places could not be pointed out where Learoyd, save for the dialect, melts undistinguishably into an incarnation of Mulvaney. The others are studied from the life, and by an observer who goes deep below the surface of conduct. How penetrating the study is, and how clear the diagnosis, may be seen in one or two stories which lie somewhat outside the popular group. It is no superficial idler among men who has taken down the strange notes on

military hysteria which inspire "The Madness of Ortheris" and "In the Matter of a Private," while the skill with which the battered giant Mulvaney, who has been a corporal and then has been reduced for misconduct, who to the ordinary view and in the eyes of all but the wisest of his officers is a dissipated blackguard, is made to display the rapidity, wit, resource, and high moral feeling which he really possesses, is extraordinary.

We have hitherto had in English literature no portraits of private soldiers like these, and yet the soldier is an object of interest and of very real, if vague and inefficient, admiration to his fellow-citizens. Mr. Thomas Hardy has painted a few excellent soldiers, but in a more romantic light and a far more pastoral setting. Other studies of this kind in fiction have either been slight and unsubstantial, or else they have been, as in the baby-writings of a certain novelist who has enjoyed popularity for a moment, odious in their sentimental unreality. There seems to be something essentially volatile about the soldier's memory. His life is so monotonous, so hedged in by routine, that he forgets the details of it as soon as the restraint is removed, or else he looks back upon it to see it bathed in a fictitious haze of sentiment. The absence of sentimentality in Mr. Kipling's version of the soldier's life in India is one of its great merits. What romance it assumes under his treatment is due to the curious contrasts it encourages. We see the ignorant and raw English youth transplanted, at the very moment when his instincts begin to develop, into a country where he is divided from everything which can remind him of his home, where by noon and night, in the bazar, in barracks, in the glowing scrub jungle, in the ferny defiles of the hills, everything he sees and hears and smells and feels produces on him an unfamiliar and an unwelcome impression. How he behaves himself under these new circumstances, what code of laws still binds his conscience, what are his relaxations and what his observations, these are the questions which we ask and which Mr. Kipling essays for the first time to answer.

Among the short stories which Mr. Kipling has dedicated to the British soldier in India there are a few which excel all the rest as works of art. I do not think that any one will deny that of this inner selection none exceeds in skill or originality "The Taking of Lungtungpen." Those who have not read this little masterpiece have yet before them the pleasure of becoming acquainted with one of the best short stories not merely in English but in any language. I do not know how to praise adequately the technical merit of this little narrative. It possesses to the full that masculine buoyancy, that power of sustaining an extremely spirited narrative in a tone appropriate to the action, which is one of Mr. Kipling's rare gifts. Its concentration, which never descends into obscurity, its absolute novelty, its direct and irresistible appeal to what is young and daring and absurdly splendid, are unsurpassed. To read it, at all events to admire and enjoy it, is to recover for a moment a little of that dare-devil quality that lurks somewhere in the softest and the baldest of us. Only a very young man could have written it, perhaps, but still more certainly only a young man of genius.

A little less interesting, in a totally different way, is "The Daughter of the Regiment," with its extraordinarily vivid account of the breaking-out of cholera in a troop-train. Of "The Madness of Ortheris" I have already spoken; as a work of art this again seems to me somewhat less remarkable, because carried out with less completeness. But it would be hard to find a parallel, of its own class, to "The Rout of the White Hussars," with its study of the effects of what is believed to be supernatural on a gathering of young fellows who are absolutely without fear of any phenomenon of which they comprehend the nature. In a very late story, "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," Mr. Kipling has shown that he is able to deal with the humors and matrimonial amours of India barrack-life just as rapidly, fully, and spiritedly as with the more serious episodes of a soldier's career. The scene between Judy Sheehy and Dinah, as told by Mulvaney in that story, is pure comedy, without a touch of farce.

On the whole, however, the impression left by Mr. Kipling's military stories is one of melancholy. Tommy Atkins, whom the author knows so well and sympathizes with so truly, is a solitary being in India. In all these tales I am conscious of the barracks as of an island in a desolate ocean of sand. All around is the infinite waste of India, obscure, monotonous, immense, inhabited by black men and pariah dogs, Pathans and green parrots, kites and crocodiles, and long solitudes of high grass. The island in this sea is a little collection of young men, sent out from the remoteness of England to serve "the Widder," and to help to preserve for her the rich and barbarous empire of the East. This microcosm of the barracks has its own laws, its own morals, its own range of emotional sentiment. What these are the new writer has (not told us, for that would be a long story) but shown us that he himself has divined. He has held the door open for a moment, and has revealed to us a set of very human creations. One thing, at least, the biographer of Mulvaney and Ortheris has no difficulty in persuading us, namely, that "God in his wisdom has made the heart of the British soldier,

who is very often an unlicked ruffian, as soft as the heart of a little child, in order that he may believe in and follow his officers into tight and nasty places."

III.

THE Anglo-Indians with whom Mr. Kipling deals are of two kinds. I must confess that there is no section of his work which appears to me so insignificant as that which deals with Indian "society." The eight tales which are bound together as "The Story of the Gadsbys" are doubtless very early productions. I have been told, but I know not whether on good authority, that they were published before the author was twenty-one. Judged as the observation of Anglo-Indian life by so young a boy, they are, it is needless to say, astonishingly clever. Some pages in them can never, I suppose, come to seem unworthy of his later fame. The conversation in "The Tents of Kedar," where Captain Gadsby breaks to Mrs. Herriott that he is engaged to be married, and absolutely darkens her world to her during "a Naini Tal dinner for thirty-five," is of consummate adroitness. What a "Naini Tal dinner" is I have not the slightest conception, but it is evidently something very sumptuous and public, and if any practised hand of the old social school could have contrived the thrust and parry under the fire of seventy critical eyes better than young Mr. Kipling has done, I know not who that writer is. In quite another way the pathos of the little bride's delirium in "The Valley of the Shadow" is of a very high, almost of the highest, order.

But, as a rule, Mr. Kipling's "society" Anglo-Indians are not drawn better than those which other Indian novelists have created for our diversion. There is a sameness in the type of devouring female, and though Mr. Kipling devises several names for it, and would fain persuade us that Mrs. Herriott, and Mrs. Reiver, and Mrs. Hauksbee possess subtle differences which distinguish them, yet I confess I am not persuaded. They all — and the Venus Annodomini as well — appear to me to be the same high-colored, rather ill-bred, not wholly spoiled professional coquette. Mr. Kipling seems to be too impatient of what he calls "the shiny toy-scum stuff people call civilization" to paint these ladies very carefully. "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," in which a hideously selfish man is made to tell the story of his own cruelty and of his mechanical remorse, is indeed highly original, but here it is the man, not the woman, in whom we are interested. The proposal of marriage in the dust-storm in "False Dawn," a theatrical, lurid scene, though scarcely natural, is highly effective. The archery contest in "Cupid's Arrows" needs only to be compared with a similar scene in "Daniel Deronda" to show how much more closely Mr. Kipling keeps his eye on detail than George Eliot did. But these things are rare in this class of his stories, and too often the Anglo-Indian social episodes are choppy, unconvincing, and not very refined.

All is changed when the central figure is a man. Mr. Kipling's officials and civilians are admirably vivid and of an amazing variety. If any one wishes to know why this new author has been received with joy and thankfulness by the Anglo-Saxon world, it is really not necessary for him to go further for a reason than to the moral tale of "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin." Let the author of that tract speak for himself.

> Every man is entitled to his own religious opinions; but no man — least of all a junior — has a right to thrust these down other men's throats. The government sends out weird civilians now and again; but McGoggin was the queerest exported for a long time. He was clever — brilliantly clever — but his cleverness worked the wrong way. Instead of keeping to the study of the vernaculars, he had read some books written by a man called Comte, I think, and a man called Spencer, and a Professor Clifford. [You will find these books in the Library.] They deal with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs. There was no order against his reading them, but his mama should have smacked him. . . . I do not say a word against this creed. It was made up in town, where there is nothing but machinery and asphalt and building — all shut in by the fog. . . . But in this country [India], where you really see humanity — raw, brown, naked humanity — with nothing between it and the blazing sky, and only the used-up, over-handled earth underfoot, the notion somehow dies away, and most folk come back to simpler theories.

Those who will not come back to simpler theories are prigs, for whom the machine-made notion is higher than experience. Now Mr. Kipling, in his warm way, hates many things, but he hates the prig for preference. Aurelian McGoggin, better known as the Blastoderm, is a prig of the over-educated type, and upon him falls the awful calamity of sudden and complete nerve-collapse. Lieutenant Golightly, in the story which bears his name, is a prig who values himself for spotless attire and clockwork precision of manner; he therefore is mauled and muddied up to his eyes, and then arrested under painfully derogatory conditions. In "Lispeth" we get the missionary prig, who thinks that the Indian instincts can be effaced by a veneer of Christianity. Mr. Kipling hates "the sheltered life." The men he likes are those

who have been thrown out of their depth at an early age, and taught to swim off a boat. The very remarkable story of "Thrown Away" shows the effect of preparing for India by a life "unspotted from the world" in England; it is as hopelessly tragic as any in Mr. Kipling's somewhat grim repertory.

Against the régime of the prig Mr. Kipling sets the régime of Strickland. Over and over again he introduces this mysterious figure, always with a phrase of extreme approval. Strickland is in the police, and his power consists in his determination to know the East as the natives know it. He can pass through the whole of Upper India, dressed up as a fakir, without attracting the least attention. Sometimes, as in "Beyond the Pale," he may know too much. But this is an exception, and personal to himself. Mr. Kipling's conviction is that this is the sort of man to pervade India for us, and that one Strickland is worth a thousand self-conceited civilians. But even below the Indian prig, because he has at least known India, is the final object of Mr. Kipling's loathing, "Pagett, M. P.," the radical English politician who comes out for four months to set everybody right. His chastisement is always severe and often comic. But in one very valuable paper, which Mr. Kipling must not be permitted to leave unreprinted, "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P.," he has dealt elaborately and quite seriously with this noxious creature. Whether Mr. Kipling is right or wrong, far be it from me in my ignorance to pretend to know. But his way of putting these things is persuasive.

Since Mr. Kipling has come back from India he has written about society "of sorts" in England. Is there not perhaps in him something of Pagett, M. P., turned inside out? As a delineator of English life, at all events, he is not yet thoroughly master of his craft. Everything he writes has vigor and picturesqueness. But "The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood" is the sort of thing that any extremely brilliant Burman, whose English, if slightly odd, was nevertheless unimpeachable, might write of English ladies and gentlemen, having never been in England. "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" was in every way better, more truly observed, more credible, more artistic, but yet a little too cynical and brutal to come straight from life. And last of all there is the novel of "The Light that Failed," with its much-discussed two endings, its oases of admirable detail in a desert of the undesirable, with its extremely disagreeable woman, and its far more brutal and detestable man, presented to us, the precious pair of them, as typical specimens of English society. I confess that it is "The Light that Failed" that has wakened me to the fact that there are limits to this dazzling new talent, the *éclat* of which had almost lifted us off our critical feet.

IV.

THE conception of Strickland would be very tantalizing and incomplete if we were not permitted to profit from his wisdom and experience. But, happily, Mr. Kipling is perfectly willing to take us below the surface, and to show us glimpses of the secret life of India. In so doing he puts forth his powers to their fullest extent, and I think it cannot be doubted that the tales which deal with native manners are not merely the most curious and interesting which Mr. Kipling has written, but are also the most fortunately constructed. Every one who has thought over this writer's mode of execution will have been struck with the skill with which his best work is restrained within certain limits. When inspiration flags with him, indeed, his stories may grow too long, or fail, as if from languor, before they reach their culmination. But his best short stories — and among his best we include the majority of his native Indian tales — are cast at once, as if in a mold; nothing can be detached from them without injury. In this consists his great technical advantage over almost all his English rivals; we must look to France or to America for stories fashioned in this way. In several of his tales of Indian manners this skill reaches its highest because most complicated expression. It may be comparatively easy to hold within artistic bonds a gentle episode of European amorosity. To deal, in the same form, but with infinitely greater audacity, with the muffled passions and mysterious instincts of India, to slur over nothing, to emphasize nothing, to give in some twenty pages the very spicy odor of the East, this is marvelous.

Not less than this Mr. Kipling has done in a little group of stories which I cannot but hold to be the culminating point of his genius so far. If the remainder of his writings were swept away, posterity would be able to reconstruct its Rudyard Kipling from "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Man who Would be King," "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," and "Beyond the Pale." More than that, if all record of Indian habits had been destroyed, much might be conjectured from them of the pathos, the splendor, the cruelty, and the mystery of India. From "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" more is to be gleaned of the real action of opium-smoking, and the causes of that indulgence, than from many sapient debates in the British House of Commons. We come very close to the confines of the moonlight-colored world of magic in "The Bisara of Pooree." For pure horror and for the hopeless

impenetrability of the native conscience there is "The Recrudescence of Imray." In a revel of color and shadow, at the close of the audacious and Lucianic story of "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," we peep for a moment into the mystery of "a big queen's praying at Benares."

Admirable, too, are the stories which deal with the results of attempts made to melt the Asiatic and the European into one. The red-headed Irish-Thibetan who makes the king's life a burden to him in the fantastic story of "Namgay Doola" represents one extremity of this chain of grotesque Eurasians; Michele D'Cruze, the wretched little black police inspector, with a drop of white blood in his body, who wakes up to energetic action at one supreme moment of his life, is at the other. The relapse of the converted Indian is a favorite theme with this cynical observer of human nature. It is depicted in "The Judgment of Dungara," with a rattling humor worthy of Lever, where the whole mission, clad in white garments woven of the scorpion nettle, go mad with fire and plunge into the river, while the trumpet of the god bellows triumphantly from the hills. In "Lispeth" we have a study — much less skilfully worked out, however — of the Indian woman carefully Christianized from childhood reverting at once to heathenism when her passions reach maturity.

The lover of good literature, however, is likely to come back to the four stories which we named first in this section. They are the very flower of Mr. Kipling's work up to the present moment, and on these we base our highest expectations for his future. "Without Benefit of Clergy" is a study of the Indian woman as wife and mother, uncovenanted wife of the English civilian and mother of his son. The tremulous passion of Ameera, her hopes, her fears, and her agonies of disappointment, combine to form by far the most tender page which Mr. Kipling has written. For pure beauty the scene where Holden, Ameera, and the baby count the stars on the housetop for Tota's horoscope is so characteristic that, although it is too long to quote in full, its opening paragraph must here be given as a specimen of Mr. Kipling's style in this class of work.

> Ameera climbed the narrow staircase that led to the flat roof. The child, placid and unwinking, lay in the hollow of her right arm, gorgeous in silver-fringed muslin, with a small skull-cap on his head. Ameera wore all that she valued most. The diamond nose-stud that takes the place of the Western patch in drawing attention to the curve of the nostril, the gold ornament in the center of the forehead studded with tallow-drop emeralds and flawed rubies, the heavy circlet of beaten gold that was fastened round her neck by the softness of the pure metal, and the clinking curb-patterned silver anklets hanging low over the rosy ankle-bone. She was dressed in jade-green muslin, as befitted a daughter of the Faith, and from shoulder to elbow and elbow to wrist ran bracelets of silver tied with floss silk; frail glass bangles slipped over the wrist in proof of the slenderness of the hand, and certain heavy gold bracelets that had no part in her country's ornaments, but, since they were Holden's gift, and fastened with a cunning European snap, delighted her immensely.
>
> They sat down by the low white parapet of the roof, overlooking the city and its lights.

What tragedy was in store for the gentle astrologer, or in what darkness of waters the story ends, it is needless to repeat here.

In "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" a civil engineer stumbles by chance on a ghastly city of the dead who do not die, trapped into it, down walls of shifting sand, on the same principle as the ant-lion secures its prey, the parallel being so close that one half suspects Mr. Kipling of having invented a human analogy to the myrmeleon. The abominable settlement of living dead men is so vividly described, and the wonders of it are so calmly, and, as it were, so temperately discussed, that no one who possesses the happy gift of believing can fail to be persuaded of the truth of the tale. The character of Gunga Dass, a Deccanee Brahmin whom Jukes finds in this reeking village, and who, reduced to the bare elements of life, preserves a little, though exceedingly little, of his old traditional obsequiousness, is an admirable study. But all such considerations are lost, as we read the story first, in the overwhelming and Poe-like horror of the situation and the extreme novelty of the conception.

A still higher place, however, I am inclined to claim for the daring invention of "The Man who Would be King." This is a longer story than is usual with Mr. Kipling, and it depends for its effect, not upon any epigrammatic surprise or extravagant dénouement of the intrigue, but on an imaginative effort brilliantly sustained through a detailed succession of events. Two ignorant and disreputable Englishmen, exiles from social life, determine to have done with the sordid struggle, and to close with a try for nothing less than empire. They are seen by the journalist who narrates the story to disappear northward from the Kumharsan Serai disguised as a mad priest and his servant starting to sell whirligigs to the Ameer of Kabul. Two years later there stumbles into the newspaper office a human creature bent into a circle, and moving his feet one over the other like a bear. This is the surviving adventurer, who, half dead and half dazed, is roused by doses of raw whisky into a condition which permits him to unravel the squalid and splendid chron-

icle of adventures beyond the utmost rim of mountains, adventures on the veritable throne of Kafiristan. The tale is recounted with great skill as from the lips of the dying king. At first, to give the needful impression of his faint, bewildered state, he mixes up his narrative, whimpers, forgets, and repeats his phrases; but by the time the curiosity of the reader is fully arrested, the tale has become limpid and straightforward enough. When it has to be drawn to a close, the symptoms of aphasia and brain-lesion are repeated. This story is conceived and conducted in the finest spirit of an artist. It is strange to the verge of being incredible, but it never outrages possibility, and the severe moderation of the author preserves our credence throughout.

It is in these Indian stories that Mr. Kipling displays more than anywhere else the accuracy of his eye and the retentiveness of his memory. No detail escapes him, and, without seeming to emphasize the fact, he is always giving an exact feature where those who are in possession of fewer facts or who see less vividly are satisfied with a shrewd generality.

V.

In Mr. Kipling's first volume there was one story which struck quite a different note from all the others, and gave promise of a new delineator of children. "Tods' Amendment," which is a curiously constructed piece of work, is in itself a political allegory. It is to be noticed that when he warms to his theme the author puts aside the trifling fact that Tods is an infant of six summers, and makes him give a clear statement of collated native opinion worthy of a barrister in ample practice. What led to the story, one sees without difficulty, was the wish to emphasize the fact that unless the Indian government humbles itself, and becomes like Tods, it can never legislate with efficiency, because it never can tell what all the *jhampanis* and *saises* in the bazar really wish for. If this were all, Mr. Kipling in creating Tods would have shown no more real acquaintance with children than other political allegorists have shown with sylphs or Chinese philosophers. But Mr. Kipling is always an artist, and in order to make a setting for his child-professor of jurisprudence, he invented a really convincing and delightful world of conquering infancy. Tods, who lives up at Simla with Tods' mama, and knows everybody, is "an utterly fearless young pagan," who pursues his favorite kid even into the sacred presence of the Supreme Legislative Council, and is on terms of equally well-bred familiarity with the Viceroy and with Futteh Khan, the villainous loafer *khit* from Mussoorie.

To prove that "Tods' Amendment" was not an accident, and also, perhaps, to show that he could write about children purely and simply, without any after-thought of allegory, he brought out, as the sixth instalment of the "Indian Railway Library," a little volume entirely devoted to child-life. Of the four stories contained in this book one is among the finest productions of its author, while two others are very good indeed. There are also, of course, the children in "The Light that Failed," although they are too closely copied from the author's previous creations in "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"; and in other writings of his children take a position sufficiently prominent to justify us in considering this as one of the main divisions of his work.

In his preface to "Wee Willie Winkie" Mr. Kipling has sketched for us the attitude which he adopts towards babies. "Only women," he says, but we may doubt if he means it, "understand children thoroughly; but if a mere man keeps very quiet, and humbles himself properly, and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him, and let him see what they think about the world." This is a curious form of expression, and suggests the naturalist more than the lover of children. So might we conceive a successful zoölogist describing the way to note the habits of wild animals and birds, by keeping very quiet, and lying low in the grass, and refraining from making sudden noises. This is, indeed, the note by which we may distinguish Mr. Kipling from such true lovers of childhood as Mrs. Ewing. He has no very strong emotion in the matter, but he patiently and carefully collects data, partly out of his own faithful and capacious personal memory, partly out of what he observes.

The Tods type he would probably insist that he has observed. A finer and more highly developed specimen of it is given in "Wee Willie Winkie," the hero of which is a noble infant of overpowering vitality, who has to be put under military discipline to keep him in any sort of domestic order, and who, while suffering under two days' confinement to barracks (the house and veranda), saves the life of a headstrong girl. The way in which Wee Willie Winkie — who is of Mr. Kipling's favorite age, six — does this is at once wholly delightful and a terrible strain to credence. The baby sees Miss Allardyce cross the river, which he has always been forbidden to do, because the river is the frontier, and beyond it are bad men, goblins, Afghans, and the like. He feels that she is in danger, he breaks mutinously out of barracks on his pony and follows her, and when she has an accident, and is surrounded by twenty hill-men, he saves her by his spirit and

by his complicated display of resource. To criticize this story, which is told with infinite zest and picturesqueness, seems merely priggish. Yet it is contrary to Mr. Kipling's whole intellectual attitude to suppose him capable of writing what he knows to be supernatural romance. We have therefore to suppose that in India infants "of the dominant race" are so highly developed at six, physically and intellectually, as to be able to ride hard, alone, across a difficult river, and up pathless hilly country, to contrive a plan for succoring a hapless lady, and to hold a little regiment of savages at bay by mere force of eye. If Wee Willie Winkie had been twelve instead of six, the feat would have been just possible. But then the romantic contrast between the baby and his virile deeds would not have been nearly so piquant. In all this Mr. Kipling, led away by sentiment and a false ideal, is not quite the honest craftsman that he should be.

But when, instead of romancing and creating, he is content to observe children, he is excellent in this as in other branches of careful natural history. But the children he observes, are, or we much misjudge him, himself. "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" is a strange compound of work at first and at second hand. Aunty Rosa (delightfully known, without a suspicion of supposed relationship, as "Antirosa"), the Mrs. Squeers of the Rocklington lodgings, is a sub-Dickensian creature, tricked out with a few touches of reality, but mainly a survival of early literary hatreds. The boy Harry and the soft little sister of Punch are rather shadowy. But Punch lives with an intense vitality, and here, without any indiscretion, we may be sure that Mr. Kipling has looked inside his own heart and drawn from memory. Nothing in the autobiographies of their childhood by Tolstoi and Pierre Loti, nothing in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," is more valuable as a record of the development of childhood than the account of how Punch learned to read, moved by curiosity to know what the "falchion" was with which the German man split the Griffin open. Very nice, also, is the reference to the mysterious rune, called "Sonny, my Soul," with which mama used to sing Punch to sleep.

By far the most powerful and ingenious story, however, which Mr. Kipling has yet dedicated to a study of childhood is "The Drums of The Fore and Aft." "The Fore and Aft" is a nickname given in derision to a crack regiment, whose real title is "The Fore and Fit," in memory of a sudden calamity which befell them on a certain day in an Afghan pass, when, if it had not been for two little blackguard drummer-boys, they would have been wofully and contemptibly cut to pieces, as they were routed, by a dashing troop of Ghazis. The two little heroes, who only conquer to die, are called Jakin and Lew, stunted children of fourteen, "gutter-birds" who drink and smoke and "do everything but lie," and are the disgrace of the regiment. In their little souls, however, there burns what Mr. Pater would call a "hard, gem-like flame" of patriotism, and they are willing to undergo any privation, if only they may wipe away the stigma of being "bloomin' non-combatants." In the intervals of showing us how that stain was completely removed, Mr. Kipling gives us not merely one of the most thrilling and effective battles in fiction, but a singularly delicate portrait of two grubby little souls turned white and splendid by an element of native greatness. It would be difficult to point to a page of modern English more poignant than that which describes how "the only acting-drummers who were took along," and — left behind, moved forward across the pass alone to the enemy's front, and sounded on drum and fife the return of the regiment to duty. But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole story is that a record of shocking British retreat and failure is so treated as to flatter in its tenderest susceptibilities the pride of British patriotism.

VI.

MR. KIPLING'S début was made in a volume of verse, called "Departmental Ditties," which has continued to enjoy considerable popularity and has frequently been reprinted. This collection of comical and satirical pieces representative of Indian official life has, however, very slight literary value. The verses in it are mostly imitations of popular English and American bards, with but here and there a trace of the true accent of the author in such strong though ill-executed strains as "The Story of Uriah," and "The Song of the Women." In other cases they follow, but more faintly, the lines of the author's prose stories. It cannot be said that in this collection Mr. Kipling soars above the "Ali Babas" and "Aliph Cheems" who strike an agreeable lyre for the entertainment of their fellow Anglo-Indians. No claim for the title of poet could be founded on literary baggage so slight as "Departmental Ditties."

Of late years, however, Mr. Kipling has put forward, in a great variety of directions, essays in verse which deserve much higher consideration. He has indulged the habit of prefixing to his prose stories fragments of poems which must be his own, for there is nobody else to claim them. Some of these are as vivid and tantalizing as the tiny bits we possess of lost Greek tragedians. Among them is to be found

this extract from a "barrack-room ballad" used to introduce the story of "The Madness of Private Ortheris":

Oh! where would I be when my froat was dry?
Oh! where would I be when the bullets fly?
Oh! where would I be when I come to die?
Why,
Somewheres anigh my chum.
If 'e 's liquor 'e 'll give me some,
If I 'm dying 'e 'll 'old my 'ead,
An' 'e 'll write 'em 'ome when I 'm dead.
God send us a trusty chum!

There must have been not a few readers who, like the present writer, on finding this nugget of ballad-doggerel, felt that here was a totally unworked field just touched by the spade, and left. Happily, Mr. Kipling has digged farther and deeper, and he has written a series of barrack-room ballads which are quite unique in their kind, and of which scarcely one but is of definite and permanent value. The only writer who has, to my mind, in any degree anticipated the mixture of vulgar and realistic phraseology with the various elements of pathos combined in the lives of rough young men exiled from home is the Australian poet Adam Lindsay Gordon, whom Mr. Kipling greatly excels in variety of meter and force of language. Except in its sardonic form, humor has never been a prominent feature of Mr. Kipling's prose. I hardly know an instance of it not disturbed by irony or savagery, except the story of "Moti Guj," the mutineer elephant. But in some of the "Barrack-room Ballads" there is found the light of a genuine humor. What can be more delightful, for instance, than this appreciative description of Fuzzy-Wuzzy, by one of the Soudan force who has had to deal with him in the bush?

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e 's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E 's all 'ot sand and ginger when alive,
An' 'e 's generally shammin' when 'e 's dead.
'E 's a daisy, e' 's a ducky, 'e 's a lamb!
'E 's a' injia-rubber idiot on the spree;
'E 's the on'y thing that does n't care a damn
For a regiment of British Infantree.
So 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
You 're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
And 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air —
You big black boundin' beggar — for you bruk a British square.

But more often, underneath the rollicking storm of the verses, there may be heard the melancholy which is characteristic of so much of the best modern writing, the murmur of that *Weltschmerz* which is never far off, at all events, from Mr. Kipling's verse. It sometimes seems as though it were the author himself who speaks to us in the soldier's impatience at the colorlessness and restraint of Western life. And it is with the exquisite melody of his own ballad of "Mandalay" that we leave the author who has so strangely moved and fascinated us, who has enlarged our horizon on one wholly neglected side, and from whom, in the near future, we have a right to expect so much imaginative invigoration. But what is he saying?—

Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there are n't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it 's there that I would be —
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea —
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out er China 'crost the bay!

Ah, yes! Mr. Kipling, go back to the far East! Yours is not the talent to bear with patience the dry-rot of London or of New York. Disappear, another Waring, and come back in ten years' time with a fresh and still more admirable budget of precious loot out of Wonderland!

Edmund Gosse.

LOVE.

LOVE came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom, and song were rife;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, "I am rest."

William Wilfred Campbell.

TARRYING IN NICARAGUA.

PLEASURES AND PERILS OF THE CALIFORNIA TRIP IN 1849.

IN the last days of 1848 a number of young Yale graduates, bound together by almost brotherly friendship and the intimate association of long years of school and college life, were suddenly seized with a longing to join the throng that from all parts of our country was working its way by every known and unknown route to the newly discovered gold-fields of California.

They did not go primarily to dig for gold. With some of them that was but a remote contingency. But their professional studies were completed, their old companionship was broken up, and they were feeling the sense of isolation and discouragement inevitable to the early months of professional life, when all business worth having seems already captured by the older and more experienced. In this transition state, and with warnings for some that eyes or health were giving way, they were prepared, like tinder for the steel, to take fire at the enticing stories, then filling our papers and flying from mouth to mouth, of this new region of fabulous wealth, with its fruitful ranches and wonderful scenery, its free, adventurous life, its genial climate, and its golden opportunities for each in his own line, and to respond to its call to come in and possess the land, and to help in the founding of a great State.

There is no corner of the earth that seems now so remote as California then seemed. To go by the Howland and Aspinwall steamers, then sailing with tolerable regularity to Chagres once a month, would involve long delay, for they found that every passenger-ticket had been sold for many months ahead. Moreover, there was often great detention in crossing the Isthmus, and always fever there. But there were plenty of other ways to choose from. The daily papers were crowded with advertisements of new and much-lauded routes, for which enterprising men were getting up companies to be put through safely "in sixty days," the "rapid transit" of the time. Brigs and schooners from the smallest to the largest were withdrawn from other work and hastily cleaned and fitted up for "a limited number of passengers" to go round the Horn, or to some one of the many ports on the Atlantic from which a quick cut across to the Pacific, and to whatever vessel chance might there bring them, was feasible.

At length the interesting character of the region to be crossed, together with the pleasing address and beguiling promises of the projector of the enterprise, led the Yale men to decide on Gordon's Passenger Line via Nicaragua and Realejo.

The story of this trip is given in extracts from letters written home at the time chiefly by one who went to California only to find an early grave. We give below a copy of the receipt given him with a statement of Gordon's plan.

State Room Passage.

GORDON'S PASSENGER LINE

TO

SAN FRANCISCO, via LAKE NICARAGUA AND REALEJO.

Received of ROGER S. BALDWIN, JR., *the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars being in part for his passage to* SAN FRANCISCO, *in the above line.*

On payment of Balance, One Hundred and Thirty Dollars, this Receipt secures to him passage in the *Mary*, Captain Hayes, from New York to San Juan De Nicaragua, from thence per Steam Boat *Plutus* to GRANADA, on Lake Nicaragua; or, navigation permitting, to Managua, Matiares or Nagarote on Lake Leon, as may be most convenient for landing; and a passage from Realejo, on the Pacific, to San Francisco, with Hammock, Bed, and Bedding for the voyage, and Camp accommodations during detention on land, *en route.*

The following provisions will be provided, viz:

FOR BREAKFAST.— *Coffee and White Sugar— Ham, Fish, Sausages— White Biscuit— half a pound Preserved Fruit to each ten persons.*

FOR DINNER.— *One third of a quart of Soup made from* Kensett & Co.'s preserved Soups— *Salt Beef or Pork— Potatoes, Hominy, Peas, or Rice— Rice or Flour Puddings.*

FOR SUPPER.— *Tea and White Sugar— Ham, Fish, or Sausage— White Biscuit— half a pound of Fruit Marmalade to each ten persons.*

The above is to be served up during the voyages, and on the Lake and Land transit, circumstances permitting.

Saloon Passengers will be expected to form into Messes, and the Gentlemen in rotation to receive and serve up their own meals from the Cooks (in the manner pursued in the U. S. Service). Passengers who take State Rooms will have a Steward provided who will expect a fee of $5 from each passenger. The provisions are alike in both cases.

One Hundred Pounds of personal Baggage will be carried free if packed in round covered Valises or Bags weighing not more than 125 lb. each package; freight above that weight taken at $6 per 100 lb. Passengers

are expected to assist in packing, stowing and unloading Baggage and provisions if necessary.

Any extra charges for passports, or transit Duties to be borne by each passenger. The general Customs Business will be transacted by an agent of the Line at San Juan or San Carlos without charge.

Gentlemen Passengers, if required, will have to walk from Granada or Lake Léon to Realejo (1½ or 3 days' march).

The Line provides an agent to charter vessels at Panama, Acapulco, and other Pacific Ports, so as to avoid detention at Realejo.

In the *unexpected* event of Vessels not being procured, $75 of the passage money and 60 days' provisions will be refunded to each passenger at Realejo, which will procure passage in the Mail Steamers which touch there.

On the arrival of the passengers at San Francisco each passenger will have handed to him

1 Barrel White Biscuit.
½ Barrel Flour.
1½ lb. of Tea, in ½ lb. leaden packages.
6 lb. of Ground Coffee, in 1 lb. leaden packages.
15 lb. White Sugar.
1 Cheese (boxed up) about twenty pounds.

Which will furnish one person with all necessary provisions, except meat, for three months.

Every Gentleman passenger is required to provide himself with a Rifle or Musket. All Powder must positively be placed in the hands of the Agent of the line.

GEO. GORDON.

They were to leave New York the first week in February, and before the second week of April to be in San Francisco, ready, among the earliest, to seize the opportunity and to take the tide of fortune at its flood. Day after day they met the brig at an appointed hour, but nearly three weeks dragged on before she sailed.

SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA [GREYTOWN], March 20, 1849.

DEAR M——:

We left New York the morning of the 20th of February in a fine little brig with one hundred and thirty-six passengers, bound to California by the untried route of Nicaragua, and under contract to be put through in sixty days. After pitching about in a gale which caught us off Bermuda, one fine morning we awoke and saw Hayti lying on our right, and all day were sailing under its bold, beautiful shores.

From that time we scarcely moved a sail, but came across the Caribbean Sea direct to San Juan, with a wind always just aft, clear skies by day, and bright moonlight nights. More delicious weather I never experienced. On the morning of March 12 we made the land of the Mosquito Coast, and, running down twenty or thirty miles, came to anchor in the afternoon in a snug little harbor at the mouth of the river San Juan. I never was more surprised than at my first view of this place. I had expected it would be like Chagres, a collection of huts on some low, marshy point, and utterly destitute of everything like beauty or interest; but I found it one of the prettiest and most charming little places it was ever my happiness to fall into. As we came in it looked just like a picture. The little bay with its three or four islands, skirted by a fine beach, on the outside of which a heavy surf was rolling, while within all was calm and still; the steep, thatch-roofed cane houses clustered together at its head relieving the dense forest behind; and the dimly seen summits of the far-off mountains of Nicaragua, made to me one of the most beautiful landscapes that I ever beheld. My heart fairly bounded with delight, and in these forests I had many a fine ramble. How strange it seems to be walking under orange, and lemon, and tamarind, and palm trees; to be picking guavas and mangos; to be breakfasting on alligator steaks and dining on wild boar! You should have seen me this morning, sitting under a cocoanut tree, from which I had shot a nut of just the right size, cutting the end with my machete, and drinking the rich, pulpy milk, watching with one eye a couple of suspicious-looking lizards and with the other a troop of some fifty monkeys who were performing all kinds of antics for my sole amusement. I went some four or five miles into the forest, and everything about me was so strange, so different from our New England woodlands through which I have been accustomed to wander, that I felt really inclined to doubt my own identity. On one hand would be a great cactus with leaves fifteen or twenty feet long and full of bright crimson flowers, on the other long trailers hanging sixty feet from great tamarind and dye-wood trees. Palms were about me the buds of which were five or six feet long. In the little swamps some beautiful varieties of calla were in bloom, and in the branches of the trees were some of the most brilliant birds you would ever see — macaws and paroquets. Now and then I would start a wild turkey, and about noon had a double shot into an immense drove of wild hogs, but both unsuccessful. I take great delight in these rambles. Every day, while some of our party are reclining in their hammocks and complaining of the heat of the sun, I am tramping through the woods with my rifle or fowling-piece on my shoulder, or paddling about the bay with fishing-rod, or exploring among the islands or up the river, getting as much enjoyment as I can out of our detention here. We have hired a little piragua by the week, and a number of pleasant days I have spent in it on the water. All kinds of fish abound here, both in the river and in the beautiful lagoon back of the village, and if I tire of catching them I can have a hunt after guavas or a shot at a pelican, or into a flock of ducks by way of variety. I doubt if I ever was in better health in my life. The mercury rang-

GOING UP THE SAN JUAN IN A BUNGO.

so far from the end of our journey. But it is too true that although "sixty days" and thirty more have elapsed, I am no further advanced than to this old city. After a detention of three weeks at San Juan, the boiler and machinery of the steamboat which was brought with us, and had been put together, were condemned as worthless, and the company left to proceed up the river, half in bungos and canoes, the other half on the remains of the steamboat. B—— and I had the sole occupancy of a bungo. Our captain, or padron, proved to be the kindest and best on the river, our boat's crew the most efficient, and we were considered the most fortunate of the company. What to many of our party was a voyage full of hardships and danger to us was the pleasantest part of our journey. The San Juan is a fine, noble river, abounding in fish, dotted with islands, and lined on each side for its whole extent with forests the exceeding beauty of which no pencil could paint or pen describe. The deep verdure of the foliage, the many brilliant flowers, the long waving palm leaves, the graceful festoons of the vines and mosses intertwining themselves in a

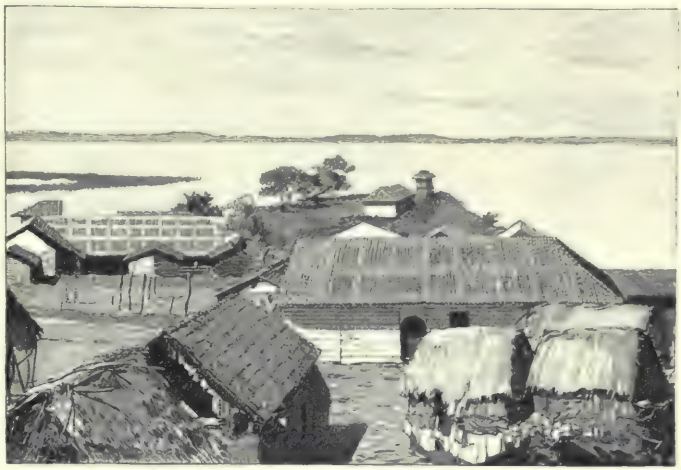
ing from seventy at night to eighty or eighty-five at noon, and the sea and land breezes blowing with refreshing regularity. Every morning we are down from our hammocks by sunrise and in for a bath, not regarding in the least the sharks and alligators, which may be floating within twenty feet of us.

CITY OF GRANADA, CENTRAL AMERICA,
May 24, 1849.

YOU will be surprised to receive this letter bearing this late date and written by me still

UPPER CASTILLO, LOOKING DOWN THE SAN JUAN RIVER, CASTILLO RAPIDS IN THE CENTER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O'NEIL.)

thousand different ways, we were never weary of admiring. At night our piragua would be drawn up by some sandy beach, and we would spend an hour hunting turtle or iguana eggs and catching fish, which with coffee made us excellent meals, and easily cooked. For two or three hours we would walk up and down in the moonlight; then rolling ourselves in our blankets and lying down among the boatmen, we would sleep as soundly amid the roaring of alligators and cougars, as ever I did in my bed at home. At dawn we would be wakened by the matin song of the boatmen, and during the day, when we were not gazing at and conversing about the strange sights and scenes through which we were passing, reading and study made the hours glide pleasantly away. So passed eight days, when we came to San Carlos, where the lake meets the river. Here we changed piraguas, and after two days' detention set sail for Granada. We were sorry enough to part from our captain, Mercedes, who had really quite endeared himself to us; and his crew were all a fine set of fellows. We soon found we had not bettered ourselves, for scarcely three hours out there had like to have been a pitched battle between the bungo men with their machetes and the passengers, now increased in number to eight, and all well armed. A few well-directed blows, however, settled the matter.



FORT SAN CARLOS AND LAKE NICARAGUA. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY O'NEIL.)

It was the 13th of April when we entered Granada — but I will give you an orderly, book-like description of the place where it has been my unexpected lot to tarry the last five or six weeks. The first object which indicates its vicinity to the traveler who may be navigating the clear waters of the lonely mountain-girt lake of Nicaragua is a high volcanic peak which rises five thousand or six thousand feet boldly from the shore, with, when we saw it, every rocky point sharply defined against the western sky, but which, at this season, night and morning veils its head in clouds. On a nearer approach he sees running northwardly from its base a long, wide beach of very fine sand with a ruined fortress standing midway upon it. This beach seems to him to be of a curiously variegated black and white color, and he gazes at it with wonder; but as he draws still nearer these appearances resolve themselves into piles of clothes and groups of tawny-skinned women vigorously engaged in restoring the clothes to purity. Their process of doing this is somewhat peculiar. The women seat themselves in about knee-deep water, and, taking the clothes as they are passed to them by little naked children, rub them over with a saponaceous herb, and then, after soaking, pound the clothes on flat stones with all their strength — and here they are by no means the weaker sex — until not only every vestige of impurity leaves them, but, if any fine or delicate fabric comes into their hands, until its substance often vanishes in passing through the ordeal. It needed only the loss of a few shirts and handkerchiefs to convince me of this. These washerwomen are the first sign of the city, for as yet no mark of habitation is visible. The piragua nears the shore, and an anchor is thrown out. A bold bungo man leaps into the water, the stranger places himself on his shoulders, and, if not a long-legged man, is borne dry-shod to the land. At this moment a dozen men on fine horses come rushing by at full speed in a torrent of dust and exclamations. The traveler is somewhat surprised, and, seeing at a distance twenty or thirty others likewise bearing down upon him, begins to grow uneasy; but being told that they are passing only for amusement, his fears are quieted, and he admires the grace of the riders and the spirit of the steeds. Then, leaving the lake directly behind

LANDING AT GRANADA.

WASHING ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE.

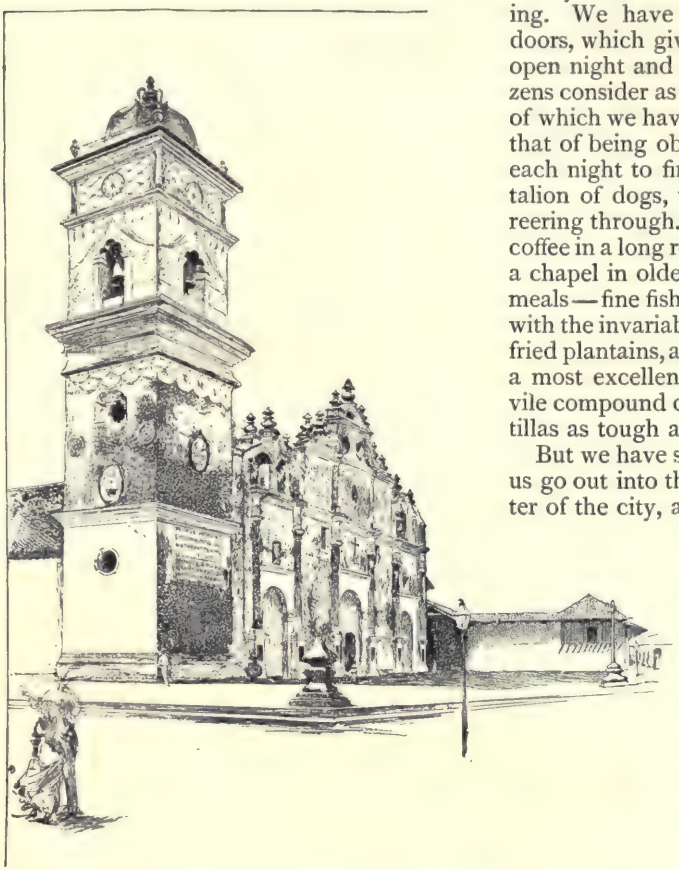
him, he passes up some one of half a dozen roads leading to the city, bordered on each side by hedges of prickly cactus inclosing fields of plantains and pines, and he smiles to think how precious in our northern conservatories would be the very weeds he is treading under his feet. As he ascends the gentle rise he meets long files of women walking along with a firm, erect step, balancing on their heads large earthen jars of the capacity of from two to four gallons, with which they wade into the lake, and, filling them, return to the city, oftentimes singing as they go, and forming in their singular costume a scene quite interesting. At the distance of half a mile from the lake the stranger enters the suburbs, and begins to see before him the broken towers of the old time-worn churches, from which, at any hour of the day, a dozen clear-toned bells are chiming. In the suburbs live the lower classes or laboring

A STREET IN GRANADA.

population, if they may be called so in a country where a man rarely works if he has a "peseta" in his pocket to buy him his dinner. The houses are mere huts of cane thatched with palm leaves, many of which a strong man might carry away on his shoulders. All colors may be seen, but most are of the Indian shade, and of children and dogs there appears to be an infinity. Most of the young ones have their hair cropped to within a sixteenth of an inch of the skin, with the exception of a few locks in front, and it makes them look like little fighting cocks. They roll about naked in the dust till they are eight or ten years of age, when their mother puts scanty garments upon them and sends them to school. Still farther on, adobe houses begin to be mixed with those of cane, but all are small and unconnected until the city proper is entered. Then the streets, which are regularly laid out at right angles, are entirely built up with blocks of heavy-looking one-story adobe and stone houses, all stuccoed and painted white, with tiled roofs projecting six or eight feet over the street, forming an agreeable shelter for the person who is obliged to walk out under the rays of an almost vertical sun. The streets are about as wide as Nassau street, New York, sufficiently so for carts easily to pass one another; but the sidewalks are only about two feet wide, and are raised high up from the streets, which are inundated in the rainy season. Moreover, as the windows of all the houses project a foot or so from the side of the walk, an inexperienced passenger in the night is apt to return home with several depressions in his hat and corresponding elevations on his head. These houses, in consequence of their being built directly on the street, with walls three or four feet thick, large heavy gates, and iron-barred windows without blinds or glass, give the streets a somber and prisonlike appearance, which the white stucco with which all are covered vainly strives to relieve. But within they are more comfortable for this warm climate than I should have supposed. The dwelling-apartments, kitchens, and stables form a hollow square inclosing a court, generally well planted with flowering and fruit trees. All the interior roofs project ten or twelve feet, forming a shady corridor, where it is very cool and delightful to lie swinging in one's hammock. Very little furniture is used, a few chairs and tables, beds and hammocks sufficing. The city rejoices in two pianos, but, I believe, contains no carpet. The floors are generally of brick, kept clean and bright, and are much cooler than ours, and rarely wear out. I have

THE SUBURBS OF GRANADA.
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY O'NEIL.)

not seen a pane of glass in Central America, which is indeed almost useless, for, owing to the lowness of the long, projecting roofs, sun and rain can never enter, while the cool breeze is always invited. Our Venetian blinds, however, would be very agreeable. There are, only heavy-barred shutters, which in early evening, owing to the fear of revolutions, are shut and locked, and the whole city seems deserted. One of these houses, strongly built of stone and heavy wood, is at present our abiding place. It is a house larger than the ordinary size, on a corner two squares from the plaza, and was the old Convent de las Mercedes, from which the inmates were driven in a revolution some years ago. And now where formerly the nuns chanted, told their beads, and did penance, some fifteen or more "Norte-Americanos" eat, sleep, and make themselves as cool and comfortable as possible. A fine, wide corridor runs about the house, both inside and outside, where a regiment might sit at ease in the shade, and within is a large court planted with mango trees, for the rich fruit of which I have acquired a decided taste; altogether it is perhaps the best house for hotel purposes in the city, and we live in it with a good degree of comfort. It was here that we came when we first landed in the city, and it immediately went into operation with twenty boarders at a dollar a day each. We were satisfied with our fare, but, thinking it too high a price, they concluded after a few days to reduce it one-half, keeping us for three dollars and a half a week. So thus we live, sleeping in our hammocks or on hide beds, as the fancy takes us, in a large paved room, open to the roof, where at any time a dozen bats may be seen hanging. We have no windows, but have two doors, which give us a good draft, being kept open night and day, a measure which the citizens consider as the extreme of hardihood, but of which we have felt no inconvenience except that of being obliged to turn out once or twice each night to fire a volley of pistols at a battalion of dogs, who take great delight in careering through. Twice a day we are called to coffee in a long room which may have served for a chapel in olden times, and twice more to our meals — fine fish from the lake, flesh, and fowl, with the invariable accompaniments of tortillas, fried plantains, and frijoles. The plantains were a most excellent dish, but the frijoles were a vile compound of beans and lard, and the tortillas as tough and hard as sole leather.



CHURCH AND CONVENT DE LAS MERCEDES.

But we have stayed long enough inside; let us go out into the plaza. This is the main center of the city, a square about half the size of the New Haven Green, but without a tree or a blade of grass. Looking towards the east front, where our street enters, we have just before us the principal church, a fine-looking edifice which appears venerable more from decay than from years. On one side of it is a long, low town hall or court-house; on the left are dwelling-houses, and on the right the arsenal and quarters for the soldiery. The remaining side is mostly given up to stores and shops, but with one or two dwelling-houses, and one just where we are standing is where I have passed as pleasant hours as any in the country. If it is morning, and especially of a Sunday, the plaza is in the full bustle of a market. The Indians come in from all the country round, some on donkeys, some riding or driving mules, but more on foot, and these mostly women, walking many miles with loads of fruit and vegetables which it would seem must about break their backs, and returning perfectly satisfied with a silver real (12½ cents) for their load. Many seat themselves in

rows at the sides of the square, while others go about from one place to another with their wares, chattering and bargaining, and, as their costumes are often quite gay, it presents a very lively and animated scene. At noon not a soul is to be seen; everything is taking its "siesta." In the evening the scene is changed. A few market women who have their wares undisposed of still remain, and groups of men are at the corners talking over the news, but it by no means presents the animation of the morning. We cannot stay long, however, before from the belfries of the church chime out the bells, the doors open, and forth issues some baptismal or extreme unction procession, with music, torches, bells, and soldiers, the priest in a kind of sedan chair, borne by some half-dozen stout men, and followed by a train of women and children, gesticulating and singing at the top of their voices. At this, all in the plaza and up all the streets within sight go on their knees, "los Norte-Americanos" excepted, who take off their hats and moralize on the procession as it sweeps along.

But the place to go for amusement in the evening is the lake. There come down, when the day grows cool, the young men of the city, and dash about over the fine beach on their spirited horses, oftentimes having with them their young lady companions, seated before them on the saddle, while hundreds—and, if it be Sunday or a feast-day, often thousands—of others are bathing, walking about, or seated in groups under the trees, enjoying the breeze, which is always blowing over the lake with the most refreshing coolness. Many very delightful hours have I passed there, often alone, seated on the ruins of the old fortress, gazing out over this most lovely lake, with its clear waters, its islands, and high mountain shores, and admiring the wonderfully perfect and symmetrical outlines of lofty Ometepe and its sister volcano, which rise up out of its very bosom; sometimes with my Granadian friends promenading the beach on foot or on horseback, or seated under the trees eating watermelons, which the country bungos bring in great abundance, and chatting in broken Spanish, to their no small amusement. If a violin happens to be near, it is a very easy matter to get up a dance under the shade of some of the large, wide-spreading trees which border the shore, or if a guitar is present, the girls are always ready to sing. The Nicaraguan ladies—at least those of Granada—are very fine-looking, and they seem inclined to do all in their power to make our stay agreeable. We are indeed a great novelty to them, for this is a country through which foreigners very rarely pass, and almost every house is open to us and at our service. Granada used to be, they tell us, a very gay place, with music and dancing every night in all the streets; but of late, owing to the dread which the numerous revolutions have inspired, the spirits of the place have departed, and after dark, when we first arrived, every house was closed and double-barred, and the whole city as silent as a church-yard. The presence of so large a number of Americans in the place seems to have given the inhabitants a greater sense of security. But we have decided to start to-morrow, and, as I have my farewell calls to make, for the present good-by.

LEÓN, June 1, 1849.

HERE we are now living as systematically as the oldest inhabitant, in León, the metropolis and now the capital of the sovereign state of Nicaragua, having reached the third station of our journey—*quién sabe* how many more there may be before we pass the golden gates of San Francisco Bay? Eight or ten of us are occupying a large and comfortable house two blocks from the plaza, and we live in peace and quietness, under the auspices of a fine old priest on one side, who sends us little gifts, and always makes it a point to be at his window to greet us with "gun morning," and of an equally fine old lady on the other, who gets up our meals in the approved style of the country at a real and medio (18¾ cents) a head. The main body of our company are in Chinandega, a large town twelve leagues nearer California; but they are in much discontent, and we prefer keeping quiet and cool by ourselves. We have a large court, with four rooms on one side of it, where from one wall to the other we sling our hammocks, which serve as seats, lounges, and beds. Here we receive with proper dignity our numerous visitors, and here, I think, we shall stay till a vessel can be chartered, or everything comes to a winding-up, which is equally probable. But I must tell you how we got here. Imagine me on a delightful morning, the 21st of May, bidding farewell to my kind friends in Granada, getting my pockets full of cigarritos and cakes for the journey made by their fair hands, and walking round to the hotel. Directly arrived our muleteer, with six animals in a row, each one with his head tied to the tail of the one before him. Then there was a rush for the choice. Destiny marked out as mine a little black mule, sleek, well-trained, and with quite an intelligent, animated countenance. On the Alvarado I placed my alforjas and hammock behind, my spyglass, haversack, and rifle before, my blanket over all, and lastly myself. It seemed load enough to crush the little fellow, but he bore up nobly. Imagine the others performing the same operations, and finally, all being equipped, amid the acclamations of a street full of spectators, filing up the Castle Real, and singing at the top of our voices

DANCING ON THE SAND AT GRANADA.

to the tune of "Oh! Susannah" a little song made on our departure —

Me voy á California
A tierra muy lejana, etc.

It would have been a queer procession to move down Broadway, some on horses and some on mules, each with his pistols and knife belted around him and his rifle or gun slung to his saddle-bow, and the animals themselves half buried under a weight of blankets, alforjas, ponchos, water-calabashes, and the like. But we went on bravely for a league, when adventure the first greeted us. One of our party got off his horse to pick up his pouch, which had dropped, and, he being some time about it, the animal began to walk off; the walk was soon changed to a trot, and then to a gallop, and the horse disappeared in the bushes, having first relieved himself of the greater part of his cargo by a kick and a shake. Two of us, being behind and seeing the mishap, dashed into the woods in pursuit, but soon lost the track in a

maze of paths, and returned to the road to search out Andrés, our guide. We went on to join the rest of the party, who had dismounted, and were seated comfortably under the dense shade of a cotton tree, regaling themselves on wild plums. In half an hour Andrés came back, saying that the beast could not be found, and that he had probably gone back to Granada, whither he would go in pursuit. We then went up to a little hacienda near, and, ordering dinner, awaited his return, sending out also the men of the place under the inducement of a reward of three dollars for the gun and fishing-rod, which had been so securely fastened that they had not been thrown off. Meanwhile we lay under the shade, some sleeping, some chatting, and some eating different unknown fruits, which the little naked children delighted to bring us. In an hour our repast was brought to us on a large tray — six gourds containing a curious compound, mush, chopped onions, eggs, and a rather suspicious substance which from the spotted appearance of the skin we at first thought snake, but which the conformation of the bones proved to be lizard, and which was very sweet and delicate. We were all hungry, so the gourds soon went away empty. Late in the afternoon the guide returned without the horse, but with a note from a friend advising us to go back and take a fresh start in the morning. This, however, we were unwilling to do, not wishing to lose a day; and who likes to bid good-by twice? We therefore decided to take the guide's horse, while he, notwithstanding his earnest remonstrances, was to go afoot. But, fortunately, just as we were issuing into the road the hacienda man appeared with the runaway, though minus the gun. The change was made to the satisfaction of all, and onward was the word. Andrés, however, was in a very ill humor, and his temper was by no means improved by the threatening appearance of the clouds, which had begun to gather around the mountains of Granada in a very ominous manner. He obstinately refused to let his horse take a faster gait than a walk, and we, being inexperienced on the road, kept the same pace. In about two hours — long enough to have brought us to our first stopping-place, though we were not more than half way — on came the rain. It grew dark as suddenly as shutting your eyes, and amid the most vivid flashes of lightning and terrific crashes of thunder a deluge of water descended that seemed as though it would beat us off our saddles. By this time we had left the main road for a shorter mule-path, which led through a series of ravines in which our mules so pitched, slipped, and jumped about that it appeared certain that in some of them we must all roll over together to the bottom. We kept close together, singing and whistling to indicate our whereabouts, for we could not see a foot before us except during the flashes of lightning. Once we had a regular stampede. One of the party attempting to open his umbrella, every animal started with a jump. Mine leaped on a high bank and plunged headlong into a jungle, where I really thought he had stuck fast. Altogether it was a hard ride, and as we were obliged to go slowly it was nine o'clock before we reached Masaya. For once I listened with satisfaction to the distant barking of the dogs, and soon we were riding through a long street of Indian huts. At one of these our guide stopped, and, after some conversation with its inmates, informed us there was no *posada* in the place, and that all the houses were shut up through fear of a revolution; nevertheless we were obliged to stop there. He himself was in mortal fear, and kept telling us to talk loudly in English, that we might not be mistaken for a party of revolutionists, and be shot in the dark. We held a consultation, and were more than half inclined to start again in search of some place which might promise better accommodations. But then we considered that we were wet and weary, in a strange place, and understanding little of the language, and any shelter seemed agreeable. A fresh shower coming down just then decided the question at once, and in a moment every one was off his saddle. A glance into the house showed us that little was to be hoped for there. It was only a little cane hut about twelve feet square, and already contained at least a dozen men, women, and children, with the usual complement of an ill-looking dog apiece. One look was sufficient, and we left for the kitchen. This was a similar structure, but smaller, and, finding it unoccupied, we took immediate possession. There was room, by close squeezing, for four of us to sling our hammocks from the poles of the roof; the other three made their couches on bundles of reeds. I must say, however, that the people of the house could not have treated us more kindly. They did everything in their power: took care of our beasts, and would freely have given up their own poor beds; but suspecting fleas, we thanked them, which is here equivalent to a polite refusal. They also got us a much better supper than we could have expected, charging us only the prices of the articles; and for half the night a crowd of naked boys and girls were at our door, waiting to attend to anything we might require. Imagine us, four in a row, suspended over the three others beneath, hanging in nets of grass, midway between the ground and the roof of the little hut, half afraid to move for fear of bringing the whole down on our heads, and with the smoke of the fire gracefully curling around

us, which, though it offended our eyes, answered the excellent purpose of keeping off the mosquitos. We slept well and soundly, and the next morning rose early, and saddled our animals, and set out for the plaza. Our guide suddenly changed to be one of the best-tempered men in the world, and for the rest of the journey he continued so. Nothing could put him out of temper, and there was nothing he thought would please us, or be of service to us, that he would not do. But we did not thank him much this morning when he led us to the door of a fine posada fronting the plaza where we might have stayed the night before. We ordered as good a breakfast as they could give us, and while it was being prepared went out for a little walk about the town. Masaya is a place of more inhabitants than Granada, but of a very different appearance. Granada is more compact than any city I have ever seen, while Masaya is scattered about, all the houses disconnected and standing among a profusion of palm, cocoa, and fruit trees. We had hardly gone four squares before we were obliged to return, being loaded down with presents of fruit. The plaza of Masaya is very large, and presented a very lively scene as we rode through it. The market was in full operation, and I should think at least a thousand men and women, in costumes gayer than any I have seen in any other place, were busily engaged in exchanging their wares. . . . Two miles [from Masaya] we came to a little village the remembrance of which is like that of a beautiful poem. Said B——, "I could live here forever," and we all felt saddened as a turn in the road cut off our parting glances.

A little farther on a magnificent scene awaited us. We came to where the road crossed a vast stream of black lava, which had rolled down from Masaya mountain overwhelming and destroying everything in its course, and had passed down as far as we could see towards Lake Nicaragua, which, with its sister lake of Managua and their connecting river, lay in the distance, the high range of mountains which separate them from the Atlantic bounding the view. About two leagues on we came to an open plain on which many cattle were feeding, and stopped for half an hour to let our mules and horses graze, while we ourselves dined on pines and oranges which we had brought with us.

From this point the road led through the forest four leagues to Managua, and here we were called upon to admire a new kind of beauty — large trees of the size of our elms, with not a leaf upon them, but covered in their place with flowers, some of a bright yellow and others clear red and white. When I say covered, I mean all covered, like the stem of a hyacinth, a hundred on a twig. Where they overhung the road, our horses often would be fetlock deep in the blossoms which had dropped, and yet there was apparently no diminution on the branches above. They were not coarse and ugly, but delicate and fragrant, the kind which the ladies of this country most delight to entwine in their hair. One sight I saw which I could only stand and gaze upon with delight — one of the largest of these trees, and one of the richest in this new kind of foliage, with an immense vine covered with blue and purple flowers winding up to its topmost boughs, and hanging thence in long and rich festoons, forming a most complete bower. As if to make perfection more perfect, among the branches were perched two macaws, the most beautiful birds of the country, with the richest red and blue plumage, and drooping tails a yard long. About sundown we reached Managua, a large town and the true capital of the State. It is situated on Lake Managua, where we had a delightful bath, and then returned to the posada, the best in the State, and kept by a man who owns a plantation some leagues square on the Pacific, from the products of which he set us out a most excellent supper. We slept here between sheets, and on pretty fringed pillows, which were so soft we were loath to leave them in the morning. But in this country the time to travel is the early morning or the cool of the evening, the middle of the day being very hot. Our forenoon's ride was to Matiares, six leagues. The road crossed a mountain from which there was a superb view of Managua Lake with its numerous bays, promontories, and islands, with Momotombo and Momotombito rising in full view, the loftiest volcanoes in the country, visible fifty leagues away on the Pacific. To-day we met numerous travelers and long trains of freight-mules. Troops of monkeys and apes and flocks of parrots enlivened the way, and now and then a deer would start up and bound away through the bushes. We took our siesta on the plaza of Matiares, the town itself, which has been pretty much destroyed in a late revolution, offering no accommodations for us. In the afternoon we went four leagues farther to Nagarote, a large place, where we passed a comfortable night in the house of the schoolmaster. Much of our way was along the borders of the lake, heavy traveling for our animals, but from the change of scenery pleasing to us. The next day twelve leagues brought us to León. You see I am running on, for if I should describe minutely all the incidents of the way, both you and I would be well tired. . . .

June 26. Twenty-five days later from Central America: as many more, and we may

MARKET AT MASAYA.

call ourselves old citizens, and, for aught I know, be entitled to vote at the next election. We are still living at León, nine of us, enough to keep one another in countenance in this strange city. A week since I rode over to Chinandega to look after our baggage, and spent a day there to see what was going on and to watch the course of things; and I returned very well satisfied to remain where I was. Though we have been detained in this country more than three and a half months,—it may be a month longer before a vessel will arrive at Realejo to take us up the Pacific,—still we by priests and in fear of a vagabond soldiery. But here reside the British and the American consuls, the bishop, the general, the director, and all the dignitaries of state. Two gentlemen from New York are also here, engaged about the canal treaty. We are on somewhat intimate terms with a number of families residing here, going in and out when we please, as the custom of the country is. The posada has been a favorite place of resort for us. The landlord and the landlady are a perfect study for a seeker of "characters." But they are very kind to us, and are exceedingly anxious to have

A STREET IN LEÓN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O'NEIL.)

have passed through a land full of interest, at least to a young traveler. The natural features of the country mingle beauty and sublimity to the highest degree, and the climate must be one of the most delightfully salubrious and healthful in the world. Much of my stay has been made exceedingly pleasant by the hospitality of the people, particularly in Granada, where I became really quite attached to many kind friends.

León is a city of much more pretension than Granada, but of not half the stamina and respectability. Granada is sound and whole; León is decayed, prostrate, its people overridden

their daughters learn English. One of their sons, a little fellow of fourteen, is an ensign in the army, and a daughter is married to General Muñoz; so they are all very patriotic, and heartily hate the "Colandrakes," as the opposition party are called. We have called once or twice on the General, and have been received very courteously. He is a gentlemanly man, and looks just like the lithographs of Santa Ana, La Vega, or any other of the Mexican chieftains, mustachios and all. But whatever may be his military qualifications, he must test them now, for he is required to go down with his army and to face Samosa, an assassin and leader of

the opposition, who has just taken and burned the city of Nicaragua, committing there the most terrible atrocities. We went up into the plaza this afternoon to see them off, and, notwithstanding the uniformless and ragged appearance of the troops, it was really a solemn spectacle when the bishop with his retinue of priests, after preaching them a sermon, gave them his blessing, and bade them go and fight for their country. Meanwhile Samosa was being excommunicated in the cathedral, the bells were clanging, cannon were firing, and all León was in commotion.

After they had filed up the street the General and his staff came out from his quarters in the posada, and there was another scene, his wife and sisters in tears, bidding him goodby, and lamenting that they should never see him again. Soon all galloped off, and we followed to the river, and in the distance it sponse always is, "*Muy bien*," and we pass where we please.

About a week ago a messenger came up from the Sovereign Director of the State, asking us to change houses with him, as he wished to fortify ours. We answered, "With pleasure," and at evening a cart and an escort came for our baggage. We loaded it and, taking our guns and rifles, marched down with it to the plaza, singing as we went, for it is a custom with us when we find ourselves in queer situations, which is often the case, to sing certain songs at the top of our voices. As soon as we reached the plaza up came a file of soldiers and a full band of music with torches and lanterns, and escorted us down in the most triumphal way. At the door they gave us a serenade ending with the "American March," the little boys cheered, and we entered. The President set out a table for us, and we were waited on as quite a dis-

THE SEAPORT OF REALEJO.

was quite a striking sight to see the troops marching up the long, broken hill, the horsemen bringing up the rear with a blood-red pennon streaming from the point of each lance. Nothing will give you a better idea of the political condition of this country than to tell you that since we have been here there have begun and ended in the different parts of the country seven or eight revolutions. Each city has one on its own responsibility, and the authorities are in nightly fear that one will break out here. These revolutions have kept us in an interesting state of excitement. The city is under martial law, police orders are read daily at the different corners, sentries are doubled, and it is half what a native's life is worth to go wandering about after dark. But we Yankees are privileged. We have dropped the regular passwords, and answer to the challenges, "Americanos del Norte"; and the retinguished party. What to make of it all we hardly knew, but the next day we were informed that we were considered as a guard of honor to defend the President's house in case of a rising. We laughed heartily, but congratulated ourselves on the exchange, as we had, rent free, a fine, spacious house on the best street in the city. Nine rooms, one for each of us, surround the principal court, and in the rear are two others, where are the stables and the kitchens, all well planted with lime, orange, mumbro, and fig trees, and the main one possessing a splendid jasmine bush, fully twelve feet in diameter, and geraniums and heliotropes all in full flower. We have each selected a room and hung our hammocks, and I feel quite as if I had a home.

July 13. Chinandega. There is really now some prospect of our getting off. Two vessels are lying in the harbor of Realejo, and when

A NICARAGUAN EXECUTION.

you receive this you may think of me as far up the Pacific, if not already within the promised land. We have spent more than four months in this strange country. So far as regards myself, I have enjoyed it highly; the constant novelty, the singularity of our position, our manner of life, and the continual succession of strange scenes through which we have passed, have prevented anything like stagnation. We are now in Chinandega — but I must tell you of a little trip we made before we came here. On the day after my last page was written letters came from our chargé d' affaires, Mr. Squier, who had arrived at Granada, informing us that, on account of the turbulent state of the country and the interruption of communication on the highways, fears had been entertained, if not of the personal safety of himself and suite, at least of a long detention, and requesting us to form a party and be in readiness to march peaceably down and escort him from Granada to León. Soon after came other letters to our consul giving him the information that Masaya was occupied by Samosa's troops. On this he thought that, although he had sent to Chinandega for others to come and join us, it would be best, on the whole, for us who were in León to go down at once. We therefore repacked our movables and went up to the consul's house, leaving the President's mansion with the fig trees and lime trees as a guard of honor. The next day we spent in procuring horses. Four or five very fine ones were brought in from a hacienda a few leagues out, and the complement was made up from the *cuartel*, where we had the liberty of choosing from a hundred or more. Behold us then in the service of our own Government, and going down to the wars to escort our chargé d' affaires. The next morning we started, ten of us, all capitally mounted, and in an extemporized though better uniform than had yet been seen in Nicaragua — red shirts and white trousers, with pistols and knives belted around us, and short carbines obtained from the President's private armory at the pommels of our saddles. As the government had been trying in every way to procure our services, it seemed the universal opinion, as we dashed through the streets, that we were the advance guard of a party going down to assist the General, and great was the sensation it excited. Our consul intended to be of the party, but the night before was taken down with fever. We crossed the river, and entered upon the Camino Real. This was a very different way from that in which we traversed the country before. Then we were going slowly from one town to another, loaded down with baggage and obliged to assume an easy traveling gait. Now we were free and unencumbered, our spirits high, and our horses fresh, and we could gallop and race along as we liked. In three hours we made Pue-

blo Nuevo, eight leagues away, but not without an accident on the way. One of our party had a sunstroke. At Pueblo we stopped two or three hours in the heat of the day to dine and give our horses "zacate." It was St. Peter's day, and all the young men of the place were on horses racing through the streets like madmen. Two days in the year they have this custom, which is amusing to see. We proceeded thence to Nagarote, where one of our party who was taken with the country fever on the road had to be left. We were detained till after dark, but decided on pushing on to Matiares that night. It was a lovely moonlight evening, and you may believe that our ride by the side of the lake shadowed by old Momotombo was enchanting enough. It was late when we reached Matiares, a miserably poor town, where the best house could show us no better accommodation than for them all through Central America.) Evening brought us to Masaya, where, as we had made fourteen leagues, and it looked like rain, we concluded to stop for the night. We found here the General and his troops, but aside from them a more deserted-looking town I never beheld. It was in Masaya that this latest revolution was plotted, and the richer portion of the inhabitants had in alarm retired to their haciendas or had gone to Granada, the stronghold of the "Timbucos," who are the aristocracy, while, on the approach of Muñoz, the lower classes — the "Colandrakes" — had gone off to join Samosa, or had scattered themselves through the country. We had met numbers of them on the way. All the houses about the plaza were closed, the posada included. But on applying to the General, he quartered us without any ceremony in a house near the cuartel,

THE JOURNEY IN THE MARKET-CART.

one hammock, one table, a bench, and the floor. On the latter I laid myself, wrapped in my blanket, and, in spite of the opposition of a legion of fleas and biting ants, gained a few hours of good sound sleep after my ride of fifty-one miles. At sunrise our horses were saddled, and after a bowl of coffee we went on to Managua to breakfast. During the time we stopped here I went with a Granadian friend to visit some of his relatives, as beautiful girls as one would see in any country. (Managua is famous and gave orders in another direction to have supper prepared for us. The next difficulty was the impossibility of buying fodder for our horses; but on further application a file of soldiers were sent who came with a supply, probably taken from the nearest cornfield. Riding through the plaza the next morning at sunrise, we saw the troops drawn up in long ranks, and a few people standing about in groups as if awaiting some event. Stopping our horses a few moments, there came out from the cuartel a mel-

A POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR BEEF. (SEE PAGE 931.)

ancholy procession headed by a man dressed in coarse white shirt and drawers, and with ropes around his ankles and wrists. He was carrying a large black crucifix, and was flanked by two priests reading aloud out of large books; behind came a file of soldiers with loaded muskets. Just then the bells began to chime a funeral dirge, and we knew that a military execution was about to take place. I will not describe it to you, for it was barbarously done; but the prisoner met his death like a brave man. He was one of the plotters of the revolution, and a bad character generally. General Muñoz had caught him here, and gave him but a short time to prepare for his fate. . . .

It was very delightful to walk once more through the streets of the old city, for we all felt a kind of affection for Granada, the place where we had experienced so much kindness and hospitality. And it was very pleasant also to bathe once more in the bright waters of the lake. Cool and refreshed, we returned in time

to see the grand entrance of Muñoz into the city, which brought out all the people and set all the bells to ringing. He brought in five more prisoners, all of whom, I presume, have before this shared the fate of the poor man at Masaya.

The two days that we passed in Granada flew away very agreeably. In the early morning of our departure the General held a review of his troops, about a thousand in number, preparatory to marching down towards Managua, where we have since heard that he has beaten Samosa in one battle, and now has him penned up in a little town by the lakeside. About ten in the morning we collected at the house where Mr. Squier was stopping, and, our party being increased to over twenty in number by the addition of Mr. Squier and his suite, and some others, we rode into the plaza. There an officer met us and invited us to the residence of the General, who with his staff was anxious to escort us out of the city. Meanwhile merchants and other citizens were continually riding up, and soon we were more than fifty in number. We had a beautiful United States flag of silk, and with that streaming ahead we made a gallant show as we passed up the street leading to the highroad.

Night brought us to Managua, and we galloped through its principal streets, four abreast and flag waving, to the posada. We had scarcely disposed of our animals and seated ourselves to a quiet supper when we heard musket-shots and exploding rockets, and saw many people running by with arms in their hands. We hardly knew what to make of it, but soon a great company with soldiers and music came to our door, and then we learned that on our entrance, our numbers being magnified by the darkness, we had been mistaken for an army from Granada come to attack the place. The inhabitants had rushed together in alarm, but on finding out the true state of the case they had come to invite us to march about the town in procession. So out we went, unfurling our banner, and with that and the music in advance, Mr. Squier and his escort following, and with a train of three or four hundred Managuans behind, kept in good order by the soldiers, we passed through all the principal streets. We were greeted at every turn by loud cheers of "Vivan los Norte-Americanos!" "Vivan los Estados Unidos!" "Vivan el ministro de los Estados Unidos!" "Vivan las Banderas!" etc., to which we responded in our best Spanish, "Vivan the brave Managuans!" "Viva the fine ladies of Managua!" and fifty other vivas, always giving the real Yankee "hurrah," which greatly pleased them. Rockets were going up, guns were firing along the whole line, and all the señoritas of Managua seemed to be out in the moonlight. The crowd would not release us till very late, and then not until we should give them "a patriotic song," with which they seemed perfectly delighted.

The next day was the glorious Fourth of July. We had intended to have some little celebration of it among ourselves, but, circumstances requiring the early presence of Mr. Squier in León, we passed the whole day upon the road. Often, however, a shout or a snatch of "Hail Columbia" attested that we were not unmindful of its presence. The night we spent in Pueblo Nuevo, where we found the friend we had left ill recovering, and so far upon his return route. At eight the next morning we continued, and in less than three hours were at the "Old Convent," a league from León, where a large escort was awaiting us — all the military and civil officers, the President and his cabinet, the bishop and his retinue of clergy, and a large number of the most respectable citizens, more than a hundred in all. Here we stopped a few moments, while Mr. Squier changed his traveling dress for his official uniform, and we washed and brushed ourselves a little; then our banner was unfurled, and the whole cavalcade started. We went on at full gallop across the plain of León, down the hill, across the little river, and up into the city. My little horse, notwithstanding the long journey, was fairly dancing with excitement. Entering the city we found the streets crowded with people, who all kneeled as the bishop passed, and then rose and shouted "Viva! Viva!" to the Minister. The bells of all the churches that we passed rang their gayest peals, cannon thundered in the plaza, and all the soldiers were drawn up to receive us with presented arms. And thus we concluded our second trip across the country.

We stopped for a day at our consul's, and then with two others I came on to Chinandega. For the sake of variety, and in order to be with our baggage, we made the journey in a market-cart, and it beat all kinds of traveling that I ever saw yet, bungos not excepted. I will not attempt to describe it, except to say that beside us three the cart contained two women, two babies, one man, and three boys; that we had one upset in a thunder-shower down a steep bank, and those who were not rolled out into the mud were nearly suffocated in the cart; and that we were all night on the road, during the whole of which the women amused themselves with singing the queerest, strangest songs that I ever yet listened to.

The English consul, who has always shown us great civility, offered to our immediate party the use of his house in Chinandega, altogether the finest in the place, and we have been here a week or two very comfortably situated. The consul's proper residence being at León, we

have the whole house, with two or three attendants to wait upon us.

San Francisco, Alta California,
October 4, 1849.

The main part of our company finally left Realejo in the brigantine *Laura Ann* on the 20th of July. At different times several small parties branched off from us, and more than once I was strongly urged to try my fortunes with them; but for reasons which satisfied me I steadily declined, notwithstanding one long and most vexatious and outrageous detention, and the result showed that I was right in my determination, as you shall shortly learn.

First, however, for our voyage. For the first month we met with the usual succession (in those seas) of calms and heavy squalls, for days together rocking in the long swell and not making a mile, the surface of the ocean without a ripple, and the sails flapping idly against the masts. Then suddenly in the night would come up a squall which would make the ocean seem a sea of fire and, perhaps with the loss of a sail, drive us many miles on our course, for all came from the eastward. All of that time I slept on deck, for you may believe that with 120 men on a vessel of only a little over 100 tons burden, the accommodations below were very limited.

We had not long left port before it was discovered that much of our water had leaked from the tank in which, in lieu of casks, it had been placed, and, in addition, that a large share of the provisions had actually spoiled, and the best were hardly eatable. Indeed, so long as the meat lasted, not a piece was put upon our table the smell of which would not have sickened any but a California immigrant. On this part of our voyage a strange sickness appeared among us, which in one night attacked nearly every person on board, and afterward not a person escaped. It was akin to the influenza, but with peculiar symptoms, and though, as it seemed, not dangerous, yet an exceedingly troublesome complaint. For some days not a sailor was fit for duty, and the passengers worked the ship. I had it somewhat severely, and for more than ten days. It was determined to put in at Mazatlan or San Blás for water, after we had been three weeks on an allowance, and had found that it would not be possible to make San Francisco with the stock that we had; but off Cape Corrientes a southeaster came up which bore us before it to Cape St. Lucas. . . . As day after day and week after week passed by, and we were making almost no progress against the constant northwester which blew down the coast, pint after pint was knocked off our allowance, and our provisions became exhausted, one kind after another, until finally they had become reduced to bread, rice, and beans, with one quart of water a day for each man, for cooking as well as for drinking. The bread was full of worms and defiled with cockroaches; the rice was of a quality that would not bring one cent a pound in the States, half hulls, and with as many weevils as kernels; the beans were of a peculiar kind, and the more they were boiled the harder they became. There was no water to be wasted on them. So that my fare was half a pint of water's worth of boiled rice morning and evening. That left a pint for drinking during the twenty-four hours, and little enough we found it too. On this diet I lived for about two weeks, and like the prodigal son would have been thankful enough for the mush with which grandfather's hogs are fed, and many nights would have been glad to get my mouth into the dirtiest puddle that Chapel street ever saw. At length, finding it impossible to make San Diego, the port we were aiming at, we ran into shore at a venture one evening in September, and, coming on soundings in a thick fog, anchored, having then but eighty gallons on board. This time we were truly favored. The second boat sent on shore quickly returned, bringing the news that directly opposite was a basin of pure fresh water not ten steps from the beach, and that the surf was not so high but the casks could be floated off. What rejoicing there was! If it had been broad daylight, and if the captain had known of this water, he could not have placed the ship in a better situation than he did, running in to an unknown shore in the night, with imperfect charts and in a thick fog.

But now read the most remarkable thing! We had not lain thirty-six hours in this out-of-the-way spot when a vessel which was also out of water, passing by, saw us, stood in, and anchored alongside; and this vessel proved to be a Peruvian brig loaded with provisions for the California market, and with the owner of the cargo on board, who, having become dispirited by the length of his voyage, which had already exceeded four months, and having heard at the ports below that prices in California had gone down, was disposed to sell us all we wanted on very reasonable terms. So we bought of him flour, cheese, sugar, and lard of most excellent quality — a providential supply indeed, for, after getting our water, we should soon have been put to great straits for food, having in fact nothing eatable on board. The place where we were, a bight in Lower California, abounded also in fish, and several barrels of fine mackerel were caught and salted down, a fine bed of rock salt having been discovered on shore. Some cattle were driven down from a farm twenty or thirty miles back, three of which were bought and killed, so that from a state of absolute want

we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of plenty. . . .

At night we could camp on the shore, the wreck of a whaleboat which was found near supplying the wood for our fires. While here the supercargo, both mates, and all the sailors but two ran off and went up the country. The supercargo was a knave; he took with him all the charter money, and probably never intends to show his face in San Francisco. The first mate was a villain, had been a pirate, a wrecker, and a murderer, and had made any amount of trouble on board. We were glad to get rid of him. The others were good men, and were seduced by the mates and the supercargo. But the places of all were well supplied by members of our company who had been sailors before, and with a new crew we again set sail. Still the northwest winds continued, and it was not until more than three weeks, and when we were threatened with still another deficiency, that of fire-wood, that the hills which encompass the magnificent bay of San Francisco appeared in sight.

We thought all this bad enough, but what was it compared to what the parties who left us have undergone? The little sloop which I mentioned to you in a former letter as having left Realejo about the beginning of May, with nine of our company and some fifteen of the shipwrecked party, arrived here but the day before yesterday, having been 144 days on the route, 32 days becalmed in one spot under an almost vertical sun. They had only a pint of water apiece a day, much of the time almost perishing for want of food. Once they ran on the coast at a venture, as we did, but found no water. They dug for it, and searched the interior for thirty or forty miles, but in vain, and at length were obliged to put to sea with only a bottle of water apiece, their only chance being to fall in with a vessel, or to make some port within five days, at the end of which time they expected to perish. But the lucky thought of distilling entered their minds. A rude still was made out of a tin boiler and a gun-barrel, salt water was put in, and, to their great joy, it trickled down fresh. For twenty-two days they lived on what they could thus manufacture, averaging half a pint a day to each man, their only food three mussels a day. Some endeavored to walk up the coast, and found themselves in lonely deserts, obliged for days together to live on cactus, and were almost beside themselves for joy when they found a poor, broken-down mule that had been left by the wayside. Others of our company joined a party which came up from Panama in an iron boat. For months they suffered everything. At length speaking a steamer, one leaped into the water, crying that he was perishing. A rope was thrown to him, and he was dragged on board the steamer; the others have never yet been heard from.

A bungo was also fitted out from Realejo many weeks before we left. The fate of that, too, is unknown, and probably none live to reveal it.

Here the most thrilling tales of sufferings hourly meet the ear. But, so far as we know with certainty, not a death nor even a dangerous attack of illness has occurred in all our company which left New York. Hardships, however, and peril and hunger and thirst, all have been common.

October 7. I will not attempt to convey to you any idea of this most indescribable place, nor to give you my impressions of it — I have not the time, being too busy in arranging and landing my baggage. You already know more of it than I myself do. Such another city never was and never will be. Sharpers, swindlers, speculators, gamblers, and rogues of every nation, clime, color, language, and costume under the sun are here gathered together, and no words can convey a true idea of the result. I do not meet many of my friends on shore; they are mostly in other parts of the country.

SACRAMENTO CITY, October 22, 1849.

I THANK you often from the depths of my soul for the many letters your kind hearts prompted you to write. They were better than all the gold of the mines. By and by I will do my part, but if you knew the whirl my brain has been in ever since I landed in this strange country you would excuse me now. I am like one who is looking on an ever-shifting panorama, and cannot find time to say even a word to the one who sits beside him. Never expect to see me come back rich. I shall not make much money here, except by a streak of good luck. I am here so late, and every avenue is now filled up; but I do hope to get together enough to carry me back richer in experience, to be with you all again. You can conceive nothing of this country. No account that you have ever read can give you half an idea. Double everything, and believe that then you know not the half.

Roger S. Baldwin, Jr.

LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

ARTLY as a blind inference from his humble origin, but more from the misrepresentations made, sometimes in jest, sometimes in malice, during political campaigns, there grew up in the minds of many the strong impression that Mr. Lincoln was ugly, gawky, and ill-mannered; and even in recently written reminiscences the point is sometimes insisted on. In one of the little bits of autobiography which he wrote in the campaign of 1860 at the request of a friend, he thus describes himself: "If any personal description of me is thought desirable, I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes."

To these points we may add the other well-known peculiarities of Lincoln's form and features: Large head, with high crown of skull; thick, bushy hair; large and deep eye-caverns; heavy eyebrows; a large nose; large ears; large mouth; thin upper and somewhat thick under lip; very high and prominent cheek-bones; cheeks thin and sunken; strongly developed jawbones; chin slightly upturned; a thin but sinewy neck, rather long; long arms; large hands; chest thin and narrow as compared with his great height; legs of more than proportionate length, and large feet.

The reader's first impression will naturally be that a man with such long limbs and large and prominent features could not possibly be handsome; and this would be true of a man of ordinary height. But it must be borne in mind that Lincoln's height was extraordinary. A six-footer is a tall man; put four inches on top of that and you have a figure by no means common. Long limbs and large and strong features were fitted to this unusual stature, and harmonized perfectly with it; there was no effect of disproportion or grotesqueness. The beholder felt that here was a strong man, a person of character and power. As an evidence of this I cite two opinions concerning his personal appearance, made by impressions upon observers who noted not only the general effect, but somewhat minute details. The first is from a Philadelphian who visited him at Springfield, soon after his election to the presidency, and wrote this description, which was printed in the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin," under date of November 14, 1860:

He is about six feet four inches high, and about fifty-one years old. Unfortunately for his personal appearance his great height makes his lankness appear to be excessive, and he has by no means been studious of the graces; his bearing is not attractive, and he does not appear to advantage when standing or walking. Seated, and viewed from the chest up, he is fine looking. His forehead is high and full, and swells out grandly. His eyes are deeply set, and, when his face is reposing, are not remarkable for brightness, but kindle with his thoughts and beam with great expression. His eyebrows are heavy, and move almost incessantly as he becomes animated. The lower part of his face is strongly marked by long angular jaws; but, unlike such a formation generally, his chin is broad and massive. His prominent cheek-bones, angular jaws, heavy chin, and large, full, but closely compressed mouth, with the deep lines about it, impress one with vivid ideas of his sternness, determination, and will. The hollowness of his cheeks gives him a somewhat haggard look, but as he is now cultivating whiskers and a beard, his appearance in that respect will soon be improved. His hair is very dark, almost black; is luxuriant, and falls carelessly but not ungracefully around his well-formed head. No facial muscles show more mobility than his, and consequently his face is an ever-varying mirror in which various expressions are continually flashing. Unlike most very tall men, he is lithe and agile and quick in all his movements and gestures. He talks fluently, uses good strong Saxon, avoids all attempts at display and affectations of any kind. His voice is strong and clear, and his articulation is singularly perfect.

My second citation is from a personal description of him written by Thomas D. Jones, the Cincinnati sculptor, who went to Springfield in December, 1860, and made a bust of Mr. Lincoln. This description was printed in the Cincinnati "Commercial" of October 18, 1871. Doubtless the lapse of years had somewhat dimmed the writer's first impressions; yet as the sculptor's profession had trained him in the art and habit of critical examination of lines and proportions, we may trust his statement both in whole and in detail as that of an accomplished expert.

Soon after reaching Springfield I attended one of Mr. Lincoln's evening receptions; it was there I really saw him for the first time to please me. He was surrounded by his nearest and dearest friends, his face illuminated, or, in common parlance, lighted up. He was physically an athlete of the first order. He could lift with ease a thousand pounds, five hundred in each hand. In

height, six feet four inches, and weighed one hundred and seventy-six pounds. He was a spare, bony, lean, and muscular man, which gave him that great and untiring tenacity of endurance during his laborious administration. Mentally he reasoned with great deliberation, but acted promptly, as he did in all of his rough-and-tumble encounters in the West. His arms were very long and powerful. "All I had to do was to extend one hand to a man's shoulder, and with weight of body and strength of arms give him a trip that generally sent him sprawling on the ground, which would so astonish him as to give him a quietus." Well might he "send them sprawling." His great strength and height were well calculated to make him a peerless antagonist. Get any man out of balance and he will lie down of his own gravity. His head was neither Greek nor Roman, nor Celt, for his upper lip was too short for that, or a Low German. There are few such men in the world; where they came from originally is not positively known. The profile lines of the forehead and nose resemble each other. General Jackson was one of that type of men. They have no depression in their foreheads at that point called eventuality. The line of the forehead from the root of the nose to the hair above comparison is slightly convex. Such men remember everything and forget nothing. Their eyes are not large, hence their deliberation of speech; neither are they *bon vivants* nor baldheaded. Mr. Lincoln was decidedly one of that class of men. His habit of thought and a very delicate digestion gave him a lean face and a spare figure. He had a fine suit of hair until the barbers at Washington attended to his toilet.

Mr. Jones adds a strong emphasis to his word-picture by recording how Mr. Lincoln's coming official responsibilities, growing into an overwhelming burden through the serious beginnings of southern secession, wrought an impressive change in his looks.

About two weeks before Mr. Lincoln left Springfield for Washington, a deep-seated melancholy seemed to take possession of his soul. . . . The former Mr. Lincoln was no longer visible to me. His face was transformed from mobility into an iron mask.

In the first of the extracts quoted, mention is made of the fact that he did not appear to advantage when walking or standing. This was not due to any disproportion in his figure, but to the general western habit of an easy-going, loose-jointed manner of walking—a manner necessarily acquired by the pioneers in their forest life, where their paths over inequalities of ground, over logs and stones, made impossible the stiff, upright carriage of men on the unobstructed pavements of cities. So also the sedentary habits which Lincoln's occupation as a lawyer brought upon him in later years had given him what appeared to be a slight stoop of the shoulders, though in reality it was little else than the mere forward inclination of the head common to nearly all studious and reflective men. As a standing figure he was seen to best advantage on the orator's platform. At certain moments, when, in summing up a connected series of logical propositions, he brought them together into a demonstration of unanswerable argument, his form would straighten up to full height, the head would be slightly thrown back, and the face become radiant with the consciousness of intellectual victory, making his personal appearance grandly imposing and impressive.

Again, the question of looks depended in Lincoln's case very much upon his moods. The large framework of his features was greatly modified by the emotions which controlled them. The most delicate touch of the painter often wholly changes the expression of a portrait; his inability to find that one needed master touch causes the ever-recurring wreck of an artist's fondest hopes. In a countenance of strong lines and rugged masses like Lincoln's, the lift of an eyebrow, the curve of a lip, the flash of an eye, the movements of prominent muscles created a much wider facial play than in rounded immobile countenances. Lincoln's features were the despair of every artist who undertook his portrait. The writer saw nearly a dozen, one after another, soon after the first nomination to the presidency, attempt the task. They put into their pictures the large rugged features, and strong prominent lines; they made measurements to obtain exact proportions; they "petrified" some single look, but the picture remained hard and cold. Even before these paintings were finished it was plain to see that they were unsatisfactory to the artists themselves, and much more so to the intimate friends of the man; this was not he who smiled, spoke, laughed, charmed. The picture was to the man as the grain of sand to the mountain, as the dead to the living. Graphic art was powerless before a face that moved through a thousand delicate gradations of line and contour, light and shade, sparkle of the eye and curve of the lip, in the long gamut of expression from grave to gay, and back again from the rollicking jollity of laughter to that serious, far-away look that with prophetic intuitions beheld the awful panorama of war, and heard the cry of oppression and suffering. There are many pictures of Lincoln; there is no portrait of him. In his case there was such a difference between the hard literal shell of the physical man, and the fine ideal fiber, temper, and aspiration of his spirit; the extremes were so far apart that no photograph or painting of the former could render even an approximate representation of the latter.

There were also current many flippant and

ill-natured remarks concerning Mr. Lincoln's dress, giving people the idea that he was either very rude by nature, or given to hopeless eccentricities. Nothing could be more untrue. If in so trivial a matter the exact state of his mind is thought worth analyzing, it can be done by recalling the conditions and surroundings under which he grew up.

From his birth until he became of age, his home was a rude frontier log cabin. These cabins were far from being desirable schools of elegant dressing. As a rule they had only a single room, in which the whole family cooked, ate, and slept. They contained only the most indispensable articles of furniture. Changes of clothing were managed when the greater part of the household was out of doors, as was almost constantly the case. Even a tin wash-basin was a rare luxury. Young readers of THE CENTURY will no doubt wonder how the ordinary ablutions were performed. The devices were simple enough; the grown men went to the spring or creek, and the women and children brought the coöperative system into requisition. One person would go to the water-pail, fill the gourd dipper, step a few yards outside the cabin door, and pour water on the hands of the other; and so each was helped in turn. Such a thing as shoe-blacking was rarely to be obtained, except as an article of home manufacture, burnt straw being sometimes mixed with grease into a paste for the purpose. But had there been a ton of blacking, it would have been of little general service, even to those who had shoes; for there were no pavements or sidewalks, and everybody's walk was necessarily either in the mud or in the dust.

Yet it must not be hastily inferred that frontier people were habitually slovenly or always dirty. As a rule they did the very best with their poor facilities for personal neatness and adornment; and in this, as usual, the women were the more enterprising and persistent. According to their means they "tidied up" their bare little households, scrubbed their puncheon floors, washed, mended, knit, spun, and in many instances wove, with such skill and application as to contribute materially to the health, comfort, and cleanliness of the family, and often of the neighborhood.

Thus two influences contributed to the formation of Mr. Lincoln's habits and ideas about dress. The principal one was, of course, that of necessity. As a boy in Indiana, as the youth who drove one of the ox-teams that moved the family to Illinois, and cleared and fenced their first field for cultivation, he no doubt wore the ordinary pioneer garb; which in the warm summer weather was reduced to the shirt of coarse unbleached cotton, then commonly called "domestic," trousers of butternut or blue jeans, and coarse cow-skin shoes; and no doubt, like other country boys, he was often compelled to substitute for missing suspender-buttons "pins" of the sharp thorns of the honey-locust, or little wooden pegs whittled out with his jack-knife. For head-covering, home-made caps of coon-skin were common in winter, and for summer hats of braided oat-straw, which every boy and girl knew how to make.

So long as he remained in his father's family he was necessarily subjected to these pioneer conditions. When he finally floated down the Sangamon River in his canoe to New Salem in 1831, there were doubtless chances for improvement, for New Salem had ten or fifteen houses and a store; and every self-respecting young stripling, launching out into the world as Lincoln did, paid an intuitive tribute to society even in this early form, by making himself presentable to the utmost extent of his means. But day labor in flatboat-building could not immediately furnish him either time or means for personal adornment. His opportunity probably came after the flatboat had arrived in New Orleans, the cargo had been sold, and he had received his pay. We may reasonably surmise that he wore a new suit of clothes when in June he returned by steamboat up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and walked thence to his father's home; and this betterment in his dress was probably continued, as far as might be, when he returned to become a permanent citizen of New Salem, first as the clerk in Offut's store, and later as one of the partners; for the inquisitive eyes of the country beauties who came to trade at his counter, or whom he saw at the little church gatherings on Sunday, could not fail to prompt an ambitious young fellow, early in his twenties, to such care of his person as he could afford.

But circumstances also followed to moderate this temptation. The Clary's Grove boys would not have tolerated any pronounced form of country dude; the store soon failed; the Black Hawk campaign gave him fresh experience in habits of primitive living; and on his return from soldiering, the occupation of deputy surveyor compelled him to a daily routine of encounter with brushwood, briars, and stones, in which his clothing, of whatever texture or cut, suffered the brunt of the battle. It is therefore likely that when he first went to Vandalia, as member of the legislature, the economy of his wardrobe was as remarkable as its neatness.

Here at Vandalia he saw a convocation of samples of all the good clothes and good manners in the State; but this showing could not have been very imposing. The settlement of northern Illinois was scarcely begun. Chicago had only a population of 550, but 27 of whom

were voters, while two years before New Salem precinct alone had given Lincoln 277 votes. The lead-miners who made up the settlement of Galena had reached that place by ascending the Mississippi River. The southern end of the State contained the bulk of its population, largely made up of pioneers from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Kentucky, and had St. Louis, Missouri, for its metropolis; though that city contained only six to eight thousand inhabitants, and did not as yet shed a very wide radiance of refinement in dress and manners, being more than anything else a flourishing *entrepôt* of the western fur-trade. Society, therefore, as Lincoln found it at Vandalia, was, as afterwards at Springfield, of the make-up and spirit of slave-State pioneers—Virginia customs and ambition modified by the tedious filtration through Kentucky and Indiana forests, and tempered by the craft and the sturdy personal independence taught by the use of the rifle and the ax. They were men generally well through the transition from buckskin to blue jeans, but not yet far on the road from blue jeans to broadcloth. They valued dress and costume as a means, not as an end; they looked more closely at the light in the eye of the neighbor or stranger, than at either the cut or texture of his garb, or the form or gesture of his salutation.

In fact there was such an absence of need for fine dress, that external display, except in men of position and well-established reputation, was rather regarded with suspicion. Western river commerce was just beginning a remarkable era of expansion and prosperity, fed by a constantly growing immigration; and river steamboats were haunted by a class of gamblers expert in the various games of cards, who made inexperienced or careless travelers their easy prey. These gamblers as a rule wore extra good clothes—shining silk hats, fine broadcloth coats, sparkling diamond breast-pins; and they assumed all the elegance of manner compatible with their want of breeding and character, and the recklessness and desperation of their vocation. When an over-dressed individual appeared in a western village or community, it was all right if the people knew him to be Governor A. or Judge B. or General C., but if his name and standing were unknown, public opinion was quite sure to set him down as some accomplished professor of draw-poker.

The analysis thus far made of the surroundings and probable impressions of Mr. Lincoln during the pioneer period, which lasted, with but slight modifications, from his birth in Kentucky, through the days of his boyhood and youth in Indiana, the trip of emigration to Illinois, his experiences at New Salem, including the flatboat trip to New Orleans and the Black Hawk campaign, and his mixed occupation as legislator at Vandalia during the winter, and practical surveyor of roads, farm lines, and town sites during the summer, covering in all a period of about thirty years, may seem somewhat prolix, but is very essential because those experiences and surroundings formed the solid and enduring elements of his character. It was this thirty years of life among the people that made and kept him a man of the people—which gave him the characteristics expressed in Lowell's poem:

> New birth of our new soil; the first American.

Or, rather, it would be more accurate to say that there was an inborn quality in the individual, a finer essence, a nobler spirit which absorbed and combined in his character the people's virtues, while remaining untouched and untarnished by the people's vices. There is the constant manifestation of the nobler traits, the steady conquest of adversity through industry, patience, courage, self-denial, cheerfulness, ambition, and study.

A champion wrestler among the Clary's Grove boys, he did not become a braggart and bully. His trip to New Orleans gave him no allurement to cards or petty gambling. In his New Salem store he neither learned to chew tobacco nor to drink whisky. His Black Hawk captaincy created no craving for military titles. His appointment to the New Salem postmastership failed to make him a chronic office-seeker. His work of surveying did not convert him into a land speculator. Sorely harassed by debt, he employed no subterfuge that savored of repudiation, but allowed even his surveying instruments to be levied upon by his exacting creditor. He overcame his want with persistent work, and subdued his constitutional melancholy with genial, hopeful cheerfulness. Nay, more, while bearing his own sore privations, he was constantly helpful to others. His popularity was not accidental. He was always and everywhere in request, because he could always and everywhere render a service. The idle crowds wanted him because he could tell a good story. Horse-races and wrestling-matches wanted him as a just and fair umpire. The weak and defenseless wanted his stalwart frame and strong arm. Cross-roads disputants needed his intelligence and reading for explanation or instruction. The volunteers needed him to command them. Politicians needed his advice in caucus, and his speeches on the stump. Everywhere it was actual service rendered that yielded him leadership and influence.

This same clearness of apprehension, this same solidity of judgment, this same intuitive selection of that which was better and higher, which made him so useful to others, served him in directing his own career. He had read

law in borrowed books during the moments of leisure which he could find between his duties as legislator at Vandalia, his work of practical surveying, and the time necessarily devoted to electioneering and speech-making to secure his reëlection to the legislature; and at the age of twenty-eight secured his license and moved from New Salem to Springfield to enter on a new career as a lawyer. A law had already been passed, largely through his own exertions, changing the capital of Illinois from Vandalia to Springfield; and the removal of the archives of the State government took place in 1839.

This removal of Lincoln's residence from a village of 20 houses to a "city" of 2500 inhabitants placed him in strikingly new relations and necessities as to dress, manners, society, and politics; and yet here again, as in the case of his removal from his father's cabin to New Salem six years before, peculiar conditions rendered the transition less abrupt than would appear at first thought. Springfield, notwithstanding its greater population and prospective dignity as the capital, was in many respects no great improvement on New Salem. It had no public buildings; its streets and sidewalks were unpaved; its stores, in spite of all their flourish of advertisements, were staggering under the hard times of 1837–39; and general stagnation of business imposed a rigid economy on all classes. If we may credit tradition, this was one of the most serious crises in Lincoln's life. His intimate friend, William Butler, related to the writer that, having attended a session of the legislature at Vandalia, he and Lincoln returned together at its close to Springfield, by the usual mode of horseback travel. At one of their stopping-places over night, Lincoln in one of his gloomy moods told Butler the story of the almost hopeless prospects which lay immediately before him — that the session was over, his salary all drawn, and his money all spent; that he had no resources, and no work; that he did not know where to turn to earn even a week's board. Butler bade him be of good cheer, and without any formal proposition or agreement took him and his belongings to his own house, and domesticated him there as a permanent guest, with Lincoln's tacit compliance, rather than any definite consent. Later Lincoln shared a room and genial companionship, which ripened into closest intimacy, in the store of his friend Joshua F. Speed, all without charge or expense; and these brotherly offerings helped the young lawyer over present necessities which might otherwise have driven him to muscular handiwork at weekly or monthly wages.

From this time onward, in daily conversation, in argument at the bar, in political consultation and discussion, Lincoln's life gradually broadened into contact and contest with the leading professional minds of the growing State of Illinois. The man who could not pay a week's board bill was twice more elected to the legislature, was invited to public banquets and toasted by name, became a popular speaker, moved in the best society of the new capital, made what was considered a brilliant marriage, grew to important party influence, and was sent to Congress. His congressional service, though restricted by the traditions of his district to a single term, again widened his influence. He became a force in the nomination and election of General Taylor, made campaign speeches for him, not only in Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, but also in the eastern States; and easily maintained his position as a leader in politics, while rapidly growing into fame as a leader at the bar.

Here we must turn back and again take up the analysis of his personal traits. And first as to dress and manners. It is a significant fact that the only alleged descriptions of his appearance in those early days (and they are evidently inferential rather than literal) are those which represent him as the tall, raw, country stripling in the pioneer garb in which he made his advent in Illinois and New Salem. And according to the rule that he is the best dressed man whose costume is the least noticeable, we must conclude that Lincoln's dress was always, both by compulsion and choice, of that commonplace respectability equally free from shabbiness on the one hand, and pretentious effort at display of gentility on the other. We may also draw the same inference from the character of his contemporaries and associates. Stuart, Logan, Browning, Douglas, Trumbull, Shields, Baker, Hardin, Peck, Davis, and a host of other prominent Illinoisans were his friends, companions, opponents, rivals; and there is neither record nor tradition that in society, or on the stump, or in the local or superior courts of the State, there was any marked distinction or contrast between him and them. Several of these passed through gradations of privation, fortune, and influence similar to his own; and if we would institute a closer comparison, any old inhabitant of Springfield could testify that his first law-partner, John T. Stuart, was always a better, and his second law-partner, Stephen T. Logan, always a worse dressed man than Lincoln himself. The simple truth is, that with those men, in those days, dress was a matter of altogether minor consideration, and played a very unimportant part as the measure of a man's worth or influence. Convenience and comfort, not display, were its ends. These early law-practitioners, who followed circuit courts from county to county, worrying through snow and mud, fording swollen streams, sleeping on cabin floors, could not remain fastidious about cos-

tume; and the judges and juries were more impressed by the wit or argument of counsel than by the condition of his toilet.

And following Lincoln's career from his congressional service onward, through the years when he devoted himself exclusively to law, through the slavery discussion provoked by the Nebraska bill, through the great senatorial campaign with Douglas, through the campaign of 1860, and all his presidential service at Washington, we find, as to dress, that he simply continued the habits which the conditions of his early life impressed upon him. Always and everywhere he was sufficiently well-dressed to command the respect of those before whom he appeared; and quite as certainly he was never clad to that degree of fastidious elegance which would have entirely satisfied the superior being whose dictum regulates the curve of a trouser-leg. Standing side by side with Douglas in the joint debates, or on the platform of the Cooper Institute under the critical eyes of William Cullen Bryant, who presided, or towering before the multitude of great soldiers and civilians on the battlefield of Gettysburg, pronouncing his memorable address, he suffered no wise in comparison as to personal appearance with Douglas the senator, or Bryant the poet, or Edward Everett the polished statesman, diplomat, and orator.

If a few instances occurred where visitors found him in a faded dressing-gown and with slippers down at the heel, such incidents were due, not to carelessness or neglect, but to the fact that they had thrust themselves upon him at unseasonable and unexpected hours. So also there were some critics who, coming with the intention to find fault, could see nothing but awkwardness in his movements and wrinkles in his clothes. In the fifteen hundred days during which he occupied the White House, receiving daily visits at almost all hours, often from seven in the morning to midnight, from all classes and conditions of American citizens, as well as from many distinguished foreigners, there was never any eccentric or habitual incongruity of his garb with his station.

There, as in his father's cabin, or New Salem, or Vandalia, or Springfield, the man Lincoln never gave a fraction of thought or a moment of care to any question of dress. He followed the ordinary fashion and wore what the tailor, hatter, and boot-maker made for him. And so clad, the humblest citizens stood in his presence without awe, and the highest dignitaries with perfect respect. The world has yet to learn that General Scott, or Lord Lyons, or Bishop Simpson, or Prince Napoleon, or Archbishop Hughes, or the Comte de Paris, or Chief-justice Taney ever felt humiliated by the dress or want of dignity of President Lincoln in state ceremonial or private audience. The eyes of these men were not upon the tailor's suit of broadcloth, but upon the President and the man, and in such a scrutiny Lincoln outranked any mortal who ever questioned him eye to eye in his long and strange career from New Salem to the Blue Room of the White House.

As with his dress, so with his manner. Tempered and modified by the gravity of added years, and an ever-widening experience among varied social classes and conditions in many parts of the Union, it nevertheless retained to the last a strong impress of the essential characteristics of the frontier — simplicity, directness, and sincere heartiness. He never learned and never used meaningless or misleading conventional phrases. He would say, "I am glad to see you." He would never say, "I am charmed to see you." He always greeted his visitors with a cordial shake of the hand and a winning look or smile, unless, as very rarely happened, his mind was weighed down with a preoccupation of overwhelming care and suspense. He always listened with patience, even when the request of his petitioner might be frivolous or foolish. That he was fond of wit, and jest, and laughter, the world already knows. He gave others courtesy, kindness, and consideration to the last degree, and never by word or look assumed that he demanded them for himself.

In saying that Lincoln never gave a thought to personal appearance, I must not omit to mention that this, like all rules, has at least one exception. During the month of October in the campaign of 1860, he received a letter from a little girl twelve years old, then residing at Westfield, New York, which he read with unusual interest. How it came to be written was pleasantly narrated by the person who wrote it, and was printed in the newspapers about a dozen years ago. She says:

> My father, who was a stanch Republican, brought one day to me — who followed in his footsteps and was a zealous champion of Mr. Lincoln — a picture of "Lincoln and Hamlin," one of those coarse, exaggerated likenesses which it seems to be the fate of our long-suffering people to have thrust before them in such contests. You are familiar with Mr. Lincoln's physiognomy, and remember the high forehead over those sadly pathetic eyes, the angular lower face, with the deep-cut lines about the mouth. As I regarded the picture I said to my mother: "He would look better if he wore whiskers, and I mean to write and tell him so." She laughingly consented, and I proceeded to give him my name, age, place of residence, my views of his fitness for the presidency, opinion of his personal appearance, and that I thought it would be much improved if he would cultivate whiskers, adding, as an inducement, that if he would, I would try my best to coax my two Democratic brothers to cast their

votes for him. In my heart of hearts I feared that this rather free criticism might give offense, and so tried to soften the blow by assuring him that I thought the "rail fence around his picture looked real pretty," and ended by asking him if he had no time to answer my letter, to allow his little girl to reply for him.

Mr. Lincoln's heart was touched by the unaffected, sincere kindliness of this childish prattle, and he sent her the following equally genuine and sympathetic little note in reply:

Private.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, October 19, 1860.

MISS GRACE BEDELL:

MY DEAR LITTLE MISS:

Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughters. I have three sons — one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family.

As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin now?

Your very sincere well-wisher,

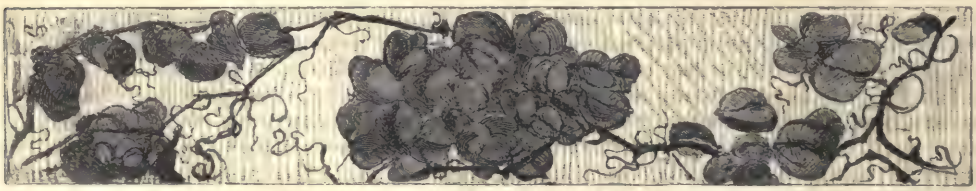
A. LINCOLN.

It is probable that he thought little of following Miss Grace Bedell's advice at the moment, but the suggestion tempted him to the experiment; and once begun, it was continued, and a three-months' growth of his beard no doubt convinced him of her good taste.

On his memorable journey to Washington in the following February, the train which bore him passed through Westfield, and made the usual stop to enable the crowd which had collected to see and hear their President-elect. The lady's narrative continues:

Mr. Lincoln made a short speech from the platform of the car, and concluded by saying that he had "a little correspondent at Westfield called Grace Bedell, and if she were present he should like to see her." I was present, but the crowd was so great that I had neither seen nor heard the speaker; but a friend helped me forward, and Mr. Lincoln stepped down to the platform where I stood, shook hands and kissed me, saying, as he touched his beard, "You see I let these whiskers grow for you, Grace"; shook my hands again cordially, and reëntered the cars, and that was the last I ever saw of this hero and martyr. That he did not forget me I received occasional assurances, though small would have been the wonder had I been forgotten in those dreadful days which followed.

John G. Nicolay.



A SUMMER POOL.

THIS is a wonder-cup in Summer's hand.
Somber, impenetrable, round its rim
The fir trees bend and brood. The noons o'erbrim
The windless hollow of its irised strand
With mote-thick sun and water-breathings bland.
Under a veil of lilies lurk and swim
Strange shapes of presage in a twilight dim,
Unwitting heirs of light and life's command.
Blind in their bondage, of no change they dream;
But the trees wait in grave expectancy.
The spell fulfils, and swarms of radiant flame —
Live jewels — above the crystal dart and gleam,
Nor guess the sheen beneath their wings to be
The dark and narrow regions whence they came.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

XXXVII.

DR. GUNSTONE'S DIAGNOSIS.

MRS. BESWICK, at the cost of a little persistence and a good many caresses, succeeded in getting the doctor to consent that she should go to the Callenders. The risk of contagion she pooh-poohed. She called at Mrs. Callender's, and again by a little persistence succeeded in laying off her hat and sack and establishing herself as a volunteer nurse to Phillida. It seemed a case of remarkable disinterestedness to the Callenders, and a case of unparalleled hypocrisy to Mrs. Beswick; but she could not be dissuaded from staying from the early morning to bedtime, assuring Mrs. Callender that she would rather care for her daughter than for any one else. "Except the doctor, of course," she added. She was always pleased when she could contrive to mention the doctor; no topic of conversation brought her so many pleasurable emotions. Phillida became fond of her, and whenever she went away was impatient for her return.

Robert brought flowers every day in Mrs. Hilbrough's name, and Millard called to inquire as often as he thought proper. The tidings secured on the third and fourth days indicated that the attack would prove a lighter one than that which had almost cost the life of Tommy. On the fifth day it was reported that Phillida was convalescent. Dr. Gunstone had announced that he would come no more unless there should appear symptoms of temporary paralysis, such as sometimes follow this disease, or unless other complications should arise. Millard thought it would be more prudent and, so to speak, realistic, to make Mrs. Hilbrough's inquiries and his own less frequent after this. He and Robert, therefore, called on alternate days. On Monday it was Mr. Millard who called, on Tuesday came a bunch of flowers and inquiries in Mrs. Hilbrough's name. But Phillida's progress was so slow that it seemed doubtful after some days whether she made any advancement at all. The disease had quite disappeared, but strength did not return. At the end of a week from Dr. Gunstone's leave-taking the family were in great anxiety lest there might be some obscure malady preying on her strength, and there was talk of taking her to some southern place to meet half-way the oncoming spring. But this would have drawn heavily on the family savings, which were likely to dwindle fast enough; the appearance of diphtheria having vacated all the rooms in the house at a time when there was small hope of letting them again before the autumn.

Milder measures than a trip were tried first. The armchair in which she sat was removed into the front parlor in hopes that a slight change of scene might be an improvement; the cheerful sight of milk-wagons and butcher-carts, the melodious cries of old clo'es buyers and sellers of "ba-nan-i-yoes," and the piping treble of girl peddlers of horse-red-deesh, were somehow to have a tonic effect upon her. But the spectacle of the rarely swept paving-stones of a side street in the last days of March was not inspiriting. Phillida had the additional discomfort of involuntarily catching glimpses of her own pallid and despondent face in the pier-glass between the windows.

As for the life of the street, it seemed to her to belong to a world in which she no longer had any stake. The shock of disillusion regarding faith-healing had destroyed for the time a good deal besides. If mistaken in one thing, she might be in many. However wholesome and serviceable a critical skepticism may prove to an enthusiast in the full tide of health and activity, to Phillida, broken in heart and hope, it was but another weight to sink her to the bottom. For now there was no longer love to look forward to, nor was she even able to interest herself again in the work that had mainly occupied her, but which also she had marred by her errors. Turn either way, she felt that she had spoiled her life.

Looking out of the window listlessly, late one afternoon, her attention was awakened by a man approaching with some cut flowers in his hand. She noticed with a curious interest that he wore a cap like the one she had remarked in the hands of Millard's valet. As he passed beneath the window, she distinctly recognized Robert as the man Millard had sent

[1] Copyright, 1891, by EDWARD EGGLESTON. All rights reserved.

to hasten the coming of the coupé, and when he mounted the steps she felt her pulses beat more quickly.

Her mother entered presently with the flowers.

"From Mrs. Hilbrough, with inquiries," Mrs. Callender read from the card as she arranged the flowers in a vase on the low marble table under the pier-glass.

"Mrs. Hilbrough?" said Phillida, with a feeling of disappointment. "But that was Charley Millard's man."

"No, that is the man Mrs. Hilbrough has sent ever since you were taken ill," said the mother. "He speaks in a peculiar English way; did you hear him? You 've got a better color this evening, I declare."

"Mama, that is Charley's man," persisted Phillida. "I saw him at the Graydon. And the flowers he has brought all along are in Charley's taste — just what he used to send me, and not anything out of Mrs. Hilbrough's conservatory. Give me a sip of water, please." Phillida's color had all departed now.

Having drunk the water, she leaned against her chair-back and closed her eyes. Continuous and assiduous attention from Mrs. Hilbrough was more than she had expected; and now that the messenger was proved to be Millard's own man, she doubted whether there were not some mystery about the matter, the more that the flowers sent were precisely Millard's favorites.

The next day Phillida sat alone looking into the street, as the twilight of a cloudy evening was falling earlier than usual, when Agatha came into the room to light two burners, with a notion that darkness might prove depressing to her sister. Phillida turned to watch the process of lighting the gas, as an invalid is prone to seek a languid diversion in the least things. When the gas was burning she looked out of the window again, and at the same moment the door-bell sounded. To save Sarah's deserting the dinner on the range, Agatha answered it. Phillida, with a notion that she might have a chance to verify her recognition of Millard's valet, kept her eyes upon the portion of the front steps that was visible where she sat. She saw Millard himself descend the steps and pass in front of her window. He chanced to look up, and his agitation was visible even from where she sat as he suddenly lifted his hat and bowed, and then hurried away.

The night that followed was a restless one, and it was evident in the morning that Dr. Gunstone must be called again. Mrs. Callender found Phillida so weak that she hesitated to speak to her of a note she had received in the morning mail. It might do good, it might do harm, to let her know its contents. Agatha was consulted, and she turned the scale of Mrs. Callender's decision.

"Phillida dear," said the mother, "I don't know whether I ought to mention it to you or not. You are very weak this morning. But Charley Millard has asked for permission to make a brief call. Could you bear to see him?"

Phillida's face showed her deeply moved. After a pause and a struggle she said: "Charley is sorry for me, that is all. He thinks I may die, and he feels grateful for my attention to his aunt. But if he had to begin over again he would never fall in love with me."

"You don't know that, Phillida. You are depressed; you underestimate yourself."

"With his advantages he could take his choice, almost," said Phillida. "It 's very manly of him to be so constant to an unfortunate and broken-hearted person like me. But I will not have him marry me out of pity."

"I 'm afraid you are depressed by your weakness. I don't think you ought to refuse to see him if you feel able," said the mother.

"I am not able to see him. It is easier to refuse in this way than after I have been made ill by too much feeling. I am not going to subject Charley to the mortification of taking into his circle a wife that will be always remembered as — as a sort of quack-doctor."

Saying this, Phillida broke down and wept.

When Agatha heard of her decision she came in and scolded her sister roundly for a goose. This made Phillida weep again; but there was a firmness of will at the base of her character that held her determination unchanged. About an hour later she begged her mother to write the answer at her dictation. It read:

"Miss Callender wishes me to say that she is not able to bear an interview. With the utmost respect for Mr. Millard and with a grateful appreciation of his kind attention during her illness, she feels sure that it is better not to renew their acquaintance."

After this letter was sent off Phillida's strength began to fail, and the mother and sister were thrown into consternation. In the afternoon Dr. Gunstone came again. He listened to the heart, he examined the lungs, he made inquisition for symptoms, and paused baffled. The old doctor understood the mind-cure perfectly; balked in his search for physical causes he said to Mrs. Callender:

"Perhaps if I could speak with Miss Callender alone a few moments it might be better."

"I have no secrets from mama," protested Phillida.

"That 's right, my child," said Dr. Gunstone, gravely; "but you can talk with more freedom to one person than to two. I want to see your mother alone, also, when I have talked with you."

Mrs. Callender retired, and the doctor for a minute kept up a simulation of physical examination in order to wear away the restraint which Phillida might feel at being abruptly left for a confidential conversation with her physician.

"I 'm afraid you don't try to get well, Miss Callender," he said.

"Does trying make any difference?" demanded Phillida.

"Yes, to be sure; that 's the way that the mesmerists and magnetizers and the new faith-cure people work their cures, largely. They enlist the will, and they do some good. They often help chronic invalids whom the doctors have failed to benefit."

Dr. Gunstone had his hand on Phillida's wrist, and he could not conjecture why her pulse increased rapidly at this point in the conversation. But he went on:

"Have you really tried to get well? Have you wanted to get well as soon as possible?"

"On mama's account I ought to wish to get well," she said.

"But you are young and you have much happiness before you. Don't you wish to get well on your own account?"

Phillida shook her head despondently.

"Now, my child, I am an old man and your doctor. May I ask whether you are engaged to be married?"

"No, doctor, I am not," said Phillida, trying to conjecture why he asked this question.

"Have you been engaged?"

"Yes," said Phillida.

"And the engagement was broken off?"

"Yes."

"Recently?"

"Yes, rather recently. This last winter."

"Now, tell me as your doctor whether or not the circumstances connected with that interruption of your love-affair have depressed you, have made you not care much about living?"

Phillida's "I suppose they have" was almost inaudible.

"Now, my child, you must not let these things weigh upon you. The world will not always look dark. Try to see it more lightly. I think you must go away. You must have a change of scene, and you must see people. I will find your mother. Good morning, Miss Callender."

And with that the doctor shook hands in his half-sympathetic, half-reserved manner, and went out into the hall.

Mrs. Callender, who was waiting at the top of the stairs, came down and encountered him.

"May I see you alone a moment?" said the doctor, looking at his watch, which always seemed to go too fast to please him.

Mrs. Callender led the way to the basement dining-room below, beckoning Agatha, who sat there, to go up to her sister.

"Mrs. Callender, there is in your daughter's case an interrupted love-affair which is depressing her health, and which may cut short her life. Do you think that the engagement is broken off for all time, or is it but a tiff?"

"I hardly know, doctor. My daughter is a peculiar person; she is very good, but with ideas of her own. We hardly understand the cause of the disagreement, or why she still refuses to see the young man."

"Has the young man shown any interest in Miss Callender since the engagement ceased?"

"He has called here several times during her sickness to inquire, and he sent a note this morning asking to see her. She has declined to see him, while expressing a great esteem for him."

"That 's bad. You do not regard him as an objectionable person?"

"Oh, no; quite the contrary."

"It is my opinion that Miss Callender's recovery may depend on the renewal of that engagement. If that is out of the question,—and it is a delicate matter to deal with, especially as the obstacle is in her own feelings,—she must have travel. She ought to have change of scene, and she ought to meet people. Take her south, or north, or east, or west—to Europe or anywhere else, so as to be rid of local associations, and to see as many new things and people as possible. Good morning, Mrs. Callender."

Having said this, the old doctor mounted the basement stairs too nimbly for Mrs. Callender to keep up with him. When she reached the top he had already closed the front door, and a moment later the wheels of his barouche were rattling violently over the irregular pavement that lay between the Callender house and Third Avenue.

To take Phillida away—that was the hard problem the doctor had given to Mrs. Callender. For with the love-affair the mother might not meddle with any prospect of success. But the formidable barrier to a journey was the expense.

"Where would you like to go, Phillida?" said her mother.

"To Siam. I 'd like to see the objects and people I saw when I was a child, when papa was with us, and when it was easy to believe that everything that happened was for the best. It would be about as easy for us to go to Siam as anywhere else, for we have n't the money to spare to go anywhere. I sit and dream of the old house, and the yellow people, and the pleasure of being a child, and the comfort of believing. I am tired to death of this great, thinking, pushing, western world, with its restlessness and

its unbelief. If I were in the East I could believe and hope, and not worry about what Philip calls 'the immensities.'"

XXXVIII.

PHILIP'S CONFESSION.

It was evident that something must be done speedily to save Phillida from a decline that might end in death, or from that chronic invalidism which is almost worse. All sorts of places were thought of, but the destination was at last narrowed down to the vicinity of Hampton Roads, as the utmost limit that any prudent expenditure would allow the Callenders to venture upon. Even this would cost what ordinary caution forbade them to spend, and Phillida held out stoutly against any trip until the solicitude of her mother and sister bore down all objections.

Not long after Dr. Gunstone's visit Mrs. Callender received a letter from Mrs. Hilbrough expressing solicitude about Phillida, and regretting that her husband's horror of diphtheria still prevented her from calling. She continued:

"I very much wish to do something by which I can show my love for Phillida. Won't you let me bear the expense of a trip southward, if you think that will do good? If you feel any delicacy about it, consider it a loan to be paid whenever it shall be convenient; but it would give me great happiness if I might be allowed to do this little act of affection."

Mrs. Callender showed the note to Phillida. "It would save our selling the bonds," she said; "but I do not like to go in debt, and of course we would repay it by degrees."

"It is a trifle to her," said Phillida, "and I think we might accept two hundred dollars or more as a loan, to be repaid."

"Well, if you think so, Phillida; but I do hate to be in debt."

Phillida sat thinking for a minute. Then her pale face colored.

"Did the letter come by mail?" she asked.

Mrs. Callender examined the envelope. "I thought it came from the postman, but there is no postmark. Sarah brought it to me."

"Suppose you ask Sarah to come up," said Phillida.

On Sarah's arrival Phillida asked her who brought this letter.

"It wuz that young man with the short side-whiskers just under his ears, and a cap that 's got a front before and another one behind, so 't I don't see for the life of me how he gets it on right side before."

"The man that brought flowers when I was sick?"

"That very same, miss."

"All right, Sarah. That 'll do." Then when Sarah had gone Phillida leaned her head back, and said:

"It won't do, mother. We can't accept it."

It was a tedious week after Dr. Gunstone's last visit before a trip was finally determined on and a destination selected, and Mrs. Callender, who had a genius for thoroughness, demanded yet another week in which to get ready. Phillida meanwhile sat wearily waiting for to-morrow to follow to-day.

"Mother," she said one day, rousing herself from a reverie, "what a good fellow Cousin Philip is, after all! I used to feel a certain dislike for what seemed to me irresolution and inactivity in him. But ever since I was taken sick he has been just like a brother to me."

"He has taken charge of us," said Mrs. Callender. "He has inquired about board for us at Hampton, and he has worked out all the routes by rail and steamboat."

Philip's kindness to his aunt's family was originally self-moved, but as Phillida convalesced his mother contrived to send him with messages to her, and even suggested to him that his company would be cheering to his cousin. Philip sat and chatted with her an hour every day; but the exercise did not raise his spirits in the least. For his mother frequently hinted that if he had courage he would be more prompt to avail himself of his opportunities in life. Philip could have no doubt as to what his mother meant by opportunities in life, and he knew better than any one else that he was prone to waste his haymaking sunshine in timid procrastinations. But how to make love to Phillida? How offer his odd personality to such a woman as she? His mother's severe hints about young men who could not pluck ripe fruit hanging ready to their hand spurred him, but whenever he was in Phillida's presence something of preoccupation in her mental attitude held him back from tender words. He thought himself a little ridiculous, and when he tried to imagine himself making love he thought that he would be ten times more absurd. If he could have got into his favorite position in an armchair, and could have steadied his nerves by synchronous smoking, as he was accustomed to do whenever he had any embarrassing business matters to settle, he might have succeeded in expressing to Phillida the smoldering passion that made life a bitterness not to be sweetened even by Caxton imprints and Bedford-bound John Smiths of 1624.

He always knew that if he should ever succeed in letting Phillida know of his affection it would be by a sudden charge made before his diffidence could rally to oppose him. He had once or twice in his life done bold things by catching his dilatory temper napping. With this idea he went every day to call on Phillida,

hoping that a fit of desperation might carry him at a bound over the barrier. At first he looked for some very favorable opportunity, but after several visits he would have been willing to accept one that offered the least encouragement.

There were but a few days left before Phillida's departure southward, and if he should allow her to escape he would incur the bitter reproaches of his own conscience, and, what seemed even worse, the serious disapproval of Mrs. Gouverneur.

Phillida and her mother were to leave on Friday afternoon by the Congressional Limited for Baltimore, and to take boat down the bay on Saturday. Philip had arranged it all. It was now Tuesday, and the time for "improving his opportunity in life" was short. On this Tuesday afternoon he talked an hour to Phillida, but he could not possibly cause the conversation to swing around so as to be able, even with considerable violence, to make the transition he desired. He first let her lead, and she talked to him about the East and the queer ways of the yellow Mongolians she remembered. These memories of early childhood, in the blessed period when care and responsibility had not yet disturbed the spirit's freedom, brought her a certain relief from gnawing reflections. When she grew tired it was his turn to lead, and he soon slipped into his old grooves and entertained her with stories of the marvelous prices fetched by Mazarin Bibles, and with accounts of people who had discovered "fourteeners" in out-of-the-way places, and such like lore of the old book-shop. All the time he was tormented by a despairing under-thought that love-making was just as far from book-collecting as it was from Phillida's Oriental memories. At length the under-thought suppressed the upper ones, and he paused and looked out of the window and drew his small form down on the chair, assuming his favorite attitude, while he supported his right elbow with his left hand and absent-mindedly held the fingers of the right hand near his lips as though to support an imaginary cigar.

"Philip," said the invalid, embarrassed by the silence, "I envy you your interest in books."

"You do?" Philip moved his right hand as he might have done in removing his cigar from the mouth, and turned to Phillida. "Why?"

"It saves you from being crushed by the immensities, as you call them. I suppose it has consoled you in many a trouble, and no doubt it has kept you from the miseries of falling in love."

She laid her thin hand on the arm of her chair as she spoke.

"Kept me from falling in love," gasped Philip, aware that his now-or-never had arrived. "How do you know that?"

"I never heard that you were in love with anybody. Excuse me if I have trodden on forbidden ground."

"I never loved but one woman, and I 'm such a coward that I never had the courage to tell her," he said abruptly, at the same time restoring his imaginary cigar to his mouth.

"That 's a pity," she said.

"What a figure I 'd cut as a lover! Little, lank, nervous, eccentric in manner, peculiar in my opinions, lacking resolution to undertake anything worth while, frittering away my time in gathering rare books — what woman would think of me?"

"Philip, you have many excellent qualities, and I would n't wonder if marriage would be good for you," said Phillida, in that motherly tone that only a young woman can assume easily.

"You 'd laugh at me as long as you live if I should tell you whom I have dared to love without ever daring to confess." His face was averted as he said this.

"You poor fellow," said Phillida, "you are always doubtful of yourself. Come, I think you had better tell me; maybe I can encourage you, and it will give me something to think about and keep away thoughts that I don't wish to think."

Philip drew a long breath, and then said slowly and with a firm voice, but with his eyes on the window-fastenings:

"The woman I love and have loved for a long time is my Cousin Phillida."

"You are joking, Philip," said Phillida; but her voice died as she spoke.

"Yes," said Philip, in his old desponding tone, "I knew it would seem ridiculous to you. That 's why I never spoke of it before."

He looked out of the window in silence, and presently became aware that Phillida was weeping.

"O God, let me die!" she murmured in a broken voice. "I am doomed to work only misery in the world. Is n't it enough to have blighted the happiness of Charley, whom I loved, and still love in spite of myself? Must I also plunge Philip into misery, who has been more than a brother to me? If I could only die and escape from this wretched life before I do any further harm."

"I am sorry that I said anything, Phillida. Forget it. Forget it, please," he said in an alarmed voice, rising as he spoke.

"Cousin," said Phillida, "you are the best friend I have. But you *must not* love me. There is nothing left for me — nothing, but to die. Good-by."

That evening Philip did not appear at dinner, and his mother sent to inquire the reason.

"Mr. Philip says he has a headache, and will not come down," said the maid on her return.

After dinner the mother sought his room with a cup of coffee and a bit of toast. Philip was lying on the lounge in his book-room with the gas turned low.

"What 's the matter, Philip? Is your throat sore? Are there any signs of diphtheria?" demanded his mother, anxiously.

"No; I am all right. A little out of sorts. Only just let me be quiet."

"Has anything gone wrong?"

"Nothing more than common."

"Something has worried you. Now, Philip, I can see plainly that you are worrying about Phillida. Why don't you speak your mind if you care for her, and have it over with?"

"It is over with, mother," said Philip.

"And she refused you?" said Mrs. Gouverneur, with rising indignation, for she thought it rather a descent for Philip to offer himself to Phillida or to anybody else.

"No, she did n't refuse me. I did n't formally offer myself. But I let her know how I felt towards her. She 'll never accept me."

"Maybe she will," said the mother. "Girls don't like to accept at the first hint."

"No; she was kind and even affectionate with me, and broke her heart over my confession that I loved her, so that I 'm afraid I have done her a great deal of harm."

"How do you know she will never accept you, you faint-hearted boy?"

"She let me see her whole heart. She loves Charley Millard as much as ever, but, I think, for some reason she does n't expect or wish a renewal of the engagement. She called me the best friend she had in the world next to Charley Millard. That 's an end of it. A good deal more of an end of it than a flat refusal might have been."

"She 's a foolish and perverse girl, who has compromised her family and ruined her own prospects," said Mrs. Gouverneur. "Your aunt told me to-day that Dr. Gunstone thinks she is going to die of her disappointment about Charley unless the engagement can be renewed. But Phillida has determined not to allow a renewal of it. She 's always doing something foolish. Now, eat a little dinner, or take your coffee, at least."

"Leave the things here, mother. Maybe I 'll eat after a while."

Half an hour later Mrs. Gouverneur, uneasy regarding Philip, returned to his library to find the food as she had left it.

On inquiry she learned that Philip had just gone out. Whither and for what purpose he had sallied forth dinnerless she could not divine, and the strangeness of his action did not reassure her. She was on the point of speaking to her husband about it, but he had so little in common with Philip, and was of a temper so fixed and stolid, that his advice would not have availed anything. It never did avail anything certainly in the first hour or two after dinner.

XXXIX.

PHILIP IMPROVES AN OPPORTUNITY.

THE intimacy between Millard and Philip Gouverneur had long languished. Philip was naturally critical of Charley after he became the accepted lover of Phillida, and their relations were not bettered by the breaking off of the engagement. Phillida's cousin felt that he owed it to her not to seem to condemn her in the matter by a too great intimacy with the lover who had jilted or been jilted by her, nobody could tell which, not even the pair themselves. Moreover Philip had for years taken a faint pleasure in considering himself as a possible suitor to Phillida. He found the enjoyment of a solitary cigar enhanced by his ruminations regarding the possibilities of a life glorified — no weaker word could express his thought — by the companionship of Phillida, little as he had ever hoped for such a culmination of his wishes. But this love for Phillida served to complicate his relations with Millard. So that it had now been long since he had visited the Graydon. Nevertheless on this evening of his sudden and dinnerless departure from home the night clerk remembered him and let him go up to Apartment 79 without the ceremony of sending his card.

Millard, who was writing, received Philip with some surprise and a curiosity mixed with solicitude regarding the purpose of his call. But he put up his pen and spoke with something of the old cordial manner that had won the heart of Gouverneur some years before.

"I 'm glad to see you again, Philip. I began to think you were not coming any more. Sit down," said Millard. "How is book-collecting? Anything startling lately?" he added by way of launching the talk, as he usually did, on the favorite subject of his companion.

"No, no," said Philip, seating himself.

"I 've not seen much of you lately, anywhere," said Millard, making a new start. "But that is my fault. I 've pretty much cut general society this spring, and I think for good. I 've been busy and tired, and, to tell the truth, I don't care for society much any more. You still go out a good deal. Is there anything interesting?"

"Oh, no," said Gouverneur.

Seeing that Philip was preoccupied and that all attempts to give him direction and set him in motion were likely to prove futile, Charley concluded to let him start himself in whatever direction his mood might lead him. He did this the more readily that he himself found talking

hard work in his present mood. But by way of facilitating the start, Millard held out to Philip a bronze tray containing some cigars.

"No, thank you, Charley. I don't feel like smoking."

To Millard's mind nothing could have been more ominous than for Philip Gouverneur to refuse to smoke.

"I suppose I might as well begin at once," said Philip. "If I wait I never shall get the courage to say what I want to say. I ought to have waited till morning, but if I once put off a good resolution it is never carried out. So I came down here on a rush, Charley, resolved not to give myself time to think what a piece of impertinent impudence I was going to be guilty of." Then after a pause he said: "If you turn me out of the apartment neck and heels, I sha'n't be surprised."

"Pshaw, Philip, you excite my curiosity," said Millard, trying to smile, but yet a little aghast at seeing his old friend in this unusual mood, and divining that the subject would be disagreeable.

"I come to speak about Phillida," said Philip.

Ever since Millard's hopes had received their quietus from Mrs. Callender's note in which Phillida declined to receive a visit from him, he had recognized the necessity for getting Phillida out of his mind if he were ever again to have any sane contentment in life. If Phillida did not any longer care for him, it would be unmanly for him to continue brooding over the past. But he found that exhorting himself to manliness would not cure a heartache. There was nothing he could have dreaded so much at this time as a conversation about Phillida, and of all people he most disliked to speak of her with Philip Gouverneur. He made no reply at all to Philip's blunt statement of the subject on which he proposed to converse. But Gouverneur was too much absorbed in holding himself to his plan of action to take note of his companion's lack of responsiveness.

"I want to ask whether you still love her or not, Charley," said Philip, with a directness that seemed brutal, his eyes fixed on the wall.

"I have no claims upon her," said Millard, "if that is what you want to know."

"That is n't what I want to know. I asked if you still loved her?"

"I don't know whether even you have a right to ask that question," said Millard with manifest annoyance.

"I am her cousin," said Philip, looking up at Millard with eyes strangely unsteady and furtive.

"If there were any charge that I had wronged her, you, as her cousin, might have a right to inquire," said Millard, who fancied that Gouverneur had a personal end in making the inquiry, and who at any rate did not care to be known as a discarded and broken-hearted lover. "I 'll tell you plainly that it is a subject on which I don't wish to speak with anybody. Besides, it 's hardly fair to come to me as Phillida's cousin, when there is reason to believe your feelings towards her are more than cousinly. I have no claims on Phillida, no expectation of a renewal of our engagement, and I certainly have no complaint to make of her. Nobody has any right to inquire further."

Charley Millard got up and walked the floor in excitement as he said this.

"You 're plaguey cross, Charley. I never saw you so impolite before. Did n't know you could be. I suppose you 're right, by Jupiter! I went too straight at the mark, and you had a right to resent it. But I had to go at it like a man having a tooth pulled, for fear I 'd back out at the last moment."

There was a ten-seconds' pause, during which Millard sat down. Then Philip spoke again:

"I know, Charley; you have misunderstood. You think I wish to get a disclaimer that will clear the way for me. Charley,"— Philip spoke now in voice low and just a little husky,— "if I loved Phillida, and believed she could love me, do you think I 'd wait to ask your permission? If I wished to marry her, and she loved me, I would n't ask any man's permission! And I came here not in my own interest, nor in your interest either. I am here only for Phillida's sake, and as her cousin, and I want to know whether you love her?"

"If you want me to do anything for her, I am ready. That is all I ought to be required to say," said Millard, softened by Philip's evident emotion, but bent on not betraying his own feelings.

"I suppose that means that you don't care for her," said Gouverneur. Then he went on, still staring at the wall: "Well, that 's an end of it. What an idiot she has been! She has thrown you over, and alienated your affections, and made herself the talk of the streets. You would n't think such a fine-looking woman could make herself so utterly ridiculous. She is a mortification to her relations, and—"

"Now, Philip, stop," said Millard, with heat. "You are in my house. No man shall say a word against that woman in my hearing while I live. I tell you that even her mistakes are noble. If her relatives are ashamed of such as she is, I am sorry for her relatives." Millard made an effort to say more, but his utterance was choked.

Philip laughed a sardonic little laugh.

"Charley, before God, I was not sincere in a word I said against Phillida. I lied with deliberate purpose. Now I know that you love her. That 's what I wanted to find out. I only

denounced her to get at your feelings. You would n't tell me; I had to resort to a ruse."

"Do you think it — do you think it 's the thing to pry into my feelings?" said Millard, still speaking hotly.

"Yes, I do, under the circumstances. In return I 'll tell you something worth your listening to, if you 'll only cool off enough to hear it."

Millard's curiosity was excited by this, but he made no reply; he only sat still with Philip's eyes fixed upon him.

"Phillida loves you," said Philip.

Millard looked steadily at the smallish figure of his old friend, not shrunken into the chair as usual now, but sitting upright and looking straight at him with a strange look he had never seen before.

"Philip," he said softly, "how do you know this? Tell me, for God's sake!"

"I must not betray confidence," said Philip. "You know me, your friend and Phillida's. I am here to-night — I might say heart-broken, I can hardly say disappointed. I don't blame Phillida for not caring for me except as a cousin, or for preferring you. On the whole, if I were in her place I'd do the same, by George!"

Philip laughed again, that little laugh which pained his friend.

"Why did you come to tell me this, Philip?" Millard was sitting now with his elbows on the table, and the fingers of his right hand supporting his cheek, as he regarded Philip steadily.

"Well, if one cannot contrive to do what one wants, he should, I suppose, do the second best thing. The only thing for me to do — the thing that it 'll be a comfort for me to look back on — is to render Phillida some service. In short, to save her life and make her happy."

"How do you propose to do that?" asked Millard.

"I 've already done it, old fellow," said Philip, with a mixture of triumph and regret in his voice. "Dr. Gunstone said to Aunt Callender, after talking with Phillida, that unless her engagement with you were renewed she would probably not recover. I would n't have told you this for the world if I had found you did n't love her. She 'd better die now than marry you and discover that you married her from pity."

Millard went to his desk and took out the note from Mrs. Callender in which Phillida had refused to see him. He handed it to Philip.

"I got that last week, and it seemed final," he said huskily. "I have found life almost more than I could carry since, Philip."

Philip read the note, and then returned it to Millard.

"That 's some of her confounded scruples," he said, "She told me that she had ruined your life. She thinks you wish to marry her from pity, and she 'd rather die like a brave girl than consent to that. But she loves you and nobody else."

"I wish I were sure of it," said Millard.

Philip sat a good while silent.

"Charley," he said, "the end I have in view justifies the breach of confidence, I hope. I have the assurance of her feelings towards you from her own lips, and that not many hours ago. She would have died rather than have told me had she thought it possible I would tell you. And I would have died rather than have betrayed her if I had n't believed your feelings towards her unchanged."

Saying this, he helped himself to a cigar from the tray on the table, and lighted it, and then rose to leave.

"What can I do, Philip? I seem absolutely shut out from making any further advances by this note."

"You must n't expect any further aid or advice from me. I 've done all you can expect," said Gouverneur. "Good-by."

And without shaking hands he went out of the door into the main hall. Millard followed him and, as they reached the elevator, said with emotion:

"Philip, you have done one of the bravest acts ever done."

"Pshaw! Charley," said Philip, half-peevishly and looking over his shoulder at his companion as he pressed the button, "don't put any heroics on it. There is n't enough of me to play such a part. Such talk makes me feel myself more ridiculous than ever."

XL.

THE RESTORATION.

How many scores of devices for securing a conversation with Phillida Millard hit upon during the night that followed Gouverneur's visit he could not have told. He planned letters to her in a dozen different veins, and rejected them all. He thought of appealing to Mrs. Callender once more, but could not conceive of Mrs. Callender's overruling Phillida. His mind perpetually reverted to Agatha. If only he might gain her coöperation! And yet this notion of securing the assistance of a younger sister had an air of intrigue that he did not like.

About nine o'clock the next morning there was handed to Mrs. Callender a note from Millard inclosing an unsealed note which Mr. Millard desired Mrs. Callender, if she saw fit, to hand to Miss Agatha. Mrs. Callender gave it to Agatha without opening it.

AGATHA: I wrote to your mother the other day, begging permission to call on your sister, and

received a reply expressing Miss Callender's desire to avoid an interview. That ought to have put an end to my hope of securing your sister's forgiveness, and for a while it did. But on reflection I am led to believe that her decision was based not on a lack of affection for me but on a wrong notion of my feeling towards her. She probably believes that I am actuated by gratitude for her attention to my relatives, or by pity for her sufferings as an invalid. She holds certain other erroneous notions on the subject, I think. I give you the assurance with all the solemnity possible that my devotion to her is greater to-day than ever. Her affection is absolutely indispensable to my happiness. I will undertake to convince her of this if I am once permitted to speak to her. Now if you think that she would be the better for a renewal of our old relations, will you not contrive in some way that I may see her this afternoon at three o'clock, at which hour I shall present myself at your door?

I hope your mother will pardon my writing to you; persuasion exerted by a sister has less the air of authority than that of a parent. I leave you to show this letter or not at your own discretion, and I put into your hands my whole future welfare, and, what is of a thousand times greater importance in your eyes and in mine, Phillida's happiness. Whatever may be your feelings towards me, I know that Phillida can count on your entire devotion to her interests.

CHARLEY.

The only thing that seemed to Millard a little insincere about this rather stiff note was the reason assigned for writing to Agatha. Her persuasions, as Millard well knew, did not have less of authority about them than her mother's. But this polite insincerity on a minor point he had not seen how to avoid in a letter that ought to be shown to Mrs. Callender.

Agatha gave her mother the note to read, telling her, however, in advance that she proposed to manage the case herself. Mrs. Callender was full of all manner of anxieties at having so difficult a matter left to one so impetuous as Agatha. For herself she could not see just what was to be done, and two or three times she endeavored to persuade Agatha to let her consult Phillida about it. A consultation with Phillida had been her resort in difficulties ever since the death of her husband. But Agatha reminded her that Mr. Millard had intrusted the matter to her own keeping, and expressed her determination not to have any more of Phillida's nonsense.

Phillida observed that Agatha was not giving as much attention to preparations for the journey as she expected her to. Nor could Phillida understand why the parlor must be swept again before their departure, seeing it would be snowed under with dust when they got back. But Agatha put everything in perfect order, and then insisted on dressing her sister with a little more pains than usual.

"I should n't wonder if Mrs. Hilbrough calls this afternoon," said the young hypocrite. "Besides, I think it is good for an invalid to be dressed up a little — just a little fixed up. It makes a person think of getting well, and that does good, you know."

Agatha refrained from the allusion to faith cure that rose to her lips, and, finding that Phillida was growing curious, she turned to a new subject.

"Did mama tell you what Miss Bowyer says about your case, Philly?"

"No."

"Mrs. Beswick told mama that she had it from Mr. Martin. Miss Bowyer told Mr. Martin the other day that she knew you would get well because she had been giving you absent treatment without your knowledge or consent. Did n't you feel her pulling you into harmony with the odylic emanations of the universe?"

Phillida smiled a little, and Agatha insisted on helping her to creep into the parlor. She said she could not pack the trunk with Philly looking on. But when she got her sister into the parlor she did not seem to care to go back to the trunks.

The door-bell rang at three, and Agatha met Charley in the hall.

"She does n't know a word of your coming," said Agatha in a low voice. "I will go and tell her, to break the shock, and then bring you right in."

She left Millard standing by the hat-table while she went in.

"Phillida, who do you think has come to see you? It 's Charley Millard. I took the liberty of telling him you 'd see him for a short time."

Then she added in a whisper, "Poor fellow, he seems to feel so bad!"

Saying this, she set a chair for him, and without giving Phillida time to recover from a confused rush of thought and feeling she returned to the hall saying, "Come right in, Charley."

To take off the edge, as she afterward expressed it, she sat for three minutes with them, talking chaff with Millard; and when she had set the conversation going about indifferent things, she remembered something that had to be done in the kitchen, and was instantly gone down-stairs.

The conversation ran by its own momentum for a while after Agatha's departure, and then it flagged.

"You 're going away," said Millard after a pause.

"Yes."

"I know it is rude for me to call without permission, but I could n't bear that you should leave until I had asked your forgiveness for things that I can never forgive myself for."

Phillida looked down a moment in agitation, and then said, "I have nothing to for-

give. The fault was all on my side. I have been very foolish."

"I would n't quarrel with you for the world," said Millard, "but the fault was mine. What is an error of judgment in a person of your noble unselfishness! Fool that I was, not to be glad to bear a little reproach for such a person as you are!"

To Phillida the world suddenly changed color while Charley was uttering these words. His affection was better manifested by what he had just said than if he had formally declared it. But the fixed notion that he was moved only by pity could not be vanquished in an instant.

"Charley," she said, "it is very good of you to speak such kind words to me. I am very weak, and you are very good-hearted to wish to comfort me."

"You are quite mistaken, Phillida. You fancy that I am disinterested. I tell you now that I am utterly in love with you. Without you I don't care for life. I have not had heart for any pursuit since that evening on which we parted on account of my folly. But if you tell me that you have ceased to care for me, there is nothing for me but to go and make the best of things."

Phillida was no longer heroic. Her sufferings, her mistakes, her physical weakness, and the yearning of her heart for Millard's affection, were fast getting the better of all the reasons she had believed so conclusive against the restoration of their engagement. Nevertheless, she found strength to say: "I am quite unfit to be your wife. You are a man that everybody likes and you enjoy society, as you have a right to." Then after a pause and an evident struggle to control herself she proceeded: "Do you think I would weight you down with a wife that will always be remembered for the follies of her youth?"

Phillida did not see how Charley could answer this, but she was so profoundly touched by his presence that she hoped he might be able to put matters in a different light. When she had finished speaking he contracted his brows into a frown for a moment. Then he leaned forward with his left hand open on one knee and his right hand clenched and resting on the other.

"I know I gave you reason to think I was cowardly," he said, "but I hope I am a braver man than you imagine. Now if anybody should ever condemn you for a little chaff in a great granary of wheat it would give me pain only if it gave you pain. Otherwise it would give me real pleasure, because I 'd like to bear it in such a way that you 'd say to yourself, 'Charley is a braver man than I ever thought him.'" Millard had risen and was standing before her as he finished speaking. There was a pause, during which Phillida looked down at her own hands lying in her lap.

"Now, Phillida," he said, "I want to ask one thing —"

"Don't ask me anything just now, Charley," she said in a broken voice full of entreaty, at the same time raising her eyes to his. Then she reached her two hands up toward him, and he came and knelt at her side while she put her arms about his neck and drew him to her, and whispered, "I never understood you before, Charley. I never understood you."

XLI.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE next morning Agatha went over to Washington Square to let Philip know that the trip southward had been postponed for a week or so. And Philip knew that the trip southward would never take place at all, but that drives with Charley in Central Park would prove much better for the invalid.

"Oh, yes; it 's all right then. I expected it," he said.

"Yes," said Agatha; "it 's all right. I managed it myself, Cousin Philip. I brought them together."

"Did you, Agatha?" he said with a queer smile. "That was clever."

"Yes; and they have not thanked me for it. Phillida wishes to see you. She told me to tell you."

"I don't doubt she can wait," said Philip, smiling; "seeing me is not important to her just now. Give her my love and congratulations, and tell her I 'll come in the day before she starts to Hampton. There 'll be time enough before she gets off, Agatha." This last was said with a laugh that seemed to Agatha almost happy.

Phillida's recovery was very rapid; it was all the effect of driving in the Park. Perhaps also the near anticipation of a trip to Europe had something to do with it, for Millard had engaged passage on the *Arcadia* the first week in June. To Mrs. Callender this seemed too early; it gave the mother and her dressmaker no end of worry about the wardrobe.

Two weeks after her reconciliation with Charley, Phillida demonstrated her recovery by walking alone to her aunt's in Washington Square. She asked at the door to see Mr. Philip, and when she learned that he was in his bookroom she sent to ask if she might n't come up.

"Busy with my catalogue," said Philip as Phillida came in. He had been busy making a catalogue of his treasures for two years, but he could not get one to suit him. "I hate to print this till I get a complete 'De Bry,' and that 'll be many a year to come, I 'm afraid. I could n't afford the cost of a set this year nor next, and it 's hardly likely that there 'll be one for sale

in ten years to come. But it will give me something to look forward to."

All this he said hurriedly as though to prevent her saying something else. While speaking, he set a chair for Phillida; but she did not sit down.

"Cousin Philip," she said, "you might just as well hear what I 've got to say first as last."

"Hear? Oh, I 'm all attention," he said; "but sit down." And he set the example, Phillida following it with hesitation.

"If you had pulled me out of the water," she began, "and saved my life, you 'd expect me to say 'Thank you,' at least. Charley has told me all about how you acted. We think you 're just the noblest man we have ever known."

"Ah, now, Phillida," protested Philip, quite bewildered for want of a lighted cigar to relieve his embarrassment, "you make me feel like a fool. I 'm no hero; it is n't in me to play any grand parts. I shall be known, after I 'm dead, by the auction catalogue of my collection of rare books, and by nothing else. 'The Gouverneur Sale' will long be remembered by collectors. That sort of distinction fits me. But you and Charley are making me ridiculous with all this talk."

"Phil, you dear fellow," said Phillida, passionately, rising and putting her hands on his shoulder, "you saved me from lifelong misery, and maybe from death, at a fearful sacrifice of your own feelings. I 'll remember it the longest day I live." And she leaned over and kissed him, and then turned abruptly away to go down-stairs.

Philip trembled from head to foot as he rose and followed Phillida to the top of the stairs, trying in vain to speak. At last he said huskily: "Phillida, I want to explain. I am no hero. I had made a fool of myself, as I knew I should if I ever — ever spoke to you as I did that day. Now, of all things I don't like to be ridiculous. I thought that evening if I could be the means of bringing you two together it would take the curse off, so to speak. I mean that it would make me cut a less ridiculous figure than I did, and restore my self-respect. I wanted to be able to think of you and Charley happy together without calling myself bad names, you know."

"Yes, yes," laughed Phillida. "I know. You never did a generous thing in your life without explaining it away. But I know you too well to be imposed on. I shall always say to myself, 'There 's one noble and disinterested man under the sky, and that 's my brave Cousin Philip.' Good-by." And standing on the first step down she reached him her hand over the baluster-rail, looked at him with a happy, grateful face which he never forgot, and pressed his hand, saying again, "Good-by, Philip," and then turned and went down-stairs.

And Philip went back and shut his library door and locked it, and was vexed with himself because for half an hour he could not see to go on with his cataloguing. And that evening his mother was pleased to hear him whistling softly an air from the "Mikado" — he had not whistled before in weeks. She was equally surprised when a little later he consented to act as Charley's best man. To her it seemed that Philip ought to feel as though he were a kind of pall-bearer at his own funeral. But he was quite too gay for a pall-bearer. He and Agatha had no end of fun at the wedding, she taking to herself all the credit for having brought it about.

In the middle of the August following, Philip, having come to town from Newport to attend to some affairs, found a notice from the custom-house of a box marked with his address. He hated the trouble of going down town and making affidavit to get it out of the hands of the United States. But when he opened it he found on top a note from Millard explaining that he and Phillida had chanced upon a complete set of "De Bry" at Quaritch's, and that they thought it would be a suitable little present for their best friend.

Philip closed the box and took it to Newport with him. He explained to himself that he did this in order to get an opinion on the set from two or three collectors whose acquaintance he had lately made in lounging about the Redwood Library. But the fact was, his Newport season would have been ruined had he left the volumes in town. The books were spread out on his table, where they held a sort of levee; every book-fancier in all Newport had to call and pay his respects to the rare volumes and to the choice English bindings.

"A nice present that," said Philip's father, as he sipped his champagne at dinner on the day after the son's return with the books. "I 've been looking them over; they must have cost, binding and all, a hundred dollars, I should think, eh?"

"More than that," said Philip with a smile.

"About what?" demanded his father.

"Considering that the set includes both the Great and the Little Voyages, it could n't have cost less than twenty times your estimate," said Philip.

"Millard must be richer than I supposed," said the father. "A man ought to have millions to make presents on that scale."

But after supper, when Philip and his mother sat on the piazza, she said: "I never could tell how things were managed between Charley Millard and Phillida. But since your books came I think I can guess who did it."

"Guess what you like, mother," he said; "I did improve my opportunity once in my life."

THE END.

Edward Eggleston.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"The Century" a National Magazine.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE with the present number closes its twenty-first year, and announces in its advertising columns some of the main features of the new year, which begins with November. While THE CENTURY'S main lines of policy will be adhered to, our readers will, we think, find a certain novelty in the new announcements.

Fiction in great strength and variety is a special feature of these announcements. The one partly foreign story, that by Messrs. Kipling and Balestier, is in fact, if anything, the most American of the four principal serials. Aside from these serials we have waiting for the new year a great number of shorter stories of American life, most of them single-number stories, which cover a large part of the continent in scene, and which in depiction of character and social phenomena seem to us to be very remarkable, and to prove again the truth of most of those appreciative and enthusiastic things said by American and foreign critics of the American short story — or short-story, as Mr. Brander Matthews calls it.

In the best of ancient and the best of modern art the new volumes of THE CENTURY will be especially strong. Mr. Cole's "Old Masters," engraved from the originals in the European galleries, have now reached their culmination in the work of Michelangelo, Titian, Raphael, and others of the greatest. No process of equal artistic results can yet reproduce for the masses of the people the great masterpieces of the world's art as can the exquisite engravings on wood of a master of his own craft like Mr. Cole — the American engraver who for so many years and with such devotion and intelligence has studied the old Italian painters. As for modern art it will be our chief concern to keep before the public the best attainable examples of American paintings and sculpture, along with the finest of modern European art.

If we were presenting here a summary of the new announcements we should have to dwell upon the papers having to do with the coming Columbus celebration, and upon the various series on farming, music, poetry, etc. But this was not our intention. Rather we would speak of a peculiarity of THE CENTURY with which its older or more continuous readers are well acquainted, but which is sometimes lost sight of by casual inspectors of its contents. This peculiarity, if so it may be called, resides in the fact that THE CENTURY is a national magazine — not an international, not a sectional magazine. As between East and West it knows no difference; as between North and South it knows no difference. And yet in being national it assumes on the one hand that America has a great deal to do with Abroad, and on the other that *America is a nation*. It assumes this against the few and far between, but extremely excitable, Southern irreconcilable. It assumes this also against the exuberant Northern irreconcilable. It assumes this in the range of discussion and narration it allows its contributors, and in its own editorial puttings-forth. Meanwhile it sometimes has the amusement of reading the simultaneous remarks of the Southern and the Northern irreconcilable to the effect that THE CENTURY is the enemy of the South, and of the North, and of Heaven only knows what.

The Southern irreconcilable disregards, or is ignorant of, the "Great South" papers of THE CENTURY, entered upon at a time soon after the war, when, in the interest of the whole country, the Southern States most needed just such recognition. He ignores the well-known relations of the magazine to the brilliant group of writers of the New South; he ignores the fact that it was THE CENTURY that spread before the whole civilized world, in its war series, the story, by Southern generals, of the prowess of the Southern soldier in the civil war; and, too, the fact that THE CENTURY has not shrunk, in fairness, from allowing Southern soldiers to give — along with a fearless depiction by Northern prisoners of the horrors of Andersonville and other Southern prisons — their own views of the inside of the prisons for Confederates in the North. The Northern irreconcilable sometimes shows an equally culpable ignorance or narrowness when he forgets that always and everywhere THE CENTURY has stood against sectionalism and for the Union; has upheld the fame and the honor of the Union general and the Union private, and has placed Lincoln and the cause for which he labored and died before the American people, and the world at large, more fully, accurately, and effectively than was ever done before. And both these irreconcilables forget that THE CENTURY has constantly appealed to the broadest patriotism, and love for the reunited nation, by preaching the duty of the day and the hour, the setting aside of sectional and past issues, and attention to present and necessary reforms, and to all the immediate and pressing duties of good citizenship in this our great and common country.

After all, it speaks well for the fairness, good feeling, and common sense of the reading public of America that the illustrated magazine that deals most constantly with recent and mooted periods of domestic history, and with the burning questions of the day, has the wide, we may say the phenomenal, reception in every part of the country which is so generously accorded to THE CENTURY.

A Cheap Money Retrospect.

THOSE of our readers who have followed the series of articles upon cheap money experiments which have appeared in this department of THE CENTURY during the past eight months cannot fail to have observed that we have arranged the order of the series upon a cumulative plan. We began in March last with a plain exposition of the imperative need on the part of the people of this country of a clear conviction that no money except the best was worth the having, and that "cheap money," in any and all forms, is a delusion from which all people should pray to be delivered.

From this we passed to a historical survey of the more notable of the many experiments which have been made in various countries and times to improve the condition of States and nations by making money cheap and plentiful. We purpose now to recapitulate briefly the chief points in this survey in order that the full moral force of its teaching may not be missed.

We should say, perhaps, at the outset that no formal reply has been made to numerous letters that have come to us questioning in one way or another statements which had been advanced in some of the earlier articles of the series, for the reason that all the objections raised by these letters have been most effectively answered by subsequent articles. For example, when objection was made that we took too emphatic ground in favor of the best money and too extreme ground against "cheap money," it seemed to us better to show by human experience that our position was the only safe or tenable one than to argue that it must be so. So with other objections that the first historical cases which we cited covered only a part of the problems of our own country to-day. We preferred to answer these by giving further citations which did cover the points of the problem not reached by the first.

The first historical experiment recalled by us was that of the English Land Bank of 1696. This was the most formidable project ever broached for the establishment upon private capital of a bank which should lend money on land as security. The Government granted a charter on condition of the requisite amount of capital being subscribed, and the King subscribed £5000 as an example to the nation; but beyond that the Government was in no way identified with the bank. The subscription-books were opened with entire confidence that the necessary £1,300,000 would be obtained within a few days. At the end of the period allowed for raising it only £2100 had been subscribed by the entire nation. It was thus shown that private capital was not eager to enter into the business of lending money on land. The country gentlemen, who had been eager for the establishment of the bank, were not in position to subscribe to its capital, since their sole purpose in wishing for it was to be able to borrow money from it on their land, and, wishing to borrow, they of course were not able to lend. The capitalists would not put their money into it because its avowed object was to injure them by lowering the rate of interest and lessening the demand for existing money. The result was complete failure to establish the bank.

Passing from this failure of 1696, we took up a notable attempt which was made in Rhode Island about a century later to establish a Land Bank as a State institution, which should lend money on land as security, and pledge the faith of the State for its redemption. We showed that from the outset this experiment was a failure; that the money which the State declared to be a legal tender for public and private debts never circulated at par, but was depreciated from its first issue; that it paralyzed the industries and commerce of the State; that the whole power of the State Government was not sufficient to make it circulate at par; that it led to the repudiation of the greater part of the State debt, giving to Rhode Island the name of "Rogues' Island" throughout the land; that it dropped steadily during the three years of the bank's existence till one dollar in coin was worth fifteen of the Land Bank issue, and that the end was a collapse of credit and business so complete that years were required for the State to recover from it.

Criticism was made upon our citation of the Rhode Island experiment that it was attempted in a small and struggling State, at the close of the exhausting Revolutionary War, and that it could not be taken as a criterion of what would be the outcome were the United States Government to go into the business of loaning money on land. It was argued that the wealth of this mighty and prosperous nation was so great, as compared with the resources of Rhode Island, that any attempt to make the experience of one apply to the other was absurd. As an answer to this objection we cited the famous John Law experiment in France in 1718. This was the Rhode Island principle applied to a great nation, and, as a basis for its operation, the entire property of the nation was brought into the bank and used as security for its loans. Law's idea was to have all France as a mortgage, and he carried out the idea to its fullest extent. Our readers have not forgotten the details of his experiment as we set them forth in THE CENTURY for July. Only two years were necessary for him to lead the nation at a headlong gallop to overwhelming disaster, in which all credit was destroyed, all industrial values ruined, and everything except landed property left worthless.

Finally, lest some critics might say that all these unsuccessful attempts had been made in times long past, and under different economic and industrial and commercial conditions from those which obtain in our own time, we took up the case of the Argentine Republic, giving in much detail the efforts of that country to obtain prosperity under the same system of finance that had failed in Rhode Island and in France. That it was the same system was recognized in Buenos Ayres by sound financial thinkers, who opposed its adoption. After our article on Law's experiment was in press, and the article upon the Argentine experience had been completed, we found in the "Buenos Ayres Standard" an editorial article upon John Law from which we quote the following passages:

> The calamity brought on France by John Law was the most tremendous that can be imagined; it has no parallel in history except the present crisis in Buenos Ayres. But in many respects Law's crisis was less disastrous than that which has now commenced in our city, the outcome of which nobody can venture to predict.
>
> If Argentine statesmen really believe that they can issue notes at will, they will find that they are sadly mistaken. We must come, some day, to a grand wind-up, and the convulsion that must ensue will eclipse anything before seen in the world. Men and women will go mad in the streets, and no government will be able to face the hurricane of popular indignation.
>
> We cannot resist the wish to send all our shinplaster advocates to Venice, to end their days in obscurity, like Law. It is only fair to Law's memory to say that he admitted the error of his theories before his death, and regarded shinplasters as a calamity of the greatest magnitude.

In the September number of THE CENTURY we showed that the sub-treasury scheme of the Farmers' Alliance was more dangerous than Law's, because the money which it called for would be issued upon a far less certain and stable foundation of values than his plan provided. In future numbers of THE CENTURY

we may recall the experience of other States and governments for the purpose of showing still more plainly that human experience has been uniform in this matter. Michigan's experience with "wildcat banks" between 1837 and 1843 is very instructive, and we shall make it the subject of our next article. Like every other cheap money experiment which has been made, it ended in disaster. In every case the final result has been ruin, and the wider the field of trial, the more desolating has been the calamity. The Argentine Republic believed itself an exceptional nation, rich and powerful enough to change this unbroken current of human experience, but its people know now how terribly mistaken they were. We do not believe it possible that the American people will ever be capable of such folly.

Presidential Voting Methods.

No student of our system for the election of President and Vice-President can fail to be impressed with its lax and antiquated character. In fact, from the earliest period of our Government we have gone about this most important of all our elections in a happy-go-lucky style which has more than once brought us to the verge of serious complications. The electoral college system was the outcome of a prolonged and earnest discussion in the convention of 1787 which adopted the Constitution. Upon no other subject was there greater diversity of opinion. Hamilton favored the selection of President by secondary electors, chosen by primary electors, chosen by the people. Gouverneur Morris wished to have the President chosen by popular vote of the whole people *en masse*. Another delegate favored giving the power of selection to the governors of the several States. Another favored popular election by districts. Another wished the power to reside in Congress. Popular election and choice by electors were both voted down on one day, and choice by Congress adopted. These votes were reconsidered subsequently, and choice by electors chosen by the State legislatures was adopted. This in turn was reconsidered, and choice by Congress again adopted. Finally the convention reconsidered this vote, rejected all former plans, and adopted the present system, introducing for the first time the office of Vice-President.

The language of the provision of the Constitution in which the final verdict of the convention was set forth precludes all doubt as to the meaning of the system's framers: "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress," etc. That leaves no possibility of doubt that the convention gave the absolute control of the appointment of electors to the State legislatures, for, as Alexander Johnston says in his history of the system, "the words 'in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct' are as plenary as the English language could well make them."

When, therefore, the last legislature of Michigan passed a law providing for the choice of presidential electors by districts,—twelve of them by the congressional districts, and two by districts dividing the State on a line running through the center, north and south,—it was exercising an undoubted right given it by the Constitution. In fact, in the first quarter of the present century many States chose electors by popular vote in the districts precisely after the Michigan plan. In other States, including New York, the legislature chose all the electors. New York followed this practice as late as 1824, when she changed to the plan of election by popular vote in the districts, observing it only in the election of 1828. South Carolina maintained election by the legislature as late as 1860, and Maryland maintained election by popular vote in the districts as late as 1832. But after the election of 1832 all the States except South Carolina adopted the present plan of choosing all the electors on one ticket by the vote of the whole State.

There is nothing in the Constitution, therefore, to prevent all other States in the Union from following the Michigan example. Neither is there anything in it to prevent the legislature of any State, New York for example, in case there be a legislative majority and a governor of the same political faith, from reverting next winter to another old method and appointing outright by legislative act all the State's electors for the Presidential election of 1892. If any State were to do that, it would be impossible to contest successfully the legality of its action. The only restraining influence is the knowledge that such arbitrary and partizan action would arouse an amount of popular disapproval which might prove fatal in the national election to the prospects of any party which should be guilty of it. In this, as in many other respects, the conduct of our electoral system is regulated by usage and restrained by public opinion and not by law. There is no penalty to be inflicted upon electors for improper performance of duties, or for refusal to perform them at all. If there should be a general refusal of all the electors, or of a majority of them, to perform their duties, the election of President and Vice-President would devolve upon the House of Representatives and the Senate respectively, but the defaulting electors could not be punished save by popular disapproval. If an elector who had been chosen to vote for Republican candidates were to betray his trust and vote for Democratic candidates, or *vice versa*, there would be no legal penalty and no method by which his vote could be changed. It would have to be counted as cast, and in casting it he would be exercising his constitutional rights in precisely the way in which the first electors chosen under the system exercised them. Usage has changed the method of carrying out the system, but the system itself is unchanged. It is a signal evidence of the faith of the American people in their own honesty and fair dealing that they are willing to continue to conduct their Presidential elections under a system so lax as this.

The return to an old method of choosing electors in Michigan attracts great attention because of the effect which it has in unsettling calculations about the next Presidency. It makes certain a division in the electoral vote of the State, preventing the candidates of either party from getting the entire fourteen. Under the new apportionment the electoral college of 1892 will have 444 members, making 223 necessary for a choice. If all the States which voted for Mr. Cleveland in 1884 were to be carried by the Democrats in 1892, the total Democratic electoral vote under the new apportionment would be 225, just two more than a majority. With the vote of Michigan cast by districts the Democrats are certain of getting at least two electors from

that State, hitherto solidly Republican, a gain which might be of great importance to them in a close contest. In short, it is easy to see how it would be possible for a Presidential election to be decided by the divided vote of Michigan.

At the first glance it might appear that the election by popular vote in districts was a step towards election by popular vote in the whole country. This would be the case were the congressional districts not so often laid out on gerrymandering principles. There are many States so completely "gerrymandered" that they have a majority vote in favor of one political party, and a congressional delegation with a majority in favor of another political party. It is unnecessary to point out that in States of this kind an election by congressional districts would be less of an election by popular vote than one under the system of a State electoral ticket. Suppose, furthermore, that in 1892 all the States were to follow the Michigan plan. One effect would be to give the Farmers' Alliance or some other third party an opportunity to secure several members of the electoral college, for while such a party might have much difficulty in carrying any entire State, it might succeed in carrying a considerable number of congressional districts. Let us, for example, suppose that one party, say the Republican, secured 222 electors, one less than a majority, that the Democratic party had 210, and the Farmers' Alliance had 12. The result would be that neither of the great parties would have a majority; the election would devolve upon Congress as elected last fall; the House would choose a Democratic President, and the Senate a Republican Vice-President. Results of this kind would be possible in every election, for the district system would always work in the interest of third parties.

There has been perceptible, in the discussion aroused by the Michigan law, a growing tendency to advocate the election of President by popular vote. This would be a complete abandonment of the fundamental idea of the present system, which is that the States vote as individuals and have absolute power as to the manner in which they shall vote. A change to popular vote by the whole country could of course be made only by constitutional amendment ratified by two-thirds of all the States. It is to be said of this change that if the whole country were to vote *en masse*, the States serving merely as great election districts for the counting of the votes, there would probably be an end at once of all efforts to influence the result by corrupt or unworthy means. When the vote of no particular State could be said to have a deciding weight in the result, there would be no effort made to carry any State by dishonest means. The whole country would have to be appealed to by open arguments and methods, and the manifest impossibility of close calculations as to the division of a poll of such gigantic proportions would preclude all idea of either side seeking to purchase a majority. On the other hand, it is to be said that until all parts of the country can be heard from within about the same period after election, decision by popular vote might introduce a new and serious element of uncertainty. Three or four weeks are usually required, for example, to obtain full official returns from Texas, and the vote of that State is sufficiently large to have been the deciding factor in every Presidential election that we have had in recent years if the election had been decided by popular vote.

The Key to Municipal Reform.

IT was made evident by the legislation of the year now drawing to a close that an unusual amount of attention was given to the subject of reform in municipal government. Many of the State legislatures passed new charters for their larger cities, and many others spent much time in the discussion of such measures. In Ohio home rule was granted to all the large cities of the State, and new charters, embodying that and other important principles, were granted to four of them, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Springfield, and Youngstown. In Indiana a new charter was granted to the city of Indianapolis. In all these cities confident hopes are entertained that the new forms of government will sweep away some abuses, modify others, and give the people better government than they have hitherto enjoyed.

It is not our purpose to enter upon a discussion of the provisions of these new charters, or to consider the relative merits of their leading features. Some of them aim at divided responsibility, others at concentrated power and direct responsibility. In these and other respects they are like charters which have been tried in other cities, and the results attained under them will not differ much from those attained hitherto elsewhere. In the last analysis the character of the results will be determined by the character of the men who administer the system. No charter has been drawn, or can be devised, which will give a city good government when its offices are in the hands of incompetent and dishonest men.

As the readers of THE CENTURY are aware, we have for a long time held the opinion that the only way by which reform in municipal government can be secured is by getting it into the hands of intelligent, honest, and experienced men. The system which will put men of this character into office and keep them there is the only one that will meet the emergency. Is there such a system, and what are its leading features? What is wanted is, in the first place, fitness combined with character, and, after that, permanent tenure. This is civil service reform in its essence, and it follows that we can never have genuine and lasting municipal reform until we put the entire municipal system of government upon a civil service reform basis.

The unwillingness of the better classes of the community to enter into active political life is notorious. Not only do they decline to take any part in the primaries and nominating conventions, but they refuse to accept nominations for office. It frequently happens that a promising reform movement is delayed and its enthusiasm hopelessly chilled by the failure of its promoters to find an eminent and suitable person who is willing to make the sacrifice of becoming its chief nominee for office. This indifference and unwillingness cannot be overcome by appeals to civic pride and sense of public duty, except in very rare instances, for reasons which are not difficult to find. Public life offers only temporary and uncertain occupation, and the man who enters it must do so at the peril of being left without means of support at the end of his first term of office. We cannot expect that young men of talent and character will enter into the public service until they are offered inducements to do so which are, to some extent at least, as attractive as those offered by professional and

business life. What every man who is of any account in the world seeks at the opening of his career is a profession or calling which promises to give him sure employment with a prospect of wealth, or at least a competence, as the years go by. If he could find such promises in the public service as are held out in the model cities of Berlin, Paris, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, he would enter into it eagerly enough. As Mr. Shaw pointed out in his Paris and Glasgow articles, and as we have repeatedly pointed out in this department of THE CENTURY, in these cities the highest expert talent is sought for the heads of departments, is paid handsomely, and is kept in office for life or during good behavior. It is this policy which gives the city good government and at the same time secures the interest of the intelligent and moral portions of the community in public affairs.

In American cities the opposite policy prevails. Not only is no inducement offered for expert intelligence to seek place in the public service, but every obstacle is raised to prevent its finding an entry there. If by chance any man possessing it gets office, he is certain to be turned out at the end of a very brief period. The result is that every young man of first-rate intelligence shuns political life and public service and seeks for his occupation in other directions; while the men of inferior intelligence, unstable character, and flabby morality turn to politics as offering them a better chance of success than they could hope for in the severer competition of private occupations. It is not surprising that under such conditions we have bad municipal rule in all our large cities; that municipal indebtedness rolls every year into larger and more portentous dimensions, and that all efforts to bring about a better state of affairs, by amending existing charters or enacting new ones, result in failure or only partial and temporary improvement. Reform of a thorough and lasting kind will be attained only when we get a system which will give us in all the departments of our municipal service the kind of officials which Mr. Shaw in his article on Paris, in THE CENTURY for July, described as controlling the police department of that city. "Every one of the numerous bureaus," he said, "is manned with permanent officials who have entered the service upon examination and who are promoted for merit." This system prevails throughout the service, making every bureau of the executive municipal government, according to Mr. Shaw, "a model of efficiency." The same system would produce similar results in American cities, making them as well governed as any in the world, instead of standing, as at present, among the worst governed in the world. It will be a slow and arduous task to educate public sentiment to a realization of this truth, but it must be accomplished before we can hope for genuine municipal reform.

James Russell Lowell, Poet and Citizen.

No name among those familiar to the late generations of Americans has done more to make our country respected and believed in abroad and to uphold the faith and courage of patriotic Americans than that of James Russell Lowell. It behooves us not so much to grieve for his untimely death,—for he was the youngest of the distinguished New England group of men-of-letters, and yet not the last to go,—but rather to rejoice at the noble, salutary, and inspiring career of the great poet, humorist, essayist, scholar, diplomatist, politician, statesman, and citizen.

As a poet, whatever comparisons may be made with his predecessors or contemporaries, at home or abroad, whatever just criticisms may be recorded, we believe it will be found at the end that a large part of his verse has passed into literature, there to remain. The originality, vitality, intensity, and beauty of the best of it are self-evident. Although a true, spontaneous poet, his life had other strong interests and engrossing occupations, and the volume of his verse does not equal that of others whose careers have extended beside his own; his impression as a poet upon his time has not equaled that of others. It may, indeed, be said that if as strongly poetic in nature as they, he would have been dominated as exclusively as were they by the poetic mood. However this may be, the quality of his genius, as shown in his best work, was, we believe, quite as fine as that of any poet writing English in his day. No one can read his last volume of verse without being impressed anew by the vigor, variety, and spontaneous character of Lowell's poetic gift. Even his literary faults are of such a nature as to testify to the keenness of his thought and the abundance of his intellectual equipment.

But, after all, perhaps the most striking thing in Lowell's career was not the brilliancy of his mind, his many-sided and extraordinary ability,—but the fact that in every department of his intellectual activity was distinguished the note of the patriot. He loved letters for art's sake; he used letters for art's sake—but also for the sake of the country. His poetic fervor, his unique humor, the vehicle of his pithy and strenuous prose, his elegant and telling oratory—all these served fearlessly the cause of American democracy, of which he was the most commanding exponent in the intellectual world of our day. His keen sense of the responsibilities of citizenship, added to his native genius, made him from early life—in the true and undegraded sense of the word—a politician, and an effective one, as well as a statesman whose writings are an arsenal of human freedom.

A few years ago, as our readers will remember, it was the good fortune of THE CENTURY to bring out the record of Lowell's relation to Lincoln. It will be remembered that he was one of the first, in fact he himself believed that he was the very first, of the so-called "Brahman class" of New England to discover and widely proclaim the peculiar virtues and political abilities of Lincoln, at a time when many, even among the good, were suspicious or scornful of "the rail-splitter." Cordial recognition of good intent, as well as of natural gifts, was, indeed, one of Lowell's most admirable traits. American literature and American politics owe much to him, not only for inspiration and example, but for most cordial encouragement, both private and public.

Lowell passes from us in the very year of the establishment in America by statute of the principle of International Copyright, a cause of which he was the official leader as the president of the American Copyright League. He brought to the agitation all the stored-up wealth of his great reputation, the total result of a spotless and noble life, all the forces of his literary skill, his biting wit, his oratory, his moral en-

thusiasm, and his statesmanlike judgment. His appearance in person before a committee of Congress in 1886 was a great historical event of the triumphant war for the rights of the intellect before the law. Unlike other and younger literary men, it was not necessary for him to spend laborious and continuous days, weeks, or months in the conflict. Such was the power of his name, and the trenchancy of his occasional blows, such the cumulative impulse of his fame and abilities, that his work, though done with apparent ease, was great and effective.

And now this immense intellectual and moral force is with us only as a memory and a record. Yet for many a day and year the name and words of Lowell will light the path of the republic of which he was the lover and laureate.

OPEN LETTERS.

"Laurels of the American Tar in 1812."

I. CRITICISM BY MR. POWELL.

THE article written by Edgar S. Maclay on the "Laurels of the American Tar in 1812" which appeared in THE CENTURY for December last is well written and well illustrated, but contains several statements needing correction.

1. It fails to set forth the great difference in size, 40 to 50 per cent., which prevailed between the combatants in most of the actions. For instance, the American 44-gun frigates which severally captured three British 38-gun frigates in single fight were each superior in size to their adversaries. The "load displacement" of the *Constitution* is always stated in American navy lists at 2200 tons, but the load displacement of British 38's was only about 1500 tons. As to the "tons burden" there is a large mistake in that entered to the English frigates in Emmons's "History of the United States Navy." It is almost ludicrous to compare the action of the *Levant* and the *Cyane* with the *Constitution* as at all between equal forces. The two small British ships only averaged 500 tons burden each, and the American over 1500; the short carronades of the former were nearly useless against the heavy long guns of their opponent.[1]

2. The statement that English shot always were of full weight, and American generally seven per cent. under weight, is more than doubtful. Simmons in Heavy Ordnance, 1837, states that English shot were under the nominal weight, and Colonel Owen, Professor of Artillery to Woolwich College, gives tables showing that when the shot, long after the war of 1812, had been rather increased in size, they were still below weight, so that an eighteen-pound ball weighed, even then, only seventeen pounds and eleven ounces. Sir Howard Douglas in "Naval Gunnery" remarks that the English cannon had more windage than the French and American; hence the ball would be rather smaller.

3. It is exceedingly improbable that the *Guerrière* in 1812 would have on board French guns and shot since her capture so long before as 1806. The utmost precision and uniformity in the naval and military services is necessary for supply and mutual exchange and support with cannon, shot, ammunition, etc., and those points are carefully attended to in all regular services. How could one ship supply another with guns or shot if they did not exactly match the regulations?

4. Mr. Maclay, again, has not mentioned the respective complements of men. The American large frigates had 470 men; the British 38's had but 300 regular complement, all told; as often less as more. He is mistaken in giving the *Chesapeake* only 340; Admiral Preble, U. S. N., writing in the American magazine "United Service," acknowledges she had 390, but he overrates the crew of the *Shannon*. The total number of persons on board the *Shannon* of every grade was 330, and there is no mystery how it was composed, namely 300 full complement, 8 lent by her consort, and 22 Irish laborers or passengers only just pressed out of a merchant ship. Owing to Captain Broke's being wounded and temporarily unable to attend to business, his friends wrote the official report for him, and unfortunately were not sufficiently precise in their inquiries; but the report, notwithstanding, is abundantly correct for all practical purposes, the errors being of no importance. It is alleged by James that the *Chesapeake*, far from having a "scratch crew," retained on board the greater part of the men that had served the two years on her previous voyage, and the officers were most fastidious in picking out none but the best men to fill up with. See, in Mr. Maclay's own article, his reference to "picked seamen," page 207. It seems unlikely that when sailing out to meet the *Shannon* the men would dare to annoy Captain Lawrence with an ill-timed application for the prize money of the previous cruise, unless the spokesman at all events represented a large proportion of the complement. Out of the *Shannon's* "52 guns" four were mere boat guns or exercising pieces, and two of those fitted as stern-chasers were not once fired in the action.

5. The artist has taken poetical license in depicting the American ships as rather smaller than the British instead of much larger; the *Constitution* is drawn with three or four ports on the quarter-deck instead of eight or nine.

6. I refuse to believe that the *Constitution* in two or three hours' close action with the *Java* was hulled only four times. The official report allows 34 killed and

[1] The official records of the English Admiralty and of the French Marine have clear evidence of the exact size of their 38- and 40-gun frigates at the commencement of this century; the large national collections of naval models in London and in Paris agree with these records, and the scientific works of both countries on naval architecture support the same facts. Adding the historical works of James and Brenton, we get an accumulation of evidence which must be absolutely conclusive to unbiased minds. Thus all this evidence has the remarkable quality of entire agreement as to the dimensions of the frigates, which are given as varying from 150 to 155 feet long and most nearly 40 feet or 12¼ meters in extreme breadth. Some recent transatlantic writers make the length more by measuring in the projection of the counter; but that is contrary to rule. Any one who really understands the subject of tonnage is invited to explain how such dimensions could possibly give a total of much more than 1100 tons Congress measure or 1030 Philadelphia measure. But the American frigates by the former rule, being of 1576 tons, were 43 per cent. larger than British or French.—H. Y. P.

wounded, and the British account says many more. Professor Frost in his history of the United States Navy says "the shattered and decayed state of the *Constitution* required her return to port." What does "shattered" mean? By the way, Fenimore Cooper remarks that Captain Hull wrote two reports of the action with the *Guerrière*, and suggests the other should be published also. Why not?

I shall not attempt to deny that the British in 1812, after twenty years of victories, had become careless and over-confident, while the Americans exhibited much efficiency in profiting by prearranged superiority of force, a superiority more generally confessed now than at the time of the war itself.

Not wishing to occupy too much of your space, I will only refer readers who wish for further evidence to the "Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine," London, for September, 1890; to the "Army and Navy Journal," New York, during the autumn of 1889; to the new appendices to the last edition of James's "Naval History," 1886, Volume VI, and to Colburn's "United Service Magazine," London, of April, 1885.

LONDON, January, 1891. *H. Y. Powell.*

II. MR. MACLAY'S REJOINDER.

IN answer to H. Y. Powell's criticism on my article I will say in brief (referring to his numbered paragraphs):

1. The "load displacement" is not a fair comparison because the American frigates were more heavily built, had heavier stanchions, thicker masts, heavier armaments, etc., all of which, of course, made a greater "load displacement," but does not show that there was "40 to 50 per cent." difference in size. I call Mr. Powell's attention to an article written by himself in the September (1890) number of the "Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine" of London, in which he says that the American 44-gun frigates were about 175 feet long and 45 feet beam while the British 38-gun frigate of the war of 1812 was 155 feet length and 40.3 feet beam. This certainly is not the "40 to 50 per cent." difference in size which Mr. Powell speaks of. But according to American accounts the *Constitution* was only 12 feet longer and had a trifle more beam than the *Guerrière*. I frankly admitted in my article that the American frigates were much better, perhaps "40 to 50 per cent." better, if Mr. Powell chooses, but I do not admit that difference in size as commonly understood.

I also call Mr. Powell's attention to Captain Dacres's opinion of the relative force of the two frigates, and I think Mr. Powell will admit that Captain Dacres is something of an authority on the subject, as he commanded the *Guerrière* when captured by the *Constitution*, and afterward was many days in the latter frigate, thereby having a better opportunity than either myself or Mr. Powell could ever have of judging the two ships. I think also Mr. Powell will admit that Captain Dacres had far more interest in discovering a "40 to 50 per cent." difference between the two frigates, if such difference existed, than either Mr. Powell or myself. That before this engagement Captain Dacres considered the *Guerrière* of sufficient size to capture the *Constitution* is seen in the following challenge:

> Captain Dacres, commander of His Britannic Majesty's frigate *Guerrière*, presents his compliments to Commander Rogers of the United States frigate *President* [sister ship to the *Constitution*], and will be very happy to meet him, or any other American frigate of equal force to the *President*, off Sandy Hook, for the purpose of having a social tête-à-tête.

British commanders were fully aware of the size of American 44-gun frigates at the time of this challenge. That up to the time of this action Captain Dacres had not changed this opinion is seen in the following: On the 10th of August, or nine days before the engagement, the *Guerrière* captured the American brig *Betsey* commanded by Mr. Orne. Mr. Orne was aboard the *Guerrière* when that frigate met the *Constitution*, and relates: "I soon saw from the peculiarity of her [*Constitution's*] sails and from her general appearance that she was, without doubt, an American frigate, and communicated the same to Captain Dacres. He immediately replied that he thought she came down too boldly for an American, but soon after added, 'The better he behaves, the more honor we shall gain by taking him.'" (See Coggeshall's "History of American Privateers.")

Even after the action, when Captain Dacres and his officers had been several days in the *Constitution*, thus having an excellent opportunity of comparing the two ships, he still entertained the same views, and immediately on landing wrote that "the loss of the ship is to be ascribed to the early fall of her mizzen-mast." (See Official Report of Captain Dacres.)

This opinion is still more forcibly stated by Captain Dacres several months after the event. In his defense before his courtmartial he says: "Notwithstanding the unlucky issue of this affair, such confidence have I in the exertions of the officers and men who belong to the *Guerrière*, and I am so well aware that the success of my opponent was owing to fortune, that it is my earnest wish, and would be the happiest moment of my life, to be once more opposed to the *Constitution* with them under my command, in a frigate of similar force to the *Guerrière*."

Such is the opinion of Captain Dacres in reference to the comparative size of the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, expressed after having had unsurpassed opportunities for inspecting both ships, and uttered after mature deliberation. Neither he nor any of the frigate commanders of this war claimed that the American frigates they fought were "40 to 50 per cent." larger; such claims being the work of Mr. James, whom Mr. Powell seems to follow.

2. As to this point I do not see that any answer is needed. In my article I gave three or four authorities, both English and American, which were contemporaneous with the battles in which the ammunition was used. Mr. Powell refers to an authority in 1837, and to Sir Howard Douglas, who was later yet. What happened to the shot in 1837 or later I in no way discussed. I treated of shot in the war of 1812 only, so that Mr. Powell's two rather *post-bellum* authorities do not affect my argument in the least.

3. As to this point I dealt in facts and gave my authorities in the article. An officer *actually weighed* the *Guerrière's* shot, and that is better evidence than probabilities or improbabilities.

4. I showed in my article that the American crews were superior, both in numbers and quality. I do not see that I am mistaken in giving the *Chesapeake* 340 men. My authority is official, being none less than

Emmons's "Statistical History of the United States Navy," p. 66. This is the United States Government record of the navy. The same number is given by all recognized naval historians. Admiral Preble never pretended to be an authority on the war of 1812. What he wrote in some magazine article is liable to error, and, as regards the crew of the *Chesapeake*, is in disagreement with all the naval authorities of that period.

I have in no place said that Captain Broke's forged official report was not "abundantly correct." My point was to prove that at least one letter was an absolute forgery. This I did. This — taken in connection with the fact that there are other official letters which the Admiralty refused me the privilege of inspecting, and which are said even by British writers to be "garbled" so as to reduce the humiliation of British defeat — forms evidence amounting almost to proof that official reports of other British commanders have been so garbled as to detract from the American victory, and affords us ample ground for questioning some of their figures.

"Picked seamen" in my article referred to the earlier part of this war. It is a well-known fact that by June, 1813, many American privateers and seamen had been captured by the British, and as the Admiralty refused to exchange prisoners (thereby hoping to check American enterprise on the sea) seamen became very scarce. My authorities for saying so are Washington Irving, Cooper, and Niles's Register, besides others. On the 45th page, Volume II, "Spanish Papers," Washington Irving says: "It was only with great difficulty that any men could be induced to enlist in her [the *Chesapeake*]."

As to its being "unlikely" that the *Chesapeake's* crew should "dare to annoy Captain Lawrence with an ill-timed application for money," Washington Irving and the Rev. Dr. Brighton, the English biographer of Captain Broke of the *Shannon*, say that the crew mutinied, and "that a scoundrel Portuguese who was boatswain's mate demanded prize checks for the men" (Irving's "Spanish Papers," Vol. II, p. 47; also Brighton's "Memoirs of Admiral Broke," p. 165).

My authority for placing the *Shannon's* guns at 52 is none other than James (Vol. VI, p. 53), who says she carried "28 long 18-pounders, 4 long 9-pounders, 1 long 6-pounder, 16 short 32-pounders, and 3 short 12-pounders." And in this I will observe that James has departed from the figures in the official report of Captain Broke, which gives the *Shannon* only 49 guns. James says: "The *Shannon* certainly mounted 52 carriage guns," and "mounted" does not mean placed in a boat where they could not be used, had that side of the ship been engaged. As for the guns that were not "once fired" the *Chesapeake* had a whole broadside she did not fire; so did the *Shannon*, but that does not show that she did not carry those guns.

5. I do not see that Mr. Davidson, the artist, has taken any "poetical license." The only picture where two frigates are fully compared is that of the *United States* and *Macedonian*. Here the *Macedonian* is made higher out of the water because she, being relieved of the weight of masts and spars, and the consequent heeling over from pressure of sails, naturally would look higher. In this Mr. Davidson has discovered great skill.

The *Constitution* carried from ten to twelve guns on her quarter-deck, which required six ports at the most to a side; not "eight or nine," as Mr. Powell says.

6. I regret Mr. Powell refuses to believe that the *Constitution* was hulled only four times by the *Java*. Such, however, was the case. The best of the matter is, the British commanders at that time were so confident of capturing all American frigates that they took especial pains not to fire into the hull, but directed all their shot at the rigging so as to prevent the Americans from being able to make sail in escape. They did not wish to injure the hull as it would only be so much more damage for them to repair after the capture.

Professor John Frost wrote a "Book of the Navy," but I have never before known him to be quoted as an authority. I also must confess that I do not know why Captain Hull's second report was not published.

Edgar S. Maclay.

III. COMMENTS ON MR. MACLAY'S REJOINDER.

DISPLACEMENT is indeed a fair comparison between ships of the same general description, and is now adopted by naval architects, officers, and government officials in every nation. The American 44's exceeded the British 38's by more than 7 per cent., nearer 12 per cent. linear dimensions (or as 174 to 154 in length), in fact more in depth, and consequently at least 40 per cent. in cubical bulk.

The complements of men afford a test of size, 470 to 300 all told.

I consider my evidence is good that English shot were most generally underweight as well as American. I have a letter from the Manager of the Carson Co., which cast shot and cannon in the war time. Sir H. Douglas's authoritative work on "Naval Gunnery" gives the exact size of English shot in 1815, and we find that after being enlarged in 1837 they still weighed rather less than nominal weight.

About the *Guerrière's* guns I read Fenimore Cooper to mean that *perhaps* they were French, retained on board the six years. He often guardedly writes "it is said."

As the American navy consisted of so very few vessels in 1813 I see no reason to think there was the least difficulty in getting first-class seamen for the *Chesapeake* — James says boat-loads were refused. Truly the *Chesapeake* had a whole broadside that was never once fired in the engagement, but the same remark applies to the *Shannon*. Each vessel fired twenty-five guns of a side, the *Shannon* a trifle less weight of shot. The *Chesapeake* was pierced for fifty-four guns, besides chasers, according to a model, carefully made to scale, on view to this day at Greenwich (Hospital) College. There is a similar model of the *President*, also of the *Macedonian* class of frigate, etc.

I think (without referring) that Theodore Roosevelt allows the *Java* fought chiefly at rather close quarters, certainly well within range of musketry. I do not believe that she fired intentionally high, but inefficiently, from having a raw crew not trained in gunnery; most likely many shots went in the water as well as in the air. Still thirty-four men were killed or wounded on board the *Constitution*, and it is not likely many of them were aloft.

H. Y. Powell.

IV. "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

IN the article in the December CENTURY entitled "Laurels of the American Tar in 1812," in speaking of the engagement between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, the writer states that doubt has been cast upon the accuracy of the report of Captain Lawrence's last words. As bearing upon this matter I offer the following evidence.

My father, Dr. William Swift, was one of the surgeons on board the *Chesapeake*, in her engagement with the *Shannon*, and was in attendance on Captain Lawrence after he was wounded; and my mother has often heard him tell the story, and quote the last words of the dying commander: "Don't give up the ship!"

Before his death, Captain Lawrence gave his belt to Dr. Swift, who presented it to the Naval Lyceum at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, accompanied by the following memorandum:

> Dr. Swift has the honor to present to the Naval Lyceum the belt worn by Captain Lawrence in the action between the United States Frigate *Chesapeake* and the British Frigate *Shannon*, on the 1st of June, 1813, and which was loosed from his waist the moment previous to his uttering the memorable words, "Don't give up the ship!"—*Naval Lyceum*, BROOKLYN, February, 4, 1834.

Dr. Swift was made a prisoner, and sent to Halifax, whence he returned home with the wounded.

In 1820 he was detached from the *Ontario* and sent as acting consul to Tunis, where he remained sixteen months. In 1836 he was on the *North Carolina* as fleet surgeon of the Pacific squadron, and on his return in 1839 was stationed at New York, Boston, and Newport for different periods. In 1862 he was at his own request placed on the retired list, having spent fifty-one years in the service of his country. He died in 1865 at the age of eighty-four.

William J. Swift, M.D.

Mr. Kennan's Reply to Certain Criticisms.

[WE presume upon the intense and continued interest in Mr. Kennan's Siberian papers which many of our readers have manifested, to make the following extracts from the preface of his forthcoming volume.—ED. C. M.]

Some of the criticisms that have been made upon the articles on Siberia and the exile system published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE have been based apparently upon the assumption that a survey of any one particular department of national life must necessarily be incomplete and misleading, and that the fair-minded investigator should supplement it by taking into the field of vision a quantity of unrelated facts and phenomena from a dozen other departments.

"Your articles," certain critics have said, "give a false impression. Your statements with regard to Russian prisons, indiscriminate arrests, and the banishment of hundreds of people to Siberia without trial may all be true; but there are in Russia, nevertheless, thousands of peaceful, happy homes, where fathers and brothers are no more in danger of being arrested and exiled to Siberia than they would be if they lived in the United States. Russia is not a vast prison inhabited only by suspects, convicts, and jailers; it is full of cultivated, refined, kind-hearted people; and its Emperor, who is the embodiment of all the domestic virtues, has no higher aim in life than to promote the happiness and prosperity of his beloved subjects."

The obvious reply to such criticism as this is that it wholly mistakes the aim and scope of the work criticized. I did not go to Russia to observe happy homes, nor to make the acquaintance of congenial, kind-hearted people, nor to admire the domestic virtues of the Tsar. I went to Russia to study the working of a penal system, to make the acquaintance of exiles, outcasts, and criminals, and to ascertain how the Government treats its enemies in the prisons and mines of Eastern Siberia. Granted, for the sake of argument, that there *are* thousands of happy homes in Russia; that the Empire *does* abound in cultivated and kind-hearted people, and that the Tsar *is* devotedly attached to his wife and children; what have these facts to do with the sanitary condition of a tumble-down étape in the province of Yakútsk, or with the flogging to death of a young and educated woman at the mines of Karâ? The balancing of a happy and kind-hearted family in St. Petersburg against an epidemic of typhus fever in the exile forwarding-prison at Tomsk is not an evidence of fairness and impartiality, but rather an evidence of an illogical mind. All that fairness and impartiality require of the investigator in any particular field is that he shall set forth, conscientiously, in due relative proportion and without prejudice, all the significant facts that he has been able to gather in that selected field, and then that he shall draw from the collected facts such conclusions as they may seem to warrant. His work may not have the scope of an encyclopedia, but there is no reason, in the nature of things, why it should not be full, accurate, and trustworthy as far as it goes. An investigation of the Indian question in the United States would necessarily deal with a very small part of the varied and complex life of the nation; but it might, nevertheless, be made as fair and complete, within its limits, as Bryce's "American Commonwealth." It would, perhaps, present a dark picture; but to attempt to lighten it by showing that the President of the republic is a moral man and good to his children, or that there are thousands of happy families in New York that have not been driven from their homes by gold-seekers, or that the dwellers on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston are refined and cultivated people who have never made a practice of selling intoxicating liquor to minors, would be not only illogical but absurd. If the gloominess of the picture is to be relieved, the proper way to relieve it is to show what has been done to remedy the evils that make it gloomy, and not by any means to prove that in some other part of the country, under wholly different conditions, a picture might be drawn that would be cheerful and inspiriting.

In the present work I have tried to present impartially both sides of every disputed question, and to deal as fairly as possible both with the Government and with the exiles. . .

George Kennan.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

What My Clock Says.

HOLD fast, dreamer,— do not fret!
Everything will come right yet.
Life holds nothing worth regret —
Let the sun rise — let it set.
I have seen the young grow old;
Seen the fond turn stern and cold;
Seen the selfish, vain, and proud
Feed the worm, and crease the shroud.
Do not cry,
Do not sigh;
All will come right by and by.

Pearls, and gems, and jewels fine,
Fished from sea or dug from mine,
Silken raiment, filmy lace,
Vanish all, and leave no trace.
Those who walk and those who ride
Yet must lie down, side by side,
When their cruel master, Death,
Seals the eyes and steals the breath.
Do not sigh,
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.

I have seen the high brought low,
Seen the seasons come and go;
Fields of bloom and wastes of snow,
Sunny skies and winds that blow —
And I mark out all the hours
Whether there are frosts or flowers —
Night and day and day and night
Feeling sorrow nor delight.
Do not cry,
Do not sigh;
All will come right by and by.

Some days come, and shadows bring;
Then come joys — but they take wing;
Nothing matters, here, to me;
Time drifts to eternity,
And like streams that southward run,
Mingling in the sea as one,
So tend all things — every way —
To oblivion and decay.
Do not sigh,
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.

I have seen the pure and sweet
Smirched with mire from the street;
Seen Sin and her daughter Vice
Look as chaste and cold as ice;
Seen the hungry and the poor
Beg for bread from door to door;
Yet — for all the rich man's load —
God widens not the Narrow Road.
Do not sigh,
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.

Nothing matters! Nothing can
In the destiny of man.
Vain, alas! all tears and sighs;
Vain, reproaches — vain, replies.
Silence and decay must fall
Like a shadow on you all;
And He who made your life a span
Will judge as never judges man.
Do not sigh,
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.

Nelly Marshall McAfee.

The Poet Paradox.

YOUNG X is overcome with deep dejection;
This paradox hath filled his soul with gall:
For him the public has no predilection,
And though well-read he is not read at all.

John Kendrick Bangs.

"Deserving Poor."

DIVES and I on crowded street
An aged beggar chanced to meet;
Dives passed by with sterile frown,
And said, to argue conscience down:
"I treat all such with rule unswerving.
How can one know when they 're deserving?"

"You 're right," I cried, with nodding head
(I toil for Dives for my bread);
But since the mind is heaven-born,
And earthly fetters holds in scorn,
I thought, "That wretch and many more
Starve through those words, 'Deserving poor.'"

And then, because I haply knew
How Dives rich and richer grew,
I sneered (in thought), "Such careful alms,
Such nice, discriminating qualms,
Should be observed in rule unswerving
But by the rich who are deserving."

George Horton.

To the River St. Lawrence in Autumn.

THE fire that frosts engender
(O happy, happy red!)
Fills with their autumn splendor
The groves about thy bed.
No king with crowned head
Is royaller than thee,
O mighty, mighty river,
Impatient for the sea.

The maples are thy tiar —
Great rubies framed in gold;
The cherry, oak, and briar
In crimson robes infold
The monarch blithe and bold;
And o'er thy dancing helm
The sumach's purple feather
Shines gaily through thy realm.

With laughter wild are panting
The waves upon thy breast;
October gales are chanting
The dead leaves to their rest;
The sun is flying west,
O monarch, soon to lie
In Winter's hard, white fetters
Till Spring comes riding by.

Douglas Sladen.

Written October, 1890, at St. Anne's, P. Q., where Tom Moore wrote his "Canadian Boat-song."

LOWELL.

FROM the shade of the elms that whispered above thy birth
And the pines that sheltered thy life and shadowed the end,
'Neath the white-blue skies thee to thy rest we bore,—
'Neath the summer skies thou didst love, 'mid the songs of thy birds,
By thy childhood's stream, 'neath the grass and the flowers thou knewest,
Near the grave of the singer whose name with thine own is enlaureled,
By the side of the brave who live in thy deathless song,—
Here all that was mortal of thee we left, with our tears,
With our love, and our grief that could not be quenched or abated:
For even the part that was mortal, sweet friend and companion!
That face, and that figure of beauty, and flashing eye
Which in youth shone forth like a god's, 'mid lesser men,
And in gray-haired, strenuous age still glowed and lustered,—
These, too, were dear to us,—blame us not, flaming soul!
Soaring above us now in fields Elysian,—
These, too, were dear—and now we shall never behold them,
No more shall we feel the quick clasp of thy welcoming hand.

But not for ourselves alone are we spent in grieving,—
For the stricken Land we mourn whose light is darkened,
Whose soul in sorrow went forth in the night-time with thine.
Lover and laureate thou of the wide New World,
Whose pines, and prairies, and people, and teeming soil
Where was shaken of old the seed of the freedom of men,
Thou didst love as a strong man loveth the maiden he wooes,—
Not the woman he toys with, and sings to, and, passing, forgets,—
Whom he wooes, whom he wins, whom he weds, his passion, his pride,
Who no shadow of wrong shall suffer, who shall stand in his sight
Pure as the sky of the evil her foeman may fling,
Save by word or by thought of her own in her whiteness untouched.
And wounded alone of the lightning her spirit engenders.

Take of thy grief new strength, new life, O Land!
Weep no more he is lost, but rejoice and be glad forever
That thy lover who died was born, for thy pleasure, thy glory,—
While his love and his fame light ever thy climbing path.

AUGUST 14, 1891.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY